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371

Record of Metropolitan Opera Season

PERFORMANCES

	Season's First	Sub. scription	Pop. Sat. Night	Extra Benefit	Season's Total	Total at Met. Under Gatti 1908-'31
1. Aida (I.)	Oct. 27	4	1	1	6 (7)	167
2. Die Walküre (G.)	Oct. 29	5	1	1	7 (8)	102
3. *Hänsel und Gretel (G.)	Oct. 30	3	1	1	5 (6)	62
4. *Pagliacci (I.)	Oct. 30	5	1	2	8 (9)	149
5. L'Africana (I.)	Oct. 31	5	0	0	5	29
6. †Der Fliegende Holländer (G.)	Nov. 1	5	1	1	7 (9)	7
7. Faust (F.)	Nov. 1	5	1	0	6 (7)	89
8. Manon (F.)	Nov. 3	3	0	1	4 (5)	60
9. Il Trovatore (I.)	Nov. 5	2	1	0	3	74
10. Tristan und Isolde (G.)	Nov. 6	4	1	1	6 (7)	88
11. Don Giovanni (I.)	Nov. 7	2	0	1	3 (4)	8
12. Tosca (I.)	Nov. 7	1	1	0	2 (8)	129
13. La Traviata (I.)	Nov. 8	3	1	1	5 (9)	85
14. Lohengrin (G.)	Nov. 8	4	1	1	6 (7)	102
15. Romeo et Juliette (F.)	Nov. 12	4	1	1	6	43
16. La Fanciulla del West (I.)	Nov. 13	2	0	0	2 (3)	32
17. Norma (I.)	Nov. 14	3	0	1	4 (5)	17
18. L'Elisir d'Amore (I.)	Nov. 15	2	0	0	2	29
19. †La Forza del Destino (I.)	Nov. 21	2	1	2	5	30
20. Madama Butterfly (I.)	Nov. 22	2	1	0	3 (5)	141
21. Die Meistersinger (G.)	Nov. 24	3	1	1	5	80
22. La Boheme (I.)	Nov. 26	4	1	1	6 (9)	149
23. *Cavalleria Rusticana (I.)	Nov. 27	2	0	1	3	121
24. ‡§Fair at Sorochintzy (I.)	Nov. 29	5	0	0	5	5
25. La Gioconda (I.)	Dec. 5	1	1	2	4 (5)	72
26. ‡*Le Preziose Ridicole (I.)	Dec. 10	4	0	0	4	4
27. Siegfried (G.)	Dec. 11	4	0	1	5 (6)	51
28. Carmen (F.)	Dec. 12	2	1	0	3 (5)	101
29. Luisa Miller (I.)	Dec. 22	1	0	0	1	5
30. Mignon (F.)	Dec. 25	2	0	1	3 (7)	16
31. ‡Boccaccio (G.)	Jan. 2	5	0	3	8 (10)	8
32. Lucia di Lammermoor (I.)	Jan. 3	2	0	2	4 (8)	54
33. Rigoletto (I.)	Jan 7	4	0	0	4 (6)	88
34. Götterdämmerung (G.)	Jan. 16	3	0	1	4 (5)	46
35. La Juive (F.)	Jan. 28	2	0	0	2	31
36. Il Barbiere di Siviglia (I.)	Feb. 4	3	0	0	3 (5)	61
37. Andrea Chenier (I.)	Feb. 5	1	0	0	1 (2)	43
38. †Peter Ibbetson (E.)	Feb. 7	5	1	0	6 (10)	6
39. Sadko (F.)	Feb. 14	3	1	0	4	12
40. Contes d'Hoffmann (F.)	Feb. 14	0	1	0	1	32
41. Das Rheingold (G.)	Feb. 20	0	0	1	1	21
42. Pellas et Melisande (F.)	Feb. 25	2	0	0	2 (3)	21
43. †Iris (I.)	Mar. 6	4	0	0	4	8
44. †William Tell (I.)	Mar. 21	1	1	0	2 (3)	11
45. Parsifal (G.)	Apr. 3	0	0	1	1 (2)	63

*Only in double bills. §Four times in double bills. †Revival. ‡Novelty. I. Given in Italian. G. Given in German. F. Given in French. E. Given in English. Figures in parentheses give totals including Brooklyn and out of town.

Double bills—Preziose Ridicole-Fair at Sorochintzy, 4. Cavalleria-Pagliacci, 3. Hänsel und Gretel-Pagliacci, 5. Total, 12.

Operas given at the Metropolitan in 1929-'30, but not in 1930-'31: Manon Lescaut, Der Rosenkavalier, La Campana Sommersa, Tannhäuser, La Rondine, Turandot, Fidelio, Louise.

SUMMARY

Subscription nights and matinees	120
Popular-priced Saturday nights	21
Extra and benefit nights and matinees	28
Total nights and matinees at Metropolitan	169
Nights and matinees at Metropolitan, including Sunday concerts	193
Opera nights in Brooklyn	10
Opera nights and matinees in Philadelphia	23
Opera nights and matinees in White Plains and Hartford	5
Opera nights and matinees on spring tour	16
Grand total nights and matinees, including concerts	247

	Sub.	Pop. Sat.	Others	Total
Number of operas given at Metropolitan	42	22	24	45
Operas in Italian	24	10	10	24
Operas in German	9	6	11	11
Operas in French	8	5	3	9
Operas in English	1	1	0	1
Performances in Italian	65	10	14	89
Performances in German	36	6	13	55
Performances in French	23	5	3	31
Performances in English	5	1	0	6
Total performances of operas at Metropolitan	129	22	30	181

Grand total performances of operas by the company 236

(In this table each representation of each opera is counted separately in the totals of performances, a double bill figuring as two performances.)

SUMMARY BY COMPOSERS

	No. works performed.	Times performed.
Wagner (Walküre, Fliegende Holländer, Tristan, Lohengrin, Meistersinger, Siegfried, Götterdämmerung, Rheingold, Parsifal)	9	42
Verdi (Aida, Trovatore, Traviata, Forza del Destino, Louisa Miller, Rigoletto)	6	24
Puccini (Tosca, Fanciulla del West, Butterfly, Boheme)	4	13
Gounod (Faust, Romeo et Juliette)	2	12
Leoncavallo (Pagliacci), Suppe (Boccacio)	1 each	8 each
Mascagni (Cavalleria, Iris)	2	7
Donizetti (Elsir d'Amore, Lucia)	2	6
Taylor (Peter Ibbetson)	1	6
Rossini (Barbiere, William Tell)	2	5
Meyerbeer (Africana), Moussorgski (Fair at Sorochintzy) Humperdinck (Hänsel und Gretel)	1 each	5 each
Ponchielli (Gioconda), Bellini (Norma), Lattuada (Preziose Ridicole), Rimsky-Korsakoff (Sadko), Massenet (Manon)	1 each	4 each
Mozart (Don Giovanni), Thomas (Mignon), Bizet (Carmen)	1 each	3 each
Debussy (Pelleas), Halevy (Juive)	1 each	2 each
Giordano (Andrea Chenier), Offenbach (Contes d'Hoffmann)	1 each	1 each

Composers represented, 25. Representations by nationalities: Italian, 10 composers, 21 operas, 76 performances. German and Austrian, 4 composers, 12 operas, 58 performances. French (including Meyerbeer), 8 composers, 9 operas, 32 performances. Russian, 2 composers, 2 operas, 9 performances. American, 1 composer, 1 opera, 6 performances.

NOTE—Figures, except where otherwise noted, refer only to performances at the Metropolitan Opera House.

REPERTORY OF THE SEASON OF 1929-30.

OPERAS IN ITALIAN.

VERDI.

Aida"	7
Traviata"	6
Rigoletto"	2
El Trovatore"	4
Luisa Miller" (novelty)	4
	23

PUCCINI.

Tosca"	4
Madama Butterfly"	6
Turandot"	1
Boheme"	7
La Rondine"	2
Manon Lescaut"	4
Girl of the Golden West" (revival)	8
	32

DONIZETTI.

Elisir d'Amore" (revival)	3

LEONCAVALLO.

Pagliacci"	6

MASCAGNI.

Cavelleria Rusticana"	4

RESPIGHI.

La Campana Sommersa"	2

ROSSINI.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia"	3

GIORDANO.

Andrea Chenier"	2

PONCHIELLI.

Gioconda"	6

MEYERBEER.

L'Africana"	1

MOZART.

Don Giovanni" (revival)	5

BELLINI.

Norma"	2

OPERAS IN FRENCH.

GOUNOD.

"Faust"	3
"Romeo et Juliette"	4

MASSENET.

"Manon"	5

BIZET.

"Carmen"	6

OFFENBACH.

"Tales of Hoffmann"	4

HALEVY.

"La Juive"	3

DEBUSSY.

"Pelleas et Melisande"	2

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF.

"Sadko" (novelty)	8

THOMAS.

"Mignon"	3

CHARPENTIER.

"Louise" (revival)	4

OPERAS IN GERMAN.

WAGNER.

"Die Meistersinger"	6
"Die Walkuere"	7
"Goetterdaemmerung"	3
"Lohengrin"	7
"Parsifal"	2
"Rheingold"	1
"Siegfried"	2
"Tannhauser"	5
"Tristan und Isolde"	6
	39

BEETHOVEN.

"Fidelio" (revival)	3

R. STRAUSS.

"Der Rosenkavalier"	4

HUMPERDINCK.

"Haensel und Gretel"	4

Forty-four different operas, including seven "novelties and revivals," at the Metropolitan Opera House: Twenty-two in Italian, ten in French and twelve in German; seven double bills. Total number of opera performances were 174. The double bills were "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," three; "Haensel und Gretel" and "Pagliacci," two; "Pagliacci" and "Haensel und Gretel," one; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Haensel und Gretel," one.

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Philip Hale
Nov 16. 1932 -

mch 10 1930

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE

The People's Symphony orchestra, Theophil Wendt, conductor, gave a concert in the Hotel Statler ballroom yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Gluck, Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis." Saint-Saens, Piano Concerto, No. 2. Franck, Symphonic poem "Les Eolides." Elgar, "Enigma" Variations. Many are pleased by the resumption of these concerts. They are truly the people's concerts, for the admission prices are practically nominal, with the democratic rule: no reserved seats. But the programs are not "popular" in the cheap sense, witness the one today, made up of compositions that might well find a place on the program of any symphony orchestra: An overture of a noble nature by a great composer; a long approved concerto, for many years a favorite with prominent pianists. Showing Saint-Saens's faculty for assimilation, as in the Bach-like introduction; also his native brilliance; Franck's symphonic tone poem, a test piece for any orchestra; Elgar's Variations that are enigmatical only in name.

The People's Symphony orchestra has excellent material; men of experience that are not content with playing in a merely perfunctory manner. Mr. Wendt's ability as a conductor has long been established in different countries; it has been recognized here through his connection with this orchestra.

It is to be hoped that there is sufficient musical interest in Boston to ensure the continuance of these concerts so that the orchestra, discouraged by lack of support, will not be forced to say, "What's the use?" and put down their instruments. There is room for the orchestra, one might say there is need of it, to supply good music on afternoons when men as well as women can enjoy it. There is a large repertoire of music that will be otherwise neglected. How often, for example, does one hear the delightful overtures of Auber; music by the lighter composers of Germany in past years; waltzes by Joseph as well as Johann Strauss, or Waldteufel; and it may here be said that either Strauss deserves a place on a program as much as the Ravel of the "Waltz" or the "Bolero." There are charming symphonies by Haydn that one never hears; much of Mozart's music is ignored; as are certain compositions by American composers that well deserve a hearing.

Yesterday an audience of fair size was warmly appreciative of the performance. Conductor and players were applauded as was Miss Gormley, the pianist. The younger musicians today, even in Paris, are inclined to sneer at Saint-Saens and speak of his music as old-hat, but he is not yet hopelessly buried without possibility of a resurrection, not even when Mr. Ernest Newman joins the grave-diggers. This second concerto is still brilliant, still aristocratic. It should be performed with a high-bred elegance; with an assurance approaching insolence. The next concert, date as yet unnamed, will be in Jordan hall. The Handel and Haydn Society will assist the orchestra, Thompson Stone will conduct.

MARIAN ANDERSON

Marian Anderson, a colored contralto who has been winning high praise in many quarters, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. She offered the following program: O del mio amato ben (Donaudy); Danza, danza (Durante); Tu manovi a tormentarmi (Cesti); Alleluia (Mozart); Die Kraehe, Wohin (Schubert); Von ewiger Liebe (Brahms); Faden (Erich Wolff); Zueignung (Strauss); Les Berceaux (Faure); Voyons que j'essale a mon tour, from "Carmen" (Bizet); Night on Ways Unknown Has Fallen (Griffes); At the Spinning Wheel (Saar); O. Thou Billowing Harvest Field (Rachmaninoff); Talk About a Child (Arr. Dawson); O, Peter, Go Ring-a dem Bells (Arr. Burleigh); Tramping (Arr. Boatner); Little David (Arr. Johnson).

From those parts of the program which its unpunctual beginning and the existence of a concurrent recital elsewhere made it possible to hear, it was evident that Miss Anderson has a voice of notable, and at times outstanding beauty. Of characteristically dark color, it is not, as are so many contralto voices, over luscious, over-ripe. At its best, as yesterday, in parts of Donaudy's "O del mio amato ben," and in her Negro spirituals, it is smooth, flexible, and warmly expressive. But a certain deficiency in tonal variety lends it monotony, and there are signs—a frequent vibrato, a thread of wire that may be heard running through her voice, an occasional break in the continuity of its flow—that indicate that Miss Anderson's technique is not all that it might be.

But her earnestness and her ability are such that, despite these defects, Miss Anderson was able to give keen pleasure to her large audience, which demanded, and was accorded, additional numbers.

S. S.

HOROWITZ

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, played the following program at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon: Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major, Chorale in G minor (Bach-Busoni); Capriccio (Scarlatti); Sonata in B flat minor (Chopin); three Mouvements perpetuels (Poulenc); three Preludes (Rachmaninoff); Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 123, two Paganini Etudes (Liszt).

Mr. Horowitz has, since his comparatively recent debut here, been so overwhelmingly successful in rousing the enthusiasm of his audiences, that it was a surprise to find that yesterday's gathering, large as it was, left noticeable voids in certain parts of the hall. But it was as attentive and as progressively enthusiastic an audience as ever, leaving its seats at the close of the printed program in order to press adoringly to the edge of the platform and watch at closer range those incredibly fleet fingers and vigorous hands.

That Mr. Horowitz's technical prowess was as remarkable as ever need hardly be said. He gave his hearers ample opportunity to admire his brilliance, the delicious lightness and accuracy of his passage work, the enormous power and sonority of his climaxes, his ability to produce delicately beautiful pianissimo tone and a most appealing legato. What was perhaps of greater interest was the increased artistic maturity and authority that seemed to be manifest. These qualities were present, less perhaps in his playing of the Bach-Busoni Organ Prelude and Fugue in D, which—brilliantly and clearly enunciated though they were—lacked something of conviction, than in the beautifully-posed chorale prelude and still more in his rendering of the B flat minor sonata of Chopin. Here he found a fine balance of thought and emotion and sense of beauty, neither letting passion run riot nor revealing too obvious a calculation of effect.

A suitably bored modern in Poulenc's Mouvements perpetuels, a romantic Russian in Rachmaninoff's warmly decorative Preludes, a romantic of mid-19th century vintage in Liszt's perfumed Sonetto di Petrarca and his Funerailles, brilliant virtuoso in the Paganini-Liszt and Paganini-Liszt-Busoni Etudes, he drew applause which mounted in a steady crescendo of vehemence.

The extra numbers included a study and a waltz by Chopin and Mr. Horowitz's own arrangement of themes from "Carmen," which did nothing to decrease the rapturous enthusiasm of his hearers.

S. S.

CURTIS ORCHESTRA

The Curtis orchestra, composed of 103 students of the Curtis Institute of Music, Philadelphia (augmented by five professional players, members of the faculty of the institute), gave a concert last night at Symphony hall. Emile Mlynarsky conducted. The program was as follows: Wagner, Prelude to "Die Meistersinger"; Brahms, Double Concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello with orchestra; Strauss, Symphonic Tone Poem, "Don Juan"; Franck, Symphonic Variations for piano and orchestra; Smetana, Overture to "The Bartered Bride." The soloists were the following artist students of the institute: Tibor de Machula, violoncellist; Judith Poska, violinist, and Tatiana de Sanzewitch, pianist.

The Curtis Institute is a richly endowed school which admits only the most talented and best-prepared of the many who apply for admission. It was therefore to be expected that its student orchestra would render a good account of itself, under the guidance of a conductor of repute. But the brilliance and vigor with which these young players disposed of a long and exacting program must have astonished most of last night's large audience, which applauded with such enthusiasm as has rarely been surpassed in Symphony hall.

Mr. Mlynarsky conducted with an infectious vigor which brought a commendably lively performance of the "Meistersinger" prelude, one, however, a little too consistently strenuous and somewhat lacking in nuance. Both here and in "Don Juan" and "The Bartered Bride," one felt indeed that the quest for brilliance of effect was leading to excessively loud playing—not merely in the exceptionally large brass section but in the strings also—at the sacrifice of the spice of variety and to the discomfort of the listener.

Thanks are due to the visitors for giving Bostonians an opportunity of hearing Brahms's rarely played double concerto. It was excellently played by the orchestra and by the soloists.

Miss Poska and Mr. de Machula are both players of notable technical powers, musical insight, and individuality. They played together with an accuracy that bespoke careful preparation and did justice to the charm of the music. Tatiana de Sanzewitch, who played the pianoforte part of Cesar Franck's Symphonic Variations, also created an extremely favorable impression by the intelligence, sensitiveness, and technical skill that her performance revealed. She was enthusiastically applauded and recalled several times to the platform—a tribute which had been paid also to the preceding soloists.

S. S.

MODERN-BEACON-EGYPTIAN

"The Great Gabbo"

An all-talking picture adapted by Hugh Herbert from the story by Ben Hecht; directed by James Cruze and presented by Sono Art with the following cast:

Gabbo ..... Erich von Stroheim
Mary ..... Betty Compson
Frank ..... Donald Douglas
Margie ..... Margie (Babe) Kane
"Otto" ..... By Himself

It seems odd to see Erich Von Stroheim, who has been accused of squandering fortunes of others in motion picture direction and production, acting a mad role under tutelage of another man, scarcely less capable than he, as a director. Strangely enough, too, vast sums must have been spent on this picture. If Mr. Cruze had followed Mr. Hecht's story literally he might have strung it out to possibly four or five reels of intensely dramatic narrative, involving three animate characters, and a ventriloquist's dummy for symbolistic expression. He would have shown Gabbo, a dual-voiced professional with a dual mentality; Mary, his patient assistant in his act until his brutal treatment drove her from him; Frank, the young lover whom Mary married, not because she loved him at first sight but because he was sympathetic; and Otto, the dummy to whom Gabbo voiced the sentiment and tender thoughts of his other, hidden nature. For Gabbo was a psychological study. He was outwardly selfish, cold, ambitious, egoistic. Innately he was capable of a great tenderness, of a sentimentality which so terrified him that he became a victim of his own repressions. Yet he must tell his innermost secrets to some one, to something; so he told them to Otto, the puny dummy of his act. In the end, when he met Mary again, only to find that he had lost her, the Great Gabbo went mad. He smashed in the face of his faithful Otto because Mary had said goodby to the dummy and not to him. He destroyed, practically murdered, the mechanical device which to Mary had embodied all that was human in Gabbo.

Four or five reels of that would not have served. So Mr. Cruze introduced a revue, an elaborate, beautifully staged revue, with hundreds of dancers, unusually pleasing musical numbers, a truly symphonic orchestra. There were deep stage perspectives, and one particularly effective number in color, a huge spider's web of ropes on which acrobatic girls performed while a brilliantly executed adagio dance was in progress on the stage apron. These phases of the picture in themselves deserve applause. Perhaps some day Mr. Cruze will astound us with a production wholly musical.

Von Stroheim as an actor still must be reckoned a potential factor, even in the talking pictures. If inclined to be theatric, yet his dramatic sense invariably holds him in leash. He has polish, distinction, in his final scenes, as he is stricken by Mary's confession, after his own admissions of earlier errors; as he rages in his dressing room at the world in general; as he assaults poor Otto, then cries and hugs him; and finally, as he leaves the theatre, a lone, mad creature, with Otto dangling head down from his left hand, he holds one spellbound. Miss Compson was her capable self in the dramatic scenes, while doubles sang and danced for her. Mr. Douglas was a spirited lover-husband.

W. E. G.

PARK

"The Melody Man"

An all-talking music drama adapted by Howard J. Green from the play of the same name by Herbert Fields, Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart; directed by R. William Neill and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Al Taylor ..... William Collier, Jr.
Elsa ..... Alice Day
Von Kemper ..... John St. Polis
Joe Yates ..... Johnny Walker
Martha ..... Mildred Harris
Prince Frederich ..... Albert Conti
Gustav ..... Tenen Holtz
Adolph ..... Lee Kohlmar
Von Bader ..... Bertram Marburgh
Emperor Franz Joseph ..... Anton Vaverka
Bachman ..... Major Nichols

It is not often that a play transferred to the screen changes its nature so completely as does "The Melody Man," now to be seen at the Park Theatre. In its original state it was a lively musical comedy by Fields, Rogers and Hart with Lew Fields in the title role. Of course it had a happy ending, since no show of that sort could have anything else. As a talking picture all is different—no longer is it a musical comedy but a drama with music and an unhappy ending. The music is good, the acting sometimes is and sometimes isn't, and the conclusion is logical though not sentimentally pleasing. There are some very effective shots of an orchestra in action and a technicolor sequence early in the film that is pleasing to the eye.

The prologue of the story takes place in Vienna. At a concert before the emperor the orchestra leader, Von Kemper, plays a composition of his own for which he receives the imperial congratulations. Returning home to tell his wife, he finds her in the arms of his supposed friend, Prince Frederich, shoots them both and flees with his little daughter, Elsa. For years he wanders around the world seeking to evade the pursuit of the Austrian police, and at last, 15 years later, he settles in New York. Elsa, now grown to a spirited and attractive young lady, has developed a taste for modern music that greatly distresses him, devoted as he is to the classics. She makes the acquaintance of Al Taylor, the leader of a jazz orchestra, and helps him orchestrate his music. This is still further displeasing to Von Kemper, since it is this very orchestra that has lost him his work playing at a fashionable restaurant.

One night, in an effort to show Elsa that classical music is more beautiful than modern, Von Kemper plays his own rhapsody, which is overheard by Taylor. He and Elsa decide to orchestrate it and have it played at a big concert for which Taylor's orchestra has been engaged. This they do, but in the audience is the Austrian chief of police who has been seeking for years to trace Von Kemper through his music. The outstanding performance is given by John St. Polis as Von Kemper. In a sentimental role he was moving, restrained, dignified. He really convinced one of his musical ability. Alice Day and William Collier, Jr., were impulsive and likeable as the young lovers.

E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Wedding Rings"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the novel, "The Dark Swan" by Ernest Pascal; directed by William Baudine and presented by First National with the following cast:

Lewis Dike ..... H. B. Warner
Cornelia Quinn ..... Lois Wilson
Eve Quinn ..... Olive Borden
Wilfred Meadows ..... Hallam Cooley
Tim Hazleton ..... James Ford
Agatha ..... Kathleen Williams
Esther Quinn ..... Aileen Manning

Just as a matter of passing interest, title or no title, not a single gold band appears in "Weddinng Rings," the current attraction at the Keith-Albee Theatre. Even in the wedding ceremony the ring is not visible. Apart from all this, the film is clever and amusing, well directed and acted, and keeps out of melodramatic pitfalls with an ingenuity that is positively amazing when the nature of the story is considered. Two sisters fighting over the same man is not anything very original in itself, but when it is the heroine who tries to steal her nasty little sister's husband instead of the other way round, as is so often the case, there is a distinct touch of novelty. Furthermore, the designing young lady isn't forced to break her neck or fall out of an airplane or do anything drastic; she is merely informed by her long-suffering husband that no matter how much a divorce might cost it would be worth it just to get rid of her.

Cornelia Quinn, a rather quiet but well-poised and attractive young woman, has a younger sister, Eve, a man-killer if ever there was one. All Eve wants from her lovers is excitement, presents, or, as in the case of Cornelia's suitor, Lewis Dike, social position and wealth. Cornelia disapproves of her tactics, but until Eve steals Dike away from her and marries him, she makes no move to interfere. She knows from her own experience that Eve and Dike are not suited to one another and that it was a sudden infatuation that swept the man off his feet. Eve is shallow, spoiled, flighty and anxious for masculine attention. Dike is rather serious, quiet in his tastes and more interested in colonial furniture than jazz. A year of marriage with Eve is enough to show him what a serious mistake he has made, and he finds himself turning more and more to Cornelia for companionship and quiet.

Eve, confident in her own attractions, does not realize what is happening until it is too late and she has become involved with an amusing bounder whom she supports by pawning her jewelry. Cornelia sees her plans coming to a head, but she feels that she cannot go on with them and tries to make Eve behave herself and treat her husband fairly. Dike has learned his lesson, however, and is out for a divorce. The three leading members of the cast, Lois Wilson, H. B. Warner and Olive Borden, were all excellent. Mr. Warner's voice has a particularly pleasing quality and his acting is notable for his naturalness and simplicity. Miss Wilson is entirely satisfying in voice, appearance and costume as Cornelia. Olive Borden is the mean-spirited little charmer, Eve, to the life.

E. L. H.

mch 11 1930

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Gambling," a comedy-drama in four acts and five scenes written and presented by George M. Cohan. Philadelphia, May 13, 1929; Atlantic City, Aug. 12; New York (Fulton Theatre), Aug. 25, 1929. There was thought at first of calling the play "All in the Game." The cast last night was as follows:

Sheridan ..... Harry Lillford
Connelly ..... Harold Healy
Draper ..... George M. Cohan
Freelock ..... Robert Middlemass
Lewis ..... Dan Carey
Carlyle ..... Neil Stone
Dorothy ..... Isabel Baring

Braddock	Douglas MacPherson
Mazie	Mary Philips
Brennan	Charles Johnson
Marie	Kathleen Niday
Gaylor	Theodore Newton
Martin	Ernest Fox
Mason	Mark Sullivan
Buddy	William Gillard
Maid	Mary Fox
Captain	Jack Williams
Knowles	Jack Leslie
Wayne	Duke Keeley
Attendant	Joseph Halsey
Messenger	Irving Jackson
Mrs. Cromley	Lydia MacMillan
Chief	Edward F. Naunary
Miss Daly	Jane Thomas

This is the story of a gambler, but not one of the type dear to the old melodramas, wasting his substance and impoverishing his family—mother and children forced to leave their home and the desperate man a suicide for an effective curtain. Nor is Mr. Cohan's Draper a Dostoievsky, using his vice as copy for one of his novels.

Draper is a gentle soul, smooth as silk, without a sinister smile, low voiced, playing a square game. He had been a father to his adopted little daughter, having brought her from San Francisco to New York. She grew up, went to Paris to study art. Returning, she wrote him a mysterious letter, saying she was at an obscure hotel. This letter disturbed him. He consulted Connelly, his faithful friend. In came a police officer to tell him that the girl had been murdered, and one Braddock, who had been on the steamer with her and had accompanied her to the hotel, was under suspicion.

The rest of the play after a capital first act is devoted to Draper's hunt for the murderer. Braddock was acquitted by a jury. Who killed the girl? Did the two light skirts to one of whom Braddock had made love know? To find out, Draper called, spoke to them sweetly, encouraged one to follow the straight and narrow path, talked to the other about a companionship, and finally jollied her—she was a hard ticket—into an approach to friendship at least. Here the plot became involved. A ring of a peculiar form, that was missing from the hotel room, was found in Draper's overcoat pocket. To further his plans he lured the two girls to his sumptuous gambling house and staged a police raid. The last act is in the district attorney's office.

Mr. Cohen in this play shines more as an actor and a writer of breezy dialogue than a weaver of plots. The murderer, not easily guessed at, is identified, but the last act is hardly plausible, the pace is slow, and so the play is longer by 15 or 20 minutes than is necessary. Nor is it necessary to point out a few details that might easily excite questioning as to the reason for introducing them. Infact parts of the third act, thought it is amusing in the performance, seem outside any development of the story, and not in any way essential to the pursuit of the murderer.

After all Mr. Cohan is the play, and his performance stops skeptical questioning. We know of no actor who could have received the news of the murder more effectively by the pathetic quietness, the mute intensity, then displayed. And in lighter moments, in his quips with Mazie the tough girl—admirably portrayed by Miss Philips—the manner of his proposals—Mr. Cohan was as happy in comedy vein as he was in subdued affection with which he told at the beginning the story of his murdered pal on the Pacific coast and his resolve to befriend and protect the daughter.

Nor were Mr. Cohan and Miss Philips the only ones of the company worthy of attention, though as the play runs the two were necessarily the most conspicuous figures. The telephone had so prominent a part—it was so adroitly used in long distance calls aided by clever darkness and lighting—that it should be included in the cast.

The theatre was completely filled with a most enthusiastic audience. Mr. Cohan wisely refused curtain calls for himself and his associates until the end, nor did he yield to the long protracted clamor of many in the audience after the third act. He is too fine a comedian to be willing to step out of his role to oblige those who are not content with seeing a noteworthy performance.

WILBUR THEATRE

"King Lear"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

Lear, King of Britain	Fritz Leiber
King of France	Grant Gordon
Duke of Burgundy	Wilfred Mallory
Duke of Cornwall	Thayer Roberts
Duke of Albany	John Burke
Earl of Kent	Lawrence H. Cecil
Earl of Gloster	Philip Quin
Edgar	Robert Allen
Edmund	Hart Jenks
Old Man	Robert Strauss
Physician	Ralph Menzing
Fool	John Forest
Oswald, Steward to Goneril	James Neill, Jr.
Herald	Charles Desheim
Goneril	Vera Allen
Regan	Virginia Bronson
Cordelia	Marie Carroll

Last night a large audience welcomed these players warmly. They followed the play sensitively, marking the dignity of the acting with serious appreciation and enjoying the enlivening humor to the full. It was a rich performance which swept heroicly along its path of tragedy, yet it made the play warmly human. If one was moved to condemn two of Lear's daughters as ungrateful viragoes, one could not on the other hand give one's sympathy unreservedly to the third, though hers were sins of omission. And weren't they, all three, rather definitely made in their father's image?

Fritz Leiber brought to the part of Lear a full understanding of the strength and the weakness of the character. His was no spectacular, hair-raising madness, but one which grew with the play, making its climax and rounding its close. Throughout he used an economy of gesture which is commendable and allowed the resonance of his voice to carry and shade the meaning of the lines.

Robert Allen as Edgar gave a very earnest representation and Lawrence H. Cecil played the part of Kent with great conviction.

The daughters of Lear all acted in rather a stiff, restrained manner. Neither Goneril (Vera Allen) nor Regan (Virginia Bronson) showed passion enough to give substance to their maltreatment of their father. Cordelia (Marie Carroll) seemed from the beginning to be uncertain of her course.

It is interesting to note that the prompt book used for the play is the same as that used by Edwin Booth and was edited by William Winter.

F. S. F.

COPLEY THEATRE

"A Night Off"

A comedy in four acts by Augustin Daly. The cast:

Susan	May Ediss
Prowl	Richard Whorf
Justinian Babbitt	Ralph Roberts
Harry Damask	Ian Emery
Angelica Damask	Esther Mitchell
Marcus Brutus Snap	E. E. Clive
Lord Mulberry	Francis Compton
Mrs. Zantippa Babbitt	Elspeth Dudgeon
Nisbe	Rosalind Russell
Maria	Katharine Gilchrist
Jack Mulberry	Gerald Rogers

Given a stage full of actors vainly endeavoring to make their lines heard above the unroarious hilarity of an audience convulsed with laughter, and it is safe to assume that the comedy enacted is abundantly successful. Mr. Clive and his merry company are a good prescription for any one with the blues, in their farce which opened last evening. The plot itself may not appear so plausible, possibly, as in the days of its youth 40 years ago, when followers of the stricter code deemed it a sin to attend the theatre. There might even be a certain joy in seing the quaint costumes of that time revived in "A Night Off," to add a bit of old-fashioned primness to the ladies. Done in modern style, a certain amount of burlesque makes up for what would easily have appeared a highly amusing situation four decades since.

Three of the acts take place in Prof. Babbitt's study, and the remaining act, in the reception room of his son-in-law, Harry Damask. Both Prof. Babbitt and Mr. Damask are unfortunate in having sharp-tongued wives. Mrs. Babbitt is opposed to theatres. Consequently, her family does not attend them. In his college days the professor has written a play—something about old Romans. Marcus Brutus Snap, an itinerant actor, persuades the professor to allow him and his wife to stage the play. Secrecy surrounds the plans.

Gradually all the family, including Susan, the maid, discover it, with the exception of Mrs. Babbit and the daughter Angelica. There is a ludicrous scene as they plot to get away for the evening of the first performance. Another laughable episode follows upon their return. Mr. Roberts was a dapper little professor, properly overawed by his strident spouse, enacted by the capable Miss Dudgeon. Miss Ediss made full use of an extremely entertaining role, as the maid. Miss Mitchell as Mrs. Damask and Miss Russell as Nisbe were smartly modern, and Mr. Emery created much amusement. Mr. Clive as the wandering thespian performed with his customary finish. Mr. Crompton, Miss Gilchrist and Mr. Rogers all are worthy of praise.

F. A. B.

COLONIAL THEATRE

Sir Harry Lauder

Sir Harry Lauder, the perennial incomparable, came again to Boston last night with his familiar and endearing trademarks. His own particular audience, always a mixture of dyed-in-the-plaid Lauder enthusiasts and younger curiosity seekers, came forth to greet him and willingly succumbed to his superb showmanship. He sang the old favorites, "Roamin' in the Gloamin'," "Somebody Waitin' for Me," and so on, with his twinkling eyes, hardly undimmed with the passage of many years, and his intimate conversational manner knitting his hearers to him individually until they joined in with him without horror of sentimentality.

Sir Harry sang, he chuckled, he coughed, he wiped his beaded forehead, and he did the particular thing that at least one onlooker came to see him do—he turned and pranced toward the backdrop with kicking heels and prodding knobbed stick in that quintessent expression of personality that makes a man what some of us call an artist.

Don Julian, Spanish caricaturist, opened the bill with a familiar act of the "chalk-talk" type. He was followed by a mediocre trio in Spanish dances, and by Fleurette Jofferie, a coloratura soprano with an interesting voice, who seems young enough to outgrow some of the mannerisms of some conservatory which still are glaringly in evidence. The Arnaut Brothers in clown costume do their familiar bird-call act with their usual amusing effectiveness, and Kharum, Persion pianist, concludes the preliminary features with several selections in which he is warmly received.

H. F. M.

CONSTANCE McGLINCHEE

Constance McGlinchee, pianist, played the following music last night in Jordan hall: Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor (Bach-Liszt); Romanza, Opus 118, No. 5 (Brahms); Vecchio Minuetto (Sambati); Sonate in F sharp minor (Schumann). A group of pieces of Chopin—Nocturne,, Etude in A flat major, Mazurka, Opus 67, No. 4, Prelude (Rediscovered by Blanchet in 1918), Scherzo in C sharp minor.

Miss McGlinchee has many musical and some pianistic virtues. She has a strong sense of musical structure, she knows that music to be moving must be passionate as well as poetic, she has appreciation of the potentialities of expression inherent in mere dynamics. But her technic, while admirable in some respects, seems by no means equal to her musical intelligence. This is almost praise in days such as ours, when the reverse is nearly always the case.

In her love of sonority, Miss McGlinchee evidently tires her fingers in forte passages, and then is, as a consequence, inaudible in light passage work. Also she leans too heavily on the pedals. A certain inertness of position at the instrument led one to deduce that she does not assist her fingers and wrists enough with arms and shoulders; the effect is that everything she plays seems to be demanding of her more physical strength than she possesses. These faults would not be set down in detail if it were not that Miss McGlinchee has genuine musical gifts of a high order.

For the Bach she had solid rhythm, dignity, a sure sounding of the voices of the fugue. For Schumann's Sonata she had the passionate romanticism, the tender delicacy, that was called for. Only the lacks in her technic kept her from making this an unusually enjoyable interpretation. For her Chopin group she had a refreshing vigor as well as tonal beauty.

A fair-sized audience gave proof of its enjoyment, and demanded extra numbers.

E. B.

LOEW'S STATE

"Anna Christie"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Frances Marion from the play of the same name by Eugene O'Neill; directed by Clarence Brown and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Anna	Greta Garbo
Chris	George Marion
Matt	Charles Bickford
Marthy	Marie Dressler
Johnny, the Priest	James T. Mack
Larry	Lee Phelps

If Greta Garbo herself had appeared in person at Loew's State Theatre yesterday afternoon, the crowd could hardly have been greater. As it was, young and old, able-bodied and infirm, handsome and homely, had foregathered from all corners of the city and probably the suburbs as well, to see the one and only Greta's first talking picture. And it was worth coming a long way to see. The langourous lady from Sweden, courageously putting aside the orchid and hot-house drama by which she became famous, assumes a drab and unbeautiful part, that of Anna Christie, the bargeman's daughter who went wrong, made memorable a few years ago by Pauline Lord. Furthermore, it is safe to say that if she never makes another film as long as she lives, her characterization will go down as one of the most remarkable contributed to the silent or the talking screen.

"Anna Christie," first play by the sombre Eugene O'Neill to reach the screen, has a sordid and tragic story, only slightly brightened by the happy ending, added under protest by the dramatist after the play had been running a short time. Blanche Sweet made a successful silent film, but it is safe to predict that Greta Garbo's work will eclipse that preceding effort. Everything she does seems so completely right: the drooping, tired shoulders, the tragic, cynical expression and above all, the voice. Much has been speculated and more will be written on this subject, but at the moment it is only fair to say that nothing could be more suited to the part. Greta has only a but it is infinitely expressive and somehow entirely suited to her brooding and elusive personality. Greta speaking is far more appealing and a far greater actress than she was when silent: the fans need not fear that they are losing their favorite, for as long as she is willing to act, the talkies are the place for her.

The action of "Anna Christie" takes place chiefly on the waterfront of New York; the scene is a coal barge. Thither comes Anna, daughter of Chris, the barge-keeper, to find the father whom she has not seen in 15 years. His desertion of her in childhood drove her to a life of shame, but this Chris does not know. He is glad to have her back, finds himself growing fond of her and ashamed of his neglect. While the barge is being towed along the coast out of the fog comes a shipwrecked sailor, Matt. Taken aboard the barge, he falls in love with Anna and half in joy, half in terror, she finds that she loves him in return. Finally he asks her to marry him, but she cannot do it. She feels that he must know what she has been and accordingly tells him and her father as well. In horror Matt curses her and goes, while Chris gets drunk to deaden his despair. In the end Matt returns to make her swear that she never loved any one but him, and to marry her.

Even this conclusion is not altogether happy; the shadow of "that old devil, sea" seems over them all, but they have something to live for, at least. Miss Garbo's poignant, restrained and dramatic performance carries all before it: she does not act the part but seems in very truth to live it. Three other fine portrayals, Marie Dressler's superb characterization of the old waterfront drab, Marthy; George Marion repeating his fine work as Chris and Charles Bickford's breezy performance as the Irish sailor, Matt, keep the film up to a remarkably high level. It is not a picture for immature minds, but for adult appreciation it would be hard to surpass.

E. L. H.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—Sir Harry Lauder, in Scotch songs, this week only.

COPLEY—"A Night Off," Augustin Daly's farce, revived.

LYRIC—"Young Sinners," comedy; fourth week.

MAJESTIC—"The Merry Widow," Lehar's operetta, with Donald Brian; last week.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce, with Thomas Mitchell; eighth week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," musical comedy, with Evelyn Herbert; fourth week.

TREMONT—"Gambling," comedy-drama, by and with George M. Cohan.

WILBUR—Tonight and Sat. mat., "Hamlet"; Wed. mat., "As You Like It"; Wed. night, "The Merchant of Venice"; Thursday night, "Macbeth"; Friday night, "Julius Ceasar"; Sat. night, "Twelfth Night"; with Fritz Leiber.

Note—The Hollis St. Theatre is dark.

March 1 1930

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Tuesday series took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Debussy, "La Mer." Ravel, "Bolero." Franck, Symphony in D minor.

At the beginning of the concert Beethoven's Funeral March—that is, a section of it—was played in memory of William Howard Taft. The players and the audience stood during the performance.

When Dr. Muck brought out Debussy's "La Mer" at a Friday afternoon concert not one hand clapped the other. Dr. Muck looked at the audience cynically. At the following Saturday night concert the applause was only fair; perfunctorily courteous.

When Mr. Gericke introduced Cesar Franck's symphony he received letters of protest, some pitched in a high key of indignation.

It now seems incredible that these works were not at once appreciated. Perhaps the audience, seeing the word "ocean," expected something like Mendelssohn's genteel "Sea-Calm and Prosperous Voyage," descriptive of nice people on an excursion, as Bostonians on a Nantasket boat. Or even something like Paul Gilson's symphonic sketches conducted here by Mr. Nikisch, with dances and songs of happy sailors not knowing their impending doom. (By the way, is Rubenstein's "Ocean" symphony wholly forgotten here and in all other cities?)

Did Debussy fare better in Paris? Some likened his sea to "the basin of the Luxembourg." Others expected a raging tempest and a vessel going down with all hands. Now Debussy loved the sea from his childhood days at Cannes, where Mediterranean waves were sunlit and blue, to his last sojourn at Saint-Jean-de-Luz. In "La Mer" he wished to portray only "scenes of joyous light." Yet Charles Koechlin, the friend and biographer of Debussy, did not find all the adverse criticism absurd. "We think no longer of the happy gulfs of the Mediterranean, not even of charming Arcachon; only of the ocean's sorrowful billows—those that one sees the other side of the high dune at Cape Ferret. One can regret that the voice of human distress is

not heard; and looking at the sea there is a feeling of infinity that the Debussyian orchestra seems to neglect a little; but perhaps one also ought to admit some relativity in the various translations of this feeling of the infinite." Koechlin adds that Debussy probably was afraid of "sublimity"; that he deliberately established for himself in this suite narrow boundaries of expression; that he did not wholly master his subject.

It is harder to understand why the Boston audience did not at once welcome France's symphony. The pendulum of appreciation not long afterwards swung too far the other way. The symphony, like Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic," bid fair to suffer from too many repetitions and last perfunctory performances. An agreeable essay could be written on changes in musical taste even in this one city.

Of course Ravel's "Bolero," that clever trick, is so obvious that it was at once greeted enthusiastically. To musicians only the sudden and explosive modulation saves the work, which they say is enriching the composer. If this is true, there is a reasonable excuse for the Bolero—which has not the true Bolero rhythm, and for this reason Mr. Arbos says he would not dare to conduct the work in Spain. No doubt Ravel wrote this music with his tongue in his cheek, as Bizet wrote the Toreador's song in "Carmen."

These thoughts and recollections were suggested by yesterday's concert. The music and the eloquent performance were keenly relished by the great audience. The Beloro of course worked its familiar spell.

The sixth and last of these concerts will take place on April 22.

THE APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club gave its third concert for the season of 1929-30 last night at Jordan hall. Irma Seydel, violinist, and two members of the club were the soloists. The program consisted of the following music:

Rise, Sleep no More, (Stewart); Picardie, (Osgood). By Miss Seydel—Waltz No. 15, (Brahms); On Wings of Song, (Mendelssohn); Canzonetta, (d'Ambrosio). Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded, (Irish folk-song), tenor solo by Ernest Speth. Saint Botolph, (Chadwick); Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones, (17th century melody). Song of the Viking, (Chadwick). By Miss Seydel—Song Without Words, (Seydel); Chassidic Dance (Gresser-Franko); Gentle Friend Pierrot, (Leoncavallo); Jennie Kissed Me, (Webbe); Chick-A-Hank-A, (Repper); Cavalier Songs, (Stanford), baritone solo by Fredric Huddy. Ecce Jam Noctis, (Chadwick).

The concerts of this veteran singing club always offer much of good spirit as well as good music. The delightful program books, with apt quotations, the splendid soloists, the pervading spirit of enjoyment in co-operative music, give their concerts individuality and charm. In these days of very little community participation in music it is good to see that there are still many who know the value and pleasure in choral unions and clubs. From organizations such as the Apollo Club we may hope that shoots may go out that will develop into other clubs, and so further the ideal of more actual music-making and less of mere music-hearing.

As for the concert itself, it was not of as generally high an average musically as some other concerts of the club have been, but the singing was some of the best they have done. The chorus commands full, vigorous tone, amazing delicacy, and nice phrasing, with good diction. Under the leadership of Thompson Stone the club sings with infectious spirit and zest. The soloists in song were members of the club—Ernest Speth, tenor, and Fredric Huddy, baritone. Mr. Speth's lyric tenor was heard in an Irish folk tune, with hummed accompaniment, and Mr. Huddy's fine ringing baritone in the rousing Cavalier Songs of Stanford.

Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, played two groups of solos. Her large, warm tone, excellent technical equipment, and expressive phrasing made her offerings enjoyable. She was rewarded with much applause and a floral offering, and was compelled to add an encore.

The club's final concert of the season will take place at Jordan hall on April 29. The program will include excerpts from familiar operas, and the soloists are announced as follows: Claire Maentz, Abbie Conley Rice, George Boynton, and Walter Kidder. E. B.

WILBUR THEATRE

"Hamlet"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast last night was as follows:

Claudius, King of Denmark	John Burke
Hamlet	Fritz Leiber
Horatio	Lawrence H. Cecil
Polonius	Philip Quin
Laertes	Robert Allen
Rosencrantz	Thayer Roberts
Guildenstern	Grant Gordon
Osrick	Charles Desheim
Marcellus	John Forest
Bernardo	Ralph Menzing
Francisco	Wilfred Mallory
A Grave-digger	Robert Strauss
Another Grave-digger	Claudius Mintz
First Player	James Neill, Jr.
Second Player	Charles Desheim
A Priest	Wilfred Mallory
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Hart Jenks
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark	Virginia Bronson
Ohpelia	Marie Carroll
Player Queen	Vera Allen

To present "Hamlet" in two and a half hours is no mean accomplishment. This the Chicago players did last evening by judicious cuts—act I, scene i, the anti-climatic speeches of Hamlet at the end of the closet scene; act IV up to the entrance of Ophelia and the Osiric scenes were the most important—and by lightning changes of scenes. The scenery was built within a frame of pillars and steps, and was varied by effective back drops. The costumes vied with the scenery in brilliance.

Hamlet is probably the most discussed character in drama. He has been variously interpreted by a hundred actors and a score of actresses as mad, feigning mad, weak, strong, sentimental, procrastinating. Mr. Leiber presented him as a man caught in a net of circumstance that was unbalancing him to the point of madness. The soliloquies, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I" and "To be or not to be" he delivered quietly as though the thoughts tormenting his brain were slipping from his lips unconsciously. Less dramatically effective were his impassioned speeches after the play and at Ophelia's grave where he let his emotion render him almost inarticulate. In the more purely lyrical passages he sometimes slid into a downward inflection that became monotonous. It is a pity such faults of technique rather than of understanding should mar what was otherwise a well conceived characterization.

Mr. Burke as the King was a dignified figure, but in his soliloquy, act II, scene iii, he did not seem really to be torn between remorse and greed. Miss Carroll made a lovely, childlike Ophelia, especially touching in the mad scene. Miss Bronson showed the beauty and passion essential to the Queen.

A large audience, composed, strangely enough, not of venerable gray heads, but of the frivolous younger generation, applauded lavishly.

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MUSICAL ART QUARTET

The Musical Art quartet (Sascha Jacobsen, Paul Bernard, Louis Kaufman, and Marie Romact-Rosanoff) played last night at Jordan hall before an audience of generous size. Besides performing quartets by Beethoven (Op. 18, No. 4) and Gliere (Op. 2), they were joined by Felix Fox, pianist, in a performance of Brahms's quintet, Op. 34.

Rewarded for their efforts with hearty applause, they deserved every clap of it, not only for the merits of their performance, which were many, but for their courage in bringing an annual series of chamber music concerts into Boston, a city which has in the past shown itself none too hospitable to such ventures.

They played excellently last night, with a tonal balance which has much improved since the quartet was first heard here, with fine rhythm, with the delicacy, or the virility, that their music demanded. They were most successful, perhaps, in Brahms's F minor quintet, where Mr. Fox's admirable playing of the piano part contributed largely to the establishment of apt tempi and the appropriate mood and style (though one seemed to detect, in the first movement, a moment of disorder which, however, soon righted itself). But there was deep beauty also in the familiar Beethoven C minor quartet, as they played it, despite a somewhat spiritless performance of the scherzo.

Gliere's quartet, like other music by that composer, is elegant, fluent, charming, and unimportant music, making pleasant occasional use of the distinctive melodic and rhythmic peculiarities of Russian folk music. It was played very well, and pleased last night's audience greatly. S. S.

WILBUR THEATRE

"As You Like It"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

The Banished Duke	John Forest
Duke Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions	John Burke
Amiens	Kathryn Collier
Jaques	Fritz Leiber
(Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment)	
Le Beau, a courier attending upon Frederick	Thayer Roberts
Charles, his wrestler	Wilfred Mallory
Oliver	Hart Jenks
Orlando	Lawrence H. Cecil
(Sons of Sir Roland De Bois)	
First Lord	James Neill, Jr.
Adam, servant to Oliver	Philip Quin
William, a country fellow, in love with Audrey	Claudius Mintz
Touchstone, a clown	Robert Strauss
Silvius, shepherd	Grant Gordon
Corin, shepherd	Ralph Menzing
Jaques de Bois	Robert Allen
Rosalind, daughter of the banished Duke	Vera Allen
Celia, daughter to Frederick	Virginia Bronson
Phebe, a shepherdess	Marie Carroll
Audrey, a country wench	Virginia Stevens

Every seat was sold and many were [...]ing at the Wilbur yesterday after[noon] [...]which should alarm those critics who claim that Shakespeare is too stale for a modern audience. To be sure, many of those who applauded loudest were youngsters witnessing the play for the first time, but there was a fair sprinkling of seasoned play-goers welcoming Shakespeare's most enchanting comedy back to the boards.

The performance, however, was not as enchanting as it should have been. Perhaps it was because the scenery—beaverboard trees, one of which Orlando crashed into and felled—savored more of the Boston Museum than of the forest of Arden. Perhaps the omission of expected songs, such as "It was a lover and his lass" and the poor execution of those attempted robbed the play of gaiety. Perhaps the "forthright manner" that Mr. Leiber makes his boast destroyed the poetry of the play.

Miss Allen was a light-hearted Rosalind, boyish yet no virago, but what could she do with an Orlando (Mr. Cecil) too business-like to even think of writing verses, a Celia whose assumption of "mean attire" made her adopt bar-maid diction as well, when even Mr. Leiber seemed to see no more in Jaques than a crank with a liking for philosophical saws. Mr. Straus's Touchstone, abounding in spontaneous humor, and the foolery of Phebe, Silvius and Audrey did much to lighten the too matter-of-fact tone of the performance.

E. C. D.

"The Merchant of Venice"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

Duke of Venice	Philip Quin
Prince of Morocco	Grant Gordon
Prince of Aragon	Thayer Roberts
Antonio	John Burke
Bassanio	Hart Jenks
Gratiano	Lawrence H. Cecil
Salonio	James Neill, Jr.
Salarino	Ralph Menzing
Lorenzo	Robert Allen
Shylock	Fritz Leiber
Tubal	John Forest
Launcelot Gobbo	Robert Strauss
Old Gobbo	Philip Quin
Leonardo	Claudius Mintz
Balthazar	Charles Desheim
Salerio	Grant Gordon
Nerissa	Virginia Bronson
Jessica	Marie Carroll
Portia	Vera Allen

Last evening Fritz Leiber and his Chicago company gave a swiftly-paced interpretation of "The Merchant of Venice," enlivening it with full measure of comedy and setting it in rich color. The action begins before a background good in design and satisfyingly Venetian. As the play progresses there is gaiety both in staging and acting and a dance closes the second act. Through the third and fourth acts the sumptuous brocades and rich colors make feast for the eye, while the music of Shakespeare's words, so understandingly read by Mr. Leiber and his group, satisfy the ear.

All goes toward complete satisfaction. The acting abounds in robust humor, the emotions of love and hate are treated with honesty. A fundamental good feeling tempers both, even in Shylock, as Mr. Leiber sees him. Shakespeare's Shylock reads a tragic figure, ugly in hate, pathetic in frustration, a figure drawn out of perspective, attenuated and accented in the manner of the painter El Greco. At Mr. Leiber's hands, he bocmes very human and even the fantastic sharpening of the knife in the courtroom scene, loses its horror.

Honors are due each member of the company with perhaps special notice to Thayer Roberts for his clowning of the Prince of Aragon; to Hart Jenks's hearty Bassanio; to Vera Allen's lovely Portia.

A fair-sized audience showed every evidence of enjoyment. F. S. F.

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WILBUR THEATRE

"Macbeth"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

Duncan	John Burke
Malcolm	Robert Allen
Donalbain	Charles Desheim
Macbeth	Fritz Leiber
Banquo	Hart Jenks
Macduff	Lawrence H. Cecil
Lennox	Wilfred Mallory
Ross	John Forest
Fleance	Marie Carroll
Seyton	Ralph Menzing
A doctor	Philip Quin
A sergeant	James Neill, Jr.
A porter	Robert Strauss
A murderer	Thayer Roberts
Another murderer	Claudius Mintz
First witch	Olga Lee
Second witch	Kathryn Collier
Third witch	Virginia Stevens
A gentlewoman	Vera Allen
Lady Macbeth	Virginia Bronson

Again last evening the Chicago actors played to a full house, but it was a difficult audience uncertain when to laugh and when to applaud, and doing both at moments embarrassing to the performers. The production was none the less very interesting. The curtain rose disclosing the three witches behind an almost invisible film of gauze, which at the end of the scene enveloped them like mist and whisked them away. Macbeth's castle was suggested rather than represented by pillars and a huge portcullis silhouetted against a blue sky; two overhanging crags formed the witches cavern; settings less striking perhaps, than those Gordon Craig created last year, but better suited as backgrounds, since they did not dwarf the actors or distract attention from the play. The lightning, too, was impressionistic. A ray from nowhere illumined Macbeth's face as he struggled with his thoughts before murdering Duncan; a green light turned his face livid at the imagined ghost of Banquo.

As Macbeth Mr. Leiber portrayed the undoing of a noble character by ambition. Alive to remorse as well as to the horrors of his imagination he became gradually more and more calloused till no horrors but the death of his wife could touch him. With his voice as well as his face Mr. Leiber showed the change the years had wrought. He showed real dramatic power in his reception of Lady Macbeth's death and the following soliloquy which too often is meaninglessly proclaimed.

Lady Macbeth is admitted the most difficult of Shakespeare's heroines to play. Even Margaret Anglin, who brought to life the heroines of so many Greek tragedies, failed last year in Philadelphia when she attempted the Scottish queen. Miss Bronson was not more successful, though at times as when she read Macbeth's letter slowly as though puzzling out the writing she created the illusion of naturalness.

If the performance was, in spots, ranting or the characterization vague, the music of Mr. Leiber's voice and his rendering of the great soliloquies lingeringly as though he loved every word did much to recompense. E. C. D.

ARLINGTON THEATRE

"The Vincent Virtues and Vices"

Produced by George M. Miics.

Snap, smiles and precision lift the Vincent Virtues and Vices almost to the professional level. From the first curtain the show swings through to the finale with vigor and enjoyment on the part of the cast. Chorus girls who are not so concentrated on their steps that they cannot spare a smile and a glance for the audience, singers who are not afraid to let their voices out to the back benches, costumes of a luxurious and dazzling brilliance that would do credit to a "monster production," music that makes feet tap and lips move, and, above all, dancing in which the freshness of amateurs is preserved without lessening the technical perfection; all these elements combine to produce the best Vincent show of recent years.

Each season brings back to the Vincent stage many old favorites. Mrs. John Thayer can always be depended on for a finished portrayal of character parts. In the skit entitled "The Silent Prompter" she shows how pantomime can be more expressive than the spoken word. But even more amusing—and the type of act for which one could wish more room were found in these shows—is her contribution, as Battling Barney, to "Amateur Night." Here she renders a brief and penetrating summary of the social register.

For a finished turn, one anticipates with pleasure the appearance of Mrs. A. Lynde Cochrane, whose rendition of the lonely Cinderella or the drifting belle will stir the most hardened bachelor to sentimentality. Miss Nancy Whitman not only renders a charming solo as a hurdy gurdy man, but "manages" the show with the touch of an old hand.

Among the "prima donnas," Miss Helen Warren has a voice of strong, true and sweet quality. Miss Louise Fessenden also has a pleasing soprano in a pretty song. Miss Sally Wambolt and Miss Minna Lindsay form a tuneful and convincing Boy and Girl. Miss Dorothea Frothingham presides over the shadow dancers with almost regal poise, and Mrs. Arthur Richmond takes the leading part as a "Lady of Spain."

Among the more frivolous parts, one should single out the renditions of Shakespeare by Miss Abby Beveridge and the parodies of the "danseuse" and the "prima donna" by Misses Margaret Bent and Miss Alice Dalton. These carry the stamp of true comedy—sufficient resemblance to the original with delicate exaggeration of the comic elements. Every company should have in it some one who, like Miss Susan Hamond, enters into whatever part is given her with vim and pleasure and conveys her enjoyment not only to the rest of the cast, but to the audience.

The dancing of this show attains very high excellence. The most ambitious effort is the "Slave Dance" by Miss Eugenia Frothingham, and those who have seen such modern interpretative dancers as Kreutzberg and Georgi will judge how apt a puipl Miss Frothingham is in this style. Miss Anne Frothingham and Miss Nancy Hallowell do a complicated tap dance with the assurance and exactitude of veteran stage[rs]. And Miss Anstiss Boyden leads a troupe of six in a similar performance with equal skill. Of the dancing of Miss Phyllis Ellsworth, Miss Nancy Hallow[ell] [...]

arrive[d] in [time] to stay his hand. He was free, his fortune was restored, the

and Mrs. F. L. Higginson, Jr., will act specialties or choruses, one cannot speak too highly.

As always in such a production, it would be easy to single out many more individual excellencies, and amid so much talent the critic must perforce stop somewhere. But a word must be said about the bigger scenes. These are staged with a simplicity of curtains which forms an effective background for the elaborate costumes. One could comment on the ingenuity of the "Dancing Shadows" or the real beauty of the peasant costumes in "When the Hurdy Gurdy Plays" or the harmonious color scheme in "Our Dreams Are but Bubbles." The hearts of the older among the audience will thrill with fond recollections at the dresses and activities of the "Naughty Nineties." And any one of the choruses would deserve more than a passing mention for the ease and accuracy of the dancing, which can only be attained by conscientious drill.

But one must select as of especial excellence four scenes. First, the "Lady of Spain," in which the orange and purple of the ladies and the white of the men are marred only by a faint regret that there is not a little more of the vivid or sombre Spain which one has come to know from Zuloaga. The finale has all the sumptuousness and "ritz" that one expects from the title, "Bijoux de Paris." The "Cossack Drills" combine a simple richness of costume with the perfection of timing which one looks for in Vincent drills. But perhaps the outstanding scene from the point of view of staging and costume is "Apple Blossom Time," for which the dresses were imported from Paris and bear not only the dash of the Paris cut, but the delicate pinks and blues of the French taste for color.

In short, one looks in vain for the Vices and gasps in continual admiration at the Vincent Virtues, and leaves the Arlington Theatre echoing the words of the last song, "Our Show Is the Best on Earth." M. H.

METROPOLITAN

"Sarah and Son"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Zoe Akins from the novel of the same name by Timothy Shea; directed by Dorothy Arzner and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Sarah Storm	Ruth Chatterton
Howard Vanning	Frederic March
Jim Gray	Fuller Mellish, Jr.
John Ashmore	Gilbert Emery
Mrs. Ashmore	Doris Lloyd
Cyril Belloc	William Stack
Bobby	Philippe de Lacy

"Sarah and Son," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, has been widely advertised as a picture made by women for women. The latter half of the statement is misleading, for it is a film that will appeal quite as much to men. To be sure, the director, the adaptor and the star are all of the so-called weaker sex, but the work of their hands is something that any man would be proud to have made. Ruth Chatterton, in the role of a mother in search of her lost child, has a part glove-fitted to her; as a matter of record this is the third time she has suffered the pangs of maternal deprivation, the other occasions being "Madame X" and "The Laughing Lady." To say that she does fine work is to be less than just, for this film gives here a splendid chance, perhaps the best she has yet had. She makes Sarah Storm, the young German girl, who becomes a great singer, a lovable, strong and tender woman: her very understatement of emotion enhances its effect.

The story begins in the early days of the war. Sarah Storm and Jim Gray, partners in vaudeville, marry, though more for companionship than anything else. They have a son, Bobby, but Jim, a good-for-nothing loafer, will not work and he resents the time that Sarah lavishes on the baby. Finally, in a fit of anger, Jim enlists, but before he goes he takes the baby to a wealthy childless couple, the Ashmores, to adopt as their own. Sarah, deserted and desperate, is befriended by a one-time opera singer, Cyril Belloc, and together they travel around, entertaining the soldiers in military hospitals and trying to find Jim. At last Sarah sees him, but he is dying and can only whisper the name of the Ashmores and beg her to forgive him.

Sarah discovers who they are and tries, through the medium of Howard Vanning, a lawyer and brother to Mrs. Ashmore, to be allowed to see her child. The Ashmores refuse, fearing to lose Bobby, and threaten her with an accusation of insanity if she annoys them further. In despair, she departs determined to earn enough money to fight for her child. She goes to Europe, attains great success as an opera singer and returns to take up the struggle once more. How she wins the sympathy of Vanning, is momentarily deceived by the Ashmores and finally meets and claims her son, need not be detailed here. The climax is dramatic, moving and finely played. There are several other good performances beside Miss Chatterton's: the late Fuller Mellish, Jr., was excellent as the shiftless Jim Gray and died with amazing vividness and pathos; Gilbert Emery gave a finished performance as John Ashmore; and Philippe de Lacy as Bobby gave convincing proof of his unusual gift for making a small boy attractive and completely natural. E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Second Wife"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play, "All the King's Men," by Fulton Oursler; directed by Russell Mack and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Walter Fairchild	Conrad Nagel
Florence Wendell	Lila Lee
Gilbert Gaylord	Hugh Huntley
Mrs. Rhodes	Mary Carr
Junior	Freddie Burke Frederick

When Grant Mitchell appeared a year ago in "All the King's Men," it was billed as a comedy-drama. Mayo Methot was Florence Wendell, the second wife; Mrs. Jacques Martin was Mrs. Rhodes, the elderly housekeeper, and Mr. Huntley was Gilbert Saylor, not Gilbert Gaylord, the persistent lover of Florence before and after her marriage to Walter Fairchild. In its stage form it failed to make any substantial impression because of the frailty of its theme and the obvious padding of dialogue and petty incident to fill out its three acts. In screen form, compressed to about 75 acting minutes, the piece appears to better advantage. The present quartet of players, moreover, should be credited with an exceptionally smooth performance of a play which exudes sentiment from start to finish, which easily could become a tearful clinic on child-birth, father-love, mother-love, and kindred topics. The main thesis seems to be this: in what proportions should a widower, marrying a second time, divide his affection and loyalty between his second wife and his only son by his first wife? The pictured version solves this question satisfactorily by indicating vital concessions on both sides of a very thin wall of dissension.

Miss Lee, who has been coming on steadily in talking pictures, here reveals aptitude in dramatic exposition of highest order. Particularly impressive was she in the scene when Fairchild, knowing that his new wife is on the eve of maternity, loses his head on receipt of a cablegram that his son Junior, whom he and not Florence, it should be understood, had shipped off to a school in far away Switzerland, was critically ill with typhoid fever. As Fairchild is about to depart to catch a midnight sailing, the affronted woman turns on him and unlooses all the deep hurt and humiliation that lie within her heart. Miss Lee's voice, low, restful, never strident even in moments of great emotional stress, records perfectly. Mr. Nagel, as the prosperous young advertising expert, who will not speak ill of Caroline, his austere first wife; who suffers himself to be domiciled in modern quarters in which his favorite framed advertising slogans and his most comfortable chair have no place, plays a minor role against Miss Lee's dominating moods. He makes Fairchild far less of the self-centred man of business than of the ardent but at times perplexed lover. Mr. Huntley is again the polished pursuer of Florence, with his poisonous premises and prophecies, his confession of selfishness when Florence forces him to admit that if he takes her to South America her newly-born child must remain behind. Miss Carr was genuine prototype of the shrewdly wise housekeeper, striving to be loyal and helpful to the dead and living. Master Frederick in his brief appearances was a self-contained youngster whose voice unfortunately gave an impression that perhaps here was a little girl in a boy's knee breeches. W. E. G.

"ANNA CHRISTIE" SPECIAL SHOWS

Due to the demand of those turned away at the regular showings of "Anna Christie" at Loew's State during the last few days, the management announces a midnight show for tonight and an extra performance tomorrow morning at 10:30 of Greta Garbo's first all-talking picture.

Mch 15 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the 18th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Galliard-Steinberg, Sonata in G Major; Martelli, Assyrian Bas-Reliefs; Strauss, An Alpine Symphony.

Martelli's Suite was performed for the first time in this country. It was said that the performance yesterday was the first anywhere but in the note furnished by the composer, this Suite is included in the list of compositions that have been performed "many times in Paris and in the French provinces." Now the Suite was composed in 1928; it has certainly not been performed as yet by any one of the leading orchestras of Paris.

Martelli, a Corsican by birth, studied at the Paris Conservatory and now lives in Paris. He is 35 years old; he must have passed the yeasty period as a composer. Although educated musically in Paris, he apparently has not been influenced by the French school that insists on clarity even in impressionistic works and on a certain finesse in harmonic schemes and in orchestration. Perhaps these desirable characteristics are revealed in his other compositions; no doubt he thought that an Assyrian subject demanded a more or less barbaric treatment; but the Assyrians though they delighted in noisy music were far from being barbarians; on the contrary their culture was noteworthy. There may be a Corsican school of music unknown to us, which influenced Martelli in his youth. It would have been an impossible task for him to reproduce veritable musical effects as the Assyrians produced them and enjoyed them. He simply endeavored to translate into tones four bas-reliefs that had impressed him as Liszt and others attempted to do the same with pictures.

The four movements of his Suite, all of them short, were suggested by a winged Jinnee, or spirit good or evil, eagle-headed before the Sacred Tree; a Dance before a personage seated, crowned by a tiara and robed in an embroidered tunic; a Lion and a Lioness in their Lair; and for a finale, the Army and Musicians of Ashurbanipal, a mighty man in his day and generation.

It is a pity that before each movement a photograph of the suggesting bas relief could not have been thrown upon a screen. Then some in the audience after each orchestral transcription could have said "Marvellous! Marvellous"; others exclaiming "Not a bit like it." It would be easy to say that Martelli had set himself an impossible task; it is only just to reply that the music showed imagination, which, after all, is indispensable to a composition purposing to be pictorial; if the different movements were to some musically crude from a technical standpoint, or, while showing a certain skill, only affectedly eccentric, should they be hastily dismissed as vain and impotent? The question is not whether this music is truly Assyrian—for who knows the precise nature of the music, except that the tonal scheme was founded on mathematical relations of planets as formulated by astrologers and astronomers? The question is this; putting aside any thought of race or nation, did the music by itself, without any association, impress the senses or the mind?

Personally we answer "yes," but no two hearers are affected in exactly the same manner except by an exciting rhythm. The tavern music that made one man merry, another mad, aroused in Sir Thomas Browne a deep spirit of devotion. Martelli's Dance, with its hypnotic rhythmic monotony, its wild snatches of melody haunts the memory. As for the lion, one might say as Demetrius at the play of "Pyramus and Thisby," performed by the hardhanded man of Athens, "Well roar'd, lion." And there were passages in the Finale—but not in the conventional March section—that were much more than ingenious.

The music by Galliard—tinkered adriotly and enlarged in its proportions by Steinberg—is delightful in its gaiety, also in the suavity of the third movement. The lively pace taken by Dr. Kousevitzky in the first Allegro, although the indication reads Allegro non troppo, displayed the remarkable technical proficiency of the orchestra. Although Galliard was of French parentage and educated musically by Italians living in Germany before he made London his home, how English this music is in the jollity of the fast movements. Simple, direct as this Sonata is, is it not more truly music than the bombastic Symphony by Strauss, superbly performed as this Alpine adventure was? An Alpine symphony. It and its composer remind one of Reuben Pettingill of Waterbury, Me., as described by Artemus Ward:

"He was an extraordinarily skilful young man in the use of a common clasp-knife.

"With that simple weapon he could make from soft wood, horses, dogs, cats, etc. He carved excellent soldiers also.

"I remember his masterpiece.

"It was 'Napoleon Crossing the Alps.'

"Looking at it critically, I should say it was rather short of Alps."

The concert will be repeated tonight.

The Brahms Festival will begin with the concerts of Friday afternoon, March 21, and Saturday evening, March 22. Academic Festival Overture, Symphony No. 3, F major. Symphony No. 2, D major.

LAURA HUXTABLE PORTER

Last night Laura Huxtable Porter gave one of her charming evenings of music and poetry at Brown hall. Under the auspices of the Student Art Club she gave readings from Shakespeare, and played on the piano music appropriate to the lines she read . . . music connected to them either in mood or in spiritual content, or music that was written specially to go with Shakespeare's words, as is Schubert's song, "Hark, Hark! the Lark," and Mendelssohn's incidental music for "A Midsummernight's Dream."

Mrs. Porter's delightful talks, in which she very cleverly summarizes the action of a play, brings in apt quotations, and interpolates little vignettes of subtle acting, reveal her sincerity, her sensitiveness to poetic and dramatic beauties, and her own exubcrant personality, which colors her offering with infectious enjoyment. Last night she was best in scenes from "A Midsummernight's Dream," in which she acted with rare skill the parts of the country players. She has certainly a gift for comic acting, which she does with gusto and wit, as well as for the expression of pathos and tragedy.

Her playing of music by Beethoven, Schubert and Mendelssohn gave added pleasure to her audience. E. B.

WILBUR THEATRE

"Julius Caesar"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

Julius Caesar	Hart Jenks
Octavius Caesar	James Neill Jr.
Marcus Antonius	Fritz Leiber
Cicero	Frank Scott
Publius	John Hopkins
Popilius Lena	Grant Gordon
Marcus Brutus	John Burke
Cassius	Lawrence H. Cecil
Casca	Philip Quint
Trebonius	Thayer Roberts
Decius Brutus	Robert Atwell
Metellus Cimber	George Andrews
Cinna	Bertram White
Flavius	Ralph Menzina
Marullius	Arthur Young
A Soothsayer	Charles Desheim
A Cobbler	Robert Strauss
Lucilius	George Anderson
Titinius	Wilfred Mallory
Varro	Meredith Atwell
Claudius	Charles Desheim
Lucius	Marie Carroll
Servius	Charles Desheim
Servant to Caesar	Virginia Stevens
Pindarus, Servant to Cassius	John Forrest
Calphurnia, Wife to Caesar	Kathryn Collier
Portia, Wife to Brutus	Virginia Bronson

It is to be regretted that Tyrone Power, who opened with the company in Chicago, was not here last evening to play his famous Brutus to Mr. Cecil's Cassius, then might the performance have risen above the mere adequacy which has characterized many of the Shakespeare Society's productions here. Mr. Burke's Brutus lacked the intellectual power and intense idealism usually associated with Shakespeare's hero, but was the Brutus of history, a lesser man easily led by the conspirators to work their plans. Nor did he deliver his oration in the calm, dispassionate manner of tradition, but like Mantell aided his argument with elocutionary arts. The effectiveness of his speeches were occasionally marred by his trick of stressing one word strongly then dropping his voice so that the end of the phrase was often lost.

More traditional in rendering was Mr. Leiber's Antony, a sincere admirer of Caesar, tricking the conspirators to avenge his death. The scene in which Antony shows the other side of his character by bargaining away the life of his innocent nephew was omitted.

But the real honors of the performance go to Mr. Cecil, whose Cassius was in gesture, voice and intonation, restrained and sincere. Dominated by hatred of Caesar—and no mere personal revenge motivated him though some actors have so interpreted the part—he used Brutus first as a tool, then came to value him for himself.

Mr. Straus, as the cobbler, brought the same inimitable humor that has made his Gravedigger, Gobbo, Touchstone and Porter so successful. A moderate-sized audience included many children, supplementing their schooling by studying Shakespeare where it was meant to be learned, in the theatre. E. C. D.

Mch 16 1930

"DREAM PICTURES"

By PHILIP HALE

Even the most chauvinistic Californian, ready to die for his state, would have been more than satisfied with the pictures shown by Branson De Cou yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, though he, no doubt, would have resented the lecturer's statement that there was at times foggy weather on the coast, and that an earthquake had once injured a mission church which has since been restored. One could hear the visitor applauding the pictures, wonderfully colored, one melting into the other to more or less appropriate music, and during the intermission talking about the "glorious climate" of California, and admitting that there was once a great fire in San Francisco, but that the stories about earthquakes also were base inventions of envious easterners.

Mr. De Cou entitled his travelog "Springtime Motoring on Our Pacific Coast." The hall was packed on floor and in the balconies. For music one heard a nocturne for left hand alone by Scriabin; Chopin's Andante Spianato; Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso; the slow movement from Grieg's piano concerto; and Rubinstein's "Kammenoi-Ostrow." The records had been made by capable musicians. While they could not "illustrate in tones" the pictures they were agreeable to hear, not divertising attention from the screen.

The series of pictures showing the -sert in bloom were perhaps the most

Mon 16 1930

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Attention has been called to Mr. George M. Cohan's "black gambler's worn by him in the role of Draper. When first was the hat he wears adge of a gambler, and is it a badge today?

n our village of the sixties we boys gazed with awe and admiration on rting gentleman who was said to be handy with cards in that wicked New York. He stands before us now; he sported a grayish topper with ed around it, a broadcloth coat, a fancy waistcoat. (We have forgot- hat manner of trousers he affected, but we are sure that his shoes were tent leather). In his frilled shirt—the waistcoat was cut low—there a diamond pin; the stone was of the headlight variety. His manners easy, his speech was low and chaste.

Now Mr. Cohan, as Draper, is quietly dressed; he wears evening dress the ease of one accustomed to it; his street clothes fit him. It is true ears a ring that excites comment, but he admits that it shrieks.

How well he speaks his lines! How well he listens to what others say! significant his silence! As he plays the part so admirably, without ex- ent, without violence, with genuine sentiment when his adopted daugh- concerned, one hesitates to ask why he stages a police raid to bring girls into the district attorney's office, especially as they are not ques- d by the uncommonly suave official. Was it simply to give Mazie an rtunity for her wise cracks and profanity? Or to give the audience a view of a raid? Nor is the final identification of the murderer adroitly ived, in spite of the long distance calls and answers and the far distant in San Francisco. We heard an intelligent woman, one who had seen y mystery plays and melodramas, ask as she was leaving the Tremont, o killed the girl, and why was she killed?"

After the third act there was noisy applause, long prolonged; an in- nt demand for Mr. Cohan to come before the curtain and say how glad as to be again in Boston; how glad he was that the audience liked the etc. The audience by clapping so that the orchestra could hardly be d thus thought to pay Mr. Cohan a compliment. It should have re- ed his unwillingness to appear as Mr. Cohan and not as Draper. He the good sense not to dispel the dramatic illusion. Would that other s might follow his example! But some, perhaps, have an uneasy con- on that they talk to the audience better than they act in the play. Why udiences insist that an actor should come before the curtain between ? Probably because the play is not so much to the spectators as the of an actor as an every-day man, a mere mortal, often stumbling in ch, grossly flattering, or feebly humorous.

A curious and annotated anthology about plays in which a gambler s the leading part could be compiled. Here are some titles: "The Game- " (plays by Shirley—1634—Mrs. Centlivre, Edward Moore, Walter Cro- ; "The Gamester of Metz"; "The Gamester of Milan"; "The Gamesters," e Gaming Table"; "Beverley" (a version of Moore's "Gamester"); "The bler," "The Gambler's Daughter," "The Gambler's Fate" (from "La d'un Joueur"); "Gambler's Life in London"; "The Gambler's Wife"; e Gamblers"; "The Gambling Fiend," "The Gambling Hell." "Le Dissi- ur," "Le Joueur."

"The Wife's Relief," "The Wife's Stratagem" are both versions of Shir- old play.

There is a fine gambling scene in the opera "Robert the Devil"; and when wicked nuns rise from their graves to tempt the hero-tenor in various s, one of the ballet episodes is that of gaming. There are other gam- g scenes in other plays and operas from "Camille" to "Manon."

Moore's "Gamester" was seen in New York as early as 1754. Josiah ncy saw the play and "The Padlock" in that city in 1773. He wrote in diary: "The actors make but an indifferent figure in tragedy—a much er in comedy. . . . I was, however, upon the whole much amused—but citizen and a friend to the morals and happiness of society, I should ve hard against the admission, and much more the establishment of eatre in any state of which I was a member." Mr. Odell in his "Annals he New York Stage" makes this comment: "Good old spirit of New land!"

As a senior at Harvard another Josiah Quincy saw Edmund Kean as hard Third. The Josiah Quincy who made a trip to Washington with ge Story in 1826 saw Kean's Hamlet in Philadelphia. There he went to "elegant" supper, "about 20 of the first young men of Philadelphia being guests. They were not intellectual, and were in a fair way to be drunk n I left them at midnight." He was surprised, seeing "Much Ado About thing" at a theatre in that city, to see women admitted to the pit.

When was "The Gamester" first played in Boston? Was it at the Hay- rket on Jan. 2, 1797, during a season "when Bernard, Dickson, Mrs. Powell d others performed to houses crowded from pit to gallery with the fashion, beauty and the talent of our city—when the Perkinses, the Parkmans, Sullivans had their boxes, and the dress circle presented a sight, seen of er days but too seldom"?

"The Gamester" translated into French as "Beverley," or "imitated" by urin, was brought out at Theatre Francais, Paris, in 1768. Amusing stories told about the performances there and in other cities of France. Saurin's verley was an inveterate gambler, with an angelic wife. A villain led him . Luck forsook the gamester. Creditors were pressing. He was impris- ed, where he poisoned himself, but first, wishing to free his son, asleep in e cell, from a miserable life, he was about to stab him, when Mrs. Beverley arrived in time to stay his hand. He was free, his fortune was restored, the villain had died. All too late, the unhappy man died in the arms of his wife.

When the play was performed at Toulouse in 1769 the audience could not endure the sight of a father about to slay his son. The greater part of the spectators left the theatre with cries of horror. The few that remained when the leading man announced a second performance shouted: "Soften the fifth act, or don't play the piece again."

Then there is the story of a young man of good family, a passionate gambler, who, because his parents would have nothing more to do with him, went on the stage. The company passed the winter near the chateau of his mother. Neighbors who recognized him told her that he was near her. Though she had never been to a play, she wished so much to see her son that she went to the theatre with a few friends. The play was "Beverley." The passion of the leading character was her son's. The illusion was complete. "There he is, gambling; he has not changed." When she saw him raise his hand to kill the child, she cried: "Stop, unhappy man! Don't kill your child. I'll take him home." This scene caused great commotion. The comedians were not allowed to play the piece again during their stay.

A London critic in 1792 wrote that while "The Gamester" had many merits "it met with but midling (sic) success, the general cry against it being that the distress was too deep to be borne; yet we are rather apt to imagine its want of perfect approbation arose in one part, and that no inconsiderable one, of the audience, from a tenderness of another kind than that of compassion; and that they were less hurt by the distress of Beverley than by finding their darling vice, their favorite folly thus vehemently attacked by the strong lance of reason and dramatic execution."

As a previous piece by Edward Moore, "Gil Blas," had met with disapprobation, his friends thought "Beverley" would be severely treated. "The Rev. Joseph Spence therefore permitted it, for the first four nights, to be imputed to him, but immediately afterwards threw aside the mask, as he supposed the success of the piece to be no longer doubtful; when, strange to tell! some of the very persons who had applauded it as his work, were among the very foremost to condemn it as the performance of Mr. Moore."

In the English play, Beverley does not attempt to kill his child; he simply poisons himself. The French translator took his horrid ending from a romance called "Cleveland." Saurin represented the villain as having been in love with Beverley's wife and been spurned by her. There is a long and admirable criticism of the English tragedy and the French version in the "Correspondance Litteraire" of Grimm and Diderot (May 1768), in which there are many shrewd remarks about the theatre in general. The writer doubted, for example, whether suicide was in itself interesting in the theatre. "It is neither moral nor pathetic in real life. How does it affect me or what does it teach me to see a man bored with life or in despair kill himself? Not at all—nothing. My curiosity once satisfied about the circumstances of an event that is not very common, I think no more about it, and I am in no wise affected. If you wish to interest me in suicide, let it be Cato, who tears out his entrails, because I see the fate of Rome bound up with his; but what does it matter to me if M. Beverley poisons himself? I see only one less rascal in the world, and I forget him. . . . One makes children afraid of daggers and poisoned cups; the poorer the genius of the poet, the more he relies on these means and multiplies them. . . . . The hardening, the loss of every honest and virtuous sentiment should be the poison to make a spectator shudder. That is the true catastrophe which menaces a gambler." The whole article is a masterpiece of criticism.

The gambler, as played by Mr. Cohan, has at least one honest, virtuous sentiment: Love for his adopted daughter. And he is lovable himself.

A BUNDLE OF BOOKS

The Oxford University Press of London and New York has published recently some books that should interest the general reader, while others volumes are chiefly for musicians.

"John Christian Bach" by Charles Sanford Terry gives an entertaining view of social and artistic life in London during this Bach's sojourn there, while the many pages devoted to his music with many notations are written with a thoroughness that was once thought to be peculiar to Germans. There are over thirty handsome illustrations; portraits, buildings, monuments, views of Vauxhall Gardens, theatres and concert halls. There are full indexes.

Christian's father, the old Sebastian, apparently had few recreations except counterpoint and bringing children into the world. Christian was a rather gay dog. He was accused, unjustly, of drunkenness and general loose living. This book might therefore be considered a rehabilitation. His ability as a musician was recognized in his lifetime. When he died in 1782, Mozart wrote: "A sad day for the world of music." Christian's industry alone should have convinced previous writers that no one given over to dissipation could have worked so diligently and accomplished so much.

Professor Terry, already known by his admirable life of Sebastian Bach and his other writings about him—note for example his editions of chorals, hymn tunes and cantata texts—begins by saying that of all Sebastian's sons, Christian, the youngest, lived the most adventurous, and in some respects the most successful career.

"The careers of his brothers, by comparison, were commonplace, his father's reputation provincial. A prolific composer, his music was as familiar to Vienna, Stockholm, Naples, as in London, Amsterdam and Berlin." He was at home in the Court of Frederick the Great; for a time he was organist of the Milan Cathedral; his operas pleased the Italians; he succeeded Handel in the favor of the English Court; shortly before his death his talent was recognized when he visited Paris.

Gainsborough's portrait of him shows him elegant in his dress. "He moved with easy grace in a society to which his profession was ordinarily admitted on another footing . . . a man accustomed to the drawing rooms of the 'Nobility and Gentry,' the patrons of his enterprises." Probably for these reasons, Christian was reproached for being a dilettante, a man of the world rather than a musician, composing for money without regard to art; it was said that he had sold himself for the fleshpots of England; it was even said that he had jauntily married the mistress of his fellow musician, C. F. Abel.

Prof. Terry gives a pleasing and detailed account of Christian's earlier years. Sebastian died when the boy was barely 15. He at first went to Berlin to study further with his brother Emanuel. There is a glimpse of the opera under Frederick the Great. Entrance was free; any one decently

dressed was admitted to the pit; distinguished strangers were allotted seats according to their degree. Christian dreamed of Italy and association with the famous Padre Martini at Bologna. Did Giovanna Astrua who lost her voice so that Frederick gave her a pension to recuperate in Italy, accompany the young man? "If Christian accompanied her, a love intrigue becomes a companionship of mutual accommodation. He was recently turned 20 and not indifferent to feminine charms. But for the moment art was his only loadstone, Italy his single mistress."

There are valuable pages about musical conditions in Italy when Christian arrived there. He at once began to compose church music, for he had already been received into the Roman church. "It would be agreeable to suppose his conversion an act of conviction." The fact remains that he was always loyal to the church of his adoption. He spent four years or more in Italy, having a generous patron, Count Litta. It was in 1761 that Christian's first opera was produced (at Turin in the carnival season). In his second opera (Naples, 1761), Catterina Gabrelli, great, capricious, with countless adorers, sang. When Catherine the Great complained that Catterina's fee exceeded the pay of a field marshal, the answer was: "Then let your field marshal sing to you."

In 1762 Christian was summoned to the London opera. It is probable that the summons was due to Sophia Charlotte, wife of George III, who wished a compatriot for her music master. Bach had already attracted her attention by an ode on her "Auspicious Arrival and Nuptials."

Now come Prof. Terry's delightful pages about the social and musical life in London at that time. The chief resort of the fashionable world was the King's theatre, or Opera House. The season lasted from November to June or July. Operas were performed on Tuesdays and Saturdays by two casts of singers engaged respectively for opera buffa and opera seria. Saturday was the more fashionable night. The curtain rose at 6:15 P. M. Here Christian produced his operas and at first complained of the inferior quality of the singers. He played the harpsichord in public, but suffered somewhat from disuse of his hand in composition, cramped and crippled with a pen. Burney said: "In general his compositions for the pianoforte are such as ladies can execute with little trouble.' Christian was described on bills as "a Saxon professor"; he preferred to be known as "John Bach." He enjoyed the patronage of the court—Charlotte. Haydn remarked, "played quite well, for a Queen"; George played the violin and flute. The 9-year-old Mozart came to London, Christian saw much of him, gave him advice, and without doubt influenced his instrumental style.

There are entertaining descriptions of street and house life in London, strange visitors as Joseph Merlin who contrived a pair of skates to run on wheels. Once attending a "refined assembly" skates on feet, he gyrated nimbly as he fiddled. There was no brake for the skates so he dashed into a costly mirror, damaging himself severely, and the furniture irreparably. There was open house at Angelo's—the riding and fencing master. There met as frequent guests Christian, Garrick, Colman, Sheridan, Wilkes, Horn Tooke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, the Chevalier D'Eon, Abel. There are amusing anecdotes; Gainsborough trying to play the bassoon; Abel pleading for the forger's, Dodd, pardon. Abel claimed that if forgery were a hanging crime, he and Christian were forgers of another kind of notes and deserved hanging. "To be sure" said Bach, "us gombosers are birates and blagiarists, and forgers of nodes; pote some gombosers forge false nodes, and I only forge true." Christian had a wide acquaintance with the great folks, though Dr. Johnson once asked: "Pray sir, who is Bach? Is he a piper?" There was Mrs. Cornely's wealthy patron of subscription concerts. "Tea below stairs and ventilators above," so that the subscribers would not be overheated or in danger of catching cold. She had spent £2,000 on embellishments and furniture at Carlisle House, and devised "the most curious, singular and superb ceiling to one of the rooms that ever was executed or even thought of."

Gossip and anecdotes, with thumb-nail sketches of singers, instrumentalists, while accounts of operas and concerts are well documented.

Christian journeyed to Mannheim, late in 1772, where he produced an opera and fell in love. Mannheim was an eminently musical town, though in the seventies of the eighteenth century "Germany neither asserted nor was conceded the musical primacy which from the advent of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, was universally accorded her." Burney concluded that the Germans were musicians by cultivation rather than instinct. But Mannheim was an exception, the court orchestra numbered from 40 to 50 players. Many were accomplished soloists. Christian's opera, "Temistocle," pleased the people and was performed after his departure. He wished to make Augusta Wendling his wife. She afterwards became the mistress of the Elector Carl Theodor. When Bach arrived in Paris the contest between the Gluckites and the Piccinnites was raging. Ha was shrewd and took as e subject for his opera "Amadis des Gaules" and not a classical theme.

Returning to London he married Cecilia Grassi, a woman of 27, 11 years his junior. She still sang, though as a Mrs. Papendiek kindly said, "rather passee for a prima donna." He and Abel gave concerts in an "elegant" new room. Among the pictures a Comic Muse by Gainsborough attracted attention. There is more about the performances at the King's theatre, new singers, the composer Sacchini's visit. Christian's last years were somewhat clouded. His housekeeper absconded, and he was called on to furnish over £1100 or £1200 of which she had defrauded him. Financial worries and declining popularity, as a composer, not as a man, may have hastened his death, but Prof. Terry thinks he may have inherited the physical disability that carried off so many of his elders in the old Leipsic home. His legacy to his widow were debts amounting to £4000. Her immediate necessities were relieved by the Queen, who also paid the cost of the funeral, and restored to the coachman a sum of £100 lent by him to his master. The good queen also enabled Cecilia to return to her native Italy accompanied by the faithful coachman and a friend, and she granted her an annual pension of £200.

"Bethoven's Quartets" by Joseph de Marliave, translated by Hilda Andrews, with an introduction and notes by Jean Escarra and a preface by Gabriel Faure, a book of 390 pages, will interest musicians, lovers of string quartets by the analyses and the history of the compositions, though the "fine writing" of the enthusiast may be disturbing to some.

And so Paul Mies's "Beethoven's Sketches" translated by Doris L. Mackinnon, will interest students, while the technical matter will be as Greek to the layman.

Sir Henry Hadow's "Collected Essays," published in 1928, is of general interest, though "Some Tendencies in Modern Music" written in 1906 and "Some Aspects of Modern Music" (1915) may now seem ancient history. The essay on "Brahms and the Classical Tradition," and the pages on music and drama, church music, poetry and music, the place of beauty in worship, and music and education are not for any restricted period. By the side of scholarly articles about Byrd, Haydn as a Croatian composer, Parry and Beethoven are essays "Iago" and "The Use of Comic Episodes in Tragedy." Sir Henry has grown more catholic in taste in his later articles, and there is not so much of what has been called by the irreverent "Oxford Superiority."

unusual and the most striking. To many these pictures must have been a revelation, restoring confidence in the tales of enthusiastic travellers. While the tour taken with Mr. De Cou was not the conventional one, still there were views of Riverside, Los Angeles, Hollywood Bowl, private houses along the coast road and in Santa Barbara, studies of San Francisco, the Redwood Forest, Portland, Mt. Hood, and the Columbia River Highway—but the great feature of the travelog was the acquaintance made with the luxurious floral exhibition by nature and in the gardens of the dwellers irrespective of their incomes. Many of the private houses and some of the public buildings suggested the Moorish-Spanish architecture; some of the buildings were as ugly as those that were regarded as handsome or stately in the New England of the late sixties, when prosperous persons called attention to their mansard roofs and took a pride in lawns that were embellished in their eyes by iron dogs and deer.

There were pictures showing the efforts of the Southern Californians to preserve beauty, which led at times to grotesque results, as their substitutes for roadside billboards: statues with pedestals bearing advertisements. Mr. De Cou's remarks, always interesting, pleasantly informing, were at times amusing in a breezy, off-hand manner.

He richly deserves the public attention he now receives, for his entertainment, pictorial and verbal, may justly be called unique.

The third and, one regrets to add, the last of his travelogs this season, having for its subject "The Canadian Rockies," will take place next Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

POVLA FRIJSH

In Jordan hall yesterday afternoon Povla Frijsh, soprano, sang the following program: Torelli, Arietta; Hugo Wolf, Das verlassene Maegdelein, Lebe Wohl, Der Gaertner; Chausson, La Caravane; Faure, Dans les ruines d'une Abbaye; Fevrier, L'Intruse; Hahn, Melodie; Saint-Saens, Songe d'Opium; Marx, Valse de Chopin, Marienliedchen; Moussorgsky, The Goat (Romance of Society); Strauss, Schlechtes Wetter; Sinding, Der Skreg en Fugl; Backer-Grondahl, I Dadsen Du Mig Moder; Grieg, Det Forste Mode; Christiansen, Springfandet.

Mme. Frijsh's power to delight, to move, to excite, to charm her hearers was exercised as surely as ever yesterday. Her incisive art penetrated to the core of the emotions that poet and musician had sought to express, revoked them with sympathetic insight and the exquisitely sure touch of a born actress and of a skilled and tactful artist in musical line and color. A bold, sure, confident touch, even, at times, a harsh one, is hers. For this is an art which compels more often than it flatters and caresses, though it is capable too of the most consummate tenderness and the most exquisite delicacy.

It is hard to single out for mention isolated songs of Mme. Frijsh's program without neglecting others equally worthy of mention. There stay in the memory, however, the infinite pathos of "Das verlassene Maegdeein," the despair of the dismissed lover in "Lebe Wohl," the charming grace of "Der Gaertner," the macabre power of "La Caravane," the drama of "L'Intruse," the whirling madness of "Songe d'Opium." Moussorgsky's admirable satire in "The Goat," Strauss's graceful and melodious "Schlechtes Wetter."

The unfailing and resourceful musicianship and imagination, the vocal skill (with the usual reservations), the irresistible sincerity, with which Mme. Frijsh rendered her songs drew the usual sympathetic applause from a large audience, and she was compelled to add some other songs to her program. One of them, powerfully, dramatically rendered, was Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," rarely tackled by singers of Mme. Frijsh's sex. S. S.

WILBUR THEATRE

"Twelfth Night"

William Shakespeare's play directed by Fritz Leiber, performed in four acts and 10 scenes, and directed by Fritz Leiber. The cast was as follows:

Orsino	Hart Jenks
Sebastian	Grant Gordon
Antonio	John Burke
A Sea Captain	Ralph Menzing
Valentine	Charles Desheim
Curio	Robert Allen
Sir Toby Belch	Lawrence H. Cecil
Sir AndrewAgue-Cheek	James Neill, Jr.
Malvolio	Fritz Leiber
Clown	Thayer Roberts
Fabian	Robert Strauss
First Officer	Wilfred Mallory
Second Officer	Claudius Mintz
Olivia	Kathryn Collier
Viola	Vera Allen
Maria	Virginia Bronson

All too seldom is opportunity provided to hear and see the immortal comedy that has its setting in the seacoast city of Illyria. Yet what good fortune attends, that when it is performed, it should be done by those who feel and see the beauty of its lines; who have the skill to choose from its wealth of wit the parts that best present the story; and more than all, possess the grace to lend such emphasis to voice and bearing that humor, dignity, and withal quaintness, are not lost.

Fritz Leiber and his company made of "Twelfth Night" something rich in dramatic values. So sinctre was their interpretation that it carried conviction throughout. Mr. Leiber, as Malvolio, was the obsequious, yet at times imperious servant, with a finesse of manner that was a delight to see. Miss Allen's impersonation of Viola was sincere, done with sufficient emotion and with a boyish carriage that very nearly cajoled the listener into believing she was in truth the "Cesario" whom Oreino believed her to be. Barring a slight indistinction of enunciation, her performance was all that could be desired. Mr. Cecil merits unstinted encomiums for his rendition of the rotund and convivial Sir Toby Belch, good-natured, light of foot, sometimes a little blundering but eternally amusing. A discriminating audience gave every indication of fullest enjoyment of the play. F. A. B.

Mar 7 1930

RAYMOND HAVENS

Raymond Havens, pianist, played the following music yesterday afternoon in the Repertory Theatre:

Variations Serieuses (Mendelssohn), Sonate, Opus 110 (Beethoven), two chorales on Hebrew themes (Castelnuovo-Tedesco), Nocturne (Castelnuovo-Tedesco), Navarra (Albeniz), Gypsy dance (Halffter), Revolutionary Etude (Chopin), Paean (Bax), Forest Murmurs (Liszt), Rhapsody No. 12 (Lisza).

It is difficult to hold the interest of an audience when all the music offered follows the same romantic trend, and when it is played, not only almost without intermission, but also with very little differentiation in mood, tone or color. In short, Mr. Havens, although he has poetic qualities, and often finds delicacy and grace in such trifles as simple waltz tunes, lacks virility and the appreciation of contrasts in dynamics and rhythm. Some of the sameness of Mr. Havens's tone is due perhaps to deficiencies in technique. His fingers are fleet, but not capable of producing the volume of tone he evidently strives for.

As to the music, the Paean of Arnold Bax, played for the first time in Boston, is a powerful and arresting model use of basso ostinato. Two chorales on Hebrew themes (Castelnuovo-Tedesco, also given a first Boston performance, were well built, and were invested with an ornate Latin decoration, not without charm. The Gypsy dance of Halffter, with its continual purr of castanet sounds, received a more satisfactory performance than Albeniz's Navarra. Albeniz's music is as richly decorated with delicate traceries of ornamentation as are the palaces of the Moors; it takes a pianist with a genuine feeling for Spanish rhythm, percussive and unvarying, and with a crisply sparkling tone that can suggest the chatter of castanets, to strike the right balance between decoration and melody, and to realize the fullest charm of the music.

Mr. Havens played beautifully Liszt's Forest Murmurs and the Twelfth Rhapsody, exhibiting his undobuted gift for clearness and delicacy in passage work and for neat phrasing. E. B.

ALBERT SPALDING

It was pleasant to see a very large audience gathered in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon to hear a recital by so admirable a violinist (and an American violinist at that) as Albert Spalding. His program was the following:

Sonata in G major (Bach); Allegro (Padre Martini); Fantasy in C major, op. 159, for piano and violin (Schubert); Symphonie, Espagnole (Lalo); La Fontaine d'Arethuse (Szymanowski); Abendlied, Am Springbrunnen (Schumann); La Campanella (Paganini).

The newly-discovered sonata of Bach

which headed the list proved well worth the hearing and should be a welcome addition to the repertoire of the violinist. Of warmer, more mellifluous character than much of the music of Bach, whose beauty tends so often towards the austere and impersonal, it was played with a fine restraint of style that yet avoided coldness and angularity. The Schubert Fantasy, while it contains many a charming phrase (one of them, upon which a long set of variations was built, being half Mozart's) and many a happy idea, contains also much padding, as is the way with so much of its composer's vast output. Extremely elaborate in both its violin and its pianoforte parts, it brought forth some extremely agile, as well as some beautifully expressive playing, in which Mr. Spalding was admirably seconded by his accompanist, Andre Benoist.

An exceptionally subtle and spirited performance of the Symphonie Espagnole showed Mr. Spalding's remarkable and individual gifts as a violinist at their best. The luminous clarity and delicate expressiveness of his tone, the finely poised vitality of his rhythm, the clean elasticity of his bowing, the sensitiveness of his phrasing were delightful. He took every advantage of the many opportunities offered for the display of virtuosity without, however, failing to accentuate whatever of Spanish flavor this "symphony" possesses.

The skill, the wit, the beauty of Mr. Spalding's playing brought him an ovation of unusual warmth, unusually deserved. S. S.

DAVID VARDI

David Vardi and Eva Yoalit, of the original Moscow Art Theatre Habinah group, last evening in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler, shared a program of recitations varied in tongue and contrasted in subject matter. From the homely Yiddish story "The Sick Boy, by I. L. Perez, read with unaffected dignity and glowing sympathy, to her stirring Hebrew chant from "Lamentations," Miss Yoalit showed herself an intelligent artist. She uses her voice carefully, appreciating its natural clarity and vibrance and modulating these endowments with the warm overtones of emotion. Her gesture has a fresh, primitive quality, impressively dramatic without ever a trace of the terpsichoreau.

Mr. Vardi's work is heartily realistic His portrayal of the Jewish mother, with familiar foibles humorously drawn, won the enthusiasm of his audience. Later, his characterization in Hebrew, of the First Batlau from Act I of "The Dybbuk," renewed old pleasures. His modern sketches were shrewdly discerning but had less artistic merit than his other pieces.

A very large and whole-heartedly enthusiastic audience gave welcome to these two. F. S. F.

KEITH-ALBEE

"The Lone Star Ranger"

An all-talking western drama adapted from the novel of the same name by Zane Grey: directed by A. F. Erickson and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Buck Duane	George O'Brien
Mary Aldridge	Sue Carol
Phil Lawson	Walter McGrail
Bowery Kid	Warren Hymer
Col. Morgan Aldridge	Russell Simpson
Red Kane	Lee Shumway
Capt. McNally	Roy Stewart
Tom Laramie	Colin Chase
Jim Fletcher	Richard Alexander
Hank Jones	Joel Franz
Spike	Joe Rickson
Lem Parker	Oliver Eckhardt
Mrs. Lem Parker	Caroline Rankin
Sarah Martin	Elizabeth Patterson

Yes, sir, and ma'am, the westerns are coming back, sure as shooting. Anyone harboring incredulity on this subject should see and hear "The Lone Star Ranger," which was given its first screen showing Saturday at the Keith-Albee. It's all there; the handsome, dashing, hard-riding, quick-on-the-trigger outlaw who becomes a hero under promise of a pardon and the reformative smiles of a pretty girl from the East; the villain who thinks he has a strangle hold on the pretty girl's uncle because the latter had shared in some cattle rustling profits; the Silver Dollar bar down in Val Verdes, below the Rio Grande, picturesque setting for a nifty bit of gun play; stirring glimpses of the great out-of-doors, photographed of course in Lower California and in Arizona but nevertheless fascinating and pulse-stirring; and superb picturization of rough riding as thrilling as ever was demonstrated in a traveling Wild West show. Perhaps the finest in the series arrives when for several minutes one hears only the thud of hoofs, sees only clouds of dust partly veiling the trails of three separate groups of riders converging on the unsuspecting town of Humboldt—the sinister Lawson and his crew bent on a bank hold-up, Capt. McNally and his intrepid Rangers, and Buck Duane, the outlaw-hero on his proud black beauty, Mickey, leading the girl Mary and her repentant uncle on a short cut to the town. Riding and shooting, loads of both, ramping through the picture, rally for the climax when Buck, alone in the bank, faces Lawson, also alone, and dares him to draw first. Lawson does draw, but Buck, quickest in the whole state of Texas, beats him to it. Melodrama, for kids? Well let's be kids again, and confess that this is the kind of stuff we like.

George O'Brien as Buck reveals an amazing skill and temerity in horsemanship, and there is no doubling about it. With all due respect to Tom Mix and Ken Maynard and Hoot Gibson, we've seen nothing beter on the screen in years. As a lover he is his usual grinning self. Miss Carol has one funny scene when she is tossed by a bucking broncho and lands in ludicrous posture. Otherwise she is soft-spoken, elfin, charming. Mr. McGrail, impressive six-footer, was a nice snarling villain, in fact all the men in the cast were admirable not only as types but in performance. And a word of sincere praise for Mr. Erickson, making his first all-talking picture and making it well. He is the man who aided F. W. Murnau in "Sunrise," so he ought to be good. W. E. G.

PARK

"Cohens and Kellys in Scotland"

An all-talking farce comedy adapted by Albert DeMond from the story by John McDermott; directed by William James Craft and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Cohen	George Sidney
Kelly	Charlie Murray
Mrs. Cohen	Vera Gordon
Mrs. Kelly	Kate Price
McPherson	E. J. Ratcliffe
McDonald	William Colvin
Prince of Morania	Lloyd Whitlock

It seems as impossible for the public to tire of the Cohens and the Kellys as for them to refain from eating and drinking. The famous "Partners Again" have been to Atlantic City, to Paris, and now "The Cohens and the Kellys in Scotland," current film at the Park Theatre, speaks for itself. The perennial bickerings of the friendly enemies about some new way of making money, their futile resolves never to quarrel again, their child-like efforts to beat each other at the familiar game—all evoke unqualified amusement from those spectators in search of hearty laughs. The long, thin Mr. Murray and the short, fat Mr. Sidney are always just the same; their comedy is frankly lowbrow in its appeal, but they are never boring, and there are many worse ways of killing time than by watching them.

This time Mr. Cohen and Mr. Kelly, after a serious quarrel, decide that something drastic will have to be done to assert their individual superiority, and both conceive the same bright idea of making huge profits. They hear that the Prince of Morania, handsome young style dictator, is about to set the fashion of wearing plaids. Presto! Cohen and Kelly pack their baggage and set off for Scotland with the purpose of buying up the supply of plaids and cornering the market. To their own discomfort they meet on the golf links just about the time that Cohen has the misfortune to insult the Prince of Morania. Both have bought a large supply of plaid and stake their hopes on the chance that the prince will wear it at the races. Unfortunately it rains and the royal overcoat is never unbuttoned In despair they decide to commit suicide, but when Cohen jumps off a bridge, Kelly jumps after him in order to save him. They become reconciled and their cup is filled to overflowing when the prince finally appears wearing plaids, and Cohen and Kelly are able to dispose of their stock at a huge profit.

George Sidney and Charlie Murray are unfailingly humorous in their familiar style; especially laughable is Mr. Sidney's effort to say, "It's a braw, bricht nicht." Vera Gordon and Kate Price were excellent as the sympathetic wives. E. L. H.

mch 18 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Monday evening series given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Bach, prelude and fugue in E flat major arranged for orchestra by Arnold Schoenberg; Mozart, piano concerto in D minor; Strauss, an Alpine symphony.

Schoenberg's arrangement of the prelude and of the fugue, known in England and this country as the "St. Anne's," and Strauss's symphony have been performed here so recently that there is no need of extended comment. It might be justly said that there is little of Bach and a great deal of Schoenberg in the transcription, which might be regarded as a study in orchestration, based on music by Bach. As a study, it is entertaining; as a reproduction of Bach's spirit and manner it is preposterous. As performed under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction the music is often imposing, often exciting, also irritating at times to the student of Bach.

The Alpine symphony, in spite of the thunder storm, cannot be ranked among Strauss's greater works. There are agreeable measures—whenever there are reminiscences of "Till Eulenspiegel"—but much of the thematic material has a common streak, which the bombastic treatment does not conceal. And the length of the work!—a length unbroken by brilliant flashes of silence; not an oasis to refresh the ears. No doubt the symphony, like some of Bruckner's and Mahler's, belongs to a class of works that might be called music for conductors who find a joy in performance and even in rehearsal of it.

Mme. Longy-Miquelle gave a clear, crisp and thoroughly musical interpretation of Mozart's concerto. The music calls for elegance in its simplicity, and apparent simplicity in the bravura passages. There is little or no emotion, as emotion is understood today, nor in Mozart's day and generation were passionate outbursts to be expected or desired in instrumental music. A tinge of melancholy, yes; tender sentiment, yes; but no more. Mme. Longy-Miquelle, who was heartily applauded—and for her own sake, not merely from recollection of her father—is to be thanked for not inflicting on the audience Reinecke's cadenza for the first movement—the cadenza that seems longer than the movement itself. We are informed that the one she chose, commendably short, is by Alfredo Casella.

The sixth and last of this series will be on April 28.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"A Night Off," farce; last week.

MAJESTIC—"The Chocolate Soldier," Oscar Straus's operetta, with Charles Purcell, Alice MacKenzie.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; ninth week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," musical comedy; fifth week.

TREMONT—"Gambling," by and with George M. Cohan; second week.

WILBUR—Fritz Leiber in Shakespearean repertory; tonight, "Richard III;" Wednesday matinee, "Twelfth Night;" Wednesday evening, "Hamlet;" Thursday evening, "Othello;" Friday evening, "King Lear;" Saturday matinee, "The Taming of the Shrew;" Saturday evening, "Julius Caesar."

Note—The Colonial, Hollis Street and Lyric Theatres are dark.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

"The Chocolate Soldier"

Operetta in three acts by Oscar Straus, libretto by Leopold Jacobson and Rudolph Bernauer, English version by Stanislaus Strange. First American production at the Lyric Theatre, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1909; current production by the Jolson's Theatre musical comedy company under the direction of Milton Aborn, setting by Rollo Wayne. The cast:

Nadina Popoff	Alice MacKenzie
Aurelia Popoff	Vera Ross
Mascha	Alice Wellmau
Lt. Bumerli, the "Chocolate Soldier"	Charles Purcell
Capt. Massaknoff	William C. Gordon
Louka	Rowena Baker
Stephan	Mary Terry
Col. Kasimir Popoff	John Dunsmure
Maj. Alexius Spiridoff	Oliver Reese

Conductor, Ben Schwartz

Another spirited revival of an old favorite was welcomed to Boston with great good humor last night. Its genial, heart-warming strains soared through the packed house and induced smiling relaxation, and its Shavian buffoonery of soldiers and wars titillated the laughing muscles until the income tax was completely forgotten. Sober-faced neurologists and other national viewers-with-alarm have said much of recent years of a high-speed civilization whose traffic jams, rivetting machines, jazz music and gangsters will give us all unmannerly complexes unless something is done about it. We seize this occasion to suggest that all doctors prescribe for that fidgetty feeling, "Rx—The Chocolate Soldiers," and that if no more operettas like it are forthcoming, it should be produced twice a year as a public health measure. And for people whose condition is blissfully sound, it will tend to enhance that eupeptic feeling.

Of course, if you want to pick flaws, if you're a captious fault-finder whose soul is dead, we may admit an occasional vocal slip and perhaps a little slowness in the first act, if that will make you feel any better. But we are sold on it and are going again.

Charles Purcell sings, talks and grins the part of the impudent young officer of the Servian army who carries chocolates instead of cartridges, leaps in his escape through the window of a lady's boudoir, and speaks most of the lines of buccaneer derision which remind one, no matter how strained and diluted they are, of a white-whiskered gentleman in England who looks like Santa Claus. Purcell played the part in a road company over 20 years ago and and he was 18 at the time. We added the figures while watching him in the Letter Song last night and got 25. And the Letter Song was Alice MacKenzie's big moment. She is a graceful and attractive young lady who takes Nadina's difficult assignment and does pretty well with it, although the first act aria, My Hero, taxes her a bit.

Mr. Reese's Alexius was excellently carried out. There's an art in playing a pompous prig without stirring an itch in the collective biceps of the audience. Alice Wellman was pleasing as diminutive and coquettish Mascha, and we liked Miss Ross's contralto as well as her comedy of autumnal flirtation and her husband-bickering. John Dunsmure's burlesque colonel was the life of the party, and other roles were well filled. You ought to see it. And, by the way, there's a mix-up of some sort in bookings, and next week it will play at the Lyric, the old B. F. Keith house. H. F. M.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"They Learned About Women"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Sarah Y. Mason from the story by A. P. Younger; directed by Jack Conway and Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Jack	Joe Schenck
Jerry	Gus Van
Mary	Bessie Love
Daisy	Mary Doran
Stafford	J. C. Nugent
Sam	Bennie Rubin
Tim	Tom Dugan
Brennan	Eddie Gribbon
Haskins	Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

If it were possible to believe everything that the moving pictures have to tell, there would be some violent readjustments in the public's ideas of the way in which a big league baseball team is conducted. For one thing, the players are a happy, carefree lot who sing part songs in the shower, while they are being massaged, sitting around in hotel lobbies, in the train or what have you. For another, whenever a favorite pitcher or catcher seems to be off his feed, bear with him gently; the poor boy has just been turned down by his best girl, but she will forgive him before the last inning, so that he can win the game. All these preachments and more are to be found in "They Learned About Women," now showing at Loew's Orpheum Theatre. This series of loosely connected vaudeville acts serving for the screen debut of Van and Schenk, the popular singing comedians, has a great and outstanding moral—treat your fiancee and your pal like dirt for the sake of a little blonde vamp, walk out on your team just as the season begins and in the end everything that you don't deserve will be granted you and then some.

The story of this rambling but frequently entertaining affair is of the rubber stamp variety, with all the familiar sobs, tears and smiles that seem so inextricably a part of back-stage life in the talkies. All that was desired was to give Van and Schenck the centre of the stage so that they could sing, clown and harmonize to their hearts' content and that of the audience. They are undeniably effective, though only one of them shows any acting ability. Gus Van as the homely, and therefore the losing member of the team, shows considerable flair for engaging comedy; when called on to display emotion, he does it with few contortions and much sincerity. With Joe Schenck at the piano the two put over a nice sentimental ballad called "He's That Kind of a Pal," a low-comedy affair, "Does My Baby?" and an uproarious and much applauded song "Dougherty," which speaks for itself. The audience loved it all and applauded generously, nor did they fail to give Bessie Love credit for the delightful way in which she sang "I've Got a Man of My Own."

The plot is all about a combination vaudeville and baseball team that split up when one member falls for a designing blonde, but comes together during a scrap at a world series game. There is a faithful sweetheart in the background who gets what she deserves in the end. Bennie Rubin and Tom Dugan are extremely funny as baseball players trying to be vaudeville actors. Mary Doran is satisfactory as the disrupting influence, and there are some splendid shots of real baseball games.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Rogue Song"

An all-talking and singing screen operetta adapted by Frances Marion and John Colton for the operetta, "Gypsy Love," by Franz Lehar, A. M. Willner and Robert Bodansky, with music by Franz Lehar and Herbert Stothart; directed by Lionel Barrymore and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Yegor	Lawrence Tibbett
Princess Vera	Catherine Dale Owen
Princess Alexandra	Nance O'Neill
Countess Tatiana	Judith Vosselli
Prince Serge	Ullrich Haupt
Yegor's Mother	Elsa Alsen
Nadja	Florence Lake
Ossman	Lionel Belmore
Hassan	Wallace MacDonald
Petrovna	Kate Price
Frolov	H. A. Morgan
Count Peter	Burr MacIntosh
Azamat	James Bradbury, Jr.
Ali-Bek	Stan Laurel
Murza-Bek	Oliver Hardy

When "Gypsy Love" held the stage as operetta, back in 1911-12, Marguerita Sylva sang the prima donna role of Zorika, and as such outshone any and all of the male vocalists in the cast. It was she who sang the beautiful ther song, identical with the operetta's t Times have changed. Now comes Tibbett, of glorious baritone voice forbidding features, to sing not onl number, now as "Little White but all the others, original or i lated. There must be splendi among his mountain bandit f yet only in the opening scene

permitted to sing. Thereafter, when they would lift their voices in joyous unisons, Mr. Tibbett, as imperious chieftain, bids them be quiet, that he may boast of his prowess or play on the passions of his princess in song, recitative or declamative. The princess does not sing a note. She just stands there, or sits, and endures. In brief, Mr. Tibbett gives an over-generous song recital, with Technicolor settings.

"The Rogue Song" has been handsomely staged. Its settings are rich, picturesque, rugged, as situation may require. There are scenes, as authentic as Mr. Barrymore could make them, of mountain retreats, of palaces, of desert stretches, of the thieves' market. There are snow storms and torrential rains and shrieking winds. There is horsemanship of a sort, as when the Cossacks whirl forth in pursuit of Yegor and his two companions. Shots are exchanged. Then one sees only three riderless horses galloping alone. In a moment, pursuit over, Yegor and his men clamber back to saddle. They had concealed themselves successfully, at least from view of the audience. Also, and quite needlessly, there are frequent interludes of low comedy by Messrs. Laurel and Hardy.

The story is serviceable. If lacking in subtlety, it has its dramatic moments, as when Yegor holds his dying sister Nadja in his arms and demands the name of the Russian prince who has seduced her, and when, in a darkened room, with only a window for illumination, he strangles Prince Serge, brother of his beloved Princess Vera. For the Countess Tatiana's reception there are entrancing ballet numbers. It is at this affair that Mr. Tibbett sings one of his most effective numbers, "The Narrative," describing Nadja's tragic fate while his eyes search the big room for his victim. In the end Yegor ond Vera discover that love is stronger than hatred, and agree to await the time when a world democracy gives them a common social status.

Mr. Tibbett, whose career began brilliantly with the Metropolitan opera company, should go farther, and much more speedily, via the talking-singing pictures. His voice, of imposing volume, records itself perfectly, as if the man himself were standing there. As an actor he drives straight to the point, without frills or fuss. Miss Owen is a disappointing princess, lacking in sincerity or distinction. Nance O'Neill, of stage fame, has one brief opportunity. Miss Vosselli as the sex-bitten countess, Miss Alsen as Yegor's mother, and Miss Lake as the stricken Nadja, were excellent.

W. E. G.

mch 19 1930

WILBUR THEATRE

"Richard III"

A tragedy in six acts by William Shakespeare. Presented by the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society with Fritz Leiber and his supporting company. The cast:

King Richard III. ..... Fritz Leiber
Edward, Prince of Wales ..... Marie Carroll
Duke of York ..... Virginia Stevens
George, Duke of Clarence .. Lawrence H. Cecil
Earl of Richmond ..... Hart Jenks
Duke of Buckingham ..... John Burke
Lord Stanley ..... Philip Quin
Tressel ..... Ralph Menzing
Duke of Norfolk ..... Edward Fielding
Earl of Oxford ..... John Crossley
Sir William Catesby ..... Robert Allen
Lord Mayor of London ... James Neill, Jr.
Lieutenant of the tower ..... Grant Gordon
Sir Robert Brakenbury ..... John Forest
Sir Richard Ratcliff ..... Charles Desheim
Sir James Tyrrel ..... Wilfred Mallory
First murderer ..... Robert Strauss
Second murderer ..... Thayer Roberts
Officer ..... Claudius Mintz
Guard ..... Meredith Atwell
Lady Anne ..... Vera Allen
Duchess of York ..... Kathryn Collier
Queen Elizabeth ..... Virginia Bronson

Shakespeare's most unmitigated villian and sublimest hypocrite, Richard III, received at Mr. Leiber's hands a most satisfactory and impressive characterization. It was the crook-backed tyrant, wading through blood to a throne, threacherous and heartless, yet beguiling the luckless Lady Anne and the thick-headed burghers of London with his slippery tongue, to the very life, who dominated the stage at the Wilbur last night.

Never losing command of the situation for a moment, he created a repulsive, yet fascinating personality. His "asides" were most illustrating, his handling of the long and cumbrous soliloquies wholly admirable, and his physical impersonation of the monster all that fancy could desire.

The scene of the wooing of Lady Anne at the very bier of her slaughtered husband was convincingly done and pas perhaps the high water mark of the evening.

As usual the support helped mightily in stamping the performance with success. John Burke, as Buckingham, impersonated that flattering nobleman admirably, and Lawrence Cecil, as the Duke of Clarence, gave the famous dream recital with striking realism. Hart Jenks was a bluff and soldierly Richmond and, among the others, Robert Strauss's work as the first murderer calls for honorable mention.

Miss Allen acquitted herself well as Lady Anne; Miss Collier as the bereaved Duchess of York was a marvel of pathetic beauty and bestowed intensity, and Miss Bronson's curse on Richard as he marches to meet Richmond was as energetic a bit of imprecation as one ever hears on the stage.

"Twelfth Night," matinee, and "Othello" evening, are to be given today.

J. E. P.

LEON VARTANIAN

A recital was given at Jordan Hall, last night, by Leon Vartanian, pianist. The following was on his program: Gluck-Saint-Saens, Capriccio from Alceste. Chopin, Seven Preludes, Nocturne in G, Two Etudes op. 25. Scriabine, 5th Sonata, Two Etudes op. 42, Prokofieff, Desespoir, 4 Visions Fugtives, Sarcasme, Vartanian, 2 preludes. Rachmaninoff, "Lilacs." Busoni, Chamber Fantasie on Bizet's "Carmen." Toch, Le Jongleur.

Mr. Vartanian, who has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a young pianist of extreme digital facility, but somewhat limited emotional and dynamic range. A certain monotony prevailed, therefore, during the first part of last night's program, which was pervaded almost throughout by a polished, subdued and languid elegance. Only in the G minor Prelude was there an interlude of a strong rhythm and healthy vigor; the B flat minor demands a similar impetuous strength but Mr. Vartanian's rapid passage work lacks this quality. The airy lightness of touch in which he excels gave, however, an exquisitely delicate charm to his playing of Chopin's F minor and G sharp minor Etudes. The latter particularly, in thirds, rarely floats off with such delicious ease and grace as it did under Mr. Vartanian's speedy fingers. To Saint-Saens's variations on a tune from Gluck's "Alcesta," he gave, within a rather limited dynamic gamut, and with insufficiently pointed rhythm, a well-varied pianistic "orchestration."

Mr. Vartanian's enterprise and musicianship were better demonstrated in his second group. Scriabine's 5th Sonata, less known than his 4th in F sharp (which it somewhat resembles), and the two studies were excellently played, but the endless succession of leaping, yearning sevenths and the other mannerisms which Scriabinhe repeats ad nauseam and with such evident pride are beginning to be insufferably irritating. Healthier, more entertaining, and of more objective quality were Prokofieff's pieces, particularly the Visions Fugitives, in which Mr. Vartanian discovered a more vivid style, a more percussive and virile touch which brought welcome relief from an excessive dose of Chopinesque languor and Scriabinesque Katzenjammer.

The pianist's own two Preludes were clearly the work of a young man who extemporizes with fluency, but they were no more than that. Busoni's "Chamber Fantasy" sounded like the expression of an intense hatred of Bizet's opera. Beginning with an innocent enough show of brilliant embellishment, Busoni has fiendishly tortured some of the familiar tunes of "Carmen," 'twisted them into queer shapes, combined them in fantastically inappropriate counterpoints, ridden them on uncomfortable harmonies.

Mr. Vartarian, who displayed notable virtuosity in this piece, was rewarded by the enthusiastic applause of his large audience.

S. S.

mch 21 1930

COMPINSKY TRIO

The Compinsky Trio of New York made a very welcome reappearance last night at Jordan hall, performing trios by Rachmaninoff (D minor, op. 9), Ravel (A minor), and Brahms (C minor, op. 101). An audience of encouraging size atended; it should have been much larger. These talented musicians, two brothers and a sister, though still young in years, are surprisingly mature both in their command of their instruments and in their artistic stature. They play with technical security, with fine and instinctive unanimity, with beautiful and expressive tone, with excellent rhythmic vitality. In addition, the violinist and the cellist of the combination perform the somewhat unusual feat of playing their entire program from memory.

Rachmaninoff's early trio is a warmly romantic composition, foretelling something of the temper but little of the melodic individuality or the sure and richly varied craftsmanship of the composer's later work. The players did their best to lend it interest, but they were more successful with Ravel's characteristically piquant, ingenious, and charming work, in which they displayed an admirable delicacy and intelligence. With their performance of Brahms's C minor trio, the artists of the evening made a doubtless uncalculated contribution to the imminent festival. A pleasing but somewhat unequal work, certainly inferior as a whole to the Horn trio, or the F minor quintet, for example, the Compinskys played it with a fine gusto.

Applauded with marked enthusiasm, they broke away from convention by adding to their program; the Scherzo from Brahms's B major trio, was their choice.

S. S.

Chatterton's: the late Rufer Mellish, lives in Paris. He is 35 years old, h[illegible] song, "Hark, Hark! the Lark" and [illegible]

WILBUR THEATRE

"Othello"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

Duke of Venice ..... Thayer Roberts
Brabantio, a Senator ..... John Burke
Gratiano, Brother of Brabantio ..... Wilfred Mallory
Lodovico, Kinsman of Brabantio ..... Ralph Menzing
Othello, a Noble Moor in Service of Venice ..... Hart Jenks
Cassio, his Lieutenant .. Lawrence H. Cecil
Iago, his Ancient ..... Fritz Leiber
Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman ..... James Neill, Jr.
Montano, Othello's Predecessor in the Government of Venice ..... Philip Quin
Clown, Servant of Othello .. Robert Strauss
A Senator ..... Meredith Atwell
An Officer ..... Grant Gordon
Another Officer ..... Charles Desheim
Desdemona, Daughter to Brabantio and Wife to Othello ..... Virginia Bronson
Emilia, Wife to Iago ..... Vera Allen
Bianca, Mistress to Cassio ... Marie Carroll

Shakespeare in Repertory brings home to one the unfairness of the theatrical world. A modern comedy, amusing, but of no lasting value in which the actors, cast according to their type, can express their own personalities, is applauded to the echo. Then Shakespeare comes to town. Actors have to assume in quick succession roles unmatched for subtleties over which critics have quarreled for centuries, have to reproduce the thought, manners and speech of 300 years ago. Yet many of us in the audience measure them to abstract standards of perfection, and feel cheated if the actors interpretations do not agree with our own.

"Othello" last evening, both from the point of view of production and acting was a far better show than most on the boards. It moved with amazing rapidity from start to close, always vigorous, and at times gaily entertaining.

Some may claim that for the sake of action too much was sacrificed. "Othello" was not allowed to hear from Cassio's own lips the proof he craved, but on Iago's word alone killed Desdemona. The affecting scene between Bianca and her mistress was also omitted.

Some, too, may object that Mr. Leiber's Iago was too attractive—even knowing his villany, as a companion one would prefer him any day to Othello—but then was he not honest Iago, the trusted friend of all the noblest people in the play? Mr. Leiber's characterization may lack the sinister depravity we are accustomed to associate with the part, but it is vividly alive.

To Mr. Leiber's colloquial Iago, Mr. Jenks's Ohello, magnificent in person, impassioned in rhetoric, was an effective foil. Miss Bronson's Desdemona, though a bit too mature, perhaps, added the requisite beauty and pathos. Mr. Cecil's Cassio and Miss Allen's Bianca were animated and sincere.

An absorbing entertainment, and if not quite the play of school text-books, who are the losers? Certainly not the audience, large to overflowing which gave every evidence of enjoyment. Tnnight, "King Lear" is to be given, one of Mr. Leiber's most successful roles.

E. C. D.

METROPOLITAN

"Honey"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Herman J. Mankiewicz from the novel by Alice Duer Miller entitled "Come Out of the Kitchen," and from the play of the same name by A. E. Thomas! directed by Wesley Ruggles and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Olivia Dangerfield ..... Nancy Carroll
Burton Crane ..... Stanley Smith
Charles Dangerfield ..... Skeets Gallagher
Cora Falkner ..... Lillian Roth
J. William Burns ..... Harry Green
Doris ..... Mitzi Green
Mayme ..... ZaSu Pitts
Mrs. Falkner ..... Jobyna Howland
Randolph Weeks ..... Charles Sellon

Several years ago, 1916 in fact, Ruth Chatterton appeared with the late Henry Miller in a pleasant little romantic comedy, "Come Out of the Kitchen." In very much altered guise under the name of "Honey," it is now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre with Nancy Carroll starred and a whole cast of more or less bright young people. It is open to doubt whether any improvement has been made on the original; certainly the modern song and dance interpolations seem singularly lacking in merit. The cook sings in the kitchen with a desirable young man, the butler sings in the parlor with the young lady of the house, the private detective sings on the back piazza with the lachrymose upstairs maid and the neighboring darkies hold a general get-together and song fest on the front lawn. None of the music amounts to much, but the negro chorus is the least objectionable. The sad truth must out: Nancy Carroll cannot sing and she should not be made to try. She is pretty, she is decorative, she has a sense of humor and she can act, but singing is beyond her.

The situation around which the story of "Honey" is built is slight but amusing, and in the present case suffers from nothing so much as padding. Olivia Dangerfield and her brother, Charles, young, attractive and very southern, rent the family homestead to a wealthy lady, Mrs. Falkner, and her daughter Cora, for six weeks in order to get money for their parents, who are abroad. The servants hired failed to turn up, all, that is, save a tearful upstairs maid and her insufferable little daughter, Doris. In desperation Olivia and Charles get themselves up as cook and butler, respectively, and try to bluff it out.

Unfortunately they run up against difficulties from the start: Mrs. Falkner has in tow an eligible youth, Burton Crane, whom she wishes to marry to Cora, but he gets a look at Olivia and changes his mind. Cora, meanwhile, finds Charles very agreeable, a state of mind that he returns with interest. Doris, an infernally observant infant with a passion for climbing trees and looking in windows, sees everything and is willing to spread all kinds of news, provided she gets paid for it. In the end everything comes out all right and the assorted couples pair off. Nancy Carroll makes a pretty and vivacious Olivia, Skeets Gallagher is thoroughly entertaining as Charles and ZaSu Pitts is ludicrous as the constantly weeping maid. Lillian Roth sang agreeably, with considerable flair for comedy, and Jobyna Howland overacted outrageously as the temperamental Mrs. Falkner.

E. L. H.

mch 22 1930

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Academic Festival overture; Symphony, F major, No. 3; Symphony, D major, No. 2. The audience was enthusiastic throughout the concert.

One had supposed that Brahms knew what he was about when he described his overture, the Academic Festival, as "a very jolly potpourri on students' songs" music written in the manner of Franz Suppe, of "Fatinitza" fame. Brahms was to receive a degree from the University of Breslau and it was natural that he chose student songs for themes. It was also natural that he should describe the work as a "jolly" potpourri. But we are now told that he spoke "flippantly;" that there is a vein of sadness in the music; that the lively chatter at the beginning is really gloomy comment on the ficeting joys of university life. Why should Brahms have thus been a "Dismal Jemmy"? Because he had not enjoyed what are called the advantages of a collegiate education? Because the degree would put him in a class with some no doubt estimable persons who had written respectably dull music?

No. One likes to think that Brahms meant exactly what he said; that he wrote a jolly potpourri for a joyous occasion.

Surely this light-hearted work should be played in a light-hearted manner as students would sing the tunes. The music does not admit of dramatization for the interpretation. Nor does it admit of an infinite number of nuances; of changes in tempi other than those indicated. In this music eloquence is out of place. Whatever may be said against Brahms he was never bombastic.

It is the tendency in these days to find pessimism in works of Brahms that to Philistines, enjoying them, are conspicuous for serenity, sunshine and courage. There are works of his that are charged with a sadness akin to despair; a melancholy that is black with the blackness of darkness. He was often obsessed by the thought of death. So was Tchaikovsky. If Tchaikovsky groaned lustily, shrieked, as a strong man in agony, Brahms would often whine. It is as if he had said with Brachiano in John Webster's tragedy:

"On pain of death, let no man name death to me: it is a word infinitely terrible."

But how can recent biographers find the symphony in D major a work of epic grandeur? It has hitherto been regarded as agreeable in the Mendelssohnian manner, tuneful, with a piquant Scherzo, and a reassuring Finale, music that is free from storm, stress and passion; music that almost as a quotation pays a graceful compliment to Mendelssohn in flowing measures, as there is a tribute to Wagner in the first movement of the Third Symphony, a glimpse of Venus and her voluptuous train, refreshing after the crashing, defiant opening measures.

There is also a wide-spread tendency in performing the orchestral music of Brahms to make it more dramatic than the contents suggest. This comes from the wish to avoid the academic, respectful, perfunctory, one might say obsequious readings that in times past led many to find the symphonics too sober, it not dull. If jog-trot interpreters thought to reveal "the spirit of Brahms"—meaningless phrase to apply to any composer, but one that sounds

well and impresses some—contemporary interpreters are often tempted to treat Brahms as if he were possessed with demon; as if he were a daring innovation, with fire, not celestial ichor in his veins. Or in order to make the music more intense, there is undue importance given to episodes so that there is no continuous musical flow. The latter course appeals to the great majority. The music is, then, exciting; the dynamic contrasts hold the attention; the composer in the minds of the hearers is glorified; they might exclaim: "Is this Brahms? Who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?"

After all, whatever the purist may say, it is better to be pleasurably excited at a concert than to be lulled to sleep. In all probability the magnificent performance by the orchestra and the roaring applause of the audience would have delighted Johannes, for he was mortal, and all mortals like appreciation.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D-major (with the horn call); Piston, Suite for orchestra (first performance); Sibelius, Symphony No. 6; Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat major, arranged for orchestra by Schoenberg.

The second concert of the Brahms festival will take place tomorrow afternoon in Symphony hall. Song of Destiny, Piano Concerto, B-flat, No. 2 (Arthur Schnabel, pianist); Symphony, C minor, No. 4. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

THE DAVIDODS

The Davidods, a new puppet theatre, gave a presentation of "Alice Through the Looking Glass" last night at Steinert hall. The whole production was designed and built by the man who operates it; he and his sister speak the lines. The stage, while it is small, is not limited by an overhead bridge, and is constructed like a modern theatre, with revolving floor, permanent and movable sets, overhead lights, and spots and colored flood lights. The puppets themselves are operated in some mysterious way from within. The movements of the puppets are somewhat limited and stiff, but not tottery. The remarkably fine effects achieved on the tiny stage by the little wooden figures, aroused the audience to frequent applause.

Such plays as "Alice Through the Looking Glass," fantastically nonsensical, are perfectly suited to the puppet theatre. Mr. Dodd and Miss Dodd read the lines of Alice and her singularly rude and lovable looking-glass friends very amusingly, though they should attempt to differentiate between characters more obviously and more continuously.

Spontaneous applause greeted the brethren Tweedle-dee and Tweedle-dum, and the Lion and the Unicorn. The maker of these puppets is a gifted worker in wood as well as an ingenious and artistic stage manager and producer. His new figure theatre should prove to be a valuable addition to our small store of such charming and intimate entertainments. E. B.

UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

"Song of the West"

An all-talking and singing musical romance adapted by Harvey Thew from the operetta, "Rainbow," by Laurence Stallings, Vincent Youmans and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d; musical numbers by Vincent Youmans, Grant Clarke and Harry Akst; directed by Ray Enright and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Stanton	John Boles
Virginia	Vivienne Segal
Lotta	Marie Wells
Singleton	Rudolph Cameron
Hasty	Joe E. Brown
Davolo	Sam Hardy
Penny	Marion Byron
Sergt. Major	Eddie Gribbon
Colonel	Edward Martindel

"Rainbow," unfortunately deceased before its time, never reached Boston. This was a pity, for here as elsewh[illegible] Vincent Youmans's melodies are appr[illegible]ated; and Laurence Stallings for [illegible] brawny masculinity and Oscar Ha[illegible]merstein, 2d, for his neat lyrics ha[illegible] their reputations. Something ha[illegible]pened to the operetta in New York when it was produced late in November of 1928. No one seems to know just where the trouble lay, but "Rainbow" died. The Warner Brothers, who have some financial relationship with Mr. Youmans, thought they could make a screen musical comedy out of the piece, rename it "Song of the West," and bill it as another "Covered Wagon," with color, music and everything. It turned out to be almost nothing at all.

The story might have been made into a big western, with a scenic sweep of technicolored grandeur, a motion picture of characters, costumes and customs of the romantic and adventurous period of '49, set to the best of the original Youmans tunes, retaining the most virile portions of Mr Stallings' dialogue. Instead it is reduced to a tiresome, none too skilfully fashioned series of inanimate and unimaginative photographs, with white, green and brown mountains, a number of prairie wagons, a crowded dance hall, an isolated army post or two, a San Francisco waterfront boardwalk, and like accessories. There is a suspicion of painted pasteboard in the more specious scenes, and most of the listless action is confined to miniature set obviously erected in the studio. The singing voices of the two leading players, Mr. Boles and Miss Segal, have been recorded very poorly in most instances, so that the known excellent qualities of each are not given fair show. One number, "The One Girl," is repeated several times. "I Like You as You Are," supposedly a pretty little tune, is reduced to inanity. Others in the Youmans score are quite unrecognizable. Even Mr. Brown, who plays the Charles Ruggles role of "Nasty" Howell, now become Hasty, the mule driver, is hard put to inject humor into the pathetic ballad of "The Bride was Dressed in White."

What is left of the story deals with the uneven career of a young army captain named Stanton who flees from a court-martial following a scandal about a cheap woman, becomes a gold-seeker and guide, kills the man who figured in the scandal, flees again westward as a parson, eventually is restored to good standing in the army, and through [illegible] all retains the love of a colonel's daughter. It is not a dramatic tale at best. Mr. Thew's adaptation and Mr. Enright's direction have not helped it one iota. W. E. G.

VAMPIRES AT CLOSE RANGE

Delving Into the Lore of The Old World for Grewsome Data

THE VAMPIRE IN EUROPE by Montague Summers. E. P. Dutton & Co. 330 pp. $5.

By PHILIP HALE

This volume, not to be read by nervous persons late at night when the wind howls and stairs creak under unseen footsteps, is in the nature of a supplement to Mr. Summers's previous study: "The Vampire; His Kith and Kin." The author, as in other books by him, shows a lively interest in all that pertains to demonology, witchcraft, and all the works of Satan. He says in his preface, "To the feather-fool and lobcock, the pseudo-scientist and materialist, these deeper and obscurer things must, of course, appear a grandam's tale." Mr. Summers has apparently read everything pertaining to his subject through the centuries from Greek, Roman and Hebrew writers to recent numbers of the Occult Review. He has listened to stories told by men of science and by serving maids, peasants and professors. He finds that during the witch prosecutions in New England there were certain details which might be attributed to vampirism. He has even read Thomas Preskett Prest's "Varney the Vampire" (published about 1730) and is to be thanked for a liberal and hair-raising excerpt from that extraordinary romance.

The copious notes reveal the extent of Mr. Summers's reading—the list of the works in all languages rivals the catalogue of books seen by Pantagruel in the very stately and magnificent library of St. Victor; but one misses the essay of Voltaire, who tells how St. Stanislas bought land from a Polish gentleman, but did not pay him. Pursued by the heirs, he resuscitated the gentleman, but only to obtain from him a receipt; "and it is not said that he had given only a pot of wine to the seller, who returned into the other world without having eaten or drunk"; Voltaire, who asked if one could absolve a vampire who had died excommunicated. Alas, Voltaire did not take vampires so seriously as Mr. Summers.

After a long chapter on Greek and Roman vampires, in which one finds the familiar but good story of Menippus and the beautiful Lamia exposed by the philosopher Apollonius—the Lamia of John Keats's poem, Mr. Summers considers the vampire in England. There is some evidence that the vampire was known there in Anglo-Saxon times—and Ireland. Read the horrid case that came into court before Chief Justice Hyde under Charles I, also the account of the doings at Croglin Grange given by Capt. Fisher to Augustus Hare. Did not the Hon. Ralph Shirley write in 1924 that, knowing certain instances, he hesitated before saying that vampirism is entirely a thing of the past? But the vampire he mentioned was of the incubus class. Mr. Summers admits that in England, Ireland, France the records of vampirism are few, but "designedly few." In France vampires have been, as a rule, living, not buried, but necrophagous persons.

It would appear from the evidence gathered that Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Greece have been thickly populated by vampires; that in those countries they are seen at their ugliest and worst. There were terrible occurrences in Hungary toward the end of the 17th century. Theologians were not the only ones that wrote in Latin and German about them. In some of the districts men who had been dead for a long time would enter a room and sit at table with friends. They would say nothing, but make a sign with the head or the hand to one of those present, who would die a few days afterward. "These extraordinary phenomena were vouched for by many very respectable individuals, amongst others by an aged rector."

Read the folio "De Masticatione Mortuorum" by the learned Philip Roher, whose work on the Kobolts who haunt mines is held in high esteem. Mr. Summers devotes many pages to this work. The excellent Roher, for example, discusses the reasons why Satan impels corpses to eat in their graves; why they grunt as of porkers eating; and he gives various efficacious remedies, among them the placing of a morsel of new earth on the lips of the dead—an old custom of the Jews. Roher's folio should be translated into English for family reading.

The vampire tradition exists today in Greece probably by reason of Slavonic influences. The island of Kythnos is infested by vampires. In Russia the tradition is still darker, with "a rank wealth of grotesque and fetid details which but serve to intensify the loathliness and horror." In Rumania, the suicide, the witch, anyone who has led a life of cruelty and wickedness surely becomes a vampire after death. "When there are seven children of the same sex the seventh will have a little tail and must become a vampire." In Bulgaria they get rid of a vampire by bottling him, but he only requires human blood when his resources of coarser food are exhausted.

Mr. Summers concludes: "Though terrible he may be in Christian countries, the vampire, when a material reality, may be baffled and destroyed, but upon passing beyond the pale of Christianity the unhappy people become the sport and the prey of fiends and cacodemons who so far from being exorcised and banished are rather attracted by the cantrips and abracadabra of their warlocks and voodoo professors of darkest necromancy."

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WILBUR THEATRE

"Taming of the Shrew"

Presented by Fritz Leiber and the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society. The cast:

A Lord	Lawrence H. Cecil
Christopher Sly	Fritz Leiber
Hostess	Kathryn Collier
Courtier	Grant Gordon
Courtier	John Forest
Courtier	Claude Mintz
Page	Wilfred Mallory
Baptista	Philip Quin
Vincentio	Ralph Menzing
Lucentio	Hart Jenks
Petruchio	Fritz Leiber
Gremio	John Burke
Hortensio	Thayer Roberts
Tranio	Robert Allen
Biandello	John Forest
Grumio	Robert Strauss
Curtis	Marie Carroll
Katharina	Virginia Bronson
Bianca	Vera Allen
Widow	Kathryn Collier
Tailor	James Neill, Jr.

Before a house crowded with youngsters from 7 to 70, Fritz Leiber and his company yesterday afternoon gave a rollicking presentation of the "Taming of the Shrew." Though it took four acts to do it, the taming was thoroughly accomplished, and so convincing was the method that Mr. Leiber came before the curtain at the end of the play to warn the audience that his methods work only on the stage.

Farcical and robust a play it certainly is and the players made full use of things "movable" to carry through the slapstick, yet never once did they overstep the bounds of good taste.

The Chicago company chose wisely in opening with the induction, which is often omitted, and to Fritz Leiber go the laurels for his "Sly." His was a complete identification with the part, convincing in every line of make-up, in every facial distortion, in every tone-inflection. His Petruchio fell short of this mark and he seemed to be seeing the character objectively, too aware of the harshness of his taming methods, viewing it all with a merry twinkle in his eye. He made Petruchio a gentleman, hard without being brutal, prescient always of happier days to come when he shall have tamed his shrew.

Virginia Bronson's Katharina drew the wrathful vixen in a limited style. Rough, hoarse outbursts served for passion, and her stamping about gave only an effect of petulance.

Her father, played by Philip Quin, maintained a helpless and humorous dignity. With the minor parts, the players made rich background for the action, turning a phrase carefully, to make the most of a pun or a joke, accomplishing their individual characterizations without force or intrusion.

The whole was set richly and colorfully and received applause which resounded long and conveyed the pleasure and appreciation of the audience. F. S. F.

BRANSON DE COU GIVES LAST "DREAM PICTURES"

Illustrated Travel Lecture on Canadian Rockies

The last of Branson de Cou's current group of "Dream Pictures," given yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, concerned the Canadian Rockies and Lake Louise. In his charmingly informal way, Mr. de Cou grouped his pictures and remarks into units about Banff, Mt. Assiniboine, the Columbia Ice Field region, Vancouver and Victoria, the Lake of the Hanging Glaciers and Lake Louise, loveliest lake of all that land of beautiful high mountain lakes. Well-selected pieces of music, beautifully synchronized with the pictures, heightened the pleasure of the audience, and lent them moments in which to draw deep sighs of yearning delight as they looked at scenes whose loveliness was really dreamlike. It must do Mr. De Cou's heart good to flash one of his pictures on the screen, and hear that gusty in-drawn breath from the full house which signifies wondering content.

The pictures Mr. de Cou shows are always intrinsically beautifully, and they are splendid pieces of photography as well as artistically chosen views. He errs sometimes—at least so it seemed when he referred to the Hotel at Banff as a beautiful piece of architecture—but it is indeed seldom that he selects any view that is not eminently worthwhile. His own running fire of comment—unobtrusive, entertaining, cultured—is unique for travel pictures of this kind.

The pictures themselves, as samples of a number of trips that may be taken, will doubtless spur many a one who saw yesterday's offering to plan a journey to Canada "for to see and for to admire" in person. What more could the travel lecturer wish as proof of the worth of his work? E. B.

AMELIA AND DALIES FRANTZ

A joint recital by Amelia Frantz, soprano, and Dalies Frantz, pianist, took place yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. The following songs were sung: Aria, Care Selve (Handel); Widmung (Franz); Verborgenheit (Wolf); Fruehlingsfahrt (Schumann); Allerseelen (Strauss); Ich liebe dich (Beethoven); Der Lenz (Hildach); Morning Hymn (Henschel); Slumber Song (Gretchaninoff), Reflections (Guy Maier); Alleluia (17th century Easter hymn arranged by O'Connor Morris). The following pianoforte pieces were played: Gigue, from fifth French suite, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue (Bach); Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Handel (Brahms).

A fair-sized audience showed keen appreciation of Mme. Frantz's singing. Her voice, if perhaps no longer in its prime, is a fine one, of generous volume and of beautiful and ringing quality. She uses it, on the whole, with firmness and skill, showing admirable breath control and artistic judgment in her long phrasing, singing with excellent rhythm, uttering her words eloquently and intelligently.

Dalies Frantz, a younger and less mature artist, though endowed with a powerful and well-developed technique, played with hearty vigor, which is in itself a not unpleasing quality when combined with subtlety and discrimination. These latter qualities are not yet fully developed in Mr. Frantz (as witness the harshness of the staccato chords that punctured the expressive cantilena of the Chromatic Fantasy). But Mr. Frantz is far from insensitive, and time and intelligent study will probably make him into a very useful artist. Both he and Mme. Frantz were applauded with marked cordiality. S. S.

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By PHILIP HALE

The Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will begin an engagement at the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow night, by playing "Much Ado About Nothing."

The recurring performance of Shakespeare's plays at his birthplace had its origin in the Rev. Francis Gastrell's cutting down a mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare. The Rev. Mr. Gastrell had purchased Shakespeare's house and garden. As the tree overshadowed Gastrell's window and, as he thought, made the house damp and unwholesome, he ordered the tree cut down; though some say the destruction was due to visitors asking for twigs as souvenirs. In 1769 the Corporation of Stratford gave the freedom of Stratford to David Garrick, and enclosed it in a box made from the tree. This gave rise to a Shakespeare jubilee in an amphitheatre at Stratford.

Charles Edward Flower conceived the idea of erecting a theatre at Stratford as a memorial to Shakespeare. At that time scarcely any English town of the size of Stratford possessed a theatre. Flower thought that every one should be invited to share in building the theatre. London pooh-poohed the idea of Stratford having the playhouse; London was the only proper place; the British press practically ignored the appeal. The amount contributed was not over £1000. Mr. Flower had originally offered £4000 if a like sum were contributed by the kingdom. Stratford raised £2000. When £10,000 was in sight the building began. When it was completed, it cost over £20,000, mainly provided by Mr. Flower, who had also given the site. His wife gave books, pictures, antiques, etc. At their death they contributed considerable property for maintenance of the theatre. Their gifts all in all amounted to about £50,000.

It was intended to open the theatre on April 23, 1879, with "Hamlet," but as there were difficulties about the players, "Much Ado About Nothing" was chosen. Barry Sullivan played Benedick; Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), Beatrice. The choice of Sullivan seems a curious one to those who recall him in this country as Richard III, which he acted in the good old melodramatic, scowling, shouting "soap-chewing" manner. (We saw him as Richard in 1875; but he had played in New York as early as 1858 when he was 33 years old. He died in 1891.) Three American singers took part at a concert in this Shakespeare Theatre on April 25, 1879—Antoinette Sterling, Mrs. Osgood, Kate Field.

It was in 1886 that Mr. Frank Benson took the management of the theatre. This led to the establishment of the annual festivals. He endeared himself to the public, not only on the stage and as a manager, but by his proficiency at cricket, hockey and tennis. Players were sometimes selected because they shone at cricket, as Murray Carrington, who, a spectator, filled a gap in the Benson team, saved the day and rose to leading man, next to Benson in the company. Osmond Tearle was director for two years beginning in 1889. In 1916 Benson was knighted in the royal box at Drury Lane; the only sword available was a property sword. There was no festival in 1917, 1918, though there were occasional performances by visiting companies. In April, 1919, Sir Frank Benson retired as director after a service of 33 years.

It would be interesting to note the celebrated actors, actresses, companies that took part in these festivals, but space forbids. The list would include Mary Anderson, Forbes-Robertson, Augustin Daly's company (1888, 1897), Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet (1899—Punch pictured Irving as Ophelia), Ellen Terry, Genevieve Ward, Walter Hampden, Mabel Moore, Violet Vanbrugh, Constance Collier, Robert Lorraine, Lewis Waller—it's a long list, including Louis Bouwmeester, James K. Hackett, and many others. In 1910 "The Pied Piper" by Josephine Peabody was performed. It had taken a prize of £300 offered by Otto Stuart.

The Sotherns gave the whole of their wardrobe to the Memorial Theatre. One American Rotary Club sent a full length portrait of Edwin Booth.

There is also a long list of plays, tragedies, comedies, farces, operas, operettas that have been performed at this Memorial Theatre.

Of Shakespeare's plays "Much Ado About Nothing" led up to 1925. Of the less familiar plays "King Henry VI," part one, had had four performances; part two had had six performances, part three only one, "Pericles," three; "Timon of Athens," four; "Troilus and Cressida," two. H. J. Byron, Gilbert and Sullivan, Henry Arthur Jones, Pinero and Bernard Shaw had been well represented; nor were the older dramatists from Mystery Plays, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, to W. W. Jacobs, Drinkwater, Galsworthy, neglected. Bulwer Lytton's "Richelieu" had been played 10 times. It is a long, interesting, surprising list.

The amended and "improved" version of "Richelieu" will be interesting. In the performance will there be different pronunciations of the Cardinal's name, shall we hear again the line "In spite of my Lord Cardinal Richeloo" with a heavy accent on the last syllable?

How the Cardinal himself, Taullemont des Reux, who in his "Histoirettes" wrote intimately about Richelieu and without illusions, and the fair Marion Delorme, would be surprised if they could see Bulwer Lytton's play, either in the original or the amended version! The Cardinal would say: "I should have been the man as thus portrayed and characterized by William Winter when he reviewed Sothern's performance."

It is an open question whether George L. Fox's memorable burlesque in which he played the Cardinal or the original version contained the more amusing lines—those about the "lexicon of youth"—and the clouds over the Bastille and other priceless lines—as those relating to the sword and the pen. Thackeray made cruel fun of Bulwer Lytton the dramatist, also the author of the earlier novels; but "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu" are still played. Claude Melnotte still hands over a pocketbook, saying:

"There is the sum twice told! Blush not to take it;
There's not a coin that is not bought and hallowed
In the cause of nations with a soldier's blood.
Beauseant. Torments and death!
Pauline. That voice! Thou art—
Melnotte. Thy husband!"

Well, which one of us would not like to see Fechter again as Claude and Carlotta Leclerc as Pauline?

Then there's "I launch the curse of Rome."

William Archer wrote that Edwin Booth's rendering of the famous passage beginning "Ay, is it so?" was one of the few performances he could recall which enabled him to realize the kind of effect which the great actors and actresses of the great age of rhetorical acting used to produce. "It was thrilling, startling, electrifying, beyond anything dreamt of on our humdrum realistic stage. It was not imitation—it was passion incarnate."

Archer recognized the bombast and the fustian in Bulwer Lytton's plays, but he also felt a note of modernity in them, and he attributed it to the dramatic movement in France that had been going on since 1815: the romantic uprising, and "the humble bourgeois movement" headed by Scribe and his many collaborators. "Dumas pere, indeed, may be said to have belonged to both movements: he was one of the great dramaturges of the world." A new art was developed: "systematic ingenuity applied to the ordering of plot. The art of keeping action always moving." Bulwer was the first Englishman to fall under this influence. "He was far enough, indeed, from casting out rhetoric; rather he revelled in it with peculiar gusto"; but he was the first Englishman to feel the thrill of "fresh sap stirring in the veins of European drama." Browning used the old methods in a wholly ineffective fashion. "Bulwer was a man of the theatre, Browning was not . . . the theatre cannot be saved, or even helped, by outside genius, but only by born men-of-the-theatre."

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

I always read—am interested in—and usually concur with the opinions expressed in the dramatic reviews of The Herald—and the criticisms of the Shakesperian plays for the last fortnight were particularly interesting. I was "raised" on a diet of Shakespeare, beginning when I was seven years of age with such characters as the Duke of York in "Richard III" and Fleance of the apparitions in "Macbeth," with such actors as John Wilkes Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Adams, and continuing onward and, I hope, upward, under the guidance of Edwin Booth, Edward L. Davenport, James H. Hackett, John McCullough, and Charlotte Cushman. This, merely to establish a traditional status.

But I wish to enter a sincere, and perhaps, sympathetic protest against the statement of E. C. D. in the review of "As You Like It" published in The Herald of March 13: "beaver-board trees, which savored more of the Boston Museum than the Forest of Arden."

Even in its most primitive days the Boston Museum boasted of the best "scenic artists" that could be had (and they were scenic artists, not upholsterers and store-window fitters). As I recall a few of them, Charles Lehr, George Heister, Thomas B. Glessing, Edward La Moss, William Gill and the productions, within the last 50 years of the museum's existence did not display "beaver-board" or "paste-board" trees. Witness the productions of "A Dangerous Game," "Patrie," "Harbor Lights," "Held by the Enemy," "The Romany Rye," "The Parvenue," "Bells of Hazlemere," "The Gov'nor." Every appointment and mechanism was as near nature or reality as skill and the material at hand could make them. Much more was left to the imagination of the auditor in those days than it is today.

I am not gainsaying the fact that the trees may have been of beaver wood in this recent performance, but I must "speak up" for the dear old Museum, which was my "hearth and home" over 50 years ago, and while I am at it, might I sentimentally suggest that the coming Tercentenary committee make an effort to have a fitting tablet placed on the building now on its site, marking the "Delight of Generations" of nearly 100 years ago. With apologies for my outburst and the assurance of my love and respect for everything that pertains to Boston and its history,

I am sincerely yours,

South Duxbury. WM SEYMOUR.

BRAHMS, STARKIE AND NEWMAN

Mr. John N. Burk in his interesting pamphlet published by the Boston Symphony Orchestra with reference to the Brahms Festival, which began last Friday afternoon and will end next Wednesday night, devotes two pages to the early years of Brahms in Boston. These pages are not only entertaining, they should lead the ultra-conservatives who are "agin" all contemporary symphonic music the idiom of which is not thrice familiar, to sit up and consider the error of their ways.

When Carl Zerrahn, conducting the Harvard Musical Society, brought out early in 1878 Brahms's First Symphony, the work was called "morbid, strained, unnatural, ugly." Even Mr. Apthorp, who later became a warm admirer of Brahms, and wrote in glowing terms about the Finale of the symphony, found the work in 1878 "on the whole a disappointment," but Zerrahn, nothing daunted, gave the symphony again in the same month. Producing the Second Symphony a year later, he again met with opposition. John S. Dwight, whose musical opinions then had weight in certain quarters, made the astonishing statement that Sterndale Bennett could have written a better symphony.

When Henschel began to learn the trade of conducting, having been appointed the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881, the public, to quote Mr. Burk, "realized that there was no escape for them from the music of Johannes Brahms. As a matter of fact, the promising young German conductor was not only a sworn champion of Brahms, but an intimate friend of this fearful 'modern'—(the word seems to have borne the same dread implications which it has for many today towards composers correspondingly advanced)." Henschel put the "Tragic" overture and the Alto Rhapsody on his programs, also the two symphonies, and heeded not the indignant letters in the newspapers.

When Gericke brought out the Third Symphony, it was remarked in print that "the themes would hardly do credit to a musical primer." According to another newspaper, the Variations on a theme by Haydn were "twenty minutes wasted."

On one occasion when Gericke gave a performance of the Second Symphony, a newspaper reported that "there was a general uprising and leave-taking after each of the first two movements." In November, 1885, the Evening Transcript (Mr. Apthorp?) reporting that many had walked out during a performance of the First Symphony, said: "In one way or another Brahms is an unqualified bore to four music lovers out of five in this good Boston of ours."

It should be remembered that the attitude of European, even German and Austrian critics and public, was no more friendly during the earlier years of Brahms's symphonic works. Hanslick, as a rule a blind and fanatical admirer of the composer, more than once shook his head and hummed

ing hawed in his reviews. Nietzsche declared that Brahms wrote for Viennese elderly ladies with suppressed desires, while a Frenchman the Sar Peladan likened the music of Brahms to Hungarian gypsy women dancing n tight-fitting corsets.

Some one in Boston suggested that in the old Music Hall there should be a red light with a sign, "This way in case of Brahms." Edward MacDowell taught his dog to drop dead at the mention of Brahms's name.

For many were irritated by the unmusical suddenly taking it into their heads to speak enthusiastically of this music, though some of them were in doubt as to whether the name was Brahm or Brahms—regarding the "s" as an apostrophe.

Little by little the Boston public became more tolerant, more accustomed, more, one might say, acclimatized. Not that fair ladies now swoon at the mere mention of the composer's name; but it is considered to be the thing, quite the Stilton, to speak knowingly about his music, dismissing other names with "Yes, perhaps—but Brahms, ah, Brahms."

The present widespread interest in the music of Brahms that has led to this festival is largely if not wholly due to Dr. Koussevitzky, the first of the conductors of the Boston Symphony orchestra who has humanized the music of Brahms, made it vital, dramatic, poetic, and not emphasized, from a belief in its plenary inspiration, the weaknesses, the padding, the treading-water occasionally found in the symphonic works. What is more, Dr. Koussevitzky does not arrogantly claim, as some, to be a "specialist in Brahms," only to be a conductor who realizes the strength and melancholy beauty that the austerity of expression would often conceal.

Dr. Starkie, who will lecture Thursday afternoon (3:30 o'clock), at the Hotel Statler on "The Gypsies and Their Music," has had an adventurous life.

"Born and brought up in Dublin, he went to Trinity College where his father, the noted Greek scholar, was the first Roman Catholic to win a fellowship. In his youth he intended to become a violinist. The war took him to the Italian front with the British expeditionary force. At the close of the war, he found himself stranded, broken in health, on the Italian frontier. In that period, his violin was his mainstay. For many months he wandered from town to town in southern Europe like a troubadour, playing his violin at small theatres, cafes, and in the huts of Italian soldiers. He travelled for some time in the company of gypsy variety artists, learning their folk lore and music. Ever since, he has been bohemian in his sympathies.

"In 1920 he returned to Dublin, obtaining the post of lecturer in Romance languages at Trinity. His interest in the theatre of southern Europe stimulated by his vagabondage led him to inquire into its origins in the Roman comedy, the Commedia del 'Arte, and the early Spanish drama. The results of his investgations, published in Gentile's Enciclopedia Italiana and in the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy of which he is a member, caused his election to a life fellowship at Trinity and a professorship at the University of Dublin.

"Meanwhile he had written critical studies of two dramatists of the contemporary Latin theatre, Jacinto Benavente and Luigi Pirandello, which, with his lectures, established him as foreign authority on the drama and literature of Spain and Italy. His forthcoming books, 'Literary Personalities of Modern Spain' and 'The One-Act Play in Spain' are the further offspring of his interest.

"Dr. Starkie has lectured at Kings College, London; at the Universities of Birmingham, Liverpool, and Belfast and at the University of Upsala in Sweden. A versatile linguist, he has spoken on various phases of the drama in Spanish at Madrid, in Italian at the British Institute in Florence, and in French at Brussels. He has been associated with Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Lennox Robinson. As vice-president of the Dublin Drama League he has been instrumental in bringing the best of foreign plays to Dublin. He has given many musically illustrated lectures over the radio in England and Ireland. A prominent figure in the present government, he is a member of the advisory board of broadcasting and chairman of the Free State reception committee. He is a corresponding member of the Royal Spanish Academy and has recently been knighted by the King of Spain for merit in scholarship and literature."

Mr. Ernest Newman heard Paul Robson sing Negro spirituals. Having heard them he went home and freed his mind about the songs:

"Is it something lacking in myself that makes me almost completely insensitive to these songs (or hymns, or whatever you like to call them), or is the present craze for them something that will soon pass away, at all events among the musical? For with one or two exceptions, I can see nothing in these melodies but the thinnest, barest, flattest commonplace. If these spirituals are really America's folk music, then I can only say that America has the wretchedest folk music of any nation known to me. Their vogue, at any rate in this country, is probably due to causes external to music qua music,—a sentimental background of emotion derived from our 19th century notions of slavery, a faint infusion of that 19th century religiosity that found vent from time to time in a 'revival,' dim childhood memories of Uncle Tom and Topsy and the rest of them, memories, not quite so childlike and not so dim, of happy hours in the company of synthetic black men like Eugene Stratton and Chirgwin, and so on. Some reason there must be for the average audience's susceptibility to these mostly despicable melodies, but the reason certainly cannot be a musical one. I can conceive the spirituals making a peculiar effect of their own when sung by real slaves in real cotton swamps; but they mostly bore me almost to tears in the concert room, especially when they are dressed up, as they are nowadays, in reach-me-down harmonies; there was one 'arrangement' in particular in last Sunday's program that was the last word in academic fatuity. But perhaps the audience and the enthusiasm must be put down to the credit not of the spirituals or the convict songs but of Mr. Paul Robson. He certainly has a fine bass voice, and the sincerity of his manner is so engaging that for the moment I can almost find it in my heart to forgive him the wretched material on which he chooses to exercise his gifts."

TRIANTE KEFALAS

Triante Kefalas, tenor, assisted by Virginia Kinsley, soprano, will give a concert tonight in George W. Brown hall.

Aria m' Appari (from Martha).....Flotow
O Thou Art Like a Flower.....Schumann
Moonlight .....Schumann
Thou Art Repose.....Schubert
Serenade .....Schubert
Mr. Kefalas

L'Ardita .....Arditi
Nocturne .....Curran
Miss Kinsley
Aria (from Samson and Dalila)..Saint-Saens
Confession (in Greek).....Samara
The Shepherd Boy (in Greek).....Kokinos
Mr. Kefalas
Duet—San Oniro Majiettico ..Hajiapostolou
Miss Kinsley—Mr. Kefalas
La Partida .....Alvarez
When the Roses Bloom.....Reichardt
A Vucchella .....Tosti
The Heart of a Mother.....Hajiapostolou
Gero Demos .....Kareri
Mr. Kefalas
Voi Lo Sapete.....Mascagni
Miss Kinsley
Duet from Cavalleria Rusticana...Mascagni
Miss Kinsley—Mr. Kefalas

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BRAHMS FESTIVAL

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Brahms festival took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The amended program contained the Song of Destiny (Schicksalslied), op. 54, for chorus and orchestra; the 2d pianoforte concerto, op. 83, in B flat major, and the 4th symphony, op. 98, in E minor. Arthur Schnabel, the eminent pianist who has not been heard here since 1923, appeared as soloist in the concerto; the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society joined forces with the orchestra in the Song of Destiny.

The highwater mark of an afternoon which gave evident pleasure throughout to a numerous and vigorously plauditory audience was Mr. Schnabel's magnificently virile and intelligent performance of the concerto. The great length of this work, the number of its movements, and the relative subordination of the exceedingly difficult piano part, have caused it to be called "a symphony with piano obbligato." It has also been remarked that the strenuousness of its piano part is out of all proportion to the result achieved. Certainly there is less than usual here either of the placid cantilena in which a pianist may revel in beauty of tone and elegance of phrase or of the artfully disposed bravura by which he may easily delight and astonish his hearers. The pianist has too often to work like a demon with the unpleasing knowledge that the results of his toil, however excellent, are covered up by the orchestra. So it has been said. But Mr. Schnabel demonstrated yesterday that it is possible to play this music respectfully, with full sense of its unity and of his own inglorious function as part of the orchestra (though this view of the B flat concerto is a greatly exaggerated one) and still astonish an audience by brilliant virtuosity, stir it to excitement by urgently impelling rhythm, arouse its admiration by finely sensitive phrasing and tasteful musicianship. Yesterday's audience applauded loud and long, banged the seats, and shouted in token of its enthusiasm.

A careful but not emotionally convincing performance of the Schicksalslied had left the impression that in 1868 Brahms was more successful in depicting the bliss of the inhabitants of the celestial regions than the distress of mortal men. The serene and uplifting beauty of the orchestral prelude and epilogue, and of the earlier choral portions of the work, are what remain in the memory.

Mr. Koussevitzky's well-known interpretation of the E minor symphony, perhaps a shade too stressful and vigorous a performance for music so purely musical (despite its elegiac or tragic feeling), music which relies so little on emotional cliches for its effect. Mr. Koussevitzky was warmly applauded.

Tomorrow's program will be devoted to the German Requiem. S. S.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"The Case of Sergeant Grischa"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Elizabeth Meehan from the novel of the same name by Arnold Zweig; directed by Herbert Brenon and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Sergeant Grischa Paprotkin..Chester Morris
Babka .....Betty Compson
General Von Lychow .....Alec B. Francis
General Schieffenzahn .....Gustav Von Seyffertitz
Posnanski .....Jean Hersholt
Lt. Winifried .....Leyland Hodgson
Corporal Sacht .....Paul McAllister
Alioscha .....Raymond Whitaker
Verressieff .....Bernard Siegel
Sierauge .....Frank McCormack
Kola .....Frank McCormack

Before anything else, credit should be given to Radio Pictures and to Director Herbert Brenon for daring to put Arnold Zweig's novel, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," on the screen. This film, now showing at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, does not fall into any regular or easy classification: It is a war story but with no fighting and very little love story. The villain of the piece is no ferocious, incredibly wicked monstrosity; it is the military machine before whose relentless and overbearing force the life of one man is of no importance. Zweig wrote his book as a protest against militarism, against war, against the rules and regulations that would put a man to death for trying to get away from fighting and go home. Such a subject is almost too serious, judged by ordinary standards, to make motion picture entertainment, and the surprising thing is the dramatic force behind the film, which drives its lesson home with the minimum of preaching and the maximum of effect.

The story is of the simplest: A Russian sergeant, Grischa Paprotkin, escapes from a German prison camp and tries to make his way home. Lost in the forest, he encounters other fugitives, Kolya, a former soldier, and Babka, a young girl. Babka falls in love with him, tries to keep him with her, but Grischa wants to go home. She gives him the uniform of a dead soldier, Bjuscheff, together with his identification disk, and sends him on his way. He is captured by the Germans and sentenced to death on a charge against the man whose identity he had assumed. General von Lychow and his nephew, Lt. Winifried, discover that Grischa is not Bjuscheff and try to have the sentence against him revoked. General Schieffanzahn, commander of the district, refuses on the grounds that Grischa's life is of so little importance that it matters not whether he is innocent or not. Later he relents and orders the execution halted, but the telegraph wires are down and the message never gets through. At the moment when Babka, who has tried everything in her power to save him, is giving birth to their child, Grischa is executed.

Not a cheerful tale, but a profoundly interesting and tragic one. The case of Grischa becomes the case of humanity against war and as such has the interest of all. Chester Morris, escaped momentarily from his gangster roles, gives a splendid performance of the simple, pathetically bewildered Grischa, who never could understand why he was being put to death. Gustave von Seyffertitz was amazingly fine as the relentless, iron-handed, intensely patriotic Schieffenzahn and Alec B. Francis was satisfactory as the kindly Von Lychow. Betty Compson, heavily made up and marcelled, was badly miscast as the peasant girl, Babka. E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Cameo Kirby"

An all-talking screen musical drama adapted from the stage play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, with lyrics by Edgar Leslie and music by Walter Donaldson; directed by Irving Cummings and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Cameo Kirby.....J. Harold Murray
Adele Randall.....Norma Terris
Jack Moreau .....Douglas Gilmore
Colonel Randall .....Robert Edeson
Anatole.....Charles Morton
Croup .....Stepin Fetchit
Larkin Bunce .....John Hyams
Claire Devezac.....Mme. Daumery
Lea .....Myrna Loy
Poulette.....Beulah Hall Jones

As Mark Twain once observed, differences of opinion make horse races possible. There may be some who will find "Cameo Kirby" a sweetly sentimental replica of the Tarkington-Wilson novel of years back—a picture listless in action, overdrawn in characterization. And there may be others who will find in it some reflection of languorous days in the Southland a decade before the civil war, with its beautiful and haughty damsels in crinoline, its embroidered waistcoats and beaver hats. They will accept Cameo Kirby at his face value, debonair river gambler born an aristocrat, brave duellist, honorable lover. They will see a certain restful beauty in the scenes along the Mississippi river, already popularized by "Show Boat" on the stage and screen. They will particularly admire the pictures of The Oaks on a certain misty morning, when Kirby and his arch enemy, the venomous Moreau, stalk each other through oak-leaved paths and shallow waters, when Kirby kills his antagonist, spurns the caresses of the fickle Creole girl, Lea, and walks away, alone.

That scene alone is worth something, surely. Mr. Cummings, as director, may be accused of minor lapses common to many of those who live in the movie studios and do not always maintain their sense of logical sequences and proportions; yet there is genuine artistry in much of "Cameo Kirby," and for that he should be applauded.

Tarkingtonians know the story of the first meeting of Cameo and Adele Randall, daughter of a rich planter, at a Mardi Gras carnival in New Orleans; of the three-handed poker game on the river boat in which Col Randall stakes all his worldly possessions on the turn of a single card, loses and shoots himself just as Cameo is signing back the bill of sale he has acquired by the grace of three queens; of his subsequent meeting with Adele, the duel in which he exterminates Moreau, the threat of lynching by an angry posse, Adele's discovery of Cameo's generous act, Lea's confession that Moreau was killed in a fair fight, the final embrace of two understanding lovers. As Kirby, Mr. Murray sings several songs, best of them being "Romance." Miss Terris, for some unknown reason, is not permitted to reveal her own talent as vocalist. The rest of the cast is wholly competent. The colored comic, Stepin Fetchit, seems to have gone stale. W. E.G.

SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Mexicali Rose"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Norman Houston from the story by Gladys Lehman; directed by Earle C. Kenton and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Mexicali Rose.....Barbara Stanwyck
"Happy" Manning.....Sam Hardy
Bob Manning.....William Janney
Joe, the Croupier.....Louis Natheaux
Loco, the Halfwit.....Arthur Rankin
Ortiz .....Harry Vejar
Dad, the "Drunk".....Louis King
Manuela .....Julia Beharano

Mexicali Rose was a very naughty girl with a roving eye and a moral sense calloused by many contacts with the opposite sex. When "Happy" Manning, boss of the Mina d'Oro, in Mexico, be-

ıe convinced that she was untrue to ı, he gave her a roll of bills and pped her off. She went North, met ıng Bob Manning, a nice clean boy college, took him away from an ıally nice clean girl named Marie, d bore him back to Mexico, to show Happy" just how nasty a revengeful oman can be. Of course Bob the boob ld not know of Rose's soiled past or

of her previous relationship to his big and generous brother. He did not know even that "Happy" owned a gambling resort, for "Happy" had given him the impression that he owned a gold mine, which in its way was perfectly true.

Subsequent developments proved that, clever as a woman may think she is, a man may be cleverer. "Happy," after the first shock at the steamer's gangplank, when he thought he was greeting Bob and Marie on their honeymoon, with cheering Mexicans and a brass band and posies, set about to send Rose on a second journey which should hold no chance of return. How he accomplished this makes the rest of the story. It is an interesting narrative as a whole, made steadily entertaining by its truthful appeal, by its smoothly flowing dialogue and, above all, by the splendid acting of Mr. Hardy, Mr. Jenney, Mr. Vejar as a plump and genial Mexican mine owner, Mr. Rankin as a half-witted youth devoted to "Happy," Miss Stanwyck as the wanton Rose, even Mr. King as "Dad," always first to reach the friendly bar and the last to leave it. Miss Stanwyck was equal to all exactions of her role save one: when Rose admitted defeat told of her real love for "Happy," and promised to go away voluntarily, she missed something of the dramatic climax, the deep pathos of the situation. For Mr. Hardy, again, a special measure of appreciation. Here is a thoroughly conscientious player, who takes his assignments as they come, good, bad and indifferent. When they have pith and sinew he becomes an actor of the finest, most dependable type. He has one of the best and truest speaking voices on the screen of today. It seems shameful to force such a man to do "bit" parts like Major Davolo in "Song of the West."

W. E. G.

MODERN—BEACON—EGYPTIAN

High Treason"

An all-talking screen drama directed by Maurice Elvey and produced in England; presented by Tiffany-Gaumont with the following cast:

Evelyn Seymour.....Benita Hume
President of Europe.....Basil Gill
Dr. Seymour.....Humberston Wright
Michael Deane.....Jameson Thomas

Not too often do British-made films come the way of the average moviegoer, and too often, when they do, they scarcely measure up to American requirements in the way of photography, plot or action. It comes as a distinct surprise and pleasure to find such a picture as "High Treason," now showing at the Modern, Beacon and Egyptian Theatres. "High Treason," treats of a subject constantly in the minds of people today; the possibilities of scientific developments, the future relations between this country and Europe, and the inevitable horrors of the next war. Report has it that this film was forbidden in New York; if this is true it seems a pity, for the whole thing is intensely dramatic, exciting and provocative. The English players, featured or extra, are sure of themselves, clear and agreeable of speech, and interesting both as actors and as new screen personalities.

To suit the film fans is a love story, but it is often lost to sight in matters of world-wide importance. The period is the year 1940 and an insidious group, financed by the munition-makers of the world, are endeavoring to foment other war. They stir up trouble on border, they blow up a passenger train in the Channel tunnel, they blow up the headquarters of a great peace organization and then supply each government with evidence that the other side had done it. It is a case of the states of Europe, under their president, against the Atlantic States of America, under theirs. Radio communication shown is developed to an extraordinary degree and television is a commonplace, so that important news may be broadcast to throngs on the street at a moment's notice. The President of Europe decides on war and is about to make his official announcement, when he is killed by Dr. Seymour, a man who had dedicated his life to the cause of peace and is willing to go to any length to preserve it. War is averted, but Seymour's life is forfeit.

The mob scenes, especially those in the tunnel after the train has been destroyed and at the great mobilization centre when the women, led by Evelyn Seymour, endeavor to prevent the departure of the bombing planes, are remarkably effective. Of the individual performers Benita Hume, Humberston Wright and especially Jameson Thomas, who bears an almost startling resemblance to Ronald Colman, are worthy of praise.

Chatterton's: the late Fuller Mellish, Jr., was excellent as the shiftless Jim

lives in Paris. He is 35 years old, he must have passed the weasty period as

song, "Hark! Hark!"

Also on the program is "Swellhead," the story of a bumptious young prize-fighter whose success leads him to desert his trainer and his sweetheart for a fling in society. There are some realistic prize-fight scenes and good performances by James Gleason and Paul Hurst.

E. L. H.

REPERTORY

"China Express"

A silent screen drama produced in Russia by Sovkino; directed by Ilya Trauberg and presented by Amkino with the following cast:

A European.....S. Minin
A Girl.....San Bo Yan
A Peasant.....Chu Chai Wan
A Fireman.....Chzan Kai
A Coolie.....A. Vardul
A General.....Chai Wan San
A Merchant.....Lian Din Do
Overseers.....J. Goodkin, I. Saveliev

If a casual observer of "China Express" be possessed of a mind which can and will set itself to absolute elimination of the now familiar soviet propaganda drenching nearly every picture out of Russia, and to concentrate upon the pictorial vigor and variety of the film, that observer may feel at least partly repaid for the time spent in watching it. If by any chance one resents the idea of public showing in these free United States of a filmed tract calculated to incite or to encourage uprising of the masses against the existing government, whether it be a just or an unjust government, then that person should pass by on the other side of the street. As a matter of fact "China Express" is precisely that—Russian propaganda in new geographical setting. Bearded muzhiks now become slant-eyed coolies, representing the masses. A towering European and a fat Chinese general stand for a capitalist-militarist control. The same doctrine of revolution is preached, but again no counsel as to ultimate salvation is advanced. Sufficient unto the hour is the madness of carnage, of an oppressed people running amuck, of a conflagration that has spread beyond bounds.

The China Express, a special train running from Nanking to Soochow, epitomizes this eternal struggle and conflict. The locomotive is the real government; the first class or international coach carries concessionaires, generals, bankers, perhaps a swindler or two; the second class coach serves for merchants, professors, middle-class citizens, conservatives always advising calmness. In the third class coach are the coolies, or peasants, perhaps a blind man and some beggars. At the rear, in a baggage car carpeted with filthy straw, are herded children and young men who have been sold by their parents to the textile factories. Here the real action starts when a white overseer attacks a young girl and is killed by her suddenly crazed brother. He and his comrades break open boxes of munitions en route to the scene of a civil war, shoot down all soldiers and guards who oppose them and take possession of the train. Faster and faster it goes, though the native fireman has deserted his post to aid the mutineers and the native engineer has been tossed over-side by a white man who knows nothing of levers. Attempts to sidetrack, even to wreck, the enraged monster are thwarted by station sympathizers. It roars off into the night. "Whither, China?" is the parting subtitle flung hysterically by Michael Gold, the communist playwright who wrote the English captions.

Ilya Trauberg, disciple of the bolder and more imaginative Eisentein, who directed "The End of St. Petersburg," has combined the symbolism and realism of the Muscovite school with a smattering of American film methods. There are frequent flashes of brilliancy, but more often the picture stumbles, repeats itself. There is little of sanity in it. Such sincerity as it owns comes from the Chinese performers themselves. But it is mostly fanatical propaganda, nevertheless.

W. E. G.

Mar 25 1930

By PHILIP HALE

Hollis Street Theatre—The Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company began a series of Shakesperian performances last night at the Hollis Street Theatre. The company then played in Boston for the first time. The play was "Much Ado About Nothing," a comedy in five acts. The cast was as follows:

Don Pedro.....Eric Maxon
Don John.....Gordon Bailey
Claudio.....George Hayes
Benedick.....Wilfrid Walter
Leonato.....Kenneth Wicksteed
Antonio.....William Calvert
Balthasar.....C. Rivers Gadsby
Borachio.....Ernest Hare
Conrade.....R. Eric Lee
A Friar.....Oliver Crombie
Dogberry.....Roy Byford
Verges.....Geoffrey Wilkinson
A Sergeant.....Jack Bligh
A Boy.....Miriam Adams
A Sexton.....Noel Iliff
[illegible].....Fabia Drake
[illegible].....Mary Holder
[illegible].....Dorothy Francis
[illegible].....Joyce Bland

Some believe that Shakespeare and his contemporaries called this comedy "Much Ado About Noting," a pun being intended, for the two words were pronounced alike; "upon which pun depends by far the more important significance of the title." According to them there is "noting" from the time the Prince and Claudio are noted, by Antonio's men and then by Borachio to the noting of Borachio and Conrade by the Watch. And one is reminded that "note" was commonly used in the sense of to observe, to watch. Thus do commentators amuse themselves.

M. Louis Gillet, who is writing this year in a pleasant, at times enthusiastic manner about Shakespeare's plays for a Parisian magazine, thinks the comedy might be called "One Should Not Swear to Anything," or "The False Confidences"—a title coined with reference to Beatrice and Benedick.

The title means but little and, one might rightly say, has little to do with the comedy. The play's the thing.

It must be said at once that Boston has not for many years seen "Much Ado About Nothing" acted by a company of such uniform excellence.

What are called minor parts were played so that they seemed essential to the telling of the story. No one of the chief characters wished by blazing as a star to quench the light of lesser luminaries. The text was spoken in not too conversational manner; nor was there any reminder of a school elocution. It is true that Leonato in denouncing his daughter and trumpeting his own grief came dangerously near mouthing. This was all the more noticeable when Mr. Crombie as the Friar spoke with a simplicity that was the eloquence of sympathy and of churchly dignity; with a beauty of diction all too rare in these days when English is so maltreated on the stage. The speech of all the comedians was clear, natural in dialogue and in soliloquy. Only in the burst of Beatrice's anger after the finely dramatic delivery of the line, "Kill Claudio," did Miss Drake rush words together so that for a moment she was hardly intelligible.

We have all seen Beatrice and Benedict when they justified the flippant comment that they were "smarties," with quips and repartee that, however, amusing they were to Shakespeare's audiences, seemed labored and pointless. Last night there was lightness; the lines sparkled. Beatrice can be represented as aggressively sure of herself, too conscious of her own wit. Miss Drake was mentally quick-witted; she gave the impression of spontaneity in her encounters with Benedict; but she was not merely "My Lady Distain," she was not merely all brains; the reason for moths flying into the candle was apparent. Mr. Walker did not make the mistake of some who play Benedict as brother to Petruchio.

Dogberry was for once not a buffoon. In his charge to the Watch, and in his second scene, he bore himself with the absurd dignity, the pride in office, the self importance, even in his heavy jesting, of a man dressed in a little authority.

There is a much-abused word, "atmosphere," that can be applied to this performance. One forgot the theatrical conventions of Shakespeare's time; yet these men and women seemed to live and move as in his day. There was no trace of any attempt to be Elizabethan; there was no destructive endeavor to be modern, to speak the lines or to behave on the stage as if the comedy were by a popular dramatist of the 20th century. The costumes, the stage settings, the lighting all contributed to the effect, to the conviction that after all the comedy has not "dated."

The play tonight will be "Romeo and Juliet." Those who think Shakespeare is a bore—and having attended certain performances within the last 10 or 30 years they are hardly to be blamed for their opinion—should see these Stratford-Upon-Avon players.

WILBUR THEATRE

"Richelieu"

Walter Hampden in the play by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, adapted to its present form by Arthur Goodrich; settings designed by Claude Bragdon; staged and directed by Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Hampden. The cast:

Gaston, Duke of Orleans.....Louis Polan
Count de Baradas.....Moffatt Johnston
Clermont.....S. Thomas Gomez
Marion de Lorme.....Evelyn Goodrich
Sieur de Beringhen.....Gordon Hart
Chevalier de Mauprat.....Ernest Rowan
First Gamester.....Clark Hundley
Huguet.....C. Norman Hammond
Francois.....Charles McCarthy, Jr.
Joseph.....Cecil Yapp
Cardinal Richelieu.....Walter Hampden
Julie de Mortemar.....Ingeborg Torrup
One of the Twenty.....Edwin Cushman
Another of the Twenty.....Gage Bennett
Duran.....Robert C. Schnitzer
Louis XIII.....Dallas Anderson

Swords and scarlet, intrigue and counter intrigue, mellifluously rolling oratory, bending courtiers and haughty royalty—all these revolved around the lonely figure of Richelieu last night in a thoroughly satisfying performance of the Bulwer-Lytton classic. Hampden, with velvet sarcasm, quavering pathos, steely commands and crushing denunciation, raised the Cardinal to the pinnacle where no doubt the author meant him to stand.

To the best of our knowledge, "Richelieu" has not trod the Boston boards since Mantell brought him to the Opera House in 1922. Hampden's production is richer and more ornate, better cast and more pleasing to a modern audience, with the dramatic speed brought about by Mr. Goodrich's condensations.

Bulwer-Lytton is too old and the psychological method is too new to pick flaws at this time, yet one is impressed again with the fundamental melodrama of the egotistic Englishman. One knows that after De Mauprat had betrayed his fellow conspirators by showing them the apparently deceased Cardinal, he could not have dismissed them by sending them for their reward. They would have demanded his company to insure good faith. And no real woman would have been deceived as easily as Julie when her young husband found it necessary to deny his love for fear of the ire of Louis. It is too late, however, for Mr. Goodrich or any one else to add leaves to Lytton's laurels.

Melodrama or no, "Richelieu" won a large audience last night, and Mr. Hampden was recalled many times. It was a pleasure to watch him work, to observe the artistry of his stage manoeuvres, his slumping faints and recoveries by apparent supreme efforts of will.

All parts were excellently taken. Let us commend particularly Moffat Johnston's Baradas, not because of his strong resemblance to Douglas Fairbanks, though that was not unpleasant, but for his excellent diction, facial deftness, and general stage conduct. Evelyn Goodrich's Marion de Lorme also was especially well done, and Mr. Rowan's De Mauprat was convincing, appealing and without heroics.

H. F. M.

COPLEY THEATRE

"D. C. M."

A war comedy by Evelyn Glover, played for the first time on any stage, and directed by E. E. Clive. The cast is as follows:

Albert Scattergood.....Richard Whorf
Mary Scattergood.....Elspeth Dudgeon
Martha Tidy.....May Ediss
Hon & Rev Talbot Bruce.....Ralph Roberts
Violet Bruce.....Rosalind Russell
Henderson.....E. E. Clive
Jackson.....Gerald Rogers
Sister Bennett.....Esther Mitchell
Emmett.....Sydney Long
Sister Carnie.....Elizabeth Pratt
Dodd.....Donald B. Hewett
Orderly.....C. Edward Ackley
Colonel Blenkinsopp.....W. Messenger Bellis
Lt. Carey.....Ian Emery
Capt. Russell.....Hannam Clark
Lt.-Col. Soames.....Francis Compton
Orderly.....Nathaniel Foss
A Prisoner.....J. P. Wilson
Sergeant Major.....Herbert Belmore

Like any play reminiscent of the tragic days of a little over a decade ago, "D. C. M." has a strong emotional appeal. The story is not overdone. Scenes similar to the parting of Mary Scattergood and her soldier son at the end of his leave were enacted in every home that sent out a boy to fight. There are many moments of comedy—some of it tense and terse, but none the less mirth-provoking. There is little that is strictly harrowing. There are no machine guns and no air raids. No noise of battle afflicts the ear drums or ravages the feelings of the super-sensitive. An inevitable ending that is happy is sensed from the beginning. The audience goes out at the close, comfortable in the thought that a mother has accomplished her purpose, and that through her self-sacrifice and persistent courage a worthy soldier boy has received his citation.

As the play opens, Mrs. Scattergood and her soldier son Albert are enjoying in her plain, old-fashioned kitchen, with its big iron teakettle, the last few moments before he leaves to return to the trenches. While he drinks his tea (steaming hot as she pours it out of the tea-pot) and eats his supper, she admonishes him to cling to honor and try to gain a D. C. M. (Distinguished Conduct Medal). Just here another actor, not down in the program, should be mentioned—"Blackie," the boy's sleek-haired dog, who comes in for his farewell and a bite of lunch. Blackie plays his part perfectly, with all the necessary tail-wagging and face-lapping.

The second scene comes after Mrs. Scattergood has received a telegram telling of the death of her son. She is caring for an acrimonious old lady whose stepson is also in the war, Martha Tidy. Mrs. Tidy, afflicted with an infected leg, and unable to walk, sits propped up in an old arm chair and vents her acidity on everything and everybody. Miss Ediss is a splendid reminder, apparently, of some particularly disagreeable person that each one of the audience knows. When a telegram arrives telling Mrs. Tidy that her stepson is in a hospital in Boulogne and wants her to come at once, Mrs. Scattergood begs it of her and decides to impersonate Mrs. Tidy and go and look for her own son.

The second act takes place in the hospital. Five beds, each containing a wounded soldier, occupy the ward. In one sleeps a boy with head thickly bandaged. He has forgotten his name. There is no identification tag. In the midst of an amusing scene when Sister Bennett is taking temperatures. Mrs. Scattergood arrives, clad in old-fashioned bonnet and faded plush cloak, and carrying red roses. In the recumbent bandaged figure she recognizes her son. The sudden meeting with his mother restores his memory. He hastily

ketches on paper an important map, olds her hide it, and take it personally to general headquarters.

Craftily surmounting the difficulties and red tape, at length she arrives before Lt.-Col. Soames, delivers the paper and becomes deeply involved in small falsehoods because she has come into France under the assumed name of Mrs. Tidy. Ultimately matters are righted and Albert gains the coveted honors.

Miss Dudgeon, as the affectionate, solicitous old mother, was, in the words of Lt. Carey (Ian Emery), a "top-notcher." Through her finely-tuned, exquisitely pitched interpretation, one saw thousands of mothers who bravely "carried on" through war days. Richard Whorf was well chosen to act the role of the son. Mr. Clive had a brief, but entertaining bit of amusement to contribute as one of the invalids in the hospital. Capt. Russell, a role played by Hannam Clark, was well done, and Francis Compton lent much to the military element as Lt.-Col. Soames. It would be impossible to give special mention to each, since all merit commendation. There was prolonged applause at the conclusion, with many curtain calls to which Miss Dudgeon and the others responded. F. A. B.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"D. C. M.," a new war by Evelyn Glover.

HOLLIS ST.—Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Players: tonight, "Romeo and Juliet." Wed. mat., "Julius Caesar"; Wed. night, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; Thurs. night, "Hamlet"; Fri. night, "Twelfth Night"; Sat. mat., "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Sat. night, "Macbeth."

LYRIC—"The Chocolate Soldier," operetta by Oscar Straus; moved from the Majestic for its second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; 10th week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," operetta with Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday; sixth week.

TREMONT—"Gambling," comedy-drama, by and with George M. Cohan; third week.

WILBUR—Walter Hampden: Tonight, Wed. and Thurs. nights and Wed. mat., "Caponsacchi"; Fri. and Sat. nights and Sat. mat., "Richelieu."

NOTE—The Colonial Theatre is dark.

BRAHMS'S "GERMAN REQUIEM"

For the third program of the Brahms festival at Symphony hall, the Boston Symphony orchestra co-operated last night with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society in a performance of the "German Requiem." The soloists were Jeannette Vreeland, soprano, and Fraser Gange, baritone. Dr. Koussevitzky, of course, was in command.

If, as is very probable, the "German Requiem" was composed in memory of Robert Schumann (and nothing could be more appropriate, not only by reason of the love, admiration, and gratitude he bore him, but also because it was Schumann who had urged the promising young composer to turn his attention to choral and orchestral forms), nevertheless, last night's performance must have been felt by most of those present as a solemn tribute to Brahms himself. It was on the whole an admirable performance that was given of this great but intensely human and German music, that matches so thoroughly the comfortable and reassuring doctrine of the chosen text. It was a performance lifted to occasional heights of superlative beauty by the superb singing of the soloists (how rarely can such a thing be said!). The powerfully dramatic effort achieved by chorus and orchestra in the second chorus ("Behold, All Flesh Is as the Grass"), the moments of brilliance and expressive beauty in which these young Radcliffe and Harvard singers reminded one of their splendid work in the great Beethoven Mass two years ago, were offset by barren stretches in which the timidity of the sopranos and altos, the gentlemanly restraint of the male singers, a certain lack of movement in the slower tempi, made for an effect lacking in the fullest conviction.

But the vitality and beauty and expressive force of Mr. Gange's singing in the solos "Lord, make me to know the measure of my days" and "Here on earth have we no continuing place," the exquisite charm of Miss Vreeland's beautiful voice and her delightfully modulated and expressive phrasing in "Ye now are sorrowful"—surely one of the loveliest things in the whole "Requiem"—were things to be long remembered. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded.

Tonight's program will contain piano pieces played by Mr. Schnabel, songs rendered by Mme. Matzenauer, and the F minor quintet performed by Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin string quartet. S. S.

MAJESTIC
"Song o' My Heart"

An all-talking and singing screen romance adapted by Sonya Levien from a story by Tom Barry; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Sean ..... John McCormack
Peter ..... J. M. Kerrigan
Fergus ..... John Garrick
Tad ..... Tommy Clifford
Mary ..... Alice Joyce
Rafferty ..... Farrell MacDonald
Mona ..... Effie Ellsler
Aunt Elizabeth ..... Emily Fitzroy
Vincent ..... Edwin Schneider
Guido ..... Andres de Segurola
Fullertnn ..... Edward Martindel
Eileen ..... Maureen O'Sullivan

It is probable that John McCormack by this time has arrived at his estate in Ireland, Moore Abbey in Monasterevan; but his voice was in the Majestic Theatre last evening as surely as perfect recording could bring it. An audience which filled the theatre sat for an hour and a half under the spell of that same voice which charmed countless thousands in the concert halls of this wide land, and in opera houses here and abroad years before that. It was so perfect in reproduction that repeatedly this audience applauded, especially when Mr. McCormack stood at the concert grand piano in a big auditorium, the familiar sheaf of verse notations in his hands, his Fidus Achates, Edwin Schneider at the piano, and sang four numbers. All the tonal beauty, all the masterly technique so skilfully applied that it became not technique at all but simply inspired singing, were there. The pathos of Eugene Field's moving tribute to "Little Boy Blue," the famous high note in "I Hear You Calling Me," were never more effectively sounded. If John McCormack were content to allow "Song o' My Heart" to be his first and last singing picture, it would serve as an achievement of lasting memory, something fine and delicate and true to be cherished long after that golden voice has ceased to be.

All of which is rather emotional preface to what should be a sane and detached review of what actually has been accomplished by Mr. Borzage as director, by Chester Lyons as photographer, and by Mr. McCormack and as flawless a cast as could be assembled, in the making of a simple story of Irish background, a story with none of the irritating, artificial prop of routine Irish tales and pictures. Mr. McCormack wisely determined to be no party to that for which he had no relish. He would be himself, strolling easily and naturally through scenes which should exact nothing but sincerity from him. He would be a rare tenor, living in retirement among his own people after an unhappy love affair with Mary, content to sing simple ballads to the children along the banks of the river Barrow, to sing anthems from the organ loft of the village chapel, to delight his neighbors with "Then You'll Remember Me" from "The Bohemian Girl," or "Kitty, My Lover" or "The Rose of Tralee." No hateful invisible orchestra for accompaniment, always Mr. Schnelder at organ or piano. He would go to New York for a brief and triumphant tour, but he would return when Mary, sweetheart of his youth, called across the sea to him to care for her children, the brave Eileen and the lovable Tad, and died.

As simple as that, this "Song o' My Heart!" Sean's neighbors? Peter, the hackman, Rafferty, his crony—many others, unnamed but all Irish to the backbone. What a pair of witty duelists are those two, Peter and Rafferty, as Mr. Kerrigan and Mr. MacDonald portrayed them! The latter is well known on the American screen. Mr. Kerrigan harks back to the Abbey Players of Dublin, and he is too good to be permitted to return there. For the lovers, there were Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick, unaffected, attractive. Master Clifford as Tad, who was always besting his chum, Aloysius, who would go to Dublin to win fame with his harmonica, was as natural as life. Miss Joyce as the wraithlike Mary, Miss Ellsler as the faithful Mona, Sean's housekeeper who had not had a fight with anyone for 30 years and then found it a grand sensation—all were admirable.

Mr. Borzage, the director, has kept a level head throughout. While utilizing studio sets in many instances he yet has provided a series of charming scenes actually filmed in Ireland. He has kept his story's continuity in hand while introducing Mr. McCormack's songs casually and plausibly. He never prolongs a scene or situation one second beyond reason; he makes every line of humorous or sentimental dialogue count, and no more. The photography is at all times refreshing or restful. And a word of praise is due to the new Sarasone screen, employed last night for the first time in a major theatre. It gave superb projection, and it seemed to aid mightily in sound reproduction. Certainly nothing clearer or more authentic has ever come from a magic white cloth than those voices of "Song o' My Heart." If you don't believe it, go and hear them for yourselves and depart, converted and convinced. W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE
"The Girl Said No"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sarah Y. Mason from the story by A. P. Younger; directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Tom Ward ..... William Haines
Mary Howe ..... Leila Hyams
Polly ..... Polly Moran
Hettie Brown ..... Marie Dressler
McAndrews ..... Francis X. Bushman, Jr.
Mrs. Ward ..... Clara Blandick
Jimmie Ward ..... William Janney
Mr. Ward ..... William V. Mong
Eddie Ward ..... Junior Coghlan
Nora Ward ..... Phyllis Crane

Once upon a time, ladies and gentlemen, there was a breezy young actor who had a flair for the most bumptious and slapstick sort of behavior that ever passed for acting in the motion pictures. He was also pretty good in the few serious moments that were given him, but those who directed him preferred to make him act like a monkey on a stick. Why? Because the public just ate it all up. If he insulted pretty girls, forcing his attentions on them every moment and acting like a cad, audiences howled the louder and clamored for more. The result of all this is to be seen in "The Girl Said No," in which Wiliam Haines is disporting himself for the current week at Loew's State Theatre. Those who enjoyed him in the past will like the picture; those who have been hoping against hope that he would sometime draw a worth-while film—like "Alias Jimmy Valentine"—will be rather discouraged. True to form, Will is brash, cocky and conceited and goes through his regular bag of tricks.

This time he plays a well meaning but tactless youth who is wholly unable to keep a job. He falls for a pretty girl, Mary Howe, and makes violent love to her. She doesn't relish it very much, but finally decides that perhaps she likes him after all. At this point in the story Tom's father dies and he becomes the head of the family and even more urgently in need of a job. His deadly rival where Mary is concerned, MacAndrew, puts him on the hardest assignment he can think of in confident expectation that he will fail, but Tom puts it over by getting the assignment, a rich old lady, comfortably tight and then selling her some bonds that she doesn't want. This accomplished, he finds that Mary is about to marry MacAndrew, so he does a last-minute Sheridan-20-miles-away ride, kidnaps the bride and presumably elopes with her.

William Haines is just as he always is, though he is given a few serious moments, off and on, that he puts over rather well. Leila Hyams, a spirited and attractive young lady, plays agreeably as the object of his attentions, and Francis X. Bushman is fair enough as MacAndrews. Polly Moran, appearing briefly as a maid of all work, and Marie Dressler, as the difficult old lady, gave amusing performances. E. L. H.

mch 26 1930

BRAHMS FESTIVAL
By PHILIP HALE

The fourth concert of the Brahms festival took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: "Liebeslieder" waltzes for pianoforte duet (Mr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth), and four vocal parts (small chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society). Piano pieces: op. 119—intermezzo, B minor, intermezzo, E minor, intermezzo, C major, rhapsody, E flat major (Arthur Schnabel, pianist). Songs: Sapphische Ode, Von ewige Liebe, Immer leiserwird mein Schlummer, Meine leibe ist gruen (Margaret Matzenauer). Pianoforte quintet, F minor, op. 34a (Mr. Schnabel and the Burgin string quartet).

Again an enthusiastic audience that completely filled the hall, an audience impartial in its distribution of applause, and by its rapt attention during each performance paying, after all, the highest tribute. The waltzes were a revelation to some who had known the composer only by his austere, granitic works. If they expected waltz melodies after the manner of Schubert, Lanner or Johann Strauss, father and son, they could not have been reasonably disappointed, so admirable was the interpretation. Especially noteworthy were the pure, fresh virginal voices of the Radcliffe girls. How admirably, how musically this little chorus had been trained! The varied colors of the girls' costumes, artistically contrasted, delighted the eye.

Some one, and one not ignorant nor unappreciative of Brahms's instrumental works, had the courage to say that the composer would be longest and best remembered by his songs. The management of the Festival was fortunate in securing Mme. Matzenauer to sing the ones selected for the occasion. Her rich, luscious voice and her technical skill were at the service of the composer, not merely for her own glory. Whether the song called for tenderness or passion; whether the spirit of text and music was contemplative or one of wild regret for days that would be no more, the singer gave each sentiment and emotion full expression with an intimacy of appeal. Here was a singer famous in opera, that worked an irresistible spell by her art and womanly feeling as a mistress of the Lied. Mr. Schnabel's sympathetic, beautiful accompaniments emphasized the worth of the music and the rare ability of the singer.

Mr. Schnabel played the Intermezzi and the Rhapsody with a fine understanding that was something more than painstaking dissection of the musical body. He was especially fortu in the performance of the Interm in E minor. His playing as a whole more objective than subjective. P haps that is what Brahms deman but could not the individuality of pianist be fused with that of the com poser? If tone did not always carry, but stopped abruptly, if tone did not always sing, that no doubt was due to a condition over which Mr. Schnabel had no control. In the piano quintet, which was for years a stumbling block to many admirers of Brahms, he showed himself again the true artist, regarding himself as one of five, all working together in eloquent preaching. The gospel according to Johanns.

The fifth and last concert of the Festival will take place tonight: The Alto Rhapsody (Mme. Matzenauer, male chorus and orchestra); piano concerto, D minor, No. 1 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist): Symphony C minor, No. 1. Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct.

WILBUR THEATRE
Caponsacchi"

A drama in a prologue, three acts and an epilogue by Arthur Goodrich and Rose A. Palmer, based on Robert Browning's poem, "The Ring and the Book"; first produced by Walter Hampden at Hampden's Theatre, New York, on Oct. 26, 1926, with Walter Hampden, Edith Barrett and Ernest Rowan in the leading roles. Revived by Mr. Hampden last night at the Wilbur Theatre with the following cast:

Pope Innocent XII ..... Moffat Johnson
Guido Franceschini ..... Ernest Rowan
Caponsacchi ..... Walter Hampden
Tommati ..... Gage Bennett
Venturini ..... Louis Polan
Scalchi ..... Gordon Hart
Gheradi ..... Dallas Anderson
Pietro Comparini ..... Franklin Salisbury
Violante Comparini ..... Caroline Meade
Canon Conti ..... Cecil Yapp
Pompilia ..... Ingeborg Torrup
Governor of Arezzo ..... C. Norman Hammond
Archbishop of Arezzo ..... Edwin Cushman
Margherita ..... Mabel Moore

Not the least interesting thing about "Caponsacchi," Arthur Goodrich's play from Browning which Walter Hampden gave last night at the Wilbur Theatre as the second production of his Boston engagement, is its firm and abiding hold on the affection and interest of the public. Next to "Cyrano de Bergerac" is has been the most solidly successful presentation in Mr. Hampden's repertory. Undoubtedly it is exciting, it is dramatic and very moving in spots, but it is harrowing and terribly tragic. Obviously this rules out the amusement seekers pure and simple and leaves those who can stand something stronger and less easily forgotten. That there are still plenty of such theatregoers left was proved by the size and enthusiasm of last night's audience, which filled the Wilbur Theatre and gave every evidence of the warmest interest and pleasure.

This play Mr. Hampden has made very much his own; not only because it was written for him, but also because he enters into it with such sincerity and such depth of understanding. The role of Caponsacchi, priest who dared defy the world for the sake of a woman who was to him everything pure and beautiful, fits him like a glove. So well indeed, does he play it that it is possible to forget the mutliple improbabilities, the shrieking melodrama of certain of the situations and several of the actors. The terrible experience that lifts Caponsacchi in a few weeks to a higher and nobler life than he had ever imagined, makes him not only intensely sympathetic but pitiful and noble. It would be easy to strut and pose, in such a part to tread the ground as if conscious of a future halo; but Mr. Hampden is too fine an artist for anything like this: his acting is sincere, simple and very moving quite up to the high standard he set himself in his last appearance in the play two years ago in this city.

To be equally enthusiastic about the remainder of the performers would not be quite truthful. Granted the exaggerated nature of his part and its divergence from the character of Guido Franceschini as Browning described it, it did seem as though Ernest Rowan made the villanous count too terrible to credit for an instant. The scowl, the snarl and the crouching, catlike walk were so much emphasized that no one in their senses would ever have believed the man anything but a criminal of the deepest dye, let alone an injured and suffering husband. In the role of Pompilia, Guido's pitiful and mistreated wife, Ingeborg Torrup, was pleasing to behold and graceful in her gestures, but the innocence and simplicity of the character seemed to elude her. The jolly little Canon Conti, staunch friend and follower of Caponsacchi, was in the able hands of Cecil Yapp, who contributed one of his customarily engaging ang quietly humorous performances. Praise is due also to Moffat Johnson for the fine dignity and spiritual power with which he portrayed Pope Innocent XII.

Once again to the play: Is it Browning or isn't it? Has Mr. Goodrich taken

Chatterton's: the late Fuller Mellish, Jr., was excellent as the shiftless Jim | lives in Paris. He is 35 years old, he must have passed the yeasty period as | song. "Hark, Hark! the Lark" and

...e liberties with "The Ring and the ...' or not? These questions inevi- ...come to mind and no doubt de- Browningites will argue them pro ...on. What really matters, is wheth- ...aponsacchi" is a good play or not. ...ting that for the most part it is ... straight and unashamed melo- ...a, with a noble hero, a pitchy-black ...n and a spotless heroine; yet melo- ...a has from time immemorial been of the theatre's best drawing cards. ...n, too, Mr. Hampden's fine voice ...simple unadorned acting and the ...iction that his presence carries, are ...ugh in themselves to make "Capon- ...chi" an entertainment eminently ...rth while. E. L. H.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

"Romeo and Juliet"

Presented by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company. The cast:

...alus	Oliver Crombie
...on	R. Eric Lee
...ue	William Calvert
p'...	Gordon Bailey
...	George Hayes
...io	Wilfrid Walter
...volio	Ernest Hare
Tybalt	Eric Maxon
Friar Laurence	Roy Byford
Balthazar	C. Rivers Gadsby
Abraham	Noel Iliff
Peter	Kennth Wicksteed
Samson	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Gregory	Jack Bligh
An Apothecary	Kenneth Wicksteed
Lady Moutague	Mary Holder
Lady Capulet	Dorothy Francis
Juliet	Joyce Bland
Nurse	Olive Walter

Boston has seen many "Romeo and Juliets," but seldom one more apparently the play that Shakespeare intended. Introduced by the Prologue explaining the strife between the houses. the production concluded with the final reconciliation of Montagu and Capulet in Juliet's tomb, thus leaving with the audience, as Shakespeare intended, though most producers forget or ignore it, the assurance that out of all the suffering of the two immortal lovers, peace for a whole city has been won.

The performance was truly Shakespearian, also, not through any archaic staging—the scenery was simple, the costumes effective but not lavishly gorgeous—but because the players followed Hamlet's famous advice and spoke their speeches "trippingly" with a perfection of cadence and articulation rare today. Nor was their understanding limited to the speaking of blank verse. Each actor, even though he had but a few lines to say, seemed to have studied to get the most possible out of his part.

Miss Bland's Juliet, white face and Titian hair, was like a pre-Raphaelite painting, and young as Juliet should be. Child-like in her first scenes with her nurse and in the ballroom and balcony scenes, her love for Romeo transformed her into a living flame of emotion forced into statue-like coldness in fear of her parents and nurse.

Mr. Hayes's Romeo was blazing with youthful impetuosity, yet full of the quiet tenderness of deep love. The perfection of Mr. Walter's Mercutio gave new truth to the critic's charge that Shakespeare had to kill Mercutio or Mercutio would kill the play. The worldly nurse, the tranquil friar, in fact all the minor characters deserve praise.

A moderate-sized audience gave the players an enthusiastic reception.

E. C. D.

mch 27 1930

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—The Stratford-Upon-Avon Memorial Theatre company gave yesterday afternoon a performance of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar."

Julius Caesar	Kenneth Wicksteed
Octavius Caesar	R. Eric Lee
Marcus Antonius	Wilfrid Walter
Marcus Aemilius Lepidus	Jack Bligh
Marcus Brutus	George Hayes
Cassius	Eric Maxon
Casca	Roy Byford
Trebonius	Ernest Hare
Ligarius	Oliver Crombie
Decius Brutus	Gordon Bailey
Metellus Cimber	William Calvert
Cinna	R. Eric Lee
Cicero	Noel Iliff
Popilius Lena	Jack Bligh
A Soothsayer	C. Rivers Gadsby
First Citizen	Oliver Crombie
Second Citizen	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Lucilius	Gordon Bailey
Titinius	Oliver Crombie
Messala	Ernest Hare
Lucius	Miriam Adams
Pindarus	C. Rivers Gadsby
Calpurnia	Mary Holder
Portia	Joyce Bland

Mortimer Collins once said that the poet Horace wrote his odes that he might be quoted in the English House of Commons. So one might say that Shakespeare wrote his tragedy "Julius Caesar" to provide schoolboys for pieces to be spoken. Who has not learned the speeches of Marullus, Brutus, Mark Antony, or taken part in the row and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius? In performances of this tragedy on the stage, success or failure depends as much on the nature of the oratory as in the delineation of character. Some expect the stilted style once applauded by our fathers, others demand that the set speeches should be delivered in an easy, off-hand, conversational manner.

Yesterday the rebuke given by Marullus to the crowd shouting for Caesar was capitally spoken. The excuses offered by Brutus for the murder would not have been accepted by us as Mr. Hayes offered them. Then there is the great speech of Mark Antony. Should it not be apparently honest at first, oily, ingratiating, then little by little gaining force, yet with a return here and there to quiet persuasion, rising toward the end to fiery indignation and denunciation—the speech of a tricky, adroit jury lawyer? Mr. Walter acted the scene admirably, especially at the beginning and in his feigned reluctance to read the will, but it seemed to us that he threw off the mask too soon, and put his strength in a violent harangue.

One of the finest scenes in the performance was Casca's description of the offering of a crown to Caesar. Mr. Byford's manner of giving an account of what happened was masterly in a carelessness that approached indifference to what really took place.

Caesar does not cut much of a figure in this tragedy—in fact he is almost priggish in his egotism. No actor, however accomplished, can make him glorious. It was not easy to see the philosopher in Brutus as Mr. Hayes represented him; the calm, the struggle between the friend and the citizen, the final stoical behavior—these were faintly indicated. The Cassius of Mr. Maxon was more along the desired line. Miss Bland's Portia was womanly and worthy of Cato's daughter. (Where did Martial find authority for his vile slander?) Her sending the boy for news of her husband, while she stood in the doorway, perturbed, suspecting a tragic event to come, was quietly but forcibly dramatic.

The play moved at a good pace. The conspirators were natural in plotting and in argument. Scene succeeded scene without undue delay. The mob was well handled. The stage settings were simple. It was hardly to be expected that a traveling company would take with it a life-size statue of Pompey as extra baggage.

There was a large and deeply interested audience.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Presented by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company. The cast:

Sir John Falstaff	Roy Byford
Fenton	R. Eric Lee
Shallow	Gordon Bailey
Slender	Eric Maxon
Page	Wilfred Walter
Ford	Ernest Hare
Sir Hugh Evans	Kenneth Wicksteed
Doctor Caius	George Hayes
Host of the Garter Inn	Oliver Crombie
Bardolph	Jack Bligh
Pistol	William Calvert
Nym	C. Rivers Gadsby
Robin	Miriam Adams
Simple	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Rugby	Noel Iliff
Mistress Ford	Mary Holder
Mistress Page	Fabia Drake
Anne Page	Dorothy Francis
Mistress Quickly	Olive Walter

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," tradition has it, was written in a fortnight at the request of Queen Bess who wanted to see Falstaff in love. Incredible as the story seems, there was in the production last night such an exuberance of spirits that one could well believe the whoel play had been dashed down on paper in the first flushed enthusiasm of conception. Indeed, scholars claim Shakespeare did not stop to search for a foreign story but created the plot from his own brain.

Unlike most Shakespearian companies the Stratford Players seem content to play Shakespeare as it was written, except, perhaps, for a little inserted horseplay here and there, but then overclowning was an Elizabethan fault. They do not find it necessary to adopt modern dress or colloquial methods of speech, or to play soft music during long speeches for fear that the audience will be bored.

From Falstaff to the little page they romped through the play with spontaneous gaiety that swept the audience along. Mr. Byford, as Falstaff, in play of countenance and intonation rivaled any player of modern comedy. Miss Holder and Miss rake were charmingly mischievous wives, and Miss Walter, as their go-between Mistress Quickly, was delightfully mercenary. Mr. Walter was the most jealous of uxorious husbands, while Mr. Hayes as the French physicians furnished an splendid model for our ever-present French-English comedians to follow. The minor characters portrayed that excellency of ensemble acting that has characterized the productions coached by Mr. Adams.

The play is to be repeated April 5.

E. C. D.

BRAHMS FESTIVAL

Scenes of overwhelming enthusia... marked the end last night of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Brahms Festival. Not only did cordial and evidently spontaneous applause indicate the audience's appreciation of the fine quality of last night's performance, but Dr. Koussevitzky, at the close of the concert, was treat... perhaps the most remarkable ...hat he has ever received in Boston. Frantic applause, the banging of seats, shouts of approval, and an enormous bouquet of red roses rewarded him for the devotion and energy with which he had planned and conducted the festival—one both interesting as an experiment and memorable for the admirable work or orchestra, chorus, and the exceptionally well-chosen soloists who have graced the occasion.

Last night's program—the fourth and last of the series—offered the following works: Rhapsody from Goethe's "Harzreise in Winter," for alto, male chorus, and orchestra, Op. 53; Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra in D minor, Op. 15; Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68. Mme. Matzenauer and Mr. Schnabel were the soloists; the Harvard Glee Club lent its aid in the performance of the "Rhapsody."

Few of those who heard the Rhapsody last night can have disagreed with Brahms's high opinion of its quality, which led him to sleep with it under his pillow, "so as to have it always with him." Nor can one fail to applaud his conscious abandonment of the slightly complacent, if not necessarily trivial, 3-4 time for the flexible "common time" that here prevails. This music has a depth and movingly sombre expressiveness, a freedom of movement, that ranks it high among Brahms's choral compositions, thought it never attains the ecstatic beauty of the best parts of the Requiem. Mme. Matzenauer sang the prominent solo part with marvellous beauty of tone, with delightfully flexible and expressive phrasing. The Harvard Glee Club performed its share with its customary fine taste and with excellent balance of tone.

In the D-minor concerto, a work of more immediate appeal than that in B flat, Mr. Schnabel once more demonstrated his outstanding musicianship and his brilliant technical qualities. The superb vitality of his rhythm, his power of giving structural unity and logical cohesion to a work of large scale, the brilliance of his climaxes, were as striking as ever. In addition, there was a new emotional intensity felt, especially in the beautiful adagio, which must have given pleasure to those listeners who had heretofore suspected a certain coldness and purely intellectual fire in his playing.

Dr. Koussevitzky's reading, and the orchestra's performance, of the C minor symphony was of surpassing brilliance and expressive force. This is perhaps the most "symphonic" of the Brahms four experiments in the form; it has the largest share of the "grand manner" in whose evocation Dr. Koussevitzky excels. He succeeded eloquently in drawing forth its full majesty, its deep beauty, though the andante, with a slightly faster tempo, might have gained in grace.

So ended the festival. It will be interesting to note its effect on the local appreciation of the composer. S. S.

MME. ONEGIN

The last concert in the series in aid of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy took place yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. Sigrid Onegin, contralto, was the singer; Hermann Reuter, the pianist.

Mme. Onegin's selections were as follows:

Meyerbeer, "Nobles, Seigneurs, Salut" from "Les Huguenots." Mozart, "Das Veilchen" and "Sehnsucht nach dem Fruehling." Haydn, "She Never Told Her Love" and "Piercing Eyes." Mendelssohn, "Italien" and "Das Hexenlied." Loewe, "Der heilige Franziskus" and "Walpurgisnacht," Rossini, Nacqui all' Affano" from "La Cenerentola." Mr. Reuter played Schubert's Impromptu in A flat major; Chopin's Prelude in D flat and his own Spanish Dance.

That Mme. Onegin has a voice of uncommon power and richness, yet flexible enough for florid song is known to many. The program of yesterday's concert was planned to display her vocal versatility: Brilliant arias by Meyerbeer and Rossini; Mozart's "Violet," a miniature cantata; the noble "Francis" by Loewe, a composer unaccountably neglected in these days—his "Walpurgisnacht," a companion pieec to his "Erl King" which Henschel used to sing effectively, a setting that by some is regarded as better than Schubert's—also for dramatic interpretation Mendelssohn's "Witch Song" which is singularly violent for that smug, genteel composer; and there were songs of simple sentiment, as Haydn's music for Viola's description of the unfortunate maiden who pined away from love-longing.

Mme. Onegin in her interpretations differentiated artistically the various sentiments and emotions, not infusing incongruouc dramatic force in what was only lyrical. She was content to let her impressive lower tones have their natural force. Unlike many contraltos she did not seek by exaggeration to improve on nature. In Meyerbeer's aria there should have been more reposeful elegance in diction. Here as once or twice later her intonation was faulty, and instead of clean attack of phrases there was annoying slurring, downward and upward. One of the pleasant features of the morning was the singer's evident enjoyment of the occasion; also of the songs she had chosen and the hearty appreciation of the audience that filled the hall. Mr. Reuter accompanied well.

The following will take part in the series of 1930-31: Edward Johnson, tenor, Nov. 19; Dussolina Giannini, soprano, Dec. 17; Messrs. Maier and Pattison pianists, Jan. 14; Efrem Zimbalist, violinist, Jan. 28; Marie Jeritza, soprano, Feb. 18; Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, tenor, March 4. P. H.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

"Hamlet"

A tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare: revived last night at the Hollis Street Theatre by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company with the following cast:

Claudius	Wilfred Walter
Ghost	Gordon Bailey
Hamlet	George Hayes
Fortinbras	Gordon Bailey
Polonius	Kenneth Wicksteed
Horatio	Eric Maxon
Laertes	R. Eric Lee
Rosencrantz	C. Rivers Gadsby
Guildenstern	Noel Ilif
Marcellus	Ernest Hare
Bernado	William Calvert
Osric	Geoffrey Wilkenson
First Player	Oliver Crombie
Second Player	William Calvert
Third Player	Dorothy Francis
Fourth Player	Miriam Adams
First Gravedigger	Roy Byford
Second Gravedigger	Jack Bligh
Gertrude	Fabia Drake
Ophelia	Joyce Bland

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to say anything on "Hamlet" that has not already been said a dozen times, but there is one aspect of the familiar story that sometimes gives the spectator pause. If Queen Gertrude had not married her brother-in-law she would have saved much trouble for everyone, but looking at the situation impartially it is hard to blame her. For all his backslidings Claudius seems a far more interesting sort of man than his elder brother, who can hardly escape the charge of sanctimoniousness and too aloof nobility. This is not written in any flippant state of iconoclasm but out of honest conviction.

These reflections were somewhat stimulated by witnessing the fine performance of "Hamlet" given last night by the Stratford players at the Hollis Street Theatre before an audience that filled every seat and testified its approval by oddly inappropriate laughter as well as by well-deserved applause. Following their admirable custom, there was no skimping with the minor characters, though to be sure, Claudius is scarcely in that category, and Wilfred Walter, who assumed the role, made it strikingly dramatic and compelling, despite too bushy makeup and a hampering costume. His fine clear speech was especially worthy of praise.

Such emphasis on a usually slurred over characterization is not in the least intended to deprive the Hamlet of George Hayes of its proper attention. Every one has their own Hamlet, whether concrete or. imaginary, but surely one would be hard to please if he did not find this one most admirable. Mr. Hayes conceives of Hamlet as entirely sane—another welcome disprover of the persistent legend of Hamlet's madness—he is very noble, slightly distant and with a curious habit at times of speaking his lines in a sort of monotonous chant. This was more apparent during the earlier scenes and toward the end ceased altogether. As the play rose to the tremendous passion of the play scene, Mr. Hayes rose with it, one of his finest moments coming just after the troubled departure of the king. His Hamlet is very affectionate: his love for Ophelia, his tenderness toward his mother and his devotion to Horatio all make for a more tender if less vigorous conception than is customary. He is politely bored rather than bitter with Polonius and for the most part forebearing with the courtiers. Only at the end did he seem to lack something in the scene of Hamlet's death: a spiritual beauty and exaltation that can lift that bloody moment to something of beauty.

The play moved with a speed that was thoroughly commendable, though at times bewildering; there was one intermission only, after the first scene of the third act. The usual cuts were observed, which meant the entire omission of the exciting scenes following the murder of Polonius and the last act conversation between Hamlet and Horatio. Of the supporting cast the Ophelia of Joyce Bland was lovely and appealing, with a gentleness that was not sickly. The Polonius of Kenneth Wicksteed lagged somewhat, but was fussily amusing. Fabria Drake made a satisfactory Gertrude. The team work throughout was excellent.—E. L. H.

METROPOLITAN

"Young Eagles"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones from the story entitled "The One Who Was Clever," by Elliott White Springs, directed by William Wellman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Lieut. Gene Banks	Charles Rogers
Mary Gordon	Jean Arthur
Von Baden	Paul Lukas
Lieut. Higgins	Stuart Erwin
Lieut. Graham	Frank Ross
Lieut. Barker	Jack Luden
Lieut. Mason	Freeman Wood

Major Lewis . . . . . Gordon de Main
Col Wilder . . . . . George Irving
Capt. Deming . . . . . Stanley Blystone

Twelve years ago there was a war on, and pretty little aerial manoeuvres such as those to be seen in "Young Eagles" at the Metropolitan Theatre, meant life or death, usually the latter, for some one, and not just a couple of movie stars chasing each other in front of the camera. The flood of war and aviation films that have deluged the market of late, with many more still to come, is a curious phenomenon. Twelve years is long enough, it seems, for the grimness and horror of it to be forgotten and only the pretty little romances remain. To the average producer and fan, there is no subject unsuited to paltry and unconvincing love affairs, and war and spies and pretty girls appear to them an ideal combination. To be sure, "Young Eagles" was directed by William Wellman, the man responsible for "Wings," but while there are moments when the excitement of that fine piece of work is recaptured, it is for the most part a case of Charles Rogers falling in love with Jean Arthur, battling Paul Lukas in the clouds and getting terribly discouraged when he thinks that his lady has done him dirt because she was a spy.

That is about all there is to the story, save for a lot of good clean fun when Charles goes to Paris with Stuart Erwin, is drugged and has his uniform stolen, something which appeals to his brother officers as a really excruciating joke. They all come into his room without their trousers and then there is a pillow fight. What a hard life American aviators must have had! It is sad to report several glaring errors which must have escaped some one's eagle eye. For example, Paris in war time is as brightly lighted as if there were an exposition on, without a thought of enemy airmen or anything like that. Again, Charles Rogers, informed that he must take a German officer to Paris, is sufficiently abusive toward his commanding officers to have earned himself a court martial anywhere but in the moving pictures.

To offset these annoying episodes there are several compensations. First comes the really thrilling stunt flying by some of the daredevil gentlemen in Hollywood whose everyday task is to risk their necks light-heartedly for the sake of some expensive star. Then there is a very fine performance by Paul Lukas: as the captured German flier, Von Baden, he is subtle, whimsical, humorous, gallant and persuasive. In point of fact he totally outshines Charles Rogers, the nominal star, who does an agreeable though self-conscious job with the lovesick young airman. Stuart Erwin was extremely funny and Jean Arthur decidedly pretty, though out of her depth in a serious and emotional role.

E. L. H.

Mch 29 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra arranged this program for the 20th concert in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon: Haydn, Symphony, D major, with the horn call Piston. Suite for Orchestra (first performance). Sibelius, Symphony, No. 6. Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in E flat major orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg.

Mr. Piston conducted his Suite. The symphonies by Haydn and Sibelius and Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's music had all been recently performed.

It was pleasant to find Haydn and Piston, the old and the new, as neighbors; and it was pleasant to hear again the charming music of the 18th century and interesting to learn the tendency of a contemporary, one who has had advantages here and in France and now occupies an honorable position in the music department of Harvard University.

Again the freshness and charm of the symphony, the performance by virtuosi of the orchestra in the Finale, delighted the audience. There is a curious resemblance between the theme of the Minuet and the song once lustily roared when good men got together: "The Dutch Company." The tune for those words is supposed to be of German origin. Is it not possible that it was Croatian, familiar to Haydn's ears? It should not be forgotten that Haydn made a free use of Croatian folksongs, so much so that books and articles have been wirtten treating of Haydn as "a Croatian composer."

Mr. Piston's Suite was written last summer. In his modest account of it he says that the first movement of light character contains some "Americanisms" but he in no way attempted to write jazz; the second movement is calm; a development of two motives. (It has a Nocturne's character). The third movement is a fugue.

It would be foolish for an American composer in these years to write in the manner of Haydn and endeavor at the same time to express his own individuality. His musical ideas would hardly adapt themselves to the old forms; or he would only be a sedulous ape; that is if he had any ideas at all. Prokofieff wrote a "classical" symphony, and it is delightful; but he is a man of uncommon talent. Stravinsky tried to go back to Bach, and wrote music of Saharan barrenness—not one oasis for refreshment. No, a composer should be a man of his own generation, also country, but not possessed by a Chauvinistic demon so that his compositions would only have parochial interest. Just what Mr. Piston means by "Americanisms" in his first movement is not easy to understand. Mr. Chadwick has shown more than once that a composition, not containing a national air, not having a set program, can yet be charged with the spirit that is accepted here as in Europe as distinctively American, a certain reckless, devil-me-care, snapping-of-fingers-at-the-eternal-verities spirit. One fails to find this spirit, this flavor in Mr. Piston's first movement. There is occasional fury, a use of devices also employed by ingenious makers of jazz, but these can hardly be called Americanisms. In the slow movement there are some truly musical ideas that suggest a poetic feeling and a personal note, yet here one wishes a surer authorative — not aggressive — carrying out of the musical sentiments and a still more pronounced mood. Then there is the fugue.

Composers having made daring or loose experiments, caring little for euphony, disdaining, as is the fashion today, "obvious" tunes, harmonic progressions, enchanting combinations of instruments, suddenly thinking that the Philistines may be disconcerted by what they have done, write a fugue for a sonorous ending. They think that a fugue sanctifies what has gone before. There is safety in a fugue. The very word "fugue" impresses an audience; assures it that the composer knows his trade. And yesterday Mr. Piston's fugue was apparently the one movement honestly enjoyed. It was lively, it kept the attention, it even excited, and without any pedantic discussion as to its technical merit. It provoked hearty applause: that was the answer.

It is easy to see why the sixth symphony of Sibelius has never gained wide-spread popularity—the music is singularly self-restrained for him; an intimate brooding music, as if Sibelius, like Buddha, were lost in omphalic contemplation. No defiant outbursts, no bitter melancholy, no warring against Fate—as in the symphonies that made him famous; in pictorial or dramatic pages, as in the tone-poems inspired by the legends of Finland. The symphony is by no means negligible; but it has only a faint emotional appeal. The quiet ending is of an autumnal sunset beauty. We prefer Sibelius the man of storm and stress, raging or gloomy in his own peculiar manner of preceding years.

The transcription of Bach's prelude and fugue, vexing to the respecters of Bach and the lovers of his organ music, again aroused vigorous applause.

The concert will be repeated tnight. The program of next week consists of Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony; piano concerto, G major, No. 4 (Mr. Schnabel, pianist), and the "Lenore" overture, No. 3.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

"Twelfth Night"

A comedy by William Shakespeare, given by the Stratford-upon-Avon festival company under the direction of W. Bridges Adams, with the following cast:

Orsino . . . . . Eric Maxon
Sebastian . . . . . Noel Iliff
Antonio . . . . . Oliver Crombie
A sea captain . . . . . William Calvert
Valentine . . . . . Ernest Hare
Curio . . . . . R. Eric Lee
Sir Toby Belch . . . . . Roy Byford
Sir Andrew Aguecheek . . . Kenneth Wicksteed
Malvolio . . . . . Wilfrid Walter
Feste . . . . . George Hayes
Fabian . . . . . Geoffrey Wilkinson
A priest . . . . . Gordon Bailey
Olivia . . . . . Joyce Bland
Viola . . . . . Fabia Drake
Maria . . . . . Mary Hol[illegible]er

A mellow and seasoned performance of the bard's comedy of mistaken identity was given last night by a cast superbly aware of his possibilities. Characterizations, settings, costumes bowed to the exigencies of the play, each factor blending as a complement to the vivid and forceful recreation of one of the most spirited of light pieces. There was a contemporary naturalness to the reading of lines, with punctuating gesture and intonation deftly bringing out their overtones.

Mr. Walter's Malvolio is a grandiose creature of studied and strutting dignity, a top-hat target for the practical jokes of Sir Toby and his fellow conspirators. Seldom does Mr. Walter give him absurdities not the outcome of over-stiff pride. He is a milk-and-water Cyrano, perhaps, or a not-quite gentleman who makes a mistake. Sir Toby is a picturesque marvel of red-faced, pop-eyed buffoonery, and Mr. Wicksteed sets him off well with a pallid and sqeaking Sir Andrew. George Hayes imparts the proper dash of melancholy romance to his jester—only a dash in the sober split-seconds which separate his facile quips and pseudo-logic. His voice is agreeable in the songs. All other parts were well done: dignity and loveliness for Olivia, fervor and graciousness for Orsino, naively strained ardor and breathlessness Viola.

The play was given in five acts, with an interval of 10 minutes after the second act. Changes of scene were accomplished quickly by dimming lights and lowering downstage drops. The garden scene, of dull blues and solid masses, set off the bright costumes and served well the plot necessities.

Tomorrow the company will give "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and "Macbeth."

H. F. M.

UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

"Show Girl in Hollywood"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Harvey Thew and James A. Starr from the novel of the same name by J. P. McEvoy, directed by Mervyn LeRoy and presented by First National with the following cast:

Dixie Dugan . . . . . Alice White
Jimmy Doyle . . . . . Jack Mulhall
Donna Harris . . . . . Blanche Sweet
Sam Otis . . . . . Ford Sterling
Frank Buelow . . . . . John Miljan
Otis's Secretary . . . . . Virginia Sale
Bing . . . . . Herman Bing
Kramer . . . . . Lee Shumway

The stage or screen play which tells the truth about Hollywood is still to be written. Jim Tully's "Jarnegan," written by a tramp-author with a grudge against Hollywood, was too radical, too partisan to be believable. "Show Girl in Hollywood," written by another eccentric satirist, might be dubbed too conservative to be interesting in so far as it throws any blinding light on doings in that far-away land of make-believe. In fact, in its present stage of cinematic endeavor it seems pale and dull when compared with that vastly superior lampoon, "Show People," produced back in 1928 and directed by King Vidor from script supplied by Agnes Christine Johnston and Lawrence Stallings. In that were merciless jibes at individuals and their conceits and foibles, and at studio chicanery in general. "Show Girl in Hollywood" tells just as little as it can. It does hit a head here and a condition there, not enthusiastically, but warily. Miss White, again a listless impersonator of Mr. McEvoy's pet creation, the volatile Dixie Dugan, expresses the situation naively when, in telling what "The Rainbow Girl," the motion picture of the story, lacks, uses the words subtlety and finesse. She is quoting Buelow, the egotistic director, philanderer and pilferer of plots, and she doesn't know what the words mean. Any impartial but fairly intelligent observer, after sitting through "Show Girl in Hollywood," might reasonably assume that neither did those who made the picture.

One of the significant features in this presentation is the return to the screen of Blanche Sweet, whose film career dates back to "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." This is the first time her voice has been heard, in Boston, at least, and if the microphone or the recording unit had been less vicious-minded she would have fared better. Her diction is good but the tones are faint. She still can be effective in dramatic pantomime, as witness the scene in which, as the discouraged film star of a past era, she attempts suicide. Mr. Miljan is capital as the conceited but discredited director who tries to entice the dumb Dixie from the path of rectitude, and Mr. Sterling amazes all by a successful excursion into the realms of straight acting, as the studio boss who believes in cutting everything in half, from salaries to radio greetings. Mr. Mulhall as the unlucky playwright has an easy time. Miss White's performance might be linked with the one stage scene in color—passable, but it could have been done so much better.

W. E. G.

PARK

"Vengeance"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by F. High Herbert from the story by Ralph Graves; directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

John Meadham . . . . . Jack Holt
Margaret Summers . . . . . Dorothy Revier
Charles Summers . . . . . Philip Strange
The Doctor . . . . . George Pearce
The Ambassador . . . . . Hayden Stevenson
Nidia . . . . . Irma A. Harrison

Whether as submarine commander, hard-riding westerner or any one of his familiar roles, Jack Holt varies but little. There is the firm, unsmiling mouth, the sturdy, vigorous walk and the clipped, cynically humorous speech. His latest film, "Vengeance," now showing at the Park Theatre, might well be subtitled "Jack Holt in the Congo." No disparagement is intended, for Mr. Holt is a sincere, capable and likable actor, with an unusually pleasing voice and a real gift of restraint. The atmosphere of the film, supposedly the sweltering jungle, is well conveyed: it is enough to make one hot just to watch the discomfort of the characters on the screen. The swarming natives, in or out of war paint, are picturesque and sometimes terror inspiring, especially their dance of vengeance around a huge bonfire at night. Such absurdities as the arrival of a lovely young woman at a trading post with the very latest wardrobe, consisting of lowcut evening dresses, make for inappropriate amusement, but for the most part the picture has been logically developed.

John Meadham, factor for five years at a distant African trading post, writes home a peremptory demand that he be relieved as soon as possible. The man who comes to take his place, Charles Summers, is a hot-tempered weakling with so little sense as to bring his young wife with him. Meadham's task it is to instruct the difficult Summers into his duties, an undertaking made all the more ungrateful by the unwillingness of Summers to take advice of an[illegible] Matters become even more comp[illegible] when Meadham and Margaret Su[illegible] become strongly attracted to each [illegible] Finally Meadham departs, secretly [illegible]ing Margaret with him to save her [illegible] the brutality of her husband. Su[illegible] goes from bad to worse, drinks [illegible]stantly and finally shoots a native [illegible] he discovers Margaret's departure.

There is an uprising, the Ne[illegible] burn Summers in effigy and then s[illegible] him with a poisoned arrow, just as Meadham, alarmed by the beating of the tom-toms, returns. Jack Holt, as the invincibly heroic Meadham, gave an entirely satisfactory performance and Dorothy Revier was pretty, though scarcely striking as Margaret. Philip Strange was dramatic and intensely disagreeable in the role of Summers, while Hayden Stevenson gave a genially rowdy picture of a middle-aged doctor whose chief diversion was drink.

On the same program is "Guilty?" with Virginia Valli, John Holland and John St. Polis. It tells how the young son of a judge falls in love with the daughter of a man whom his father had sent to prison. The girl's father kills himself, the boy is accused of the murder and barely escaped hanging.

E. L. H.

A Life of Wagner on New and Unpleasant Material

THE TRUTH ABOUT WAGNER by Philip Dutton Hurn and Waverly Lewis Root, with eleven illustrations and an index. Frederick A. Stokes. 313 pp. $3.

BY PHILIP HALE

An Englishwoman, the Hon. Mrs. Willoughby Burrell—she died in 1898—suspecting that biographies of Wagner had suppressed facts—set out to collect original documents for the purpose of issuing an accurate account of Wagner as man and composer. All available material seemed to be in the hands of Wagner's widow Cosima; but Mrs. Burrell finally became acquainted with Natalie, the illegitimate daughter of Minna Planer, the first wife of Wagner. From Natalie, who had long passed as Minna's sister, she obtained many letters and musical manuscripts. Natalie wrote for her an account of the incidents in Minna's life with Wagner. Cosima had more than once, even with threats, tried to obtain the composer's love letters to Minna. Mrs. Burrell died having published in a most expensive form one volume of her proposed biography. Her collection was hidden in a safe deposit vault, for her heirs did not appreciate the value of the material. A catalogue was recently printed, but it is not as yet issued to the public.

Messrs. Hurn and Root have been accused of obtaining the material on which they base their book from the catalogue, not from the letters. They have denied the accusation. They have also been accused of misstatements of fact, unfounded innuendos, ignorance of what is known to all students of Wagner. The two authors on page 118 speak of the "Ride of the Valkyries" as coming at the end of "Goetterdaemmerung." Mr. Ernest Newman says this blunder is "by no means their greatest triumph of fancy over fact." This is ungracious, for the two quote Mr. Newman with great respect and recommend his biography of Wagner as the best in English.

"The Truth About Wagner" is in substance a vitriolic attack on Cosima, with Minna rehabilitated. Cosima is accused of having from jealousy suppressed everything that was to Minna's advantage, even changing, perverting, falsifying passages written by Wagner in his autobiography, by persuading him to write against the facts, even writing portions of the latter pages herself.

Cosima vilified Minna; wished the world to regard Cosima as the Egeria, the source and inspiration of the music dramas whereas these works were composed—"Parsifal," his weakest work, was sketched—before Wagner robbed Buelow of his wife; whereas in truth Minna was a devoted, patient, long-suffering helpmate, by no means the dull

"hausfrau" that Wagner and Cosima would have had the world believe.

Unfortunately Messrs. Hurn and Root have not written in a calm and critical spirit, but as if actuated by personal malice. The book is violent and vindictive—perhaps for this reason it is the more amusing and eminently readable. It is not to be taken as authoritative; much of what is brought against Wagner for his treatment of Minna, his various affairs with women, his impudence in borrowing money, his colossal egotism, had already served others. It was also known that the Bayreuth coterie had done all that was possible to whitewash Wagner, to ignore disagreeable facts, to doctor letters that revealed his shamelessness.

It had long been known that if Wagner was a great composer, he was also a super-cad. The fact remains that the composer was more important, and is more important than the man.

The present biography is interesting, valuable in a measure, by its portrait of Minna, who, contrary to Wagner's own statements, was a prominent actress with plenty of engagements. When she married Richard, he was unknown and poor. She was not attracted to him by his position at the time, nor did she pursue him in hope of sharing a future possible glory. She cheerfully shared his dark years; she endured his liaisons until the Wesendonck affair. These liaisons were at first contracted with women who could aid him pecuniarily, for the extravagant man was constantly in need of money. "He was like a little boy who insisted upon having all the shiny new toys in the shop window. Unlike most little boys, he got them." And, to quote the two writers again, "Wagner's surest method of financing himself was to make love to the wives of wealthy husbands," as in the case of the Wesendoncks, whose domestic attitude was to some extent "typically American" in European eyes. "A concomitant of the American phenomenon of the flirtatious wife and the complaisant husband is the extreme innocence of the wife's relations with the gentleman she amuses herself with." Then comes a long discussion as to whether there was "actual physical love" between Richard and Mathilde.

There is a long list of the women who appreciated the musician, i. e., gave him money; also a list of humbler women who had no money; for Wagner, like Hazlitt and Sainte-Beuve, did not disdain to chase lowly game. There was the servant Marie to whom, as his "best sweetheart," he wrote asking her to buy the best bottles of scent to give his study a nice odor—"Ach Gott! How delighted I am to be able to rest again with you there. (I hope the rose-colored pants are ready?) Aye, aye! You must be very pretty and charming; I deserve to have a thoroughly good time once more."

Is it not possible that "The Truth About Wagner" will be read in future as a "Chronique Scandaleuse" to be put on the shelf that holds the "Historiettes" of Tallement des Reaux, the memoirs of Casanova, the life of the Duc de Richelieu and Harriet Wilson's story of her adventures?

mch 30 1930.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

"A Midsummer-Night's Dream"

A comedy by William Shakespeare given by the Stratford-Upon-Avon festival company under the direction of W. Bridges Adams, with the following cast:

Theseus	Wilfred Walter
Egeus	William Calvert
Lysander	Eric Maxon
Demetrius	R. Eric Lee
Philostrate	C. Rivers Gadsby
Quince	Kenneth Wicksteed
Snug	Oliver Crombie
Bottom	Roy Byford
Flute	Jack Bligh
Snout	Ernest Hare
Starveling	Gordon Bailey
Hippolyta	Fabia Drake
Hermia	Dorothy Francis
Helena	Joyce Bland
Oberon	Noel Iliff
Titania	Mary Holder
Puck	Geoffrey Wilkinson
First Fairy	Miriam Adams

The Shakespeare of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" is the warmly English poet of the country-side, whose speech and whose thoughts are full of the forest and meadow flowers, of fairies and sprites, and of rustic good humor. The charm of the play, when performed as perfectly as it was yesterday afternoon, is compelling; the brain, sated with realism and tragedy, revels in the frank romance of lovers lost in a deep dark wood, the mischievous pranks of fairy folk, and the joyous buffoonery of country players. The Stratford players' production is splendid; it has subtlety, quality where dignity is meet, and most stirring, rollicking comedy. From the kingly-striding Theseus and his proud queen to the love-sick Helen—from offended Oberon to bumptious Bottom—every characterization is perfect. It is the rare beauty of ensemble achieved by these players that makes their work outstanding. To the intelligence and art of the actors are added stage direction, lighting, and decor of unpretentious but unfailing aptness.

There are many good souls who staunchly avow that Shakespeare on the boards is not for them; they prefer him safely between the covers of a book, from whence they can extract wisdom and delight at will, savoring each morsel with awful reverence. There is, unfortunately, all too good reason for their solitary reading, most of the time, but Shakespeare well acted is infinitely better than Shakespeare coldly printed. So let the cloistered Shakespearians hurry to the Hollis, before this company goes. There they will find Shakespeare read with all the wit and wisdom they would wish for, enunciated with naturalness but with sympathy for the music of the verse, and acted with intelligence and dignity. E. B.

"Macbeth"

A tragedy by William Shakespeare, given in five acts by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company, under the direction of W. Bridges Adams, with the following cast:

Duncan	Oliver Crombie
Malcolm	R. Eric Lee
Donalbain	Noel Iliff
Macbeth	Wilfrid Walter
Banquo	Eric Maxon
Macduff	George Hayes
Lennox	Gordon Bailey
Ross	Ernest Hare
Angus	Jack Bligh
Menteith	William Calvert
Caithness	Kenneth Wicksteed
Fleance	Dorothy Francis
A Wounded Sergeant	William Calvert
Seyton	C. Rivers Gadsby
A Porter	Roy Byford
Young Macduff	Miriam Adams
Young Siward	Noel Iliff
Lady Macbeth	Fabia Drake
Lady Macduff	Mary Holder
A Gentlewoman	Olive Walter
Three Witches	Kenneth Wicksteed, Jack Bligh, Geoffrey Wilkinson

Elemental passions in all their stark fury and ruthlessness were powerfully represented in the performance of "Macbeth" by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company last evening. Garbed in the crude and unaccustomed habiliments of these daring swordsmen of an ancient day, and crowned with weighty headgear strange to modern eyes, their very persons seemed magnified to an awesomeness that was almost terrifyingly impressive. Scene melted into scene with smooth alacrity, and the dim shadows in which much of the action moved gave a weird and sinister import to the spoken lines.

Wilfrid Walter's interpretation of Macbeth was magnificently executed. His well-rounded voice, never blatant, yet rising at times to the extreme heights of terror and emotion, carried sincerity and conviction. The scene with Lady Macbeth when they plotted the death of Duncan; that at the banquet when the ghost of Banquo twice confronts him; his visit to the cavern where he seeks his fate of the witches, and that at Dunsinane as he senses his approaching end, were unforgettable.

Macduff's agony over the murder of his wife and children was another of the supreme moments of the evening, as acted by George Hayes. Fabia Drake, as Lady Macbeth, while frequently giving suggestion of a somewhat too studied effort, lacking the necessary shadings of deep emotion and of forceful cruelty such as would spur a timorous husband to desperate deeds, was at her finest in the sleep-walking scene, where she seeks to cleanse her blood-stained hands.

And could those cackle-voiced, hairy-faced witches, uttering their prophetic incantations around the cauldron, be surpassed? An audience that filled every seat in the house, with many people standing throughout the evening, listened with breathless attention and gave generous applause. F. A. B.

MUSIC

STANLEY LICHTENSTEIN

Stanley Lichtenstein, tenor, gave a recital at Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, singing the following songs: Star vicino (Rosa); Plus ne suis ce que j'ai ete (Old French); Au Clair de la lune (Lulli-Crist); Gia il sole del Gange (Scarlatti); Fur Musik (Franz); Heidenroeslein, Fruehlingsglaube (Schubert); Botschaft (Brahms); Le Repos de la Sainte Famille (Berlioz); Donc se sera par un clair jour d'ete (Gaubert); Chanson de l'enfant, from L'Enfant et les Sortileges (Ravel); Chanson de Barberine (Loret); Flow gently, Sweet Afton (Old Scotch); Sea Fever (Ireland); Come down to Kew (Dels); Who is Sylvia (Duff).

mch 30 1930

"The Truth About Wagner," by Philip Dutton Hurn and Waverly Lewis Root, was reviewed yesterday in The Herald. The book has excited discussion; it has been attacked with a not displeasing savagery by Mr. Ernest Newman in the Sunday Times of London. Mr. Root replied, and in a courteous manner. And now Mr. Newman, who had already devoted three articles to the book, pointing out, with almost fiendish delight "errors" in statements of fact, replies by saying that there is no need for him to examine Mr. Root's letter, as he will be dealing with the book before long on a still larger scale.

Let them rave. All this is amusing, and so are excerpts from the book, which could not be printed in the review from lack of space.

Apropos of Wagner's habit of borrowing money.

Wagner was careless about repaying it—or perhaps it might be more accurate to say that he was careful not to repay it. He borrowed money from every one who had any, and the surest way to lose his friendship was to try to get it back. The great number of friends whom Wagner lost during his lifetime, the number of changes of dedications to his works, the many virulent attacks he made on persons who had formerly been on good terms with him, can generally be explained by their refusal to lend him money.

"Until after his 50th year, Wagner was always short of money. He never had as much as he wanted. This was partly because he wanted so much. His tastes were extremely extravagant . . . Wagner borrowed because he was a man who was unable to deny himself. If he wanted anything, he had to have it. . . . He was like a little boy who insisted upon having all the shiny new toys in the shop windows. Unlike most little boys he got them; and the cunning which he employed to fulfil those desires was much like the cunning of little boys who often succeed in persuading their parents to buy them what the want.

"Wagner's surest method of financing himself was to make love to the wives of wealthy husbands." Mathilde Wesendonck "appears to have been romantic, fond of poetry and art in the reverential manner peculiar to women who know nothing about either, and very self-conscious about it. She had a soft voice and was exceedingly good looking. Wagner paid court to her and the financial results were very substantial." Her husband Otto was a rich silk merchant who had made his money in New York.

The Ritters supported Wagner for some time. He wrote to Kietz, "What I need I get from the Ritters"—which must have been a very pleasant arrangement for him. What he did with the Ritters' money is indicated by a statement from Natalie (the illegitimate daughter of Minna Planer, Wagner's much enduring, patient, forgiving, devoted first wife) "as to his costume at Zurich. He wore snow-white trousers, a sky-blue tail coat with large gold buttons, projecting cuffs, an extremely high black top-hat with a narrow brim; carried a stick as high as himself with a huge gold knob, and topped all off with bright saffron yellow glace kid gloves, thus providing an admirable costume for the tenor who will play his part when his works are perverted into a popular musical comedy on his life. He excused himself once to Praeger for his extravagance in dress so far as underclothes were concerned by saying that his skin was too sensitive to stand the contact of anything coarser than silk. His eyes were evidently much less delicate."

There is an entertaining account of Wagner's opera-bouffe performances as a "revolutionary" in Dresden. He was no doubt influenced in this by his friend Roeckel. Wagner gave a thrilling account of his own experiences. "With the excitement of a romantic servant girl watching John Gilbert ruin a score of fragile feminine lives, Wagner climbed to Kreuz Tower and looked on." He finally ran away. Roeckel was imprisoned. Wagner saw to it that his jailed friend was provided with a copy of Schopenhauer. "Roeckel's situation put him in an excellent position for minute study of pessimistic philosophy, so Wagner's gift cannot be considered other than appropriate."

He talked of going to America, but his artistic plans which he had outlined in one of his first letters to Minna "did not include a visit to the 'South American free states', a term which Wagner evidently used for the southern part of the United States, judging from a reference to Maryland, and they remained always a nebulous land of refuge, which he could conjure up in his mind when he had need of an escape, but which he would undoubtedly have found very disappointing if he had actually gone there."

There is a long list of Wagner's loves, not beginning with the English married woman Jessie Laussot, who with her mother was looked on by him as a financial backer. Seraphine Mauro once did the housekeeping and did not let him sigh in vain. He called her his "dear little doll," but she did not "qualify by being the wife of a rich man who could help Wagner, but she did fall into the category of being attached to a friend of Wagner's so that he could, as usual, have the pleasure of making a friend stand aside for him!" This friend was Peter Cornelius, the composer, who had been Seraphine's sweetheart until Wagner came along. There was Malwina von Meysenberg, who raised money for him. Frederika Meyer, an actress, had the misfortune to catch scarlet fever and lost her hair. So Wagner returned her to Guaita, who married her.

Wagner proposed to Mathilde Maier that she should live with him at Penzing. She was pretty and intelligent, but she refused to take the part of a capable servant for a man who had no desire to pay her wages. He found a young and inexperienced girl. She did not take kindly to the ideas of her elderly employer. He discharged her and hired her older sister, "who was more amenable." This girl, Marie, according to Julius Kapp, the author of "Wagner and Women" (Berlin, 1912), had a better understanding (than her sister) of the position she was intended for, and gave Wagner thorough satisfaction." It was to her that he wrote the extraordinary letter quoted in part yesterday in The Herald's review. Mr. Newman wrote in his life of Wagner, "this, perhaps, is scarcely the sort of letter one writes to a servant who is no more than a servant."

Messrs. Hurn and Root do not think Wagner was a great amorist. "He was a great actor, seeing himself always in the centre of the boards in the glow of the spotlight, and thus always ready to offer the proper height of passion to women who came on the stage. But he could hardly do it at first sight, for he had not the necessary appearance. He worked his way gradually into a woman's affections by playing upon two themes—his greatness as an artist, his financial helplessness. That perhaps explains why almost all his lovers were stolen from others. Perhaps he thrice ap-

ith Minna, his first wife; with Mathilde Wesendonck
ilde Maier. "He chose primarily women who could
given the opportunity he sought out other women
Buelow's wife, lived with Wagner before and after
ut an end to his amatory follies. It was of her that
esting familiarity" to Liszt: "There was no necessity
(Buelow) to marry Cosima." To which Liszt added, bowing slightly:
was a luxury."

his book, written primarily to rehabilitate Minna, the first wife of
er, to show how the account given by him in his "Autobiography" is
false—written with Cosima looking over his shoulder—is entertain-
whatever else may be said of it. The publishers are Frederick A.
s Company.

Agnes de Mille, with Warren Leonard, will dance in Symphony Hall
Friday night.

Miss de Mille is a graduate of the University of California in Hollywood,
ng the full terms of her college education, Miss de Mille wrote, trained,
aged and danced herself in pageants and shows for the entertainment
benefit of the university. In her last year, she wrote, rehearsed, managed
performed in an eerie folk-fantasy.

Before and during these years at college, she studied the piano. She is an
mplished musician. Her knowledge of music and her ability to play is
ntegral part of her dancing.

"At the age of nine, Agnes de Mille was enrolled as a pupil of Theodore
loff, who had been with Pavlowa and the Russian Ballet and who had
ly come to Hollywood, having fled from Russia."

The Handel and Haydn next Sunday afternoon will perform in Sym-
ony Hall Verdi's "Requiem" and Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus," the
ter for the first time in Boston.

This psalm was first performed at Salzburg for the International Society
r Contemporary Music on Nov. 19, 1923. The first performance in the
nited States was at New York by the Philharmonic Society and Pro-Musica
ociety on Dec. 19, 1927. Mr. Mengelberg was the conductor. When it was
erformed in England for the first time—at Cambridge, Nov. 30, 1927—the
omposer conducted. The English text, written by E. J. Dent, was said to
be better than the one printed in the score, keeping closer to the Biblical
words and fitting the musical rhythms better. "When King David is de-
scribed as 'dismal and downcast,' 'bitterly brooding,' etc., one gets the im-
pression he was haunted by memories of the soliloquies of Wotan rather
han of the Psalms of David."

"The work is a setting for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra of words
rom the penitential Psalms, with certain comments interspersed which give
t an application to the sufferings of a people persecuted for their sins. It
s a national aspect of the words which the composer has caught in the
rim chant to which the text is set, and a highly wrought orchestral texture
urrounds the vocal part."

The Biblical passages are from Psalm LV.

Kodaly, a Hungarian, born in 1882, is known here by his amusing Suite
rom his opera "Hary Janos" performed here by the Boston Symphony
rchestra on Oct. 12, 1928. His chamber music is not unknown here.

Oliver Ditson Company has published a song of pretty sentiment, a song
r medium voice, with a flowing melody expressive of the text. The words
d the music are by Margaret Ford of The Herald-Traveler staff. The title
"Something, After All."

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The Stratford-upon-Avon players are deservedly drawing large and appreciative audiences. The only unfamiliar play—familiar only to readers—is "Richard II," to be performed tomorrow night. It has been tinkered several times for a revival—by Theobald in 1720; by F. Gentlemore in 1754—but there was no production; by Goodhall in 1772; it was "arranged" by Beerbohm-Tree, who produced the play in September, 1903—his "arrangement" seems to have been made for 1906. In the former performance Oscar Asche and Lyn Harding were of the cast, while Lily Brayton played the Queen. The Times thought that the character of Richard II suited Tree to perfection. "The curious blend in the man of shrinking effeminacy and philosophic irony, the dreamy languor interrupted by crises of feverish excitement, the yearning for affection and the bouts of half-crazy speculation—all these things the actor brings out with such completeness as to make his Richard probably the most haunting figure he has yet given us." As a spectacle, the play excited admiration.

Shakespeare for this play as for others drew on Raphael Holinshed's Chronicle. Let us see how the old chronicler summed up the character of Richard:

"He was seemly of shape and favor and of nature good enough, if the wickedness and naughty demeanor of such as were about him had not altered it. His chance verily was greatly unfortunate, which fell into such calamity that he took it for the best way he could devise to renounce his kingdom, for the which mortal men are accustomed to hazard all they have to attain thereunto. But such misfortune (or the like), oftentimes falleth unto those princes, which, when they are aloft, cast no doubt for perils that may follow. He was prodigal, ambitious, and much given to the pleasure of the body. . . . Furthermore reigned abundantly the filthy sin of lechery and fornication, with abominable adultery, specially in the King." Holinshed's whole account of Richard's reign and lamentable ending should be read by those who are curious about Shakespeare'e indebtedness.

The subject fascinated other dramatists. There was an anonymous play: "The Life and Death of Jacke Straw, a Notable Rebel in England" (1593), with the King as a central figure. There was a drama introducing Henry IV and the killing of Richard performed in 1601. "This may have been Shakespeare's, although it was described contemporaneously as an 'exoleta tragoedia,' and as 'old and long out of use.' In 1611 there was a Richard play, certainly not by Shakespeare. There is in manuscript a drama entitled "Thomas of Woodstock." Dr. Boas has suggested that its existence "may have caused Shakespeare to restrict his action to Richard's last years and to permit little of a comic note in his tragedy."

Holinshed himself had a keen sense of dramatic values and was not without poetic feeling. His story of the reception of Henry IV by the Londoners is an admirable example of graphic reporting; so is his story of Richard defending himself as he was to be killed.

"King Richard . . . put the table from him and stepping to the foremost man, wrung the bull out of his hands, and so valiantly defended himself that he slew four of those that thus came to assail him. Sir Piers, being half dismayed herewith, lept into the chair where King Richard was wont to sit, while the other four persons fought with him, and chased him about the chamber. And in conclusion, as King Richard traversed his ground, from one side of the chamber to an other and coming to the chair, where Sir Piers stood, he was felled with a stroke of a poleax which Sir Piers gave him upon the head, and therewith rid him out of life; without giving him respite once to call to God for mercy of his passed offences. It is said, that Sir Piers of Exton, after he had thus slain him, wept right bitterly, as one stricken with the prick of a guilty conscience, for murdering him, whom he had so long obeyed as King."

Seeing the excellent performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" by the visiting company now at the Hollis Street Theatre, one could see how the play could easily be performed in modern dress. Don John, for example, should resemble the wicked baronet of Drury Lane melodrama, with glossy hat, long-tailed coat, spats and stick—yes and he might smoke cigarettes, es not a clock strike in "Julius Caesar"; is there not a billiard table ntony and Cleopatra?" Beatrice would be the pert but desirable young mis of today believing in votes for women. Even "Julius Caesar" might be performed with reference to John Leech's pictures in the "Comic History of Rome."

To the Editor of the Boston Herald:

Mr. William Seymour is reminiscent and well he might be, for the present generation doesn't know anything of the feasts for the eye and ear the older generation enjoyed. He might have mentioned "Shore Acres," first produced at the Museum, with its delightful New England atmosphere, the lighthouse over yonder, and the old kitchen—once with green paint—cleverly suggesting spaces, where the paint was rubbed off. Or he might have mentioned "Little Emily," with the Ark on the sands, and scene-painted from Fawcett Rowe's own sketches of an English production. They would today have to give the jazz public, trees that never grew, waves that never dashed—and for the Ark a hencoop probably, all distorted and hewn out of shape as in your issue, too, of Sunday, was given a caricature of a bear, led by a Russian, lean, gaunt and miserable.

Oh! to get one glance before I die of Irving's "Becket" and "Romeo and Juliet," unequalled, wonderful flashes of the land of Romance of Marston-Daly productions—"Parisian Romance" (with Mansfield) of that old French chateau, snowbound of "Led Astray." Of the Hanlons' spectacular palaces by that wizard Magnani—or even that New England landscape of the "Old Homestead." Not one of these pieces would have run more than weeks—instead of months—if done today. Actually people went to "scenic productions" in those days, and they got their money's worth. All the Gilbert & Sullivan operas were helped materially by their scenic investment. "Iolanthe," the Houses of Parliament; "Mikado," "Pinafore" (magnificently done at the Boston), and I am sure "The Gondoliers" has hardly been shown since, with the completeness and and delightful investment as I saw it (with Frances Wilson).

And when you look up that starved cartoon of the bear, you have a startling picture of all art of today—starved and starving—I don't wonder the "legit" failed to draw. WILLIAM GILL.

Tallulah Bankhead's Marguerite in a revival of "Camille" now entitled properly, "The Lady of the Camelias," is thought by competent critics in London to be "under-emphatic." Mr. Agate wrote that her whole performance was "a brave and gallant effort to cope with a part for which the actors carried insufficient guns." She was plastered with Camelias while Sarah Bernhardt never wore one. "Even an actor of greater experience than Mr. Glen Byam Shaw (Armand), could not, one thinks, have overcome those lemon colored trousers blazoned with swastikas or other Arabesques. All that is wanted of Duval pere is that he shall be the embodiment of heavy fathers and what the French call 'un homme serieux.' Judge then our affrightment when this solemn personage appeared sporting a maroon frock-coat, mauve gloves, an unconscionable amount of whisker, and a badly joined wig surmounted by a white beaver!"

As for the play itself, Mr. Agate remarks: "We know now that considered as a contribution to philosophy, ethics, and economics, the play is complete bunkum. But Marguerite does not know this, and this third act gives your first class actress two major opportunities:—first she must show Marguerite's rapture in having found what she fondly believes to be redemption in her pure love for Armand. (Sarah's happiness here was something to marvel at). Next the actress must show all the shock of which her being is capable of discovering that in the eyes of the world that redemption won't wash."

Mr. Ivor Brown should be quoted: "The death scene dragged itself out with choiring of angels and a slight precipitation of snow. Marguerite had every opportunity for a shattering paroxysm; if dying ladies will jump out of bed at dawn on a snowy day, throw open several square yards of casement and then sit among the incoming snow as far as possible from the fire, they may be said to ask for it. But Marguerite went off as quietly as if she were under the most suave of anaesthetics, and those of us who had never before seen this curio from the dramatic museum, but had read of its potential quality as a genuine knock-out, rubbed our eyes, still unbedewed, pinched ourselves, lest we were sleeping, and wondered a little dismally what all the ancient fuss was about."

If at the very beginning of that wave of animated photography which has swept over Europe from the West as Attila and his Huns swept over it from the East, the whole problem of the cinema industry had been treated differently; if it had been devised as an aid to culture and education, instead of as a commercial enterprise, exactly on a line with someone's panacea for rheumatism, goitre, indigestion, loss of memory, baldness, and housemaid's knee; if as a sideline in elementary education amusing and romantic pictures had been flung on the screen bearing the sub-titles

THE VIOLENT QUEEN WASHES THE TROUBLESOME DAUGHTER WITH HER RIGHT HAND

THE TIMID SAILOR FEARS THE VIOLENCE OF THE STORM

THE DAUGHTER OF THE GARDENER IS TAKING A BASKET OF APPLES TO THE HOUSE OF HER AUNT

GIVE ME SOME PENS, SOME INK, AND SOME PAPER. I WISH TO WRITE A LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

and if those sub-titles had been written in Latin, Italian, or French, as the case may be, then every boy and girl of 14 or 15 in this country at the present moment would be as familiar with the genders, declensions, irreg-

Chatterton's. the late Fuller Mellish, lives in Paris. He is 35 years old, he | song "Hark! Hark! the Lark"

ular verbs, and so on of these foreign tongues as they now are with cinemese. They might have proceeded thence, through the pictures, to some appreciation of drama and literature. Of that I cannot judge. But they would not have become innocent accomplices in the matricide of their mother tongue. The restraint which art imposes on itself, and which commerce does not impose upon itself, would have prevented the onset of cinemese. It is a *lingua franca*, or a *lingua calefornica*. It has devastated Europe. The sub-titlers have created a wilderness and called it prose-

E. V. KNOX.

Mr. Lichtenstein revealed a light lyric tenor voice, produced in a manner that suggested Italian influences, imperfectly realized. He attained occasionally the rounded fluidity of emission at which he evidently aimed, but could not sustain it without lapsing into throatiness in the upper part of his voice and a certain harshness in the lower. An all-pervading uncertainty of intonation is perhaps Mr. Lichtenstein's most serious fault; his natural proclivity seems to be to sing sharp, but upon almost any given note his voice fluctuates uncertainly. He would be well-advised to give most of his attention to overcoming this defect.

Mr. Lichtenstein gave evidence of having prepared his songs carefully, but he neglected to vary his style sufficiently to avoid monotony; only once or twice, by an injection of welcome rythmic vigor, did he relieve the prevailing atmosphere of light and slightly amorphous lyricism.

Cordial applause rewarded him; he responded by adding to his program

S. S.

March 31

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Sergei Rachmaninoff gave a concert of music by Chopin and Liszt yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The hall was not filled entirely, perhaps because this was the second Rachmaninoff concert of the season, and perhaps because there were no "big" pieces on the program. Those who were present were tremendously enthusiastic, and justly, for Rachmaninoff invests everything he plays with splendid masculinity, verve and power, and he is master of delicacy, grace and clarity as well. The program was as follows:

Chopin—Ballade, F minor; Rondo, E-flat major; Nocturne, B major; Valse; Fantasie Impromptu; Mazurka; Scherzo, B minor. Liszt—Ballade, B minor; Valse Impromptu; Sonnetto 104 Del Petrarca; Polonaise, E major.

When the first few measures of the F minor Ballade, some of the most difficult in piano literature, floated into the quiet hall, the audience guessed what a treat was in store. Rachmaninoff's playing of Chopin is always poetic, but it is charged with an underlying vitality that is not feverish or hysterical, but impetuous and honest. He lifts Chopin from the gentle poet to the stormy hero; he plays through to the strings of the piano, not softly lifting pastel colors from the surface of the keys. The restrained, pensive beauty of the F minor Ballade, despite its furious ending, the stirring rhythm of the Fantasie Impromptu, the clear-cut, changeable grace of the Mazurka—these were the gems of the first group.

For Liszt, Rachmaninoff has ready his phenomenal virtuosity, as astonishing versatile as ever, sonorous tone, orchestral colors, and sternly intelligent, though always warm, interpretations. The B minor Ballade, strangely modern in harmony, and the Sonnetto Del Petrarco 104, were so magnificently played that they roused the audience to shouting enthusiasm. Encores were granted.

E. B.

JAMES BYARS

At Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, James Byars, tenor, gave a song recital. The following was his program. O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me? Recitation and air, Total Eclipse; Care Selve; Would You Gain the Tender Creature? (Handel). Nacht und Traume; Die Forelle; Am Meer; Die Allmacht (Schubert). Allah (Chadwick). Loneliness (Forster). The Bird of the Wilderness (Horsman). She Rested by the Broken Brook (Coleridge Taylor). Hymn in the Night (Tipton). Balm in Gilead, Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveller (Burleigh). The Lonesome Road—Negro Ballad (Eva White). ... Down, Moses (Rhodes).

Mr. Byars' voice, of pleasing lyric quality, sounded at its best when he used it lightly in such sustained music as Handel's "O Sleep" or Schubert's "Nacht und Traume." One felt, however, that he has a considerable reserve of volume and of variety that his technical deficiencies render at present inaccessible to him. His audience appreciated his evident sincerity and the genuine feeling he evinced for the meaning of his songs, though his phrasing and legato left something to be desired. Upon the whole, in his Handel and Schubert groups, he was able, by engaging simplicity and sincerity of manner, to compensate to a certain degree for the imperfections of technique and style which hamper him. An accompaniment less feverish and inflexible than that which was given him in Would You Gain the Tender Creature (for example) would also perhaps have enabled him to offer a more graceful rendering of this and some other songs.

A good-sized audience applauded Mr. Byars heartily.

S. S.

MODERN-BEACON-EGYPTIAN

"Mamba"

An all-talking, natural color screen melodrama adapted by Tom Miranda from the original story by F. Schumann-Heink and John Reinhardt; directed by Al Rogell and presented by Tiffany Productions with the following cast:

August Bolte .... Jean Hersholt
Helen von Linden .... Eleanor Boardman
Karl von Reiden .... Ralph Forbes
Maj. Cromwell .... Claude Fleming
Cockney Servant .... William Stanton
Maj. von Schultz .... William von Brincken
Hassion .... Noble Johnson
Hassion's Daughter ..... Hazel Jooes
British Soldier .... Arthur Stone
German Soldier .... Torben Meyer

"Mamba" is chiefly noteworthy for one splendid characterization by Jean Hersholt as a brutish, bestial and cowardly German who has grown rich and hated on his vast plantations at Neu Posen, in German South Africa; and for a series of melodramatic episodes culminating in a fierce battle between soldiers and hordes of natives without and within the walls of the German garrison. The picture, done throughout in color, might logically be divided into two parts. The first promises to unfold a dramatic story concerning August Bolte's purchase of a bride in the person of Helen von Linden, daughter of an impoverished German count; her disgust, her fears, as Bolte tries to break down her brave barriers; her meeting with Karl von Reiden, a young German officer returning to his post in Neu Posen, and their quickly developed love affair, interrupted when war between England and Germany is declared. At this point melodrama seizes the whip hand, as it were. Bolte, arrested as he is about to flee across the border, is forced into a German uniform. Escaping, he is done to death in the jungle by the natives who have gone on a little war of their own against all whites. Von Reiden and Helen are reunited after the last native has scampered off on arrival of succoring cavalry, concluding a battle 10 times as sanguinary as that which marked the climax of a once famous stage play called "The Soudan."

The picture takes its title from the native name for a poisonous snake, applied by them fittingly to the cruel and hated Bolte. As Mr. Hersholt portrays this man, with his thick loose lips, his arrogant air, his piggish manners, he so arouses his audience that he becomes a detestable brute whom it would be a pleasure to throttle. No audience could pay a finer tribute to good acting than that. It is to be suspected that Mr. Hersholt followed his own direction in that he clips his lines to terseness, timing them perfectly. Miss Boardman made the unwilling bride an object of pity, indicating by speech, action and suggestion the repulsion she felt toward her purchaser. Mr. Forbes, monocle and all, was a picture-book German militarist, polite even in his love-making. There are several interesting scenes, such as that at the boat landing, in the jungle retreat where the natives hold their weird dances, and in and about the German garrison. Use of color has not particularly helped the picture, although in certain places it is really effective. There are so many tongues or dialects that one is kept busy separating them and translating them into understandable English.

W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Officer O'Brien"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Thomas Buckingham from a story written by himself especially for the screen; directed by Tay Garnett and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Bill O'Brien .... William Boyd
J. P. O'Brien .... Ernest Torrence
Ruth Dale .... Dorothy Sebastien
Limo .... Clyde Cook
Johnny Dale .... Russell Gleason
Capt. Antrim .... Paul Hurst
Tony .... Arthur Houseman
Mike Patello .... Ralf Harolde

At the Keith-Albee Theatre this week is one of the most generally satisfactory crook and policeman melodramas that has been seen in this town for a long time. This paragon, "Officer O'Brien," is unique in that there are no unpleasant exhibitions of third degree methods, no bootleggers and no innocent heroes on the point of being executed for a murder that they did not commit. The story is exciting, rapidly told with no undue emphasis on harrowing incidents, and acted to the hilt. It is perfectly safe to say that such a cast as this is seldom assembled for an unpretentious picture of this sort. At the head of the list is Ernest Torrence, a place he is very apt to occupy; then comes a newcomer, Ralf Harolde, slated from now on for a series of particularly unpleasant but interesting gangster parts; next Russell Gleason, particularly engaging as an ambitious young policeman, then there is William Boyd as the titular hero, rather submerged by his associates but doing very nicely just the same, Paul Hurst as a hard-boiled police captain, Arthur Houseman as another crook and Dorothy Sebastien playing the unimportant but attractive heroine. It isn't really fair to discriminate among them, for they were all good.

A young police lieutenant, Bill O'Brien, just promoted for the capture of a dangerous gangster, Mike Patello, has his disreputable old father, John P. O'Brien, paroled from prison in his charge. John P. hates cops and is most resentful when he finds out his son's occupation. Almost the first thing that he does with his newly acquired liberty is to rob a jewelry store and plant the loot in a room described to him by his confederate, Limo. When Patello is brought on trial for murder, the star witness, the only one that saw him commit the crime, is Johnny Dale, brother of Bill's sweetheart, Ruth. Before he can finish his testimony he is shot dead from the window of the room where John P. had left the stolen jewels. Patello is released, but Bill is out to get him. John P.'s backsliding makes things very difficult for him and it would not be really fair to tell how it all works out. Go and see for yourself.—E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"The Golden Calf"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Harold Atteridge from the story by Aaron Davis; directed by Millard Webb and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Philip Homer .... Jack Mulhall
Marybelle Cobb .... Sue Carol
Knute Olson .... El Brendel
Alice .... Marjorie White
Tommie .... Richard Keene
Edwards .... Paul Page
Master of Ceremonies .... Walter Catlett
Comedienne .... Ilka Chase

Whoever said that there weren't any more fairy tales and poor little Cinderellas? "The Golden Calf," now current at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is just another sweet little romance with the homeliest and dowdiest little heroine you ever saw, hopelessly in love with her conceited and selfish young employer. It doesn't really seem possible at this late date that this hoary antique could still be showing its head, but here it is, with Sue Carol doing her worst to look as homely as possible and succeeding only moderately well. Hair badly done, large spectacles and old-fashioned looking garments can only partly disguise the fact that she is a very pretty girl.

The plot tells how Marybelle Cobb, plain but efficient, is secretary to Philip Homer, a cocky and not very successful young artist, and his low-comedy friend, Knute Olson. Homer has a friend whose father is very eager to find the girl with the perfect legs so that she can advertise his hosiery by wearing it. An advertisement in the paper brings in dozens of applicants but none of them satisfies the requirements. It so happens that Marybelle's own legs are the right size, but Homer laughs at the very idea of even looking at them. She, very much insulted, takes a week's vacation, and with the help of some obliging friends, Alice and Tommie, proceeds to transform herself. Then she reappears at the studio, quite unrecognizable, of course, and wins the perfect leg contest. Homer becomes greatly smitten with and paints her as often as possible.

The revelation comes at an illustrators' ball, where Marybelle has consented to appear as she once was in a comic skit. Despite her efforts to dodge Homer, he finally discovers her secret and in the midst of an elaborate set that would have graced the most pretentious of stage productions, surrounded by hundreds of chorus girls, they make everything up. Sue Carol and Jack Mulhall did all that was necessary as the artist and secretary, while El Brendel, Marjorie White and Richard Keene were responsible for what laughs the film could boast. Walter Catlett was an exceedingly tiresome master of ceremonies—E. L. H.

FENWAY

"Second Choice"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Joseph Jackson from the story by Elizabeth Alexander; directed by Howard Bretherton and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Vallery Grove .... Dolores Costello
Don Warren .... Chester Morris
Owen Mallory .... Jack Mulhall
Beth Randall .... Edna Murphy
Madge Harcourt .... Charlotte Merriam
Edith F mberton .... Ethlyne Clair
Ned ... bertoo .... Jimmy Clemons
He... Satterlee .... Edward Martindel
...ive .... Henry Stockbridge
...ova .... Anna Chance

All friends, admirers and well-wishers of Dolores Costello the question of the moment should be, where is she going? Anywhere in particular, higher or lower, or just plain out? Ever since the talking pictures came into the world many surprises have been sprung in film land. Some players who were idols in the days of the silent screen have become as clay, very common clay, when exposed to searching microphonic test. Others previously held in slight esteem, have risen to almost stellar heights because their voices registered well and because their acting improved when bolstered by speech. Miss Costello, up to the present seems to be in static condition. She has passed her vocal tests, she has schooled herself to be more colloquial, less affected in diction. But she keeps on in silly little screen plays, accepts inconsequential roles. Evidently she lacks pluck to take a scene in hand, to denounce its fluffy speech or its preposterous situation, and to play it as she conceives its semblance to verity. Perhaps she needs a flagellant director, to stir an artistic fury in her. Surely no young woman, however charming of person, can hope to continue indefinitely, equipped only with two sparse gestures and a wrinkled brow, and hope to escape ridicule or appraisal as just one more ham actress.

"Second Choice" is a very poorly written and pictured story of a young girl who consents to immediate marriage with a rich youth after she has been thrown over by a young man who seeks to ease himself out of poverty by snaring the daughter of a millionaire. The rich youth, it might be added, also had been jilted by a girl who wanted even more money than he could supply. Miss Costello is the poor girl, Mr. Morris the poor boy, Mr. Mulhall the rich youth, Miss Murphy the fourth party. The situations are almost amateurish in their construction, the dialogue has neither spontaneity nor homely conviction. The idea that a marriage, contracted in haste by two persons who confess frankly that love is not a factor in the pact, may turn out happily, has been toyed with many times before and with far better treatment. In "Second Choice," since the acting was uniformly uninteresting, it would be heartless and misleading to state that any one of the players excelled. They never had a chance.

W. E. G.

April 1, 1930

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "King Richard the Second," a play in five acts by William Shakespeare performed by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Players of the Memorial Theatre.

The cast was as follows:

King Richard the Second ...... George Hayes
John of Gaunt .... Kenneth Wicksteed
Henry of Bolingbroke .... Wilfrid Walter
Edmund, Duke of York .... Roy Byford
Edward, Duke of Aumerle ...... Ernest Hare
Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Eric Maxon
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Oliver Crombie
Henry Percy .... Noel Iliff
The Earl of Salisbury .... Gordon Bailey
The Abbot of Westminster .. C. Rivers Gadsby
Thomas Merks .... Eric Maxon
Sir Stephen Scroop .... R. Eric Lee
Sir John Bushy .... William Calvert
Sir William Bagot .... Gordon Bailey
Sir Henry Green .... C. Rivers Gadsby
A gardener .... Kenneth Wicksteed
A Royal Groom .... Geoffrey Wilkinson
Isabella .... Mary Holder
The Duchess of Gloucester ..... Olive Walter
Ladies in waiting. Joyce Bland and Dorothy Francis

It is easy to see why the English audiences in Shakespeare's day heard with pleasure, with lively interest the tragedy of this Richard's life acted on the stage; how they would applaud old Gaunt's magnificent description of England. It is easy to see how in years following the play was altered to suit audiences not so patient, not so delighted with a mere procession of set speeches and little or no action. It is also easy to see why the play in still later years was seldom performed. Edmund Kean was seen in it, thought it would seem hardly suited to his fiery genius. The play was in Charles Kean's repertory. Edwin Booth, though the part of Richard appealed to him, could not induce the great public to share his enthusiasm. Bierbohm Tree gave the tragedy a sumptuous production, so, as it is said, there was a gorgeous spectacle.

But is not to men and women of today the play to be read, rather than seen in the theatre? Suppose it were put on the stage as a new play by an unknown author. Would it be accepted by even a liberal-minded manager of artistic purposes?

Whether the great audience last night was attracted by the fact that the tragedy was unknown except by the printed pages, or was prepared as Victor Hugo to accept Shakespeare "in bulk," is an open question. No doubt the general excellence of the visiting players provoked the wish to see them in whatever play was on the bill. Would the theatre have been crowded if "Troidus and Cressida," a much more interesting play, had been announced?

The audience knew that a grand spectacle was under the circumstances impossible. It probably knew that there was no important part for a that there was no important part for a woman; that there was no stirring action, no exciting intrigue. But there was Shakespeare's text, and it would be spoken by men conscious of its significance, its force, and in this instance, its pathos. Yet as a play, one to excite emotion, to impress, irrespective of the few familiar lines and the many that were unfamiliar, should one be looked on as a blaspheming Philistine; if the chief impression made, in spite of the admirable portrayal of the King by Mr. Hayes, were one of dullness? An excellent piece of work, would'st were done.

The role of Richard must be a grateful one to an intelligent actor. It is not necessary to ask whether Shakespeare followed closely the historical facts. Some famous man once said he learned history from Shakespeare, but is it not true that the dramatist followed the traditions and the popular verdict without inquiring into the facts? Witness his presentation of Richard the Third. We know that Shakespeare had little regard for the people, the mob.

He showed this in his English as in his Roman plays.

Mr. Hayes gave a vivid characterization of the unfortunate, weak ruler, foolish in his policy when he believed himself to be strong. In the first scenes, heartless in his light-heartedness, greedy of flattery, relentless towards those who as he thought were opposed to him. As little by little his power crumbled with the return of Bolingbroke from exile, the consciousness of his failing power, with spasmodic efforts to reassert himself, then his acceptance, not without whining, of the inevitable—all this was admirably depicted. Yet it is to be noted that as the characters were acted there was sympathy neither for Richard, nor for Bolingbroke. There was a sympathetic feeling for Old Gaunt; Northumberland and the Duke of York seemed fine fellows in their way, the courageous priest who stood out against Bolingbroke's taking the royal seat, excited admiration, yet as the play progressed, there was no compelling interest in the deeds and the fate of any one of the characters. Nor was this in any way the fault of the actors. Still, there was now and then the majestic blow of Shakespeare's tones.

The audience was warmly applausive. The play tonight will be "Hamlet."

LOEW'S STATE

"A Lady to Love"

An all-talking screen drama, adapted by Sidney Howard from his stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted"; directed by Victor Seastrom and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Lena ..... Vilma Banky
Tony ..... Edward G. Robinson
Buck ..... Robert Ames
Postman ..... Richard Carle
Fr. McKee ..... Lloyd Ingraham
Doctor ..... Anderson Lawler
Ah Gee ..... Gum Chin
Angelo ..... Henry Armetta
Georgie ..... George Davis

Once before Sidney Howard's Pulitzer prize play, "They Knew What They Wanted," was transferred to the screen as a vehicle for Pola Negri and Jean Hersholt. This new talking film, which marks the real debut of Vilma Banky as a talking picture actress, is better entertainment and truer by far to the original drama. "A Lady to Love," the present title under which the film is now showing at Loew's State Theatre, doesn't mean much one way or another, for surely no urging is necessary to find Vilma Banky lovable or lovely. So good, indeed, is her performance and so pleasing is she to the eye, that it seems incredible that she should have been dropped from the roster of United Artists' stars. Her accent is very slight and the quality of her voice, an expressive and musical contralto, should lend itself most admirably to the talking films.

In "A Lady to Love," Miss Banky attempts a role sharply contrasted with the romantic dramas with which the has been identified. Lena Schultz, waitress in a cheap restaurant in San Francisco, hard-working, tired of noise and confusion, accepts a proposal of marriage from a middle-aged Italian farmer, Tony Petrucci, who sends her the picture of his good-looking hired man, Buck, instead of his own, for fear she might otherwise refuse. On the way to meet Lena at the train, Tony has a smashup and breaks both his legs. Lena, arriving with the postman, mistakes Buck for Tony, and when she discovers the truth, is naturally very angry. She agrees to go through with the ceremony, however, and is greatly appeased, by Tony's evident devotion. The wedding night Lena spends with Buck, while Tony, given an opiate by the doctor, sleeps heavily. Next morning Buck departs, disregarding the pleas of Lena; he doesn't want to have anything serious to do with a woman. In the weeks that follow, Lena serves as Tony's devoted nurse and companion and finds herself growing fonder of him all the time, while Tony in turn fairly worships her. The return of Buck complicates matter; he wishes to resume matters with Lena, she refuses, and he threatens to tell Tony the truth. It is Lena who confesses, however, and after the first access of rage, Tony begs her to stay and she agrees.

Miss Banky's characterization of the pathetic Lena, tossed about so harshly by force of circumstances, was fine and depended on far more than her good looks. Affectionate, angry, despairing and determined by turns, she became an intensely sympathetic and appealing figure. Edward G. Robinson was the excitable, childlike and much-wronged Tony to the life: indeed he almost stole the picture from Miss Banky. Robert Ames, in an unsympathetic role, was satisfactory as Buck. E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"The Passion of Joan of Arc"

A silent film made in France from a scenario by Carl Dreyer and Joseph Delteil; photography by Rudolph Mate and Kotula, settings by Jean Victor Hugo and Warm, historical research by Pierre Champion; directed by Carl Theodore Dreyer and presented by the Artkino Guild with the following cast:

Joan of Arc ..... Maria Falconetti
L'Eveque Cauchon ..... Silvain
Lysleur ..... M. Schutz
Jean Beaupre ..... Ravet
Jean D'Estivet ..... Andre Berly
Massieu ..... Antonian Artaud

Such a film as "The Passion of Joan of Arc," now at the Fine Arts theatre, occurs but once in many years, and now that the screen has gone talking with such gusto, may never occur again. It is told almost entirely in closeups and scarcely a subtitle throughout. No makeup is used by any of the actors, and the resulting effect is almost uncanny. Thoughts and emotions become magnified, rather than features alone; at times it seems almost an intrusion to watch, so vividly does the camera convey what is passing in the minds of Joan and her judges. What the picture gives is a fraction of the last day on earth of Joan of Arc: the close of her trial, the threat of torture, her momentary recantation through the fear of being burned alive, her reaffirmation of her beliefs and her martyrdom at the stake.

Popular opinion, that turned in Joan's favor as soon as it was too late to do her any good, has sanctified her beyond all bounds and has execrated her judges as inhuman monsters. Carl Dreyer, director of "The Passion of Joan of Arc," has endeavored to show that they were not all beasts: that their bewilderment in the face of sainthood was very real and that, finally, they did what was right so far as they could understand. Joan, as portrayed by Maria Falconetti, is no exalted warrior-maiden in shining armor, but a stocky, puzzled, boyish little peasant girl, with something in her face of spiritual exaltation and fervor that could lead armies or suffer a horrible death without complaint. Her features are wonderfully expressive; every passing emotion is mirrored with tragic simplicity. Frightened and perplexed by the questions of her judges, she tries to think what their meaning is, and every stage of her thought is clearly reflected in her face. The same may be said of the other actors, but what with her is appealing and pathetic becomes terrible with them, for their faces seem to belong to a race of gargoyles or strange monsters. The effect of a constant series of faces is remarkably effective but after a while grows wearing; it is as if the picture were becoming too personal.

The photography is remarkable; absolutely clear, starkly dramatic and unflinchingly cruel, especially in the terrible moments of Joan's death at the stake. From the Comedie Francaise came the actors, and that means a series of splendid performances, with particular mention for Silvain's portrayal of L'Eveque Cauchon, and for Antonin Artaud's pitying young priest, Massieu. Made entirely in France, the film shows what amazing advances have been made in that country in the way of screen technique. It also shows conclusively that the talking film is not the last word in expressing profound emotion, for a single word spoken aloud would have ruined the picture entirely. E. L. H.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"D. C. M.," war play by Evelyn Glover; second week.

HOLLIS STREET — Stratford-Upon-Avon Players, second and last week. Tonight, "Hamlet"; Wednesday matinee, "Twelfth Night"; Wednesday night, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Thursday night, "Macbeth"; Friday night, "Much Ado About Nothing"; Saturday matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Saturday night, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; 11th week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," operetta, with Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday; seventh week.

TREMONT—"Gambling," comedy-drama, by and with George M. Cohan; third and last week. Next Monday, "The Tavern."

WILBUR—Walter Hampden, second and last week. Tonight, "Caponsacchi"; Wednesday matinee and night, Thursday and Friday night, "Richelieu"; Saturday matinee and night, "Hamlet."

Note—The Colonial and the Lyric Theatres are dark.

April 2, 1930

REPERTORY

"Die Meistersinger"

A silent picture, based on the libretto of of the opera, "Die Meistersinger," by Richard Wagner; directed in Germany by Ludwig Berger and presented by Phoebus Films, Berlin, with the following cast:

Hans Sachs ..... Rudolph Rittner
Veit Pogner ..... Max Guestorf
Eva Pogner ..... Maria Solveg
Walter von Stolzig ..... Gustave Froelich
Beckmesser ..... Julius Falkenstein
David ..... Veit Harlan
Magdalene ..... Else Wagner
Chief of the council ..... Hans Wassman

Co-incidental with the news of the death of Cosima Wagner, indomitable and formidable widow of the great Hichard, comes Boston's first sight of "Die Meistersinger" in moving picture form at the Repertory Theatre. So closely knit are Wagner's librettoes and scores that one without the other does not seem quite natural. This defect has been considerably amended by the musical score which accompanies the film and adds greatly to the pleasure of attending it. Without meaning any disrespect to the illustrious dead, "Die Meistersinger" is not a very exciting opera to witness, unless the beholder is very musically inclined. It is very, very long and nothing seems to happen. Condense the plot into a film of an hour and a quarter's duration, and it becomes far more understandable and frequently amusing. The photography, while not always well lighted, is attractive and frequently artistic, and there is a spirit of broad comedy throughout that is never objectionable and often amusing.

The story is the familiar one of the young knight, Walter von Stolzig, who apprentices himself to Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet of Nuremberg, and falls in love with Eva Pogner. She returns his interest, but has been pledged by her father to the town clerk, an absurd creature named Beckmesser. Hans Sachs, himself in love with her, is willing to marry her to save her from such a fate, while Eva until she encounters Walter is also content. Sachs soon discovers her attachment to the handsome youth and at last makes it possible for them to marry. Barring a tendency on the part of Maria Solveg to fling herself bodily on the neck of everyone who has done her a favor, she was a pretty, though slightly operatic heroine, and Gustave Froelich made a handsome and enthusiastic Walter. The outstanding acting of the performance was that of Rudolph Bittner as Hans Sachs: neither too comic nor too tragic was this middle-aged man whose sense of humor and fine generosity would not allow him to marry a girl who loved him not, a man earnest, kindly and able to appreciate a good joke. E. L. H.

April 4, 1930

FRANCES GETTYS

At Jordan hall, last night, Frances Gettys, soprano, gave a recital before an appreciative audience of fair size. Skilfully accompanied by Mme. Pieretto-Bianco, she sang the following songs and airs: Recitative and air With Verdure Clad from "The Creation (Haydn); Soupir (Duparc); Chevaux de Bois (Debussy); La Maison Grise (Messager); Les Regrets (Godard); Nevicata (Respighi); L'Altra Sera (Sadero); Guizzi (Rosi); Nel Giardino (Santoliquido); air from "Mefistofele" (Boito); Midsummer (Worth); Ah, Well-a-Day! (Protheroe); The Cherry Tree (Braine); Light, My Light (Carpenter).

Haydn's "With Verdure Clad," once a favorite war-horse of the sopranos, now appears rarely upon their programs. Perhaps the neglect is accidental; or perhaps singers realize that such airs as these, for all their sunlit, care-free jollity, have a way of exposing with merciless clarity the technical imperfections of those that sing them. It cannot be said that Miss Gettys passed her self-imposed test very successfully. Her voice is inherently of charming quality, light and fresh, yet suave of texture, but this fact makes only more regrettable the rather haphazard nature of her production which gives her an uneven scale, the tightness that renders her high notes shriller than they need be and obscures her diction. It is a pity that a law as rigid as those of the Medes and Persians insists that the "old airs" that are so exacting shall invariably be sung at the beginning of the concert, before the unfortunate singer has been able to warm up to his work. Would the heavens fall if some daring soul were to venture to begin his program with the "gum-drops" and finish with his Haydn or his Handel, his Bononcini or his Mozart?

Miss Gettys dealt gracefully enough with Duparc and Messager, archly with Sadero's folk-song, gave charming daintiness to Respighi's "Nevicata." One wondered why a composer should dedicate to Miss Gettys so bleakly somber a song as Rosi's "Guizzi"; she sang it with unexpected conviction, however. She found creditable agility for Boito's air of poor demented Margaret (what, by the way, is the psychological phenomenon that causes so many operatic heroines to express their tragic dementia in bursts of decorative coloratura?), and in her final group sang particularly well Protheroes pleasing song.

She was warmly applauded and compelled to add to her program. S. S.

April 2, 1930

PLACE CARDS

By PHILIP HALE

When did the term "guest of honor" first come into vogue? The great Oxford Dictionary knows it not. Of course the guest of honor, male or female, is placed on the right hand of host or hostess, even when guests deeming themselves of higher social standing are invited to the table. What heart-burnings and what smouldering or blazing indignation are in the breasts of those who, as they think, are seated below the salt! To them the choicest viands are as sawdust; the guest of honor a bore, a jackanapes, a charlatan, if he is a man; overdressed or dowdy, a chatterer, or a bonehead if a woman sits on the right hand. Digestion is halted; dyspepsia follows the mental disturbance.

Even when there is no lion or lioness with flowing or mangy mane, a hostess is often at her wits' end in placing the dinner cards. In England it is a question of rank and titles. In the dinners for governmental officials and diplomats there are rules and precedents. But how is it when the guests are a mixture of friends and recent acquaintances? The problem of the hostess or the host is not a new one; it was discussed by Plutarch—whether the entertainer should seat the guests or let every man take his own place. Why was it that the same place was not accounted honorable amongst all nations? Did not Homer call the "stoutest and the greatest princes" disposers of the people? Did not Paulus Aemilius, after conquering the Macedonian King, providing a costly feast, say that it is the same man's task to order a terrible battle and a pleasing entertainment, "for both of them require skill in the art of disposing right"?

Plutarch's father and his son Timon, who, having made a great entertainment, desired the guests as they came in to seat themselves, disputed pleasantly as to the wisdom of this procedure. There was amiable difference of opinion. The etiquette of the Olympians was cited—Neptune, though he came in late, sat in his accustomed seat; Minerva always expected to sit next Jupiter. Lamprias was of the opinion that a host should not have respect to honor, but to mirth and conversation. And Lamprias would put a morose man next a good-natured one; a talkative old man next a youth "patient and eager for a story"; next a boaster, "a jeering smooth companion;" next an angry man, a quiet one. "If I see a wealthy fellow bountiful and kind, I will take some poor honest man from his obscure place and set him next, that something may run out of that full vessel into the other empty one." He would not have a poet sit by a poet, but wrestlers, hunters and farmers he would put in one company; also drinkers and lovers—"unless perhaps they both fancy the same person."

Lamprias was planning for a stag dinner or supper; yet he would argue today that the literary, of both sexes, or musicians should have merchants, brokers, clergymen, lawyers as neighbors.

A host no longer slices the roast or the game. Talleyrand did, and paid the expected homage in this manner:

Monsieur the Duke, will your grace do me the honor of accepting this beef?

My Prince, shall I have the honor of sending beef to you?

Monsieur, the Marquis, give me the honor of offering you beef.

Monsieur the Count, shall I have the pleasure of sending beef to you?

Monsieur the Baron, do you wish beef?

When Talleyrand came to a simple gentleman, he struck his plate with his hand, fixed his eyes on the guest, and said only: "Beef?"

April 4, 1930

METROPOLITAN

"The Benson Murder Case"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bartlett Cormack from the novel of the same name by S. S. Van Dine, directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Philo Vance ..... William Powell
Miss Del Roy ..... Natalie Moorhead
Sergeant Heath ..... Eugene Pallette
Adolph Mohler ..... Paul Lukas
Harry Gray ..... William Boyd
John F. X. Markham ..... E. H. Calvert
Anthony Benson ..... Richard Tucker
Mrs. Banning ..... May Beatty
Sam ..... Otto Yamaoka
Burke ..... Charles McMurphy
Welch ..... Dick Rush

The most rudimentary requirement of a detective story or talking film is that it should puzzle or mystify until pretty near the end. If it doesn't there isn't any excuse for its existence, for most stories of that kind have little or no literary merit that might recommend them. "The Benson Murder Case

Chatterton's ... the late Fuller Mellish Jr. was excellent as the shiftless Jim ... lives in Paris. He is 35 years old; ... song "Hark! Hark! the Lark" ...

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showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, is the first of the series of murder cases solved by Mr. S. S. Van Dine's brain child, the amateur detective, Philo Vance. Last of the group to reach the screen, it is lacking both in plausibility and in suspense. The real criminal is pretty easily guessed, even by the casual spectator with no clues to guide him. This is not quite as it should be. In both the "Canary Murder Case" and "The Greene Murder Case" there was real interest, strange, sometimes terrifying situations and a clever criminal. The unravelling of the crimes was carried out so that the audience knew what was happening, and William Powell, as Vance, had a problem that really tested his wits. In the present film, the mystery is almost perfunctory, the behaviour of certain of the characters remains unexplained, and the finger of suspicion is never quite diverted from the murderer. From the opening of the film it is evident that he is the only one who could have done it, and no amount of camouflage is enough to cover it up.

Not having read the original story, it is impossible to say how far S. S. Van Dine has been followed, but the beginning of the film is startlingly reminiscent of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," with half a dozen suspicious characters arriving at a lonely house in the midst of a thunderstorm. The victim of the expected shooting is a wealthy broker, Anthony Benson, who has cleaned out several friends and clients during a bad break in the stock market. There is a wealthy middle-aged woman, Mrs. Banning, and her gigolo, Adolph Mohler; there is Miss Del Roy, a hard but attractive lady of pleasure; finally, there is Harry Gray, suave and gentlemanly, but suspected of various unsavory activities. This group assembles, by hook or crook, at Benson's country house where two more additions are made to the party: John F. X. Markham, district attorney, and Philo Vance.

Part way through the evening, which has been rather acrimonious on all sides—almost every one present having expressed a desire to kill Benson—Benson's dead body catapults down the staircase and Vance has another case on his hands. In deference to critical ethics the solution must not be given. In a film of this sort the acting matters comparatively little. William Powell contributed once more his quiet and effective performance of Vance and William Boyd was an effective Harry Gray. The others sufficed. E. L. H.

DE COU LECTURES ON YELLOWSTONE

By PHILIP HALE

Branson De Cou, before he showed "Dream Pictures of the Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks" to a large audience last night in Symphony Hall, told in a breezy off-hand manner the story of the discovery of the Yellowstone: How the adventurers who first saw the natural wonders, returning home were regarded as colossal liars and were received as Marco Polo telling his wondrous tales to the Venetians; how finally the United States government sent out an expedition, with men of scientific attainments in the party to test the accuracy of what had been said; how the government then made the Yellowstone Park a National recreation place for the people, also a safe dwelling for animals who might otherwise have been exterminated. When Mr. De Cou first visited the Park he went by stage coach over rough and dusty roads, the second time by a motor car; and last year in his own automobile. An entertaining introduction, though at times he spoke so rapidly that it was not easy to follow him.

The pictures shown, from the setting out from Salt Lake City to the Geysers and the Hot Springs, were not of the conventional order. It is true he showed two hotels, but unlike some of his predecessors, he did not say, "Each room provided with a private bath." The pictures displayed so much water, lakes, rivers, cataracts, geysers, hot and cold water, that he probably thought the mention of water in tubs provided with hot and cold faucets would be superfluous.

There were many beautiful pictures, although the subject perhaps did not allow the uniformly vivid coloring that made the California series so remarkable. The finest from a purely artistic view were those of the Teton national park. Mr. De Cou regretted that this is a separate park, not a part of the Yellowstone reserve. But all the pictures were interesting, those of the animals including tourists, the flowers, the views of the waterfall, and those of the Yellowstone canyon. Nor should one forget the delightful pictures of the bears, young and old. Mr. De Cou gave pleasing information about the bear family's habits, among them their recently acquired trick of holding up motor cars for sweets. He also warned prospective visitors against fooling a bear and standing between a mother bear and her cubs. Out of 300,000 visitors last summer, about 300 were treated for scratches and bites due to thoughtless familiarity with the beasts. This portion of the lecture took one back to the time when Wayne Reid's "Bruin or the Great Bear Hunt" was a favorite book with boys. The music for some of the pictures was by Chenoweth, Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Pachulski and Wagner's "Magic Fire Spell" for the Hot Springs.

Next season Mr. De Cou will show three series of pictures on Sunday evenings, Oct. 19, 26 and Nov. 2, and three on Saturday afternoons, Feb. 28, March 7, 14. The Garden of Allah, Sunny Italy, National Parks of our Pacific Coast for the first series; Switzerland, National Parks of the Southwest and Japan for the second. His return will be welcomed by many; the pictures will be eagerly anticipated.

April 5 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

These works of Beethoven's were performed yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall at the 21st concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor: the "Pastoral" Symphony; the Piano Concerto in G major, No. 4 (Artur Schnabel, pianist), and the Leonora Overture No. 3.

The performance of the symphony was one of remarkable beauty; remarkable also for technical excellence. There have been performances in the past under other conductors when, by reason of sluggish tempi, sentimentalism, and a lack of spirit in the third movement (even in the thunderstorm), the symphony seemed even to the fanatical worshippers of Beethoven, a bore; so that one was tempted to say of the composer what George Moore years ago wrote of a famous novel by Thomas Hardy: "We are invited to assist at a sheep-shearing scene or at a harvest supper . . . because Mr. Hardy is anxious to show how jolly country he is."

Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was conspicuous not only for the fortunate choice of tempi: There was continuity of the musical thought in not a succession of detached episodes. There was no attempt to "megaphonize" flowing measure, simple in their beauty—there was always exquisite proportion, incomparable euphony.

So much for the first movement. We have heard the "Scene by the Brookside" played in so lazy, so perfunctory a manner by conductors more anxious for rigid precision than for poetic expression that it seemed as if the audience would join the composer in sleeping, lulled by the monotonous stream. The "Jolly Gathering of Country Folk" was for once really jolly in an appropriately boisterous manner; the thunder storm was no tuppeny sheet-iron affair; the Shepherd's Song of Gratitude was not so majestic as to be out of character. There have been conductors here who fearing that the audience was somnolent if not fast asleep, and not wishing to be reproached for undue realism in the approach and fury of the storm, have treated the finale in a bombastic manner; but, Beethoven's shepherds are simple folk.

Dr. Koussevitzky has given many eloquent interpretations of music by Beethoven. No conductor of past seasons here has rivaled him in this field, much less surpassed him. Never has he been more musically poetic than in the performance yesterday of the "Pastoral." Nor has the superb orchestra, which is his creation, played this symphony with finer sentiment, tonal beauty, and poetic feeling.

On the other hand there was the gloriously dramatic performance of the familiar overture, in itself a condensation of what is dramatic in an opera that has commonplace, yes bourgeois pages. Hearing this overture as it was played yesterday, one was spared the sight of a Bulbous and shrieking prima donna; of a tenor whose throat had been seriously affected by long confinement in a "demed, moist" dungeon; of the operetta young man and woman chatting with a flat-iron among the stage properties; of four persons, each with an individual sentiment, singing the same tune in an approved scholastic form.

Mr. Schnabel was loudly applauded for his performance of the concerto; a polished performance thoughtfully and musically planned, finely phrased, technically superior as in the brilliant treatment of runs and trills. It is to be regretted that he introduced any cadenza, no matter by whom it was composed. The performance was an excellent, compelling example of his own school of piano playing.

It was not an emotional reading; not even deeply emotional in the marvelous slow movement, though near the end of it there were memorable measures. An absence of legato contributed to many effects that were metallic. An absence of nuances gave too often the impression of uniform sonority in spite of the necessary alternations of forte and piano.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will give concerts in Hartford, New York and Brooklyn. The program of the concerts in Symphony hall on April 18 and 19th will be as follows: Stravinsky, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses." Samuel Gardner, "Broadway" (first performance); Saint-Saens, symphony in C minor (with organ) No. 3.

AGNES DE MILLE IN DANCING BENEFIT

Sponsored by an impressive list of patrons and patronesses from Boston's social circles, Agnes De Mille, Frank Parker and Warren Leonard entertained in Symphony hall last evening for the benefit of the North Bennett Street Industrial school. Their long program included 19 numbers. Miss De Mille appearing in solo dances entitled "Stagefright," the "Julia Dances," "Tryout," "Harvest Reel," "Civil War," "49" and "Ballet Class." With Mr. Leonard she danced in "May Day" "Nocturne" and "The Can-Can from 'The Black Crook.'" Mr. Leonard's numbers were "Ascetic," "Spring Song," and "Hero Saga."

Mr. Parker, a diseur, gave "Le Duc de Savoie," "The Spider and the Fly," "La Belle Barbiere," "A Hollywood Day," "The Legend of St. Stephen" and "Tobacco." Miss De Mille has a strong leaning toward what is familiarly known as folk dancing. For this she seems admirably suited. She possesses the great virtue of strength, power and vigorous agility that are the proper possessions of the girl who lives much in the open. That the fine technique of toe dancing is also within her range was evident from the brief snatches that she offered in "Stagefright" and "Tryout." One felt something of a loss that she did not present a greater variety of theme from her repertoire.

Mr. Leonard performed the necessary role of the country swain in the May Day dance amusingly, and was particularly entertaining in the "Can-Can," which was done to Offenbach's music, with many acrobatic embellishments on the part of both participants. His airiness and grace in the 13th century "Spring Song," danced to music by John of Fornsete arranged by Louis Horst, won for him repeated applause.

Mr. Parker's monologues also had musical accompaniment, and doubtless were original. His opening sketch in French, telling of the Duc de Savoie, who annihilated a whole army with one shot of a cannon, as well as his tale of the irtatious soldier who tried to make love to "La Belle Barbiere," were gracefully acted, in costumes illustrative of the splendor of the French court. In marked contrast to the gaity of these was the tragic story of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, impressive in simplicity, with an old 14th century carol as the accompaniment. Mr. Louis Horst directed the music.—F. A. B.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Under a Texas Moon"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by Gordon Rigby from "The Two-Gun Man," a story by Stewart Edward White; directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast: ....Frank Fay
Don Carlos....Raquel Torres
Raquella....Myrna Loy
Lolita Romero....Armida
Dolores....Noah Beery
Jed Parker....Georgie Stone
Pedro....George Cooper
Philipe....Fred Kohler
Bad Man of Pool....Betty Boyd
Girl of Pool....Charles Sellon
Jose Romero....Jack Curtis
Buch Johnson....Sam Appel
Pancho Gonzales....Tully Marshall
Aldrich....Mona Maris
Lolita Roberto....Francisco Maran
Antonio....Tom Dix
Tom....Jerry Barrett
Jerry....Inez Gomez
Mother....Edythe Kramer
Moza....Bruce Covington
Don Roberto....

If Michael Curtiz were accused of making a travesty on western romances out of Stewart Edward White's novel, "The Two-Gun Man," that wily Hungarian director probably would offer indignant denial, accompanied by an informative drooping of the left eyelid. Travesty it may not be; at least it is harmless, humorsome raillery, admirably conceived and richly acted. There is nothing tawdry about it, as witness scene after scene of picturesque ensembles, all in color, with dancing senoritas, festive cavaliers. There is all the dash and vivacity and care-free deportment of those who dwell by the Rio Grande, on either side of its broad bosom. Costumes alone must have cost a pretty penny. There are superb pictures of alkali deserts, of cattle grazing or being rounded up; of cool haciendas and flower-covered porches inviting cager lovers. All the trappings and glamor of a typical western photoplay are here, yet how oddly and how quizzically are they utilized.

Frank Fay, hitherto known as a suave master of ceremonies and stage monologist, has created in Don Carlos Jose Rafael Sebastian de Rivero, one of the most genuinely amusing characters since Don Quixote became of age. Don Carlos is the great lover of his time and place. Reckless adventurer, resourceful liar, he takes love where he may. Each pretty girl is his truest love. Each of them, Raquella, Lolita, Dolores and another Lolita, he charms by routine formula. At signal from him, Pedro and Philipe, two devoted followers, conceal themselves, twang on their guitars and sing softly of love under a Texas moon. They may be hungry, danger may be only a few jumps away, but sing they must. To one swaying maiden Don Carlos presents a Mexican jumping bean, averring gravely that that particular bean has been his pal, once saved his life. To another he gives a handful of dust of the stars, which the rascal has just scuffed from the dry soil at his feet. The jumping bean and the star dust, he prophesies, will give signs of his return. He has many estates, he has killed men and bulls without number.

Don Carlos has other talents. He outwits an inn-keeper who would poison him for his gold; he has his revenge on a Mexican who once had cheated him; the climaxes all when he herds old Jed Parker, who had hired him to recover some stolen cattle and to bring back, dead or alive, the thief or thieves, into a big food cooler, along with all the cowboys and Mexicans present. Don Carlos would have us believe that he was the audacious cattle-rustler, but we suspect that he is fooling us there.

Never have so many gifted Mexican actresses or so many screen heavies been assembled in one picture. Each and all are splendid, especially little Armida and Miss Tores as two sisters. Their final tableau as they realize how Don Carlos has duped them is in delightful comedy vein. Mr. Beery and Mr. Marshall have two amusing roles as ranch boss and owner. "Under a Texas Moon" is one of the treats of this screen season. W. E. G.

PARK

"Hide-Out"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lambert Hillyer from the story by Arthur Ripley; directed by Reginald Barker and presented by Universal with the following cast:
Jimmy Dorgan (Morley Wallace)....James Murray
Dorothy Evans....Kathryn Crawford
Dorgan....Carl Stockdale
Joe Hennessey....Lee Moran
Coach Latham....Edward Hearn
William Burke....Robert Elliott

Whatever else may be said in favor of "Hide-Out," and there is a good deal, it is a college film without a football game, a glee club or a practical joke. Can it be that the moving pictures are relenting toward America's institutions of learning, or have they had some expert advice? Whatever may be the cause, for this relief much thanks. What there is of collegiate atmosphere is reasonably well conveyed and the hero's room really looks as if it belonged in a dormitory and not in an expensive hotel. There are some excellent shots of a crew race, with four eight-oared shells participating; the closeups of the rowers aren't so good, however, for Hollywood hasn't the time to train oarsmen in all the frills of college crews.

Having mentioned a number of pleasing aspects of "Hide-Out" there are a few of the opposite variety that may briefly be recounted. The situation is extremely unlikely—youthful high-jacker, badly wanted by the police, doing his best for Crane University as stroke oar of the crew and champion athlete in general—and it is none too plausibly carried out. It is particularly unfortunate, also, that the big scene of the film fails to carry any conviction. To watch a detective offering to forgive and forget the sinful past of the hero on condition that he shall throw the big crew race and thus permit the detective's friends to win some big bets, borders perilously on the absurd. It looks very bad for the law, even though it soon appears that the detective, Burke, was merely testing out the hero, Jimmy Dorgan, to see whether he meant to go straight.

There is a love story mixed up with the criminal business, for Jimmy Dorgan is much taken with a pretty co-ed, Dorothy Evans, and he manifests his affection for her by taking her to a shady night club and getting her into a bad smash-up on the way home. Next day he goes out and wins the race for his dear old alma mater, Burke lets him go, and there you are. Discounting his extremely thick and unbecoming make-up, James Murray gave a sincere and intelligent portrayal of the cynical Jimmy who is finally reformed by the faith that every one has in his nobility. Robert Elliott, as the detective, Burke, was thoroughly excellent, dry, humorous and understanding. Kathryn Crawford was a fair to middling Dorothy. E. L. H.

April 6 1930

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

These have been great days and nights for the Shakespeareans and the Brahmsites. Boston has been again for a few weeks "the Athens of America." Nor does Shakespeare spell ruin, as more than one manager has thought. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the Shakespeare month was the crowd, hushed and reverential, that sat and stood the night when "Richard II" was performed. When this tragedy was first played in New York, in 1819, with J. W. Wallack as the King and Simpson as Bolingbroke, Mrs. Holman sang Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." Edmund Kean late in 1820 surprised every one by appearing as Richard II at his benefit.

Did any one, in order to dilate with the proper emotion consult histories of England to see how closely Shakespeare followed facts and traditions? If this stickler for historical accuracy had opened Green's "Short History of the English People" he would have looked in vain for any account of Richard's death, but he would have learned that laborers in his reign disdained to live on penny ale or bacon, but demanded fresh flesh or fish, fried or baked, and wished them served hot.

Even in this excellent company where the English language is respected and well spoken, there was in some of the performances a return to what was considered not so many years ago the grand manner. Mr. Wicksteed, for example, when old John of Gaunt was supposed to be talking in a familiar, intimate manner, would "orate" as if he were calling heaven and earth to witness the truth of his everyday remarks.

Are the supposedly funny persons in Shakespeare's plays really funny? Mr. Lockridge of the New York Sun discussed this question a few days ago, declaring his belief that no one now really thinks that Shakespeare's clowns are in any true sense amusing. "We laugh—yes. We laugh politely, paying our duty to genius even while genius stumbles and encouraging those on the stage who are forced to work their way through dialogue like this"—and Mr. Lockridge quotes from the verbal encounter of the grave diggers in "Hamlet."

"They carry this on, traditionally, with gusty roars of laughter. The first clown, who is a very merry fellow, tweaks the nose of the second and knocks off his hat. The first clown slaps himself and roars with delight; the second catches the point and doubles up in ecstasy. And now, forgetting for the moment that this is Shakespeare—well, forgetting it is Shakespeare, I ask you: Did Shakespeare laugh himself at this sad stuff, do you suppose?"

And as Mrs. Fiske is to be seen in "The Rivals" this week let us quote again from Mr. Lockridge's article:

"Did Richard Brinsley Sheridan double himself up over his writing desk as he penned that speech of Mrs. Malaprop's which begins: 'Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or pluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning.'"

There are persons who see nothing funny in quips of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, yet profess to enjoy the ponderous humor in Ben Jonson's plays. Not long ago we heard a Bostonian say that he could stand seeing "As You Like It" were it not for Touchstone. What was the use of saying that we enjoyed Touchstone's dry wit, but could not see anything amusing in the meeting of the Gobbos, father and son? Perhaps the laughter excited by the grave diggers in "Hamlet" comes from the fact that they are grave diggers, not moved by the death of Ophelia, careless as to whose skull is spaded upwards. There are persons who have an irresistible desire to laugh at a funeral even when the one in the coffin was dear to them.

How will the stage wit and humor of the recent years seem to theatre-goers of, say, 1960? Will Oscar Wilde, Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Coward be to future generations exceeding merry fellows? Would Congreve's "Way of the World," if it were revived today in its original, unexpurgated form, excite laughter? Yet, it is called by excellent judges the wittiest play in the English language. But audiences no doubt will laugh to the crack o' doom at any buffoonery; at a comedian tripping over a chair or sitting down on a top hat. Only a few nights ago we heard a group of girls shrieking with laughter at a broken-down auto-truck in Tremont street—perhaps because the truck was loaded with household furniture—for put any furniture, however tasteful or costly, on a sidewalk, and it has a funny, if not absolutely mean appearance.

No, one is not irreverent sitting with stolid face when Shakespeare's clowns indulge themselves in cracks and wheezes, or even when Beatrice and Benedick labor in attempts to be smart.

To go back to "Richard the Second." Other actors than those previously mentioned in The Herald who have taken the part of the King in England were Leslie Faber, Henry Baynton, Louis Calvert and Charles Kean. When the play was revived at the Old Vic. in London last November John Gielgud played Richard. One hears so much of the admirable diction of English players that it was surprising to read in the Times that words were so clinced and mumbled that even Shakespeare was not permitted to save the actors, who took minor parts from themselves. Mr. Gielgud's performance as a whole was praised. "Richard's pride is as persuasive, as his weakness; the King with Edward's blood in him looks out through the dreamer's dreams." The critic called the play the "loveliest" of the historical series, "the poet in Shakespeare triumphing most often over the chronicler, and the deliberate humorist troubling us not at all."

It was a good idea for D. Appleton & Co. to put Bulwer-Lytton's Richelieu" and Mr. Arthur Goodrich's version of the play together in one volume. Clayton Hamilton writes an introduction. According to him the original no longer satisfies the altered customs of the times. . . . Mr. Goodrich's first problem was to rewrite Bulwer in simple, understandable blank verse." But what is "Richelieu" without the ear-filling bombastic lines of Bulwer, to put this speech into Richelieu's mouth:

"Out on you!
Have I not one by one from such fair shoots
Pluck'd the insidious ivy of his love?
And shall it creep around my blossoming tree
Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music
That spirits in Heaven might hear?"

Hifalutin. Yes, but it is preferable to Mr. Goodrich's

"Poor Julie!
She needs protection then. So is our King,
Philandering again? I spend full half
My time checking his infidelities."

O lame and impotent!

And see what Mr. Goodrich has done to another scene. Bulwer wrote.

JULIE: "And then at night—alone—this night—all still
He sought my presence—dared—thou read'st the heart,
Read mine! I cannot speak it.
RICHELIEU:
"He's a King—
You—woman. Well you yielded!
JULIE:
"Cardinal!
Dare you say—yielded? Humble and abashed
He from the chamber crept—This mighty Louis,
Crept like a baffled felon! Yielded! Ah,
More royalty in woman's honest heart
Than dwells within the crowned Majesty
And sceptred anger of a hundred Kings!
Yielded! Heavens! Yielded!"
RICHELIEU: "To my heart, close, close
The world would never need a Richelieu, if
Men—bearded, mail'd men—the Lords of Earth,
Resisted flattery, falsehood, avarice, pride
As this poor child with the dove's innocent scorn
Her sex's tempters, Vanity and Power!"

"Stuff and nonsense," do you say? Yes, but we still hear the thunderous applause that followed Julie's answer to Lawrence Barrett Richelieu. Now read Mr. Goodrich's version:

JULIE: "And there, alone, this night, all still, he came
And dared—
RICHELIEU: "Hm, He a King. You—woman. So—
You yielded!
JULIE: "Cardinal!"
RICHELIEU: "So—you did not yield.
Brave Julie! How few women at the Court
Would dare say no to Louis?

No, give us the old, and actors that spout and strut, a Julie whose eyes flash, who can scream in speech and curve her lips in righteous scorn. In Mr. Goodrich's tame version the Cardinal and Julie talk as if passing the time in a street car.

Even the famous "launch the curse of Rome" speech is spoiled in the new version.

"I should rather like to listen to a case in court where the wording of cinema subtitles was involved, and the whole court echoed with cinemese, and watch the startled face of justice as it tried to apprehend.

"'You say this nut and this guy were standing outside a store on the sidewalk when a flivver butted the traffic cop, and the psychological reaction resulting from the circumstance was that it got this nut and this guy where they lived? Is there any interpreter in court?'

"There would be none.

"'Then I must ask you to elucidate the phraseology. What is a nut? What is a guy? What is a sidewalk? What, in the name of goodness, is a flivver?'

"To which learned counsel might not unnaturally and rather indignantly respond:

"'Aw say, hell, sheriff, I should worry. What d'yuh know about that?'"

WOMEN, MEN AND MUSIC

So Cosima Wagner, whose death was reported five or six years ago, also in 1929, is now at rest. She was a remarkable if not a wholly estimable woman. We do not refer to the fact that she left Buelow, her husband—even if Wagner had not attracted her. Buelow no doubt was not an easy person as a steady companion; nor to the fact that Siegfried Wagner was born in June, 1869, and Cosima and Richard were not married until August, 1870—for Liszt, her father, Cosima and Richard did not regulate their lives according to the canons of strict morality—but in her adoration of Wagner she was spitefully jealous of his first wife and persuaded or commanded Richard to write much that was untrue in his "Autobiography." That her death occurred shortly after the publication of "The Truth About Richard Wagner" is ironical. Probably she never read the book, never read the reviews of it in London newspapers. Perhaps she had feared that certain truths would at some time be published, for she did her best by cajolery and threats to obtain letters written by Richard which were in the possession of Minna Planer's illegitimate daughter. They were a "rum lot"—Minna, Cosima, Richard and the women who lent him money, i. e., gave it to him. As Matthew Arnold said about another group: "What a mess!"

Buelow took his betrayal by Cosima, and the man in whose cause he had fought valiantly, without apparent bitterness. He probably loved Richard less but his music more. Still when he was in New York he addressed a letter to The Herald on Dec. 28, 1875, which began:

"Allow me most humbly to decline the honor given me this morning by the musical critic of the N. Y. H. in calling me the son-in-law of Abbe Liszt, this honor belonging since 1870 exclusively to the composer of 'Lohengrin,' Rich. Wagner, Esq."

Mr. Langendoen will play at his concert tomorrow night a sonata for violoncello by Jean Baptiste Breval (1756-1825), who was the first 'cellist of the Paris Opera (1781-1806), and the teacher of that instrument at the Paris Conservatory. He took the latter position in 1796, but lost it in 1802, when there were more teachers at the Conservatory than pupils. As a player, he [illegible] to have been accurate, his style polished; but he lacked vigor and [illegible]. He wrote much chamber music and a few treatises on his instrument. One was translated into English in 1810, entitled "New Instruction for the Violoncello, Being a Complete Key to the Knowledge of that Instrument."

At the Candle-Light concert tonight, Mrs. Betty Higginson will sing several songs, among them "My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free," by Francis Hopkinson—the program states that this was the first song written in America—and Joseph Exaudet's Minuet, which was sung inimitably here by that admirable baritone, Charles Gilibert, whose premature death is still

lamented.

Exaudet, born at Rouen about 1710, died in 1763. He was a violin player in the orchestra of the Paris opera. He wrote other music than the Minuet which preserves his name.

The late O. G. Sonneck wrote an interesting and valuable life of Hopkinson which was published at Washington in 1905. The title is, "Francis Hopkinson, the First American Poet-Composer (1737-1791), and James Lyon, Patriot, Preacher, Psalmodist (1735-1794): Two Studies in Early American Music." There were 200 copies printed. The book is dedicated to Horatio Parker.

"Seven Songs for the Harpsichord or Forte Piano, the Words and Music, Composed by Francis Hopkinson," were published at Philadelphia in 1788. An advertisement stated—an eighth song was added after the title page was engraved—"These songs are composed in an easy, familiar style, intended for young Practitioners on the Harpsichord or Forte Piano, and is the first work of this kind attempted in the United States. Price 7s. 6." The volume was dedicated to George Washington.

Sonneck said he knew of only two copies in existence at the time he wrote: one at the Boston Public Library, the other in the possession of Hopkinson's grandson.

The dedication and Washington's stately reply—ending "I have however, one argument which will prevail with persons of true taste (at least in America)—I can tell them that it is the production of Mr. Hopkinson," are entertaining. In his letter Washington wrote: "I can neither sing one of the songs, nor raise a single note on any instrument to convince the unbelieving."

The songs are given in an appendix. Here are the words to be sung by Mrs. Higginson:

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly with careless ease from tree to tree
Were but as blest as I.
"Ask gliding waters if a tear of mine increas'd that stream,
And ask the breathing gales if e'er I lent a sigh to them."

Hopkinson sent the songs to Thomas Jefferson: "I beg Miss Jefferson's Acceptance of a Copy, and wish it may be to her Taste. It is a Book of Songs which I composed, occasionally for my daughters, who play and sing them very well." Jefferson thanked him. Paris, March 13, 1789. "I will not tell you how much they have pleased me nor how well the last of them merits praise for its pathos, but relate a fact only, which is that while my elder daughter was playing it on the harpsichord, I happened to look toward the fire and saw the younger one all in tears. I asked her if she was sick? She said, 'no,' but the tune was so mournful."

Sonneck's book abounds in information concerning the dawn of musical life in Philadelphia. Hopkinson's musical education and concerts; there is a long letter to a rector on "the Conduct of Church Organs," also the correspondence of Hopkinson and Jefferson about an improved method of quilling a harpsichord and Franklin's Armonica and his own Bellharmonic. There is a painstaking inquiry into whether Hopkinson was the composer of "Washington's March."

Nannette Guilford and Merle Alcock who will sing in Verdi's "Requiem" this afternoon at Symphony hall became members of the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1923. Miss Guilford was then 18 years old, and was known as the "baby of the Metropolitan." An enthusiastic reporter wrote at the time that Miss Guilford at the age of six told her mother emphatically that she was going to be a singer. She made her first public appearance under the fostering care of J. J. Shubert in the cast of "The Midnight Rounders of 1921" at the Century Promenade. She said to the reporter after the Metropolitan contract was signed: "My dream has come true and I am so happy." Other young singers have said the same, but Miss Guilford added: "I am already nervous." Miss Alcock had already sung in concerts when she signed the contract.

Kodaly's "Psalmus Hungaricus," which the Handel and Haydn Society will perform for the first time in Boston, has been described as "a chant and an appoggiatura. The one belongs to the voices, the other to the orchestra. The appoggiatura is merely that old embellishment of melody by which the note sounded replaces but still implies another more consonant with the prevailing harmony. . . . The chant identifies the Psalm of David with the cry of the oppressed Protestants of Hungary by the mouth of their prophet, Michael Veg, who transcribed and commented on it for the strengthening of the faith of his followers. . . . The overwhelming impression which the 'Psalmus Hungaricus" leaves is that the composer, like the original transcriber of the text, means everything he says."

Some unpublished letters of Verdi have been found at Naples. In one, to Torelli, an impresario, Verdi wrote: "I want it to be noted for the thousandth time, that any one can say what they please in favor or against any opera of mine once it has been produced in public, without any danger of my being offended." This was written in 1857.

Jessie Bond, the idol for 20 years of the public, delighted with the original Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy, has published her "Life and Reminiscences." She has much to say about the manner in which these operettas are now produced. The characters in costuming and behavior should be rigidly realistic. "Mad Margaret, for example, is not a burlesque Ophelia but a simple village girl, who should always behave as such. There should be no extravagance of gesture and intonation." She has this to say about Richard Temple, the original Mikado:

"Temple's Mikado was—as we might put it—'every inch a gentleman.' In his quiet, refined way he made you feel that here, despite the grim and sardonic streak in his nature, was really a fatherly ruler and a 'true philanthropist' . . . When Temple sang about

'My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time,'

he sang it in a smooth, unforced voice in which every syllable told, and all he did was to clasp and unclasp his hands and smile pleasantly like a kind-hearted despot. When he spoke of 'boiling oil' he did not shriek like a fury. The lurid words seemed just to drop off easily from an oily tongue."

Jessie is now 77 years old. A reporter visited her at Worthing: "She has lived to know lean days, and from dining with kings and princes she has come to living in a couple of rooms, quite alone." "But I don't care. I have had my day—and what a day."

When she was engaged to play Hebe in "H. M. S. Pinafore" she was paid £3 a week; for playing Iolanthe, £6 a week.

"Think of that, and then think of the salaries which leading girls are getting in musical plays today. Don't ask me to say whether they are worth it or not!

"Heavens, we had to work for our living in the old days. Today all that is necessary, it seems, is to show a good deal of leg and back. At the Savoy leg was strictly forbidden. Gilbert would never allow an inch to show above the ankle nor an inch below the throat; and women had to leave the stage by one staircase and the men by another. Gilbert probably thought there was some danger of a little kissing on the stairs!

"George Edwardes once offered me £60 per week to play the part of a boy; but I declined. 'I am not going to show my legs for any money,' I told him."

April 7 1930

WILBUR THEATRE

"Hamlet"

A tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare; revived last night at the Wilbur Theatre by Walter Hampden with the following cast:

Francisco	Clark Hundley
Bernado	Louis Polan
Marcellus	S. Thomas Gomez
Horatio	Dallas Anderson
Ghost	Edwin Cushman
Claudius	C. Norman Hammond
Gertrude	Caroline Meade
Voltimand	Franklin Salisbury
Laertes	Ernest Rowan
Polonius	Moffat Johnson
Hamlet	Walter Hampden
Ophelia	Mabel Moore
Reynaldo	Harold Williams
Rosencrantz	Robert C. Schnitzer
Guildenstern	Gordon Hart
Player King	Louis Polan
Player Queen	Evelyn Goodrich
Lucianus	Stephen Irving
Fortinbras	Louis Polan
First Gravedigger	Cecil Yapp
Second Gravedigger	S. Thomas Gomez
A Priest	Gordon Hart
Osric	Charles McCarthy, Jr.
English Ambassador	Gage Bennett

Who would ever have believed it possible that Boston, the last hope of the serious drama, would welcome three "Hamlets" in close succession, and not only welcome them but clamor for more? It is an encouraging sign, indeed, and may well give pause to those who fondly believe that the legitimate theatre is dying, if not already dead. Concluding his two weeks in Boston, Walter Hampden gave yesterday afternoon and evening his well-remembered and much admired "Hamlet"; coming so quickly on the heels of the Stratford company's production it was particularly interesting. While it is needless to indulge in detailed comparisons, one thing is worth noting—the English players can boast no actor of Mr. Hampden's calibre, but the general level excellence of their performance made one forget the lack of individual brilliance in the merit of their ensemble work.

It is 10 years since Mr. Hampden first gave "Hamlet" here. Since then he has made some changes in her performance, but always toward a better understanding of play and character alike. To those who have seen his Hamlet there can be no slightest doubt that the young prince is sane—his mad behavior is so obviously a pretence that argument seems worse than foolish. Something else he has accomplished that seems even more worthy of praise, whether it makes the commentators turn over in their graves or not. His Hamlet is no weakling, no futile dreamer, but a man of noble character, strong will and the highest ideals. Thus his tragedy becomes that of a hero, rather than that of a romantic youth, such as Goethe fondly imagined him to be. In physique and by temperament Mr. Hampden's Hamlet is cast in the heroic mould—his sorrow seems deeper, his meditations more profound, and his despair more abysmal than those of ordinary men. If some complain that this is not Shakespeare's dreamy prince, what of it? All have their own ideas of the part, and to some Mr. Hampden's embodiment seems ideal, casting others into the shade by its splendid coloring and high imagination.

Yesterday's performance, despite some difficulties with the curtain, moved rapidly and smoothly before an audience which jammed the theatre to the very doors. Mr. Hampden cuts the play less than do other producers, choosing rather to omit the long and somewhat dull conversations between the king and Laertes in order to include the bitter, sharply dramatic moments which follow on the murder of Polonius. These add so much to the integrity of the play that it seems inconceivable that they could ever have been omitted. To pick the highlights of the performance is difficult, yet it is hard to recall any Hamlet whose scenes with the ghost were so filled with awe and foreboding. The tremendous "rogue and peasant slave" soliliquy Mr. Hampden gave magnificently. His impish humor and exultant triumph in the play scene were most effective. At the end he held the audience tense and silent through the moments of fierce combat and triumphant death. If his company could have kept the pace, it would have been better; but while there was no especial brilliance, such performances as Moffat Johnson's shrewd Polonius, Mabel Moore's fragile Ophelia and Cecil Yapp's drily humorous Gravedigger did their share and more. E. L. H.

18TH CENTURY ORCHESTRA

The 18th Century orchestra gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall for the benefit of the Headquarters and Welfare fund of the Oliver Ames, Jr, Post No. 117, American Legion. Since the concert honored Boston's tercentenary celebration, some pieces of music—old Puritan hymns, and the first song written in America ("My Days Have Been So Wondrous Free" by F. Hopkinson)—were included. Raffaele Martino, the originator of the orchestra (which plays by candlelight, and in 18th century costume), conducted. The soloists were Betty B. Higginson, soprano; Reginald Boardman, pianist; Gertrude Lord, pianist, and Richard Appel, organist.

The program opened with a spirited performance of a gavotte by Lully. The orchestra plays very well, with good tone, precision, and virility, if not always with the grace and fluidity that such 18th century music seems to demand. A "Canzone and Fuga" of Frescobaldi, given a first American performance yesterday, if the program notes were accurate, proved to be well worth bringing into concert halls here; it is warm, vital music, of compelling charm and freshness. The Puritan Psalms, very well arranged for organ and orchestra, were a pleasure to hear—solemn and deep-toned, full of the awe of God.

Mrs. Higginson sang airs by Mozart, Scarlatti, Exaudet and Hopkinson. Her voice is of inherently lovely quality, which longer schooling and experience will set free of some technical deficiencies.

A Bach concerto for two pianos, splendidly played by Reginald Boardman and Gertrude Lord, pleased the audience. Other numbers on the program were the finale of Haydn's "Farewell" symphony, a Vivaldi concerto in A minor, De Flagny's "The Muses in the Forest" (for flute, basson, and piano), Couperin's "The Little Windmills" (for oboe, clarinet, and basson), and Cimarosa's Sinfonia "Orazi e Curiazi."

The audience was large and appreciative. E. B.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

At its concert in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, the Handel and Haydn Society offered its audience an interesting novelty in the shape of Zoltan Kodaly's Psalmus Hungaricus — a work a little over six years old and never before performed in Boston and gave an excellent performance of Verdi's Requiem. The soloists were Nanette Guiford, soprano; Merle Alcock, alto; Paul Althouse, tenor; and William Simmons, bass. Thomas Stone was the conductor.

Kodaly's Psalmus Hungaricus is a setting of the 55th psalm, as translated freely and commented with obvious application to the plight of the oppressed Hungarian Protestants of that day by Michael Veg of Kecskemet, 16th century poet and preacher. (The singing translation used yesterday is one made by Edward J. Dent.) For this text the composer has provided music remarkable for its emotional and dramatic aptness and power. The words of David he has allotted to the tenor. The chorus has the twofold task of chanting the narrative matter which Veg added to the psalm and of acting as a supplementary or alternative orchestra to heighten the emotional background or intensify the excitement at moments of stress and climax. The music varies in character from the model simplicity of plain-chant or of folksong to a denunciatory violence that is pungent musically and overwhelming dynamically, and from an acidulous fury of complaint to an etherialized ecstacy of hope and comfort. The orchestration is arresting and always significant; the tenor part, admirably treated by Mr. Althouse's robust and expressive voice, has beauty and individuality. The skilful use of the high voices of the women to add an extra degree of brilliance or of plangency to the orchestral mass was at times extraordinarily effective. The society surpassed itself in its performance of this unusual work.

In Verdi's Requiem, too, the chorus, the soloists, and the orchestra combined to give a performance of out-

standing excellence. The chorus, in particular, achieved a brilliance of tone, a vigor, a spirited and alert ensemble that it has not always revealed. Mr. Stone's conducting showed full appreciation of the fact that this, though liturgical music, is also Verdi, and Verdi lavishing all his gifts of melodic invention, his warmly human emotionalism, his genius for concerted music, and (in a degree unusual even for him) his power of vividly dramatic suggestion, with none of the dehumanizing process that many another composer, writing for the church, might have used.

While there are moments when the quartet of soloists, through some defect of balance and, occasionally, through slight discrepancies of intonation, sounded less than thoroughly satisfactory, yet individually and in smaller groups they sang admirably. All had voices of great beauty and used them intelligently and expressively.

There are naivetes in Verdi's score, reminiscences of "Aida," obvious orchestral padding; yet it has beauties that one cannot afford to miss, thrillingly dramatic moments like those of the Dies Irae, effective orchestral passages like those of the trumpets at the verse "Tuba mirum spargens sonum," and many moments of delight that rank it high in the list of such works.

The audience showed enthusiastic appreciation (suppressed to reluctant silence in accordance with a request printed in the program) of the excellence of the performance. S. S.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Ladies of Leisure"

An all talking screen drama adapted by Jo Swerling from the David Belasco stage production, "Ladies of the Evening," by Milton Herbert-Gropper; directed by Frank Capra and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Kay Arnold ..... Barbara Stanwyck
Bill Standish ..... Lowell Sherman
Jerry Strange ..... Ralph Graves
Dot Lamar ..... Marie Prevost
Claire ..... Juliette Compton
Mr. Strange ..... George Fawcett
Charlie ..... Johnnie Walker
Mrs. Strange ..... Nance O'Neil

If the illustrious David Belasco were to wander into a showing of "Ladies of Leisure," current attraction at the new B. F. Keith Theatre, he might be a trifle surprised if someone were to inform him that he was witnessing a screen version of his somewhat notorious production, "Ladies of the Evening." A few years ago there was a great to-do and general hurrah for uplifting the morals of the stage, and among those plays carefully removed by the police was this same "Ladies of the Evening." There wasn't anything so very terrible about it, and the subject, the reformation of a prostitute by honest work and love, is as old as the hills, but off it came. "Ladies of Leisure" is about as different from its original as can be imagined. This doesn't mean, however, that it is dull entertainment: on the contrary it is lively, amusing and very well acted, especially by Barbara Stanwyck, Lowell Sherman and Marie Prevost.

In the play a young and wealthy artist wagers with a friend that he can get any girl to tread the straight and narrow path by giving her a decent way of earning her daily bread: posing for him, for instance. In the picture the artist, Jerry Strange, picks up the girl, Kay Arnold, after a wild party and suggests that she serve as his model. Not unnaturally she fails to understand what he is driving at, but she goes to his studio and poses. They argue, even quarrel, but Kay finds herself falling in love. Meanwhile Jerry's family, much worried over the affair, try to break things off. Mr. Strange comes to the studio one morning and calls a spade a spade so unmistakably that Kay decides to go. Jerry is really in love with her, however, and asks her to marry him.

She agrees and goes home to pack while Jerry breaks the news to his parents. Finding Jerry determined, Mrs. Strange goes to plead with Kay to give up her son on the ground that it would ruin his life to marry someone with a questionable past. Heartbroken, Kay decides to go off to Havana with Bill Standish, an affable man about town. How the news reaches Jerry and how things are finally straightened out need not be detailed here. It would be difficult to overpraise Barbara Stanwyck's performance: her cynical attractiveness, the bewildered pleasure when she finds that Jerry doesn't want what other men do, her ecstatic happiness when she finds him in love with her, and the bitter despair with which she gives up the one thing that she really loved, were very movingly portrayed. As Kay's tough little gold-digger friend, Marie Prevost was a joy. Lowell Sherman made a genial Bill Standish decidedly reminiscent of Charles Ruggles, in his usual inebriated state. Ralph Graves was likable and manly in a straightforward and not very difficult role. The photography was very good indeed and the only noticeable fault of the production was its extreme length.

E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Harmony at Home"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Clare Kummer and Seton I. Miller from the play by Harry Delf, entitled "The Family Upstairs"; directed by Hamilton McFadden and presented by William Fox with the following cast:

Joe Haller ..... William Collier, Sr.
Louise Haller ..... Marguerite Churchill
Dora Haller ..... Charlotte Henry
Willie Haller ..... Charles Eaton
Rita Joyce ..... Dixie Lee
Dick Grant ..... Rex Bell
Emma Haller ..... Elizabeth Patterson
The Modiste ..... Dot Farley

If any one had predicted to Willie Collier of the stage team of Reed and Collier in "Hoss and Hoss," back in 1891, that about 40 years later he would be talking from a silver screen, that youthful comedian probably would have pulled one of his original nifties in a phrase indicative of scornful skepticism. Yet that very miracle has come to pass. The same droll farceur whose witticisms on and off stage these many years have given him a national reputation, whose style is quite unlike that of any other comedian of this day or of other days, now makes his screen debut as far as a first full length picture is concerned, and proves just as funny as he was in the days of "The Man from Mexico" or in the halcyon years when the Friars made annual tours to the provinces. And no more fortunate or fruitful vehicle than Harry Delf's amusing little comedy, "The Family Upstairs," could have been provided for him.

As Joe Haller, head of a family of four, typically American, Mr. Collier is an Average Father. He worships his eldest daughter, Louise; he tries to be patient with his garrulous spouse, who is constantly interfering with Louise's sentimental affairs; he keeps stern and disciplinary eye on lazy Willie, whose chief ambition is to win a prize cup for grotesque dancing; he does his best to subdue little Dora's efforts to impress visitors by her piano practice or her absurd recitations. When the picture opens Joe has been promoted to a superintendency (in the play it was a car barn inspectorship). He wants to be the first to tell the good news to his family, but a neighbor beats him to it. Mrs. Haller, as befits their improved social status, removed his favorite armchair, throws away his comforting pipe, substitutes a torturing chair, cigarettes. True to form, she nearly succeeds in breaking up Louise's first real love affair with Dick Grant, a clean boy employed in the local bank. Only Joe's frantic intercession and Louise's own common sense save that situation. It is not much of a story. It is in the natural, everyday characterizations, the amazingly human scenes, the homely dialogue and the superb performances of each and every one of the players that "Harmony at Home" makes its appeal. There can be slight doubt that many of the lines are Mr. Collier's. They sound just like him, and they always score. How else account for the ripples of laughter which almost unceasingly mark the course of the picture!

Miss Patterson, as the mother whose tactless tongue causes much unhappiness; Miss Churchill as the sensitive daughter, Mr. Eaton as the overgrown son, and Miss Henry as the precocious Dora, are true to life. So, almost, is Mr. Bell as the awkward lover. But it is Mr. Collier who sets the pace, stimulates his mates, shows them how good comedy should be played. W. E. G.

FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Clancy in Wall Street"

An all-talking screen comedy from the original screen play by Ralph Bell and Jack Wagner; directed by Ted Wilde and presented by Edward Small with the following cast:

Michael Clancy ..... Charles Murray
Andy MacIntosh ..... Lucien Littlefield
Mrs. Clancy ..... Aggie Herring
Donald MacIntosh ..... Edward Nugent
Katie Clancy ..... Miriam Seegar
Freddie Saunders ..... Reed Howes

In "Clancy in Wall Street" Mr. Murray is his own self, with his Irish brogue and wit. A picture like this is simply in the day's work as far as he is concerned. The remarkable feature here is the Scotch accent revealed by Mr. Littlefield, who seems able to play anything from a henpecked husband to a gay Lothario. His Andy MacIntosh is no mere dab of burlesque, it is in its artless way a straightforward bit of character delineation made doubly effective because it is done quietly against Mr. Murray's broader and noisier methods. When all is over one is inclined to accord Mr. Littlefield at least one-half of the honors.

Clancy and MacIntosh have been partners in the plumbing business for 20 years, in a little shop down on Tenth avenue, New York. One day, while paying off the number of feet required on a piping job, Clancy stumbles into a brokerage office. Freddie Saunders, a clerk, sells him 100 shares of Atlas Pipe on margin before Clancy knows what it is all about, and at that moment his entire character changes. He involves the firm's money in his stock market transactions, splits with his dour partner, prospers, moves uptown. He gives parties, disgusts his guests by his gaucheries, tries to force his daughter Kitty into an engagement with Saunders, though knowing full well that she loves young Donald MacIntosh. Just after Kitty and her spirited mother have rebelled and walked out on Clancy the market crashes, and he is wiped out. Mrs. Clancy, however, has saved the furniture, MacIntosh enters to offer renewal of the old partnership, Kitty and Donald declare themselves, and everyone is happy.

There is one pathetic scene when the two men part company. A grimy old picture of the two standing in front of their shop when they were starting in business hangs over a desk. In a dispute as to possession Clancy cuts the print in two pieces, throwing his into a refuse can on the sidewalk as he leaves. MacIntosh, grief in his eyes, retrieves the picture, saves it. One of the funniest scenes is that when the little Scotchman, summoned to Nabob Clancy's palace to repair the kitchen sink, engages in sarcastic interchanges with Michael, resplendent in his silken robes. "Ye know," says Clancy, "a man doesn't have to have brains to do that kind of a job!" "True," retorts MacIntosh, "I had a man with me once who did this sort of thing for 20 years!" No drawing room wit, this, but the language of common folks, and therefore natural, amusing and easily comprehended. W. E. G.

April 8, 1930

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Candle Light," a comedy in three acts adapted by P. J. Wodehouse from the German of Siegfried Geyer. Produced in Harry Graham's adaptation at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, entitled, "By Candle Light," on Sept. 18, 1928. Baron von Felsen, Leslie Faber; Bastien, Rouald Squire; Count von Baltin, Frederick Lloyd; Countess von Baltin, Cecily Byrne; Elizabeth, Yvonne Arnaud. At Washington, D. C., in the adaptation by P. G. Wodehouse, in September, 1929, with Gertrude Lawrence, Leslie Howard and Reginald Owen.

The cast last night was as follows:

Prince Rudolf ..... Reginald Owen
Josef ..... Alan Mowbray
Baron von Bischenheim ..... Jo. Bradlee
Baroness von Bischenheim ..... Mildred Quigley
Liserl ..... Elaine Arden
A Waiter ..... Milton Roberts
Foerpke ..... William Frawley
Marie ..... Eugenie Leontovich

It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Wodehouse made any use of Mr. Graham's adaptation; which one of the adapters followed the more closely the original; whether Mr. Graham or Mr. Wodehouse preserved the names of the characters in the original German; also whether in the original the first act is by far the best of the three as it is in the version seen last night.

"Boy, hold that beer higher down; the boobies is the provids," said Mr. Traeger to his young barkeeper in the good old days. And in this comedy the manager's profits are in the froth. For the play is light and frothy in a way that pleases audiences. The substance of the comedy is old; it is the froth of the dialogue that excites laughter; that and the excellent acting and ingratiating personality of Miss Leontovich and Mr. Owen.

That a romantic valet should dream of an affair with a high born dame of exquisite manners is not a new theme for a dramatist; nor that he should be deceived by a serving-maid posing as her mistress. The entertaining feature of this comedy is the interchange of roles between the Prince and the Valet. The complications that would thus occur are easily foreseen. Add a real aristocrat with whom the Prince is enamored; her infuriated husband, seeking her in the Prince's apartment, and roaring with laughter when he sees her maid masquerading; frightening the valet whom he takes for the Prince; also a sweetheart of the Prince, who as personified by Miss Arden, was seen too little.

The first act is amusing throughout, chiefly by the dialogue, the opinions on life, manners and love as aired by Prince and valet, the latter has the impudence of his type in the old French comedies and in the plays of the Restoration; the Prince is on as incredibly familiar terms with the servant as the nobs in these old plays. Of course the whole plan of "Candle Light" is preposterous; but the good-humored Prince gives it the necessary illusion of reality. And Miss Leontovich is so plausibly a woman of breeding, —that she is coquettish does not cause one to doubt it—that at first it is not easy to say whether she is mistress or maid. How delightful she was when she unmasked herself, and appeared in speech and behavior with the amused Prince as she really was—a lady's maid who could easily ape good manners, but was by nature a rollicking, rather vulgar girl, whose beauty levelled ranks among all men whom she ogled.

When a first act is good, very good from beginning to finish, one doubts the ability of the dramatist to maintain the high spirits, the crispness of lines and the surprises in the invention of situations. The second act is inferior to the

first; the third, though short, is pedestrian, nor was it briskly acted.

Mr. Mowbray, pleasantly remembered by his performances at the Copley Theatre, gave a straightforward matter-of-fact portrayal of the valet; the part might be played more fantastically, more romantically.

The minor parts were adequately taken. Mr. Bradlec's Baron was more than that.

The large audience laughed heartily in approval of the comedy and the performance.

TREMONT THEATRE

"The Tavern"

"The Tavern," satirical melodrama in two acts, written and produced by George M. Cohan at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, in September, 1920, with the late Arnold Daly as the Vagabond, Spencer Charters as the Hired Man; revived last evening at the Tremont Theatre, with the following cast:

The Tavern Keeper's Son..Theodore Newton
The Hired Girl .... Kathleen Niday
The Tavern Keeper......Robert Middlemass
The Hired Man............ Joseph Allen
The Vagabond............George M. Cohan
The Woman ....Mary Philips
The Governor ....Jack Leslie
The Governor's Wife .. ...Lida MacMillan
The Governor's Daughter.....Isabel Baring
The Fiance.......... ......Douglas MacPherson
The Sheriff .. ..Edward F. Nannary
The Sheriff's Men
Jack Williams, Dan Carey, Manuel Duarte
The Attendant.... ....Harold Healy

Those who follow their theatre closely, cataloguing and cherishing their findings, well know that in its original form "The Tavern" was seriously intended as a melodrama of the romanticist school, not by Mr. Cohan, of course, but by its author until and since then without fame, Miss Cora Dick Gantt. Once Mr. Cohan glimpsed the soaring script, the familiar phrases, he realized that here was material for the perfect travesty. Who better equipped than he to cry, "Presto, change," and like a magician to take from a capacious hat that which had entered as resounding romance and now emerged as lilting lampoon! Mr. Cohan already had written in "The Royal Vagabond" a joyous gibe at the rustic type of comic opera. He would now point satirical shafts at the wronged heroine, the silken-voiced villain, the stolid minions of the law—all those figures which had become traditional in blood and thunder melodrama. Mr. Cohan seized on Miss Gantt's precious brainchild as a gift from heaven; and what a travesty he turned out!

It is a matter of record that early audiences were nonplussed. The late Arnold Daly, who first played the Vagabond, like Miss Gantt took the role seriously despite the evident fustian in each ridiculous line, despite the obvious exaggeration and distortion of situations. These audience were convinced that their favorite playwright either was making fun of them or had developed acute lunacy. Gradually word spread that this actually was burlesque of richest strain, and that as such it deserved a high place in the American theatre's hall of fame. That was 10 years ago. Since then Miss Gantt has received all legitimate royalties, but the fame and the applause have justly been bestowed on Mr. Cohan. It seemed as if last evening's audience was quicker in response than any in the previous decade. Perhaps it was the performance itself, finely attuned, catching at the outset and holding to the end the fantastic spirit of the play, the delightful drollery following each tremendous clap of thunder, each knock at the stout oaken door twice repeated.

Those are immortal lines: "What a glorious storm! What a gloriously melodramatic night!" The Vagabond utters them with rare unction each time a scene is enacted to his liking. There are many other superb phrases—his labelling of "the illustrious governor, his helpful wife, his extremely charming daughter"; of the maiden of the woodshed, that unfortunate creature in wasp-waisted gown of black, setting off a chalky face and reddish hair, ready with accusing finger for every man in the room as the "dirty cur, the black-hearted snake" who ruined her life; of the knavish sheriff, caught with the loot from the hold-up of the governor's coach, crying, "Think of my wife and the 12 children," and the Vagabond's retort, "Ye Gods, did he ever think of his wife!" It is as if Mr. Cohan plotted the story and dialogue in a series of circles, plying and repeating delicious phrases, introducing new ones for relief, gaining fresh laughter with each reiteration. Yet he has only to raise his hand, and absolute silence grips the house. That gesture may be merely for effect, for suspense, for possible surprise, then again to the endless circle. It may be a gift of artistry, it may be sheer showmanship; whatever its name, Mr. Cohan has it.

His Vagabond by now is a trifle heavier in body. He no longer vaults the half-door of the pantry, but he still capers with that mirthful flourish of legs; and he times his thrust with flawless accuracy. The entire cast deserves only unstinted praise, from Mr. Middlemass's tyrannical landlord and Mr. Allen's William, the Hired Man, to Mr. Healy as the insane asylum attendant, last to enter, yet informative in his brief discourse. The one setting, that of Zacheus Freeman's inn, was the original down to the wonderful andirons, the encircled antlers on the walls, the shiny black leather chair by the enticing fireplace. And never was there such noble thunder. It had a grandeur all its own. It supplied symbolically the whimsical mood and perplexing motif of the play. It was thunder to dream of some "gloriously melodramatic night." W. E. G.

THE HOLLIS

"The Rivals"

Presented by an "all-star" cast headed by Mrs. Fiske. The characters were played as follows:

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sir Anthony Absolute..........John Craig
Capt. Jack Absolute ....Rollo Peters
Faulkland ....Perdo de Cordoba
Bob Acres ....James T. Powers
Sir Lucius O'Trigger ....Andrew Mack
Fag ....Edward Powell
David ....George Tawde
Thomas ....Daun Malloy
Mrs. Malaprop ....Mrs. Fiske
Lydia Languish ....Margery Maude
Julia Melville ....Betty Linley
Lucy ....Georgette Cohan

Sheridan's comedy was written in an age simpler but not happier than ours. His naively romantic Lydia Languish fades (not too perceptibly, but one doesn't fade at all these days) while her suitors travel their converging ways; Bob Acres, the earthy, the duped Sir Lucius, and Capt. Absolute, gentleman to the boring point. The captain wins her at the last, amid confusions supplied by Lydia's garrulous aunt, Mrs. Malaprop and that relic of a distant day, honor. Julia and Faulkland fill in odd gaps with their fatuous heart difficulties. The play was Sheridan's protest against the French artificialities which held the English stage in the 1770's, yet in 1930 its malapropisms and intrigues seem, with all the author's adroitness, decidedly mannered.

However, these devices yield a more than average number of juicy parts for the actors and last night's roster acted each part up to the hilt. Unfortunately this did not make for cohesion, but Mrs. Fiske's electric personality served as magnet to draw all things together. From the moment that she sailed on to the stage, gay ribbons flying, her small hands fluttering, the evening was made. What if she swallowed some of her words? Her famed blunders rippled through the audience in repetitions of enjoyment and her "I'm putrified" brought, as usual, the loudest laugh.

Mr. Craig, fondly greeted by his Boston friends demonstrated his familiar talents in the part of the irascible Sir Anthony, while Rollo Peters' Captain Jack was, in welcome contrast, properly subdued. Mr. Powers played Bob Acres in a grotesque fashion, using tricks of voice and other exaggerations to make a booby out of Sheridan's Squire from Clod Hall. Margery Maude, daughter of Cyril Maude, made Lydia Languish's sentimentality quite unaffected and Miss Linley contributed a Julia charmingly picturesque. She is, by the way, a direct descendant of the Miss Linley for whom Sheridan fought duels and who at last became his wife. Georgette Cohan, whose father is now also giving pleasure to Boston's theatre-goers, gave to Lucy a gay and lively lilt.

The theatre audience remembers its pleasures and the darlings who made them. Last night, at the Hollis, the generous greeting given each member of the caste spoke for these memories and the long applause at every possible time, appreciated fresh enjoyment. The play will be given tomorrow and Wednesday evenings and Wednesday afternoon. After this brief stay, the company will continue on its tour. Though this makes half a theatrical week, it bears out Mrs. Fiske's reputation for genial tolerance of one-night stands. F. S. F.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY— D C M. . war comedy: third and last week.

HOLLIS ST.—"The Rival ." Sheridan's comedy revived, with Mrs. Fiske, James T. Powers, John Craig; tonight, Weds. mat., and Weds. night only.

PLYMOUTH "Little Accident," farce; 12th week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," operetta, with Evelyn Herbert, Robert Halliday; eighth week.

TREMONT—"The Tavern," satirical melodrama, by and with George M. Cohan; Weds. and Sat. mats. only. "Gambling."

WILBUR "Candle Light," comedy, with Eugenie Leontovich, Reginald Owen.

NOTE—The Colonial and Lyric theatres are dark.

shorter pieces: Aria (Reger); Minuet in D (Mozart); Piece en forme de Habanera (Ravel); Gypsy Dance (Jeral). He also added the tones of his 'cello to Mrs. Kimball's performance of Chausson's song, Le Colibri, which proved rather dull.

Mrs. Kimball's voice, of pleasing clarity and lightness, tending toward the coloratura type, is produced with a rare and commendable ease that enables her to combine fluency and agility with a nearly even scale. One does not expect singing warmly expressive or of varied tonal hue from voices of this kind, and Mrs. Kimball did not entirely succeed in avoiding monotony, especially since a somewhat colorless head voice slightly impairs the brilliance of her higher notes while her middle voice lacks concentration. But these faults were unobtrusive, and one might enjoy the clarity, the smoothness, and the simple grace with which she sang Mozart's air (to which Roland Tapley, violinist, added an obbligato), the still greater charm of her singing of Hasse's Canzone, her rhythmic vivacity in Grovlez's Guitares et Mandolines and Fourdrain's Le Papillon. She sang well, too, with imagination and humor, three pleasing songs by Mr. Langendoen.

Mr. Langendoen himself was unable to make Breval's sonata sound other than commonplace, routine music of the 18th century. Apart from an initial nervousness that marred his tone and intonation in the first movement of this sonata, the agility, the melodic breath of his playing gave pleasure. He was most successful in Reger's Air, of which this was announced to be the first Boston performance. This is music too strongly reminiscent of Bach (and not alone by reason of its employment of the same bass as the famous Air on the G string) to lay claim to much originality, despite the chromatic modulations that lend it a modern flavor, but yet (or perhaps for that very reason, it has decided beauty.

Mr. Langendoen gave a spirited performance of Jeral's lively and characteristic Gipsy Dance, also billed as a Boston premiere.

Both artists were applauded with enthusiasm and induced to add to their programs. S. S.

SYMPHONY HALL

"Hallelujah"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by King Vidor from a scenario by Wanda Tuchock; directed by King Vidor and presented by the Artkino Guild through the courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Zeke..... ....Daniel Haynes
Chick.....................Nina Mae McKinney
Hot Shot.................William Fountaine
Parson... ....Harry Gray
Mammy.............Fannie Belle DeKnight
Spunk. ....Everett McGarrity
Missy Rose...................Victoria Spivey

Honor where honor is due: to King Vidor for the daring, the patience and the imagination that went into the making of such a film as "Hallelujah"; to his splendid cast, particularly Daniel Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; finally to the Negro race with its marvelous ability to dramatize emotion, to give free rein to their sorrows and joys and not to be afraid. Such a picture as this has never been attempted before and probably never—will be again, but it is a marvelous piece of work.

It is an unpretentious story of life among the Negroes of today: a life that runs along a pleasant, peaceful way and then suddenly plunges into stark tragedy or stirring drama. It is reported that the making of the film was no easy matter, so completely did the actors abandon themselves to the excitement of the moment that the strength of their emotions ruined delicate recording and lighting equipment more than once. Whatever it may have cost it was worth it: those extraordinary scenes at the camp meeting, the wholesale baptism by the river, the swaying frenzied figures in the dimly lit church, the grim pursuit through the swamp as the betrayed Zeke trails the man who brought his fickle light o' love to her death, leave an unforgettable impression on the mind.

The story starts in a peaceful Negro homestead whence Zeke and his brother Spunk depart for the market with the year's cotton crop. Disaster befalls them when Zeke is enticed into a crap game by a clever little decoy, Chick, loses all his money and gets into a fight in the course of which he accidentally shoots his brother. The shock of this causes him to turn to religion and he becomes a preacher. Chick and her confederate, Hot Shot, come to jeer at him, but Zeke's eloquence and fervor drive Chick into an hysterical fervor of repentance. For all his faith, Zeke cannot resist her attractions and he goes away with her. There is more to the story than that, but further detail is unnecessary.

Last night's audience, which filled Symphony Hall to its utmost capacity, seemed at times more than a little puzzled how to take "Hallelujah." Scenes of religious fervor and great excitement called forth bursts of laughter that frequently drowned out what the actors were saying. The N[egro] speech was not always easy to understand, owing to its lack of consonant sounds, but the singing was very beautiful at times and again eerie and shrill with sorrow. Daniel Haynes gave a truly remarkable performance as the weak and lovable Zeke: His fervent preaching, his spiritual exaltation and overwhelming grief were most moving and sincere. Nina Mae McKinney was almost equally good as the repentant little temptress, Chick. Fanny Belle DeKnight was a splendid Mammy and Victoria Spivey, as Missy Rose, the girl who loves Zeke and to whom he turned in the end, was an appealing figure. "Hallelujah" is at Symphony Hall for one week only. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Free and Easy"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Paul Dickey from the story by Richard Schayer, with words and music by Roy Turk and Fred E. Abert; directed by Edward Sedgwick and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Elmer ....Buster Keaton
Elvira .... Anita Page
Ma ....Trixie Friganza
Larry ....Robert Montgomery
Director Niblo ....Fred Niblo
Officer ....Edgar Dearing
A Guest ....William Haines
Master of Ceremonies ...William Collier, Sr.
Director Burton ....David Burton

When will producers learn not to spoil a perfectly good comedian by making him into another of that pathetically tiresome breed, the clown with the breaking heart? Also why smother such an unfortunate further in masses of chorus girls and general song-and-dance? Buster Keaton, now to be seen at Loew's State Theatre in his first talking film, "Free and Easy," has always ranked high up among the screen's laugh makers, principally because he was allowed to go his own crazy way in his own lunatic manner with a countenance that never changed throughout the most ludicrous situations. "Free and Easy" starts off almost like a Chaplin comedy, with the wretched Buster fleeing for his life through one set after another with a husky policeman after him. He is given a try-out and dons an elaborate costume; wig, sword, plumed hat and all—and told that he must say "Ah, woe is me! The queen has swooned!" The director struggles, Buster struggles, but it is no use. Anyway, the audience howled and Buster looked more and more pained, and when it was over there was more than one set of aching ribs.

After this, however, things took an abrupt drop; Buster is pitchforked into a messy screen comic opera, given outrageous costumes to wear and things get very slapstick and dull. There is more or less of a plot, which spends its time being thrown out and hauled back again. Buster plays the part of a well-meaning youth, Elmer Butts, who comes to Hollywood as the manager of a beauty contest winner, Elvira Plunkett. More or less accidentally he introduces her to a conceited young star, Larry Mitchell, with whom she promptly falls in love. Elmer's efforts to advance Elvira meet with little success, but soon he finds himself being shoved to the fore and in the end it is he who becomes a moving picture actor while Elvira marries Larry.

There are scenes taken in and out of the studios that are quite interesting, and such luminaries as Karl Danc, Dorothy Sebastian, William Haines and Lionel Barrymore are introduced for the sake of atmosphere. Fred Niblo does a wonderful burlesque of a director in action, yelling, tearing out his hair and generally behaving like a lunatic.

Through everything wanders Buster, with a bemused and thoughtful air, causing more trouble than Charlie Chaplin did in "The Circus" and speaking occasionally in a voice that matches his appearance perfectly. With better material he might accomplish more entertaining stuff. Anita Page looks lovelorn and wistful, Robert Montgomery is reasonably good as Larry and Trixie Friganza clowns it to the utmost limits as Elvira's mother. E. L. H.

Apr 9 1930

HUDSON CARMODY

An audience larger than most of those that attend such functions gathered at Jordan hall last night to hear a recital by Hudson Carmody, bass. Mr. Carmody offered the following ample program: Hear Me, Ye Winds and Waves (Handel); infelice; E tu Credevi from "Ernani" (Verdi); Aufenthalt, Der Wegweiser, Der Wanderer, Horch; Wie Murmeln des Emporten Meeres (Schubert); Recitative and monologue from "Boris Godunov" (Musorsky); Non Credo (Widor); Arioso de Bencenuto (Diaz); Vision Fugitive (Massenet); Le Cor (Flegier); The Wanderer's Song (Rosbach); Allah (Chadwick); Ships That Pass (Tyler); Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind (Sarjeant).

Mr. Carmody rejoices in a voice that has true bass, of the requisite depth, darkness, and warmth of quality in its lower part, and (there also) of very ample volume and resonance. Were the listener to confine his attention to this nether half of Mr. Carmody's range, he would say that here was a voice (certain serious but eradicable roughness and corrigible effects of perversion allowed for) that might prove of notable utility in the operatic field—since the opera is still quaintly regarded as the highest sphere of vocal endeavor. But composers not unreasonably demand fulness and richness of tones in the upper part of the bass voice (as of every other) to match that of the lower—or even to surpass it, since it is toward that emotional climax usually tends its way. It is in this crucial region that Mr. Carmody's voice generally falters out: as it progresses toward the moderate heights the lusty, resounding bass grow thin, nasal and unmusical. This is perhaps the heritage, in part, of too weighty and vigorous use of the bottom of the voice—a fault to which many Nordic basses and baritones are addicted.

Mr. Carmody sang with most musical effect in those songs which did not tempt him into the percussive violence already mentioned. The gentle resonance of his lightly used voice, intelligently applied, came gratefully to the ear in Schubert's "Wegweiser," for instance, and in Widor's "Non Credo." In not all of Schubert was he so successful. Too stolid for the impetuous "Aufenthalt," he brought too jigging a rhythm to the nostalgic "Wanderer." It is difficult to suggest any valid reason why he should have sung the monologue from "Boris" in French, a language so remote in flavor from the original Russian. In songs or airs like Musorgsky's in which music and words are so intimately dependent upon one another, the language of the audience and of the singer should be used, unless (as in many cases one is forced to suspect), the spurious glamour that the use or abuse of a foreign tongue confers be the chief consideration. Mr. Carmody's accent and enunciation here were on the whole excellent, however, though elsewhere sometimes deficient in smoothness, to the detriment of his phrasing.

He was applauded with enthusiasm.

S. S.

April 11 1930

NORFLEET TRIO

By PHILIP HALE

The Norfleet trio (Catherine, violin; Helen, piano; Leeper, 'celio) assisted by Louise Stallings, mezzo-soprano, and Charles Haubiel, composer-pianist, gave a concert last night under the auspices of the Musical Guild, Boston, in Brown hall. The Norfleets played Brahms's Trio in C major, op. 87; Haubiel's Trio Suite written for the Norfleets, and with Miss Stallings gave a performance of four Scotch songs—two arranged by Haydn—"The Birks of Abergeldie," and "The Soger Laddie"—two arranged by Beethoven, "Faithful' Johnie" and "Sally in Our Alley." Miss Stallings also sang Coquard's "Hai-luli," Chabrier's "Les petits Canards," Saint-Saens's "Clair de Lune," and the aria "Plus grand dans son obscurite," from Gounod's "Reine de Saba." One may be surprised to find "Sally in Our Alley" put down as a Scottish song, but it is not the only English one included in the 37 "Scotch" songs for which Beethoven wrote accompaniments.

The concert was announced by program and ticket to begin at 8:15 o'clock. It did not begin until a quarter of an hour later, thus giving the audience the opportunity of acquiring the requisite mood for the ecstatic enjoyment of the long-winded music by Johannes Brahms. The Norfleets proved themselves to be zealous laborers in the Brahmsian vineyard. As played by the visitors the second movement gave the most pleasure, though the Scherzo had a certain piquancy.

Miss Stallings is to be thanked for reviving the dramatic song by Coquard, dramatic in its stark simplicity, a song demanding a dark voice throbbing with passion; demanding a singer who knows how to prepare a climax of revenge, and at the very end the expression of hopelessness, if not resignation. Miss Stallings met these demands. Gounod's aria was also once a favorite warhorse for sopranos to ride to victory—or defeat. The Queen of Sheba was a fine woman in her day; the song that Gounod put into her mouth should be sung in the grand manner, and here again Miss Stallings was not found wanting. She was less successful in the interpretation of Chabrier's familiar "Petits Canards," failing to impart the necessary lightness, movement, archness. She gave the appropriate sentiment to Saint-Saens's early song, a setting of verses by Catulle Mendes.

The songs by Mr. Haubiel, little cantatas for the most part, are a severe test for any singer's voice and vocal ability. He is a serious musician of indisputable parts. One or two of his more important works have received honorable recognition. Of the songs heard last night, the first, "Plaint," is the most musically expressive of the text. In the two that followed there was the suggestion of an elaborate composition for piano with voice obbligato. The Romanza and the Scherzo of his instrumental Suite have original ideas, pleasingly exposed and developed. The Capriccio is too long; even a capricious woman is charming only when her caprice is for a moment.

The Norfleets are earnest souls, respecting what they play. While there was due proportion in the ensemble, the pianist seemed the most naturally gifted player.

DOROTHY GEORGE

Dorothy George, mezzo-soprano, sang at Jordan hall last night to a large and distinguished audience. Her program was the following: Quand je fus pris au Pavillon (Poesie de Charles d'Orleans); Musette (17th century, arr. Perilhou); Sweet Nymph, Come to thy Lover (Morley); Una Voce poco fa (Rossini;" Chanson triste (Duparc); Les Papillons (Chaussin); Phidyle (Duparc); Schoene Wiege meiner Leiden, Der Sandmann (Schumann); Die Mainacht, Botschaft (Brahms); Mountain Song (Heinrich Gebard); To Halen (Loeffler); A Christmas Carol (Boardman); Nex' Time (Gebhard); To the Children (Rachmaninoff); I'll dance the Romaika (Edna Park). Miss George had as her accompanist Reginald Boardman. Mr. Gebhard played the piano part of his "Mountain Song."

There are not many singers frequenting these parts who can be so confidently relied on to step before their audience with a program minutely and intelligently prepared as can Miss George. Carping persons might perhaps complain that the signs of this careful planning of interpretative effects remain at times a little too obvious, that sometimes the manner of performance seems imposed from without rather than dictated from within, with a little more of intelligence and a little less of intuition than perfect art should postulate, but these are fine and perilous distinctions, as vague and disputable as that betwixt art and artifice.

Could anyone fail to enjoy Miss George's way with the courtly and graceful songs of old France (that by an unnamed composer who had pleasingly set the words of the poet Charles d'Orleans was sung with equisite delicacy, smooth tone and beautifully molded elegance of phrase) or the winning lightness of her touch on the song of the Madrigalist Morley? Could one improve upon her humor in such things as Schumann's "Sandman" or Wolf's "Mausfallen-Spruechlein" (one of Miss George's extra numbers)? Much that was charming and felicitous in her singing of Duparc's songs, of Chausson's "Papillons," of Mr. Boardman's delicate setting of a Christmas carol, of Rachmaninoff's song, linger in the memory.

But her way, for all its intelligence, does not suit Brahm's "Mainacht" or "Schumann's "Schoene Wiege meiner Leiden." Her ideas are right but the songs simply do not come to life and glow with the living warmth that is theirs; they remain careful but cold imitations of the real thing.

Miss George's curious vocal habits do not help here. An exaggerated darkening of her tones and of her vowel sounds, especially marked in her German group, was not conducive to the suggestion of ease or spontaneity, much less to clear or natural diction. Nor did she appear to succeed in lightening her voice to the proportions demanded by "Una Voce," for instance, without also tightening it. Her high notes too often had a painful stridency, and sharpness of pitch seemed frequently to accompany the attempt to sing with full volume.

In his "Mountain Song" Mr. Gebhard, skillful and indefatigable composer, had written for Miss George (who gave it last night its first public performance) an apt and interesting setting of a stressful poem by Harriet Munroe. His song "Nex' Time" proved ingenious and amusing also.

The audience was enthusiastic in its applause.

S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"The Vagabond King"

After a limited engagement at the Uptown Theatre "The Vagabond King" comes to the Metropolitan Theatre for a week at popular prices. This handsome and tuneful operetta is based on the romantic play, "If I Were King," by Justin Huntley McCarthy, which was set to music by Rudolph Friml and enjoyed great success on the stage. The most noteworthy features of the screen version are the beautiful coloring and artistic photography. For once the eye is not offended by glaring discords, nor are there any of the frequent and annoying halo effect that comes when colors are imperfectly blended. Ludwig Berger, the director, shows great ability in his handling of crowds, particularly in violent motion: the shifting lights and changing shadows give an especially fine effect.

For the story and the actors there is little new to be added. The romantic tale of the poet-vagabond, Francois Villon, who loved a noble lady and ruled France for seven days with the prospect of hanging at the end of the week, has been told many times. Dennis King, who created the role on the stage, has a fine voice and sense of dramatic effect.

The stage show for the week is entitled "Dude Ranch," and, as might be guessed, is devoted to lively comedy of the wild and wooly western variety. With Charlie Davis in the saddle as guest master of ceremonies the fun is fast and furious. Heading the list of entertainers is "Jazz-Lips" Richardson, clog and acrobatic dancer whose comic deliberation makes for much amusement. Others who appear are Burns and Nissen, The Hangers, the Darling Twins and the Fred Evans Girls. Rubinoff and the Grand Orchestra present an unusually pleasing overture, "Victor Herbert Memories."—E. L. H.

April 14 1923

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

In Jordan Hall, yesterday afternoon, the People's Symphony Orchestra gave its final concert of the season. The central feature of the program was a performance of Gounod's sacred motet "Gallia," in which a contingent from the Handel and Haydn Society lent its aid. The society's conductor, Mr. Thompson Stone, wielded the baton both in this rarely heard work and in the orchestral numbers which comprised the remainder of the program—Rameau-Mottl, Ballet Suite (Minuet, Musette, Tambourin); Haydn, Symphony in D; Wagner, Morning Dawn and Siegfried's Rhine Journey; Goldmark, Overture "Sakuntala."

"Gallia," a lament, inspired by the misfortunes of France in the war of 1870, and performed in that year at the Paris Opera, is today more interesting for this historical fact than arresting as music. It inspires respect for its obvious sincerity but hardly rouses in the disinterested listeners of today more than the faintest echo of those emotions with which the French audience of 1870 naturally heard it. For, though its mood is unmistakable, its material is commonplace to the last degree. As a piece d'occasion it has had its say; as music it must be judged today, and ranks somewhat low. Orchestra and chorus were both rather more successful in sudden effects of dramatic contrast than elsewhere. The part for soprano solo was sung by Mrs. Marion Kingsbury, who revealed a voice of greater volume, resonance, and freedom than at a recent recital she had appeared to possess, though unsteadiness of tone marred an otherwise competent rendering of the music. Her performance gave evident pleasure to the audience, whose enthusiastic applause recalled her several times to the platform.

Mr. Stone and the orchestra gave a pleasing performance of the Haydn Symphony, not unduly insisting upon that roistering and bucolic character with which poor Haydn has been so firmly labeled, except appropriately enough in the finale, but giving full value to the beauty and deep feeling, the suave elegance and contrapuntal interest of the opening adagio.

There was much that was enjoyable, despite occasional flaws of execution (easily attributable to the difficulties under which this orchestra labors) in the playing of the Rameau-Mottl suite, of the "Journey down the Rhine" (in Humperdinck's concert version), and of the "Sakuntala" overture which closed the concert. The audience was warmly appreciative. It should have been more numerous, however. This orchestra fulfils a very useful function in Boston's musical life. Quite apart from its worthy practice of giving concerts at exceedingly low prices of admission, it supplements the work of the Boston Symphony by playing, besides the classics, music less portentous, though no less delightful, than that to which the more august institution in large measure devotes itself. The public should be made more widely acquainted with the work of the People's Symphony. And some music-loving persons of wealth might well consider it as a worthy object of their assistance.

S. S.

THE FENWAY

"Men Are Like That"

An all-dialogue screen comedy adapted by Herman J. Mankiewicz from the stage play entitled "The Show-Off," by George Kelly; directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

J. Aubrey Piper	Hal Skelly
Amy Fisher	Doris Hill
Pa Fisher	Charles Sellon
Ma Fisher	Clara Blandick
Joe Fisher	Morgan Farley
Clara Hyland	Helene Chadwick
Frank Hyland	William B. Davidson
Traffic Cop	Eugene Pallette
Judge	George Fawcett

One of the major mysteries of this puzzling life concerns title changing in the studio marts. Why, for example, should the perfectly good tag of "The Show-Off" bestowed on his comedy of five years ago by Mr. Kelly become the ineffective and misleading caption of "Men Are Like That," simply because Mr. Mankiewicz tinkered a bit with the stage version to make it fit screen dimensions? Countless incidents of maltreatment might be cited from week to week. This is just one of them. Misfit title aside, this is a picture over which to chuckle sympathetically if not immoderately. In his first straight screen comedy Mr. Skelly must be credited with a smoothly finished characterization as the loquacious, back-slapping four-flusher, the $32.50 per week freight department clerk who talks as if he owned the Pennsylvania railroad, the flashily arrayed youth who drops cigar ashes on Ma Fisher's living room carpet, courts and weds her younger daughter, Amy, and borrows $500 from his prospective brother-in-law for his honeymoon expenses. At the first of the film he perpetrates a very aggravating laugh after each bright remark, a laugh which in time might justify homicide. That disappears later, but the bumptious manner, the grandiloquent speech, the optimistic attitude as to the future, remain. Even when a series of petty disasters, a family tragedy and apparent defeat as a meddler have overwhelmed him, he contrives to take all credit for an unexpected financial victory for the Fisher family. He calls pompously for a fresh white carnation for his buttonhole. J. Aubrey Piper cannot be downed. As Ma Fisher grimly observes, "The Lord help me from now on."

The entire cast has been selected intelligently, and so directed. Miss Blandick especially, having created the stage role of Ma Fisher, brings that same acidulous tongue, that same asperity of manner to the talking screen. Miss Hill, in a kittenish part as Aubrey's adoring and loyal little wife, and Miss Chadwick as the elder sister, Clara, who though the more prosperous, was living without love, were excellent.

W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Spring Is Here"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted from the musical play of the same name by Owen Davis, Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National, with the following cast:

Steve Alden	Lawrence Gray
Terry Clayton	Alexander Gray
Betty Braley	Bernice Claire
Peter Braley	Ford Sterling
Emily Braley	Louise Fazenda
Mary Jane Braley	Inez Courtenay
Rita Clayton	Natalie Moorhead
Stacy Hayden	Frank Albertson
Maude Osgood	Gretchen Thomas

Thanks largely to the excellent musical score written by Richard Rodgers, "Spring Is Here," now current at the Keith-Albee Theatre, manages to be a more than commonly entertaining little screen comedy. For one thing, it is free of the great mobs of chorus men and girls that so often get in the way of a perfectly good musical show. For another, the sets are simple and there are no back-stage scenes whatever. Again, there are some very pleasant voices, notably those of Lawrence and Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire, which are heard to advantage in "With a Song in My Heart," "Yours Sincerely," "Have a Little Faith in Me," "How Shall I Tell?" and several more. Ford Sterling contributes an exaggerated but amusing study of an irate father, and Louise Fazenda, permitted for once to don a reasonably attractive make-up, makes for considerable hilarity as his meek and absent-minded wife. Frank Albertson is a likable juvenile with a pleasant, if not remarkable, singing voice.

So far, so good; everything can't be roseate, and there are some rather annoying features about "Spring Is Here." In the first place, the plot, taken from a musical comedy in which Glenn Hunter was starred on the stage, is about as feeble and antiquated as they make them; it's the one about the girl who can't make up her mind between her suitors—a lively youth with a long line and lots of money, and a stolid individual with a heart of gold and complete inability to say anything. Ten guesses as to which one she marries! As far as the two leading men are concerned, Lawrence Gray easily carries off the honors, though it is Alexander who is starred. The latter has an excellent voice, but his acting is heavy and dull. He does not really belong in a light and frothy affair of this sort. Lawrence Gray, however, might well have been made for musical comedy; he has an easy impudence which is never offensive and he doesn't take himself at all seriously. Bernice Claire is pretty and lively. Deficiencies or no, "Spring Is Here" is amusing entertainment that will not strain your mind.

E. L. H.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

After four weeks of Shakespeare and high thinking, comedies of a light nature were a relief, as concert audiences would welcome a program that contained a sparkling overture, even by Suppe, and a waltz by Johann Strauss, after a Brahms Festival and a program devoted exclusively to our old friend Beethoven.

"The Rivals" no longer seems so amusing as it did to our grandfathers, but the judicious grieve when Bob Acres is represented as a silly clown instead of a rather foolish country squire. Joseph Jefferson was in a large measure responsible for the lamentable change in portrayal, yet his Acres was a man of a certain distinction.

It was gracious of Mr. Cohan to revive "The Tavern," that exquisite burlesque of old-fashioned melodrama. That the authoress took her play seriously and was consoled only by royalties reminds one of the sad case of the man that wrote "The Black Crook" and was deeply wounded when his romantic play was mutilated for a spectacle with ballet.

By the way, a dancer and a partner, put on the program of their entertainment on April 4 in Symphony hall "Can-can from 'The Black Crook.'" There was no can-can in the "Black Crook" as it was performed here and in New York. The first performance of this dance in New York was a mild version danced by the vivacious, delightful Mlle. Tostee and the male conspirators plotting against Fritz in "La Grande Duchesse." This was in 1868. As we remember it the dancing excited no attention from the pulpit. It was only an amusing incident in the spirited performance; but the can-can was danced most indecently later in 1874 or 1875 at Robinson hall in East Sixteenth street, a little theatre known afterwards in turn as the Parisian Varieties, the New York Parisian Varieties, the Criterion, the Sixteenth Street Theatre. The night we saw the show there were few if any women in the audience. First there was a minuet, the male partners being represented by women; gradually the stately dance was changed into a frenetic can-can. Gus Williams, with his song "Pull Down the Blind" was one of the entertainers. The police stopped the dancing more than once. The program of last week stated that the music for this "Black Crook" can-can was by Offenbach. His most famous can-can was the one in which gods and goddesses took part in "Orphee aux Enfers."

Then there is "Candle-Light" at the Wilbur Theatre. Did Mr. Wodehouse in his adaptation of Geyer's comedy borrow from Mr. Graham's adaptation produced in London with the title "By Candlelight"? One would like to see the German text if it is published, if only to learn how many of the lines spoken by the charming Miss Leontovich and Messrs. Owen and Mowbray were invented by the ingenious Mr. Wodehouse. There are passages that might have been in one of his sparkling novels. As for the tone of the comedy it has a decidedly Viennese flavor.

Has Mr. Maltby's comedy, "Dear Old England," been played in England, and if so under what title? He is a fertile dramatist, having written for the stage since 1908. At first a bank clerk he became an actor. He is now in his 49th year. It is said that Mr. Clive will have a congenial part in the comedy tomorrow.

"Jane Austen in Bath" is not a tank-drama, and if it were to be performed here the censor would not be indignant, although he would of course think it his duty to be in the audience the first night so as to prevent others from enjoying the show—we say "show" advisedly—on the nights to follow. No, "Jane Austen in Bath" is a dramatization of Jane's novel, "Northanger Abbey, the scenes of which are almost all in the town of Bath, famous for its Pump Room life over 100 years ago. The play was produced by the Citizen Players of that town.

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

The late popular actor, Fritz Williams, commenced his career on our Museum stage "as a baby 6 months old." As a matter of fact the same stage, some 13 years later, gave him his first speaking part as the admiral of the juvenile Pinafore company with little Corinne. He was one of the hits of the piece and a very good admiral, too. In those days he might have been seen attending the rehearsals with a violin tucked under his arm, ready to take outside music lessons later in the day. He made good use of his opportunities as his record shows. WILLIAM GILL.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Association of Boston University, which annually produces one of the "Savoy" operettas, has chosen for its 1930 presentation "The Yeomen of the Guard," at Jordan hall, on the evenings of May 1, 2 and 5. Mr. Center, the director of the association, writes to us: "So far as we can learn, it is 41 years since this opera has been presented in Boston. Our net proceeds are to be devoted to the university building fund. We are, of course, all amateurs, but we do our best to give adequate presentations of these works. For "The Yeomen" we have had scenery specially designed and costumes especially made, with painstaking care as to correctness, and we try hard to hold to established traditions. We use an orchestra of 25 players and a chorus of 50 voices."

Clifford Bax has written a play, "Socrates," written "in the key of Plato's dialogues, portions being based on the "Symposium," "Phaedrus," "Apology," Phaedo." Alcibiades, Aristophanes, and Xantippe are among the characters, but according to the Times Xantippe and her children, in spite of Miss Massingham's "well governed tantrums and the charming appearance of Miss Carson and Miss Desarmer, were a waste of precious time —we were driven back to Plato for the merit of the play." The Times ended its review (March 25) "Plato is not patient of compression, but this attempt to compress him is a gallant and enthralling one which may bring nearer the day when it is at last understood that the striving of a great mind for truth is no less dramatic than the limping of a trivial one after its appetites."

Socrates appeared on the stage before Mr. Bax chose him for a hero, from the time of "The Clouds" by Aristophanes to the "Socrate" by Theodore de Banville when Coquelin played the philosopher and Mme. Samary was a charming roly-poly, seductive Xantippe in a red robe. Lemaitre waited to hear her call Socrates "mon bebe!" "She did not contribute in giving to the play the impression of its being Greek, but, note, I do not complain of that," In 1764 there was a tragedy, "Socrate," by an anonymous French author. The philosopher did not come on the stage till the fourth act, when he was seen chained in a prison cell. There was an English play, "Socrates Triumphant, or the Danger of Being Wise in a Community of Fools" (1716), another "Socrates" (1758) still another, "The Death of Socrates" (1756). Then there was Voltaire's tragedy, which he pretended to translate from the English of Thomson, a play suggested by Addison—another French tragedy by Sauvigny, but not produced because the police found in it allusions to the Archbishop of Paris and to the general animosity toward the French philosophers of 1762. Was there not within recent years a play written in Cambridge, entitled "Xantippe?"

Apropos of censorship, a play, "Jack the Ripper," was banned at Brighton, England, last month unless it would be amended. The Lord Chamberlain objected to the identification of St. Bartholomew's Hospital with the story. A "big" scene was to have taken place in the hospital. There was also objection to the introduction of persons still living, a coroner and an ex-police inspector. Jack in this play is a crazy medical man.

Jack appears in the last scene of Wedekind's terrible play, "The Box of Pandora."

In Savoir's play, translated into English and produced a month ago in London as "The Lion Tamer," an English lord follows a circus about hoping to see the lion tamer eaten by his lions. Did not M. Savoir get this idea from Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew"?

A Parisian newspaper woman, when "Hernani" was recently revived, went about asking persons in all walks of life what they thought of the play. Some thought the question was a comic conundrum and wished to avoid the catch. There was a telephone girl who thought at first it was the name of a new exchange and then concluded it was a term of abuse for having given a wrong number. She quickly shut off.

They are still talking about a national theatre in London. Mr. Ivor Brown remarked that modern actors had little chanie oof doing anything new or anything old for that matter. "They have to go on playing the same kind of restrained parts, in the same restrained voices, in the same restrained plays." Dame Whitty thought it would be a good plan to start gently the education of modern audiences. "There is always a tendency today to play down to audiences." A national theatre would teach actors a little more about diction and "tend to do away with the mushroom growth of actors who become the rage just because of one showy part; what is more, it would do away with the present worship of personality, which is bad for the actor."

"In the West end of London theatre policy is dictated by the stalls," declared Mr. Maurice Browne, manager of "Journey's End," in a debate on the Little Theatre movement at the Gallery First Nighters' Club.

"It cannot be supported by the cheaper parts of the house alone. Yet original feeling does not come from well-fed people in the stalls, and so long as this goes on one cannot have a healthy theatre."

To which Lucio in the Manchester Guardian replied: "Isn't it about time that some of our earnest theatrical experts tried to develop a little original feeling on the subject of those notorious offenders in the front seats? They may be very wicked and worthless, but it is true that they are the only people who make a habit of eating a meal before they go to the theatre? . . . Does everybody—except, of course, those bloated half-wits in the stalls—sit there starving but spell-bound by the feast of culture offered on the other side of the footlights?"

ALL ABOUT CHAMBER MUSIC

Some one, not a musician, wrote that to him one of the most entertaining books is any volume of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians. The same might be said of "Cobbett's Cyclopedic Survey of Chamber Music," compiled and edited by Walter Willson Cobbett. The second volume of this remarkable cyclopaedia, now completed, is published in a stately form by the Oxford University Press. To some, even to some musicians, chamber music is, as Edward MacDowell once characterized it, cold veal. They miss the orchestral color—no doubt the percussion instruments also, which now play an important part in contemporaneous music; but if these avoiders of chamber music will consult the little article by Mr. Tuthill on page 213 of this work, they will find that these instruments have not been ignored by the ancients nor by the men of today. That Mr. Tuthill does not welcome these instruments is evident. "Percussion instruments have been but very recently introduced into the chamber music ensemble." (Yet he mentions Dussek's "Combat Naval" for piano trio and bass drum, depicting Admiral Duncan's victory at Camperdown over the Dutch, and Dussek died in 1812.) "Perhaps this is because what was once called chamber music, because it was played in the private apartments of the patron, the professional, or amateur, has now come to be music largely of the concert room. There the added noise of percussion instruments is at least bearable, if not pleasant." He mentions Paul Hindemith, who brings only one percussion player into his "Kammermusic," but he brings his whole battery "and is called upon to belabor it with a vengeance. The effect is not at all pleasant; the music expresses little, and seems to need an erotic ballet to give it meaning." Mr. Tuthill is kinder to Ernest Schelling but concludes: "After all, chamber music is an ideal form, the sonnet of musical language. Why must its purity be degraded with sounding brass or tinkling symbal? Let these rhythmic accentuators stay where they belong—in the orchestra of opera, ballet, or even of symphony."

One is amazed at the army of composers who have invaded the field of chamber music. Name after name, unfamiliar, wholly unknown, so that, reading of their life and works, one feels like a curious sight-seer in a huge and long-neglected grave-yard. It was to be expected that the famous composers should receive much attention—so one finds eight pages devoted to Mendelssohn's chamber music, over 32 (double columns) to Mozart, seven to Ravel, over eight to Schoenberg, 14 to Schubert, 27 to Schumann, 13 to Scontrino, who is hardly known here, nine to Kodaly, eight to Smetana, six to Stravinsky, 10 to Tchaikovsky. But this volume has 641 pages including a biblography and a table of content.

Then there are any number of interesting articles not biographical: accounts of chamber music clubs in various countries; articles on Interpretation, Intonation, Jazz, Jewish Composers, Vibrato, The Player-Piano,

Program Chamber Music, Tone, Restaurant Music, the Organ, Theatre Music; a dozen pages on the violoncello as employed in chamber music; pages about the viola and the violin. There is a wealth of excerpts in notation to illustrate the analyses of many works—one is tempted to exclaim "Prodigious!" It would be easy to say that here and there is a lack of due proportion. Why should Migot have two pages of quotations? Mr. Cobbett supplements Mr. Woollett's article on Migot by saying: "The extreme technical difficulties of this composer's music will, I fear, prove a stumbling-block to students."

Let it here be said that Mr. Cobbett's notes to articles written with commendable freedom of opinion by his contributors are always entertaining, especially so when they might be regarded as a chastener of undue enthusiasm. Here is Mr. Sabaniev, for example, writing about Roslavets. He says that the "fruitfulness" of Roslavets "is conditioned by the fact that the composer does not set out to express anything in his music." Mr. Cobbett does not ask how "fruitfulness" can be conditioned by the desire to express nothing; he simply adds this note: "I can never hope to find time to study adequately music of the type discussed in the above article, so different from the Russian chamber music with which I am familiar, and which has given me, in my time, so much pleasure. I, and many like me, must be satisfied to adopt the attitude of the respectful onlooker who watches mariners embarking upon an uncharted sea."

Of Schoenberg's music Mr. Cobbett writes: "He appears to us amateurish, to be mainly concerned with the expression of his intellectual aspirations. Now amateurs, without being hedonists, are still not anchorites, and I am afraid that they are apt to turn only too readily from his music to that of composers who combine lyric charm with masterly musicianship. Many would like to devote themselves to patient study of Schoenberg's interesting scores, and I doubt not they would reap a rich reward; but here again there is an obstacle. The exactions of modern life are such that few of them can find time to do so."

Mr. Cecil Gray writes about Kaikhosru Sorabji's music. Mr. Cobbett: "Those who aspire to understand and appreciate music which is in essence Oriental and therefore enigmatic to most of us, must devote an appreciable amount of time to study of its characteristics. I have not been able to do this, and am glad to be able to give to readers the impressions of one who has." Mr. Cobbett has this to say of Tchaikovsky's famous Andante in his D major quartet: "The intrinsic beauty of the romantic Andante Cantabile . . . has been obscured by the treatment it has received. Torn from its setting, it has been arranged for various combinations of instruments and played to death in restaurants and cinemas."

For Ornstein, Mr. Cobbett adds a note to Mr. Carl Engel's short notice: "I am not one of those perverse musicians who, seated in Paradise, envy the fallen angels their sensations. The music of the great masters, past and present, is for me 'Paradise enow,' and when Leo Ornstein, reported a musical anarch, was announced to give a concert in London, I elected to stay away; nor did I regret my decision when I read the press notices which followed, lauding his abilities as a pianist, but describing his music as 'insufferably hideous.'" Then, not wishing to do this composer injustice, he refers to Frederick H. Martens's book on Ornstein and is "more than anxious to hear, as soon as opportunity serves, some of the chamber music (written since Ornstein visited London), of which this author speaks in enthusiastic terms." He also speaks appreciatively of Mrs. Thomas Tapper teaching and encouraging the boy Ornstein for no other reason than seeing the lad, poor and friendless, taking his proper place in the musical world. "It is woman's familiar role."

There is a long note appended to Mr. Altmann's article on Mendelssohn: A note that should be remembered whenever one hears his music and is inclined to sniff:

"The reflections of a veteran chamber music player are seldom tinged with bitterness. He is schooled to endure with equanimity the disparagement by the anti-romantics of creative artists of distinction with whom they have nothing in common. That is in the natural order of things. But I have to admit that I find the attitude of musical folk in general towards Mendelssohn exasperating. Though he is not absolutely in the first rank, one has only to scan the records of musical doings in various countries to see that his compositions form everywhere a part of the musician's daily pabulum." Mr. Cobbett speaks of the early enthusiasm over Mendelssohn's music in England—how he had "dreamed the dreams" of Shakespeare and wrote a concerto which "when it first appeared, was a revelation of the fascinating possibilities of the violin, and has since delighted thousands." Then came the reaction. But his early activities wore out his brain and nerves sooner than if he had sprung from the people. Some of his works should never have been published, and this has been detrimental to his reputation. Some of his finest chamber works, as the B flat quintet, are now neglected. "Of the quartets it may be advanced with truth that it is undesirable to play them too often. The same may be said of scores of other fine works. . . . It must be admitted that there are moments of weakness, even of triteness, in the piano trios, but . . . they speak the language of youth."

Here is a wise saying: "True interpretation will always be, to some extent, a reflection of the artist's own nature; and I have known more than one instance of a broad-minded composer who professed great interest in a performance of one of his works which diverged completely from his own conceptions; who was aware, in short, that there is such a thing as creative interpretation, and did not resent it. What a composer most ardently hopes for is that the interpreter's temperament may show some affinity with his own."

Mr. Cobbett thinks that for performers to play as nearly in tune as they commonly do is no small achievement, "whilst to play perfectly in tune upon that perilous thirteen inches of string which runs from the bridge to the nut of a violin is a sheer impossibility. A violinist is, after all, a man, not a machine, and the days of miracles are past."

Odal Saleski in a curious study of musicians belonging to a "wandering race" includes Saint-Saens and Bizet among Jewish composers. Mr. Cobbett does not accept the popular belief that the Jewish musician shines only as an executant, not as a creative artist. "This constant repetition of sayings that are, so to speak, in the air, is, if I might venture to say so, the outcome of intellectual laziness. They save the trouble of thinking." He gives a list of Jewish composers from Mendelssohn to Schoenberg, from Rubinstein and Goldmark to Dukas and Milhaud.

Mr. Leigh Henry contributes a thoughtful article on "Jazz in Relation to Chamber Music," arguing that the two are connected by means of folk characteristics. This article, by its reasoning and its comments on American and European composers who have utilized jazz, is important; to be studied by even the most serious musicians. Thus "the work of Poulenc, Milhaud and Auric represents the 20th century French revolt from the decadent preciosity of the nineties toward what the late Guillaume Apollinaire termed 'the healthy vulgarization of art.' With Arthur Honegger, the first to break from the grouping of the 'Six,' the use of jazz elements has a more philosophic significance. He views these as symbols of an age of mechanical progress with its resultant moods." Germany, "rather self-conscious of its classical musical prestige—reacts spasmodically to jazz elements, and then mainly in an ironic sense permeated by post-war pessimism." Mr. Henry speaks of Satie and Debussy in France; Casella in Italy; Stravinsky, with whom ragtime and jazz become "sources of purely abstract innovations in musical tone-pattern and rhythmic design."

In Great Britain "the national conservatism and a certain self-conscious sentiment towards Victorian ideals did not conduce to the easy entry of jazz into any kind of concert music." Mr. Henry mentions Arthur Bliss and Eugene Goossens. In America, Irving Berlin, Confrey, Gershwin, Kern, Youmans, who were followed by Jacobi, Carpenter, Gruenberg, Whithorne. Mr. Henry might have added the names of Loeffler and Hill. Who is George Edwards, mentioned as a Russian-American whose jazz operetta was produced at Vienna?

Mr. Harvey Grace writes instructively about the employment of the organ in chamber music; Mr. Sidney Grew about the use of the player-piano. Mr. Cobbett thinks that chamber music would be a dull affair without vibrato "properly and sanely used." He also says: "It would be snobbish to make the assertion that amidst the welter of commercialized music organized in various world cities for Philistine listeners, with an accompaniment of plates and dishes, no strains of real beauty are ever heard, yet it would not be without partial justification. One can but see that trading instincts block the way." He approves of paying no attention to repeats in the performance of chamber works. "The plain truth is that the musical layman is scared away from the chamber music concert room by what he considers to be the excessive length of the works given." He agrees with Niecks in giving the name "clandestine" to program music. "None other could so well describe the unavowed feelings of countless composers in whose consciousness a program lurks, but whose sensibilities are shocked by the very suggestion of concrete expression. The lay public, on the other hand, reacts favorably to descriptive music." The excellent article on program chamber music from the time of Uccellini (1669) and Couperin to Bartok and Janacek, from C. P. E. Bach to Loeffler and Pizetti is by Hugh Arthur Scott.

Mr. Cobbett does not stand in awe of professors and doctors of music. As there is "little trace of inspiration, romantic feeling, color" in Prout's chamber works they were "awarded prizes given by the Society of British Musicians in 1862." Yet Mr. Cobbett respected and loved Prout as a man and a learned musician.

It is pleasant to read Casella's warm appreciation of Verdi's string quartet. Mr. Cobbett, although he says that from Sarasate's Strad, "there streamed a tone of unexampled beauty," hardly does that marvelous violinist justice.

Here is a book that reflects the highest credit on the editor, who has done so much in England for the art he loves. This "Cyclopedic Survey" showing his own knowledge, his catholicity in the choice of contributors, will be a lasting monument to him.

April 14 1930

SCOLLAY SQUARE

"On the Border"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Lillian Hayward from her own story; directed by William McGann and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Rinty ..... Rin-Tin-Tin
Pepita ..... Armida
Dave ..... John B. Litel
Farrell ..... Philo McCullough
Don Jose ..... Bruce Covington
Patrol Commander ..... Walter Miller
Dusty ..... Bill Irving
Truck Driver ..... Larry McGrath
Morgan ..... Bob Perry
Mac ..... Elmer Ballard

The rope which binds the heroine to her chair is never so tightly knotted that Rin-Tin-Tin cannot loose it with three or four tugs of those capable teeth. The window which separates this wonder-dog from his mistress is never so high that he cannot vault through, taking sash and glass with him. Rinty has been doing that sort of things for several years, mostly in the silent films, more recently with a chance to bark amiably at his friends and to growl or roar defiance at his enemies. In "On the Border" he not only rescues the piquant Armida but he leaps aboard a big truck running wild, with the hero strapped back to the high seat, and releases his cruel thongs one instant before their chariot hurtles over and down a nasty bit of mountain side. And in the end Rinty closes with and captures the villain as he is about to escape from twoscore mounted border patrolmen. This is all in the day's work. Rinty never gets fussed up, never seems conscious of the camera, never fights for the centre of the stage. What an example he sets to his two-footed associates!

"On the Border" is a routine thriller of less than program stature, being only 45 minutes in running length. It deals with a lawless crew of men headed by Farrell and skilled in the smuggling of Chinese across the Mexican border into this country by immuring them in capacious vans ostensibly devoted to traffic in market celery. Don Jose, an impoverished ranch owner, and his daughter Pepita become involved innocently. Dave, a captain in the border patrol, disguises himself as a tramp in order to trap the gang and incidentally falls in love with Pepita. Of course virtue triumphs and villany is routed in the end. The acting is without particular distinction. Armida, toting a guitar almost as big as she, sings "Under a Texas Moon" just as she sung it last week in Frank Fay's picture. Without her vivacity and Rinty's versatility "On the Border" would be voted turgid entertainment.

W. E. G.

April 15 1930

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE. First time in Boston of "Dear Old England," a farce in three acts by H. F. Maltby. The cast was as follows:

Lady Shoreham ..... Elspeth Dudgeon
Mrs. Kirkpatrick ..... Edith Morgan
Lord Tottenham ..... E. E. Clive
Lady Tottenham ..... Esther Mitchell
Ursula Shoreham ..... Rosalind Russell
Mr. Burrows ..... Ralph Roberts
Mr. Raky ..... Gerald Rogers
Hector Burrows ..... Ian Emery

If Mr. Compton, speaking the prologue, is to be believed, penniless aristocrats after the world war lived in huts, railway carriages, all sorts of covered vehicles somewhere on the Sussex Downs of once Merry England, and there they did odd jobs, sought humble situations, raised chickens, also goats.

There is a goat in Mr. Maltby's farce, and this goat is milked by Lady Shoreham, who once was the chatelain of the Towers, nearby, a fine estate now owned by a terrible bounder, one of the newly rich. Lady Shoreham has a daughter, a comely lass, who, having been forced to attend a board school, speaks ungrammatically with a vocabulary that shocks the stately mother. The bounder has a son who was at Harrow and Cambridge. Lady Shoreham is unable to pay her rent to the bounder Burrows. He enters her one-room, is violently abusive and sets his agent to take stock of the wretched furniture. His son Hector has seen

Ursula. She finds favor in his eyes, so that in exchange for a cup presented to her by her noble grandmother he gives her the sum due his father.

The Shorehams have neighbors, the Tottenhams. Lord Tottenham is friendly but a teller of inconsequential stories, an unintentional destroyer of furniture; and a smasher of crockery. "All places yield to him; here sits he down." Even on the floor he is courteous, anxious about the future of Ursula, for he knows too well the way of a landlord's son with a tenant's daughter.

It is easy to see what follows. A spirited young man; a willing girl; an incensed and shocked mother; a father roaring in rage, in disinheriting mood. And of course a happy ending. With the possibility of Burrows wedding the aristocratic snob, that she may teach him to talk like a gentleman, that she, dwelling again in her ancestral home may do away with his hideous but costly "improvements" and restore the rooms to their former grandeur.

What did Mr. Maltby, a man of many plays, have in mind when he wrote this play? Did he purpose to satirize in an extravagant manner the change in worldly conditions of those ruined pecuniarily by the war? Hardly, for he is undoubtedly a gallant Englishman appreciating the sacrifices made by refined if snobbish men and women who accepted their lot and made the best of it. Are his satirical shafts aimed at the vulgar rich who became lords of manors? Did he wish to jest as the conventions of Milo drama? Or did he simply sit down to write an amusing farce larded with jests at changed social conditions, the humble exalted, the nobs thrown from the seats of the mighty, but true love leveling classes as in a Gilbertian libetto?

Being a farce, "Dear Old England"—for so his play is now entitled—is of course preposterous. It was performed last night, as a farce should be performed, with the utmost seriousness. The performance was rewarded by the hair-trigger laughter of an audience that filled the theatre. For there is always laughter at the sight of a man overturning a table, sitting on a chair lacking a leg, pulling off a door handle in a hasty exit. Mr. Clive was appropriately awkward, rattle-brained, reminiscent, ready with advice, the fruit of experience and worldly wisdom. Lord Tottenham is an agreeable departure from the traditional "Silly ass" of so many English comedies. Mr. Clive and the competent Miss Dudgeon bore the burden of the play. Mr. Roberts was sufficiently insolent and boisterous as the hard-hearted landlord, boasting of his wealth. He deftly changed his attitude when he found out that Lady Shoreham as a little girl was adored by him, a dirty, ragged little boy who robbed her of a shilling. Their interchange of memories was one of the pleasant episodes in the play and the performance. The young lovers were not too sentimental.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COPLEY—"Dear Old England," comedy by H. F. Maltby.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; 13th week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," operetta; ninth week.

TREMONT—"The Tavern," satirical melodrama, with and by George M. Cohan; Weds. mat. only, "Gambling"; last week.

WILBUR—"Candle Light," comedy, with Eugenie Leontovich; second week.

NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis Street and Lyric theatres are dark.

LOEW'S STATE

"Lummox"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the novel of the same name by Fannie Hurst; directed by Herbert Brenon and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Bertha Oberg	Winifred Westover
Chicta	Dorothy Janis
Annie Wennerherg	Lydia Titus
Mrs. Farley	Ida Darling
Rollo Farley	Ben Lyon
Veronica Neidringhouse	Myrta Bonillas
John Bixby	Cosmo Kyrle Bellew
Mrs. John Bixby	Anita Bellew
Paul Bixby	Robert Ullman
Mrs. Wallenstein, Sr.	Clara Langsner
Wally Wallenstein	William Collier, Jr.
May Wallenstein	Edna Murphy
Silly Willie	Torben Meyer
Mrs. McMurty	Fan Bourke
Mrs. Oessertrich	Myrtle Stedman
Barney	Danny O'Shea
Paul Charvet	William Bakewell
Mr. Myerbogen	Sidney Franklin

The drama of an inarticulate soul, a woman who spends her life trying to help others and never able to help herself, whose feelings go so deep with in her that she cannot express them—such is "Lummox," current film at Loew's State Theatre and adaptation from Fannie Hurst's famous novel. It was a courageous thing to attempt, and Herbert Brenon is hereby commended for his willingness to undertake such a task. For "Lummox" has no lively or exciting story to tell, no beautiful heroine and romantic hero to portray; it is merely the life of an uncomplaining drudge, who endured one tragedy after another. Such a subject is dangerously close to dullness, if judged by the standards of customary screen entertainment, and it must be confessed that the picture, especially toward the end, has a tendency to drag. There is really no connected plot, merely one more or less disconnected episode after another. Since the film is long, this defect is very noticeable; there is not enough in the separate incidents to carry interest along.

The most notable feature of "Lummox" is the reappearance of Winnifred Westover, after an absence of several years, in the title role. Whatever may be said for or against the picture, there is no question as to the fineness of her individual achievement. Everything about her seems to be admirably fitted to the character she portrays. The short, thickset figure, the heavy walk, the look of dumb patience or bovine bewilderment are all there. There is something more as well; for all the heaviness, almost earthiness, of Bertha, Miss Westover can show a look of touching beauty, very simple, but extremely moving, that is not at all out of keeping with the character and adds greatly to sympathetic interest.

The story is too long-drawn out for any detailed synopsis. Briefly, it tells the life-history of Bertha Oberg, well-meaning, upright and innocent drudge. As a young woman she is betrayed by an amorous young poet and is forced to give up her child for adoption by a wealthy family. She slaves for years, never going high, but never really down, for she always finds some one to help. The supporting cast is very large; those who give noteworthy performances are Edna Murphy, Dorothy Janis and William Collier, Jr. Ben Lyon, as the poet, is badly miscast.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"Lord Byron of Broadway"

An all-talking and singing screen drama adapted by Willard Mack from the novel of the same name by Nell Martin; directed by William Nigh and Harry Beaumont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Roy	Charles Kaley
Ardis	Ethelind Terry
Nancy	Marion Shilling
Joe	Cliff Edwards
Bessie	Gwen Lee
Phil	Benny Rubin

If story, dialogue, direction and performance had matched up to its musical numbers, "Lord Byron of Broadway" might have become a genuine Broadway "smash." Such tunes as "Should I?" and "The Woman in the Shoe" have been peddled out nightly via radio and night club orchestras. They are catchy enough to be noteworthy in any staged musical comedy. In "Lord Byron of Broadway" they fall on the ear gratefully, not so much that they are particularly well sung or danced, but because they come as welcome relief from inane dialogue and inept acting. At that "The Woman in the Shoe" number misses greatness by a matter of several feet. Given a larger screen, Sammy Lee's dancing choristers might have appeared to better advantage in a series of evolutions which had every token of originality and of not a little imaginative beauty. This same handicap of screen area makes itself felt in several other scenes. It is small satisfaction, when three persons are engaged in what is intended to be serious argument, to be able to see only two of the three at a time. The spectator feels that he is being cheated.

"Lord Byron of Broadway" is another back-stage narrative with a slightly different angle. Roy Erskine, a selfish young song-writer who utilizes his passing affairs with young women for text and substance of his ballads, is supposed to be the central figure. Frankly, Joe Lundeen, a stolid, honest vaudevillian, as played by none other than "Ukulele Ike," Cliff Edwards, usurps his place, by dint of a sincere and sympathetic delineation of a veritable type. In the end, after usual ups and downs, Roy learns that "Only Love Is Real" (that is his last composition), and marries the patiently waiting Nancy Glover, who gave him his first start. Miss Terry, with a musical comedy record for splendid vocalism, carries the air in "The Woman in the Shoe," and for the rest is merely a stenciled brunette adventuress. Benny Rubin is amusing as the sharp-minded booking agent. The sequences in color again suffer from that blur which too often seems to mar even the best of them.

W. E. G.

April 16 1930

MAXIM SCHAPIRO

Halting in the course of a musical "tour du monde" during which he has won golden opinions from all sorts of critics, Maxim Schapiro, Russian pianist, gave a Jordan hall audience a taste of his quality last night. He chose for the occasion the following program: Siloti's revision of Tausig's arrangement of Schubert's Andantino and Variations in B minor, Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 11, two Fairy Tales (op. 13 and Op. 34) by Medtner, two Etudes (Op. 42 and Op. 8) by Scriabin, two Preludes (p. 32) by Rachmaninoff, and Balakireff's "Islamey."

Absorbed, restrained, and unpretentious in his manner, Mr. Schapiro proved himself a thoughtful pianist well worthy of serious consideration—a pianist, moreover, of brilliant and well-controlled technical powers. His Schubert was sober but far from dull; he played the Andantino musingly, with an extremely delicate beauty of touch and phrasing, with transparency and with grace, never straining for effect. The variations, too, were pleasingly done, though the listener was sometimes left in doubt as to whether Mr. Schapiro had seen and conveyed clearly enough the essential drift of each of them.

Of Schumann's massive F sharp minor sonata, though he made its introductory measures ("Un poco adagio") somewhat too restless, he gave a sufficiently romantic but well-knit performance. His impelling rhythm and sense of movement gave unity to the rather meandering allegros; he played the delightful Aria with the charmingly delicate lyricism in which he excels.

The second half—the Russian part—of his program had all the warmly luxuriant fluency which Russian pianists seem to command so easily. If his playing of the two Rachmaninoff preludes lacked the simplicity and perfection of the composer's own performance of them, Mr. Schapiro made amends amply by his unusually exhilarating and imaginative of Balakireff's popular war-horse, and by the remarkably brilliant climax to which he rode it. Applauded enthusiastically, he added to his program.

S. S.

April 16 1930

HURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1930

Top o' the Morning

Georges Longy, whose death is reported, was not only a remarkable player of the oboe; he was an accomplished musician. When the Burgoyne went down, the oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra was one of the lost. Longy left Paris, where he had been connected in turn with the leading orchestras after he had won a first prize at the Paris Conservatory in 1886. From Oct. 14, 1898, to May 1, 1925, he was the first oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He told us that he resigned because he was no longer sure of himself in concert work, but, it was whispered, there were other reasons for his resignation. He also told us that, returning to France, he should devote himself wholly to farming.

As an oboist, he was distinguished not only for his incomparable tone and brilliant technic; his phrasing was a lesson for all musicians, violinists, pianists, singers. As the founder of the Longy Club in 1900 he introduced many chamber works that otherwise would not have been made known here, and as conductor of the Orchestral Club, also founded in 1900, he brought out compositions of importance by leading French and Russian composers. His taste in the arrangement of programs was catholic. To him there were only two kinds of music: good and bad.

An English writer not long ago mourned the substitution of the word "oboe" for "hautbois." "Oboe," taken from the Italian, he said, was a word without significance.

An anthology of bad verse, bearing the title "The Stuffed Owl," has been published; an anthology selected by D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Charles Lee. At present we know the book only by the English reviews. One welcomes the lines describing the release of evil spirits imprisoned by Solomon in a brazen bottle:

"Pluck from their dark and rocky bed
The yelling demons of the deep,
Who soaring o'er the comet's head
The bosom of the welkin sweep."

Does this Anthology include the resounding lines quoted from an unknown poet in the 70s:

"Eternal silence laughs along the shore
And spectral Negroes blench upon the floor."

We read that Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh" is in the Anthology because Mr. Wyndham Lewis thinks it snobbish and agrees with the question put by a London policeman to Arthur Symons: "Isn't he (Tennyson) rather a lady-like poet?" No wonder that these lines from Browning's "Parleyings with Certain People" are included:

"Apollo: Draughts dregward loose tongue tie.
"Lachesis: I'd see, did no web set eyes somehow winking.
"Apollo: Drains-deep lies there purge."

Was the phrase, "Broaching the admiral" or "tapping the admiral," applied to a man when he was "three sheets in the wind," ever used in the United States navy or merchant service? It is said that the phrase originated from the taking to England the body of Nelson, after the Trafalgar victory, preserved in a cask of rum, and that the sailors tapped the cask.

Does any one of The Herald readers own a tortoise-shell male cat? There are some who say "There ain't no such animile." It is said that sandy female cats are rare. What lover of animals made the statement that all black cows are bulls?

"Rules for the Correct Deportment of Young Men and Women," published in 1790, should be reprinted. The word "humbug" shocked the ingenious author. "This new-coined expression which is only to be heard in the nonsensical's vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable wherever it is pronounced, but from the mouth of a lady it was shocking, detestable, horrible and odious."

"Humbug" was originally a slang or cant word that came into vogue in England in the middle of the 18th century.

But there are would-be purists who say that "now then" is a meaningless expression, a colloquialism. Turn to II Corinthians, chap. v: "Now then we are ambassadors." The meddling revisers omit the words in their genteel version.

MacDOWELL CLUB ORCHESTRA

The MacDowell Club orchestra, supplemented for the occasion by a few members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and conducted by Arthur Fiedler, gave a concert last night before an appreciative audience which filled Jordan hall from top to bottom. The following program was offered: Haydn, Symphony No. 4 (The Clock); Mozart, Concerto in C major for pianoforte and orchestra; Wagner, Siegfried Idyll; Bela Bartok, 7 Rumanian Folk Dances. Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, was the soloist.

April 16 1930

"YOURS TRULY"

It is proposed by the clamorous for "e ciency" in business that all words of need courtesy should be cut out in correspondence "Your esteemed favor of the ——" "We be inform you" and all too personal assurances fore the signature.

With the introduction of the typewrite cold formality replaced the personal and frie ly tone. This is true in a large measure of vate correspondence, if a typewritten letter ever be called private, even if it is marked "c fidential." Some believe the example of Al ham Lincoln should be followed, who usu signed his letters, "Yours truly."

"Yours" might be considered still n formal, but the recipient, male or female, m answer, "Not at all. You are not mine." S who would strike out "very" wherever it curred in an essay, sign themselves "Yours truly." Many insincere letters assure the dressed of the writer's sincerity, and "Y faithfully" may be welcomed by a woman tho the writer is a philanderer.

There was something pleasing in the forms: "I have the honor to be your obed servant." Perhaps, "Your most devoted, most humble servant" was obsequious, a beg for favor. In old New England days a son o addressed his father, "Respected Sir"; he thought lacking in filial courtesy if he was n familiar. Why in this country should "My Mrs. Thudicum" be thought by some more fo than "Dear Mrs. T.," though the excel matron might sniff and say "But I'm not dear."

There is the humorist who tries to be fu just before his signature. He would be the to deride the flowery endings of the French Spanish even in business correspondence. S one has collected declarations of James Ho whose delightful letters all purporting to c from continental cities were at times wri at London in that once famous prison, Fleet. He would declared himself as "Y entire friend," "Yours really," "Yours verily invariably," "Yours in no vulgar way of fri ship," "Your humble and hearty servi "Yours in the perfect'st degree of friendsh "Your whole," "At your disposing," "Yo yours, yours."

It is not given to every one to write a ch ing, warming letter. A woman consumed love may timidly sign herself, "Yours sincer and let her lover italicize it fervently. Nor sh a flame be quenched by reading Arabei use of "to" for "too" or spelling "separa There is a man in Boston who still treasure letter written by his little sweetheart in an termediate School of years ago: She signe "Yours til deth."

The orchestra performed its part in xtremely competent fashion and with gusto which amply atoned for such ccasional aws of execution or ensemble s might be expected from a non-professional orchestra, necessarily limited nits opportunities for rehearsal. The ransparency of texture and the flexbility of movement that Haydn generally demands (though the grand style f a later period is strongly anticipated n the first movement of the "Clock" ymphony) are so difficult of attainnent that it would be unduly captious o suggest that these desirable qualities night have been more in evidence last ight. There were momcnts of adnirable success, particularly in the laying of the strings in the last movenent of this symphony.

An excellent accompaniment was provided for Mr. Sanroma's playing of he Mozart concerto. Clear and fluent s ever, this young pianist is not, it nust be confessed, a Mozart player yet.

Ie is a thoroughly satisfactory interreter of the moderns, but lacks the ensitiveness, the grace, the poise that ther kinds of music, Mozart's among hem, ask of their player. Too apt to urry his tempi, to regard scale pasages as nothing else but scale passages, o be played as fast as possible, rather han as an integral part of the Moartian melody, too stiff and angular n his treatment of aecompanying igures, Mr. Sanroma cannot be said o have done justice to this concerto, hough his facility, the exuberance of is rhythm as in final movement, gave leasure and won him cordial applause.

The orchestra played excellently, pon the whole, Wagner's exquisite (if trifle too repetitious) Siegfried Idyll. ts performance of Bartok's Rumansche Volkstaenze was wholly delightul. Bela Bartok, the scholar and inefatigable collector of Rumanian folk unes, has here effected a perfect colaboration with Bartok the resourceful nd original composer. These varied, ompact, unexpanded, unembroidered unes, part slavic, part oriental, wholly ndividual and racy of the soil, have revity which is the soul of wit no less han in literature. Bartok's settings re often dissonant but seem always bsolutely right and inevitable. His rchestrations add to their effectiveness vithout falsifying their character. The pieces pleased the audience greatly and oused it to hearty applause, in which he orchestra and its conductor, who had so brilliantly played them, deservdly shared. S. S.

IDAY, APRIL 18, 1930

Top o' the Morning

John W. Ryan was a frequent contributor to this column when it was headed "As the World Wags," writing n an entertaining manner about plays he had seen, actors and actresses he had known before musical comedies were considered to be important in iramatic art. He also wrote about newspaper men who were not ashamed f being called journalists, and accepting the name, were not regarded by associates as "high hats" nor by the world t large as sons of Belial. In Mr. Ryan's eyes journalism was a profession, not a trade. He had known here, and in New York, interesting men; interesting, but not always estimable. In describing them, he was more than tolerant, for his nature was kind and generous. It pleased him often to write about old streets, old houses, the taverns of his youth. As his memory was remarkable his articles were valuable to those who do not wish old things to be forgotten or to be made new. We remember that some of his descriptions of the district in which Henry Cabot Lodge was reared pleased the Senator greatly. Mr. Ryan was especially fond of the theatre, one of those fortunate beings who never sit waiting for the curtain to rise without a thrill of anticipation. He had seen the deservedly famous men and women of the stage strutting their hour, but he was not a morose praiser of past years, for he had hope of the younger generations, a hope that was not always realized. He was also fond of books, a man of literary taste. Though he himself wrote easily and fluently, he would not allow himself to write carelessly or flippantly. Like Mr. Silas Wegg he would drop into poetry; his verses, sometimes for an occasion, sometimes as the expression of a passing sentiment or whim, were graceful and well-considered.

A Praising of Woman

(MS. Fifteenth Century)

I am as light as any roe,
To praise women wherever I go.

To mispraise women it were a shame,
For a woman was thy dame;
Our blessed Lady heareth the name
Of all women wherever they go.

A woman is a worthy thing,
They do the wash and do the wring,
Lullay! Lullay!" She doth to thee
sing,
And yet she has but care and woe.

A woman is a worthy wight.
She serveth a man both day and night;
Thereto she putteth all her might;
And yet she hath but care and woe.

Mr. Ernest Weekley is still enamored of words, witness his rccently published books "Adjectives" and "Saxo Grammaticus: or First Aid for the Best-Seller." Fortunately he does not take himself too seriously. He describes the dictionary-making animal "as irritable as a poet, and as full of his own importance as a film star." He has much to say about the "American language." . . . Admitting that it has "the quality variously described as snap, vim, kick, or pep," he finds that "when it aims at dignity it tends to verge, even as in Dickens' day, on the 'high falutin'. (Why not hifalutin?)

In England, he says, "whom" is in danger of being displaced by "who," but "whom is still held in honor in the United States. It is said that in a cultured centre like Boston even the owls say 'to-whit, to-whom'".

Among genuine examples of illiteracy he mentions:

"Listening with wrapt attention." "I'm one of the people who poses to himself." "The wonderful peace of its lawns and meadows are probably quite unique." "He never saw the girl but his tongue didn't cleave to the roof of his mouth," but Mr. Weekley does not foam at the mouth in righteous rage. "It depends on the point of view—some people are not moved by the sight of cruelty." Nor is a splitter of infinitives necessarily a lost soul. Mr. Weekley thinks the split infinitive—did it creep in with Byron?—may be used, though with discretion, for the avoidance of ambiguity.

Postal employes at Kovno, Lithuania, have sworn not to shave again until their wages are raised. Has the game of Beaver ever been the rage in that country? Is it now played even in England?

Mr. Birrell on autobiography: "Anyone who begins writing about himself runs a risk beyond that of his publishers; for, self-deluded as he may be about his character, or however skilful he thinks he has been in concealing it—out the truth will come. His best chance of escape is to have no character at all. But then?"

The discovery "that Shakespeare's plays were written by John Florio, the incomparable translator of Montaigne, and the compiler of a curious dictionary of words, leads the Sunday Times (London) to irreverent jesting. "Sir Edmund Gosse once drew attention to the rumor that the plays commonly ascribed to Mr. George Bernard Shaw were in reality the work of the late Lord Haldane; insufficient respect has been paid to the suggestion that they came from the pen of Mussolini. It would be interesting to get to the bottom of the story ascribing the novels of Mr. George Moore to no less a personage than Mr. Charles Chaplin."

Now that Mr. Maurois's life of Byron is widely discussed, one should not forget the verses by "The Sweet Singer of Michigan." One begins:

"Lord Byron was an Englishman,
A poet, I believe;
His first works in old England
Was poorly received.
Perhaps it was Lord Byron's fault
And perhaps it was not.
His life was full of misfortunes,
Ah, strange was his lot."

But why did the "Sweet Singer" put Byron's name in italics?

We spoke of an anthology of bad verse. Mr. Wyndham Lewis supplies this delightful note to Longfellow's "Excelsior:"

"The poet's suggestion that village maidens in Switzerland are in the habit of inviting complete strangers to lay their heads on their virgin breasts has been strongly censured by many, who consider it an unwarrantable slur on the morals of a British dependency."

It is said that the price of a summer cottage to be rented is on a sliding scale, according to the number of bath tubs. When did this passion for tubs and tubbing seize New Englanders? We remember the neighbors of a fairly prosperous merchant in Northampton being invited to see a bath tub that had been installed in his new house of Tudor architecture. But this tub was filled with water only on Saturday nights. And now the number of tubs in Mr. Calvin Coolidge's recently acquired house is trumpeted to give one an idea of the splendor in which he will live. Let us hope that the window of the bathroom opens on an imposing view of the meadows and the Mt. Holyoke range. Writers on mediaeval customs have much to say about the baths. One writes: "If a man had nothing better to do he would order a hot bath and sit in it, perhaps for 24 hours, with his wife or a friend, emptying a cask of wine."

From George Trask's Anti-Tobacco Journal, April and May, 1872:—"An accomplished smoker will take a train at Boston, turn his back upon a car of sensible men and comely women, rush for a 'smoking car' loaded with gamblers and sooty smokers, and bring up at St. Louis—having traveled incognito, a sublime and mysterious personage for 1500 miles! As mum as an Egyptian Mummy!"

METROPOLITAN

"Ladies Love Brutes"

An all-taking comedy drama adapted by Waldemar Young and Herman J. Mancicwicz from the stage play, "Pardon My Glove," by Zoe Akins; directed by Rowland V. Lee and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Joe Forziati ..... George Bancroft
Mimi Howell ..... Mary Astor
Dwight Howell ..... Frederic March
Lucille Gates ..... Margaret Quimby
Mike Mediano ..... Stanley Fields
Slattery ..... Ben Hendricks, Jr.
George Wyndham ..... Lawford Davidson
Mrs. Forziati ..... Ferike Boros
Joey Forziati ..... David Durand
Jackie Howell .... Freddie Burke Frederick
Slip ..... Paul Fix
The Tailor ..... Claude Allister
Committeemen, Crauford Kent, E. H. Calvert

What a good time George Bancroft seems to have knocking villainous-looking gentlemen around and generally proving himself a big, two-fisted, heman. So far as we know he has never yet made a film that didn't include at least one good fight, and "Ladies Love Brutes," current film at the Metropolitan theatre, is no exception to the rule. Mr. Bancroft is huge, sardonically humorous and extremely athletic, and succeeds in making love quite creditably to the fragilely beautiful Mary Astor. The rest of the time he is playing circus with his small son, struggling with his dinner-clothes or telling his deadly rival where to get off. It is good fun, fairly exciting and unusually well photographed and directed. Particularly effective were a couple of hand-to-hand combats staged in semi-darkness: the suggestion of struggle was more illusive than if it had been done in bright light.

Mr. Bancroft has the role of Joe Forziati, boss-contractor of wealth and no social position. Like most persons, he craves that which he has not and, through the good offices of a friend, he is invited to a dinner party at the house of Mimi Howell, a lovely young society woman who is engaged in divorcing her husband, Dwight, for reasons not specified. Joe becomes infatuated with Mimi and she returns his interest in moderation. At last, however, he wants to marry her, and she refuses, saying that he can do nothing for her son. Joe thinks this over, and decides that the only thing to do is to put Mimi under such obligations to him that she will do anything he wants. Accordingly he has his chauffeur, Slip, henchman of Mike Mediano, Joe's inveterate enemy, kidnap Jackie Howell. Slip kidnaps Joe's son Joey, and takes him to Mediano. There is a grand showdown at the end of which Joe escapes with both boys. Meanwhile the loss of their child has brought Mimi and her husband together, so Joe claims no reward. Mary Astor, reappearing after a long absence, was delicately lovely, and appealing as Mimi, Frederic March put considerable feeling into the role of Dwight, and Sanley Fields was effectively menacing as Mediano. E. L. H.

ATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1930

Top o' the Morning

And the great and good Thomas Jefferson was a bit of a prophet, too.

"The spirit of the times may alter, will alter. Our rulers will become corrupt, our people careless. A single zealot may commence persecutions, and better men be his victims . . . It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They will be forgotten therefore and their rights disregarded. They will forget themselves, but in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles will remain on as long, will be made heavier and heavier, till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion."

One has heard from time to time, even from Yale men, of what is called "The Yale Spirit." It is gratifying to the graduates of that university that this spirit is not slumbering, much less dead, for although malt liquors are not as a rule classed under the head of spirits, there is a petition addressed to President Angell for a beer garden near the college buildings, a "garden" though the "structure", i. e. beer hall, would be designed on Gothic lines similar to those of the Harkness Memorial quadrangle. Whether President Angell will feel it his duty to appoint monitors whose care it will be to keep order, is not stated, nor do we know whether the brewing will be in a building erected for the purpose. Munich has its college for brewers, and a prominent citizen of Milwaukee was a student there in the middle 'eighties. At the annual Yale University examinations there would be inspiring rivalry among the professors to taste the brew as well as pass upon the papers. The members of the graduating class would receive the degree of B. M.

Ah, the days at Yale when ale and beer flowed freely! There was Moriarty's—"The Quiet House"—with marvelous Bass drawn from the wood and served in native pewter—ale with grilled sardines, Welsh rabbits, golden bucks. Truly a quiet house, except after a victory of crew or baseball team. There was Gus Traegers down in a cellar — Facilis descensus Averno! — a cellar for lager beer, for that term was then given to the beverage later called "beer," just "beer." Mr. Moriarty would not draw it in his Quiet House. He spoke of it contemptuously as "swipes." His good wife agreed with him. Then there was Max Theilheimer who also drew beer; but he was of a lower order of men, lacking the courtesy and kindly feeling of handsome Gus, and the bluff heartiness of Moriarty, a most zealous rooter for sporting Yale. Max was strictly commercial—there were huge collars on his beer. The choir will now sing "'Neath the Elms of dear Old Yale."

As Mr. Charles Chaplin celebrated his 41st birthday on April 16, the newspapers took occasion to say that he was born at London in 1889. It was said some years ago that he was born at Madrid—why this statement was made, how it came to be made, no one seems to know. No wonder that cities claim Mr. Chaplin; but one can say of him what Counsellor Phillips said in a fine burst at a public dinner in Ireland on his health being given, together with that of Mr. Payne, a young American, 1817. (John Pierpont's "National Reader" —Boston, 1833.)

"Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim him, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence, creation."

(Good, careful, Mr. Pierpont put a footnote to "birthplace, indicating that "birth" should be pronounced "berth.")

The passion of King George V for postage stamps brings him into association with "the humblest of his subjects." We are told how he recently swapped stamps with a disabled soldier.

One rare stamp makes the whole world kin, to abuse a Shakespearean line, which, if it is completed, as in "Troilus and Cressida," is pessimistic, not optimistic. As King George is emphatically a human being, why should one be surprised at his hobby? Man is a born collector. The New England boys in our little village of the sixties collected rabbits—but soon tired of them—United States coins, moss agates and marbles of all descriptions, postage stamps, birds eggs—there was one who collected monograms, but he was something of a sissy, and was always "it" at yard-sheep-run and duck and drake. Few boys had the patience to continue their stamp collections, though for a time they devoured catalogues and paid for counterfeits in a distant city. Kings have had their hobbies for centuries. There was one who prided himself in the East on being the best mole catcher in the kingdom; another was singularly expert in making lanterns. King George is to be complimented in his passion; he might, as some, be a collector of hangmen's ropes; ancient or modern arms, swords, daggers, pewter and crockery, etchings, caricatures, lithographs. From postage stamps he can acquire a valuable knowledge of history and geography. Looking over his $500,000 or $600,000 collection, he can easily at leisure of an evening, tell sad stories of the death of kings. Not for him the passion for eastern potentates, collecting wives and concubines.

To the Editor of Top o' The Morning:

Your reference to splitting infinitives recalled a remark of Mr. Havelock Ellis's:

"One thinks of that solemn warning against the enormity of the split infinitive which has done so much to aggravate the Pharisaism of the bad writers who scrupulously avoid it. This superstition seems to have had its origin in a false analogy with Latin in which the infinitive is never split for the good reason that it is impossible to split. In the greater freedom of English it is possible and has been done for at least the last 500 years by the greatest masters of English; only the good writer never uses this form helplessly and involuntarily, but with a definite object; and that is the only rule to observe. An absolute prohibition in this matter is the mark of those who are too ignorant, or else too unintelligent, to recognize a usage which is of the essence of English speech."

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Lessom Court.

Mr. Karel Capek, the author of the play, "R. U. R.," has never visited the United States. "I was in the danger of going a few years ago. But that danger, thank God, has passed." It's a pity, for his book on England is delightful reading. Mr. Capek is not interested in the stage, he says. "The stage makes me sick"—but he is interested in gardens, evergreens and chamber maids: "And what chamber maids read in their favorite newspapers and novels," he is also interested in books written by the insane, in asylums or at large and on good terms with publishers.

What chamber maids read? Octave Mirbeau wrote a horrid novel purporting to be the journal of a chamber maid. She reveled in the novels by Paul Bourget.

Dr. Isaac Watts, once the favorite poet of orthodox New England, wrote hymns and versified Psalms in a manner that pleased even Dr. Johnson. He also described the arrival of a messenger from heaven to remove three dissenting ministers:

"He came commissioned for the fates
Of awful Mead and charming Bates;
There he essayed the vengeance first,
Then took a dismal aim, and brought
great Gouge to dust."

Faulty rhyming, but the sentiment is unmistakable.

The England of a Century Ago in a Book That Shocked Victoria

LEAVES FROM THE GREVILLE DIARY: a new and abridged edition, arranged with introduction and notes by Philip Morrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 577 pp. $6.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Morrell's task was not an easy one: he was conscious of the difficulty. Some of the political gossip might be omitted; what portions of it would interest readers today? The vitriolic pages, those descriptions of George IV and William IV which horrified and angered Queen Victoria when they were published in 1874—they surely must be reprinted, as the pages about Brougham and Macaulay, the portrait of Lord Hertford (Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne), to be put in a gallery with those of the Roman emperors painted by Tacitus. One regrets that Mr. Morrell was obliged to omit Greville's account of his travels on the Continent, but is grateful for the many pages in which he reproaches himself for not having improved his mind, for his lack of ambition and especially for his devotion to the race track. Yet he was perhaps in hope that future generations might study the history of his period from the voluminous Journal, of which he said to his brother Henry that the greater part of it was worthless but that it contained some things which hereafter would be curious and interesting.

Among the vivid portraits is one of Mr. Gully, pugilist, who left the ring with the reputation of being the best man in it, won large sums by horse racing and added to his fortune by a coal speculation; he entered Parliament in 1832, a handsome, graceful, dignified man, sensible, modest, discreet but of independent opinions. Greville attributed the success of his own mare Lady Emily at Newmarket to his ex voto of a silver horseshoe vowed to the Virgin of the Pantheon in case he won the match. Whether he made £9000 on the track or lost when he stood to win £20,000, he thought his passion for racing "very bad and unworthy of a reasonable creature." He watched with interest a surgical operation under chloroform in 1847 and noted an example of absurd professional etiquette. The Duke of Wellington told him Napoleon should have won at Waterloo, but he committed a fault; that Napoleon was the greatest of all generals. Greville speaks of the "rude and barbarous" treatment of the Emperor at St. Helena. Meeting Prince Louis, afterwards Emperor of the French, at Lady Blessington's in London, he described him a "a short, thickish, vulgar looking man, without the slightest resemblance of his imperial uncle, or any intelligence in his countenance." The war on Austria, and later the joining of France and Austria against Sardinia was "a concerted villainy" settled by the will of Napoleon III and the connivance of Cavour—"these worthies." In 1853 a man saw Gladstone talking with a woman of ill fame late at night, and attempted to extort money from him. Gladstone gave the man into custody and prosecuted him, he was convicted and imprisoned. (So the Gladstone "scandal" was in the air even in 1853.)

It will surprise Americans who have suffered from the cold in English houses that Greville more than once complained of hot rooms, so hot that attendants on George IV were obliged to drink. "A more contemptible- cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this King." His wordrobe when sold contained all the coats he had ever had for 50 years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, a dozen pair of corduroy breeches for hunting when Don Miguel was in England. "His Profusions in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them." The simplicity of William IV degenerated into vulgarity.

There is little about the drama or music in this abridgement. Greville heard Rachel recite in St. George's hall in 1841. "It is so much less effective than are acting (besides my unfortunate inability to follow and comprehend French declamation) that it was fatiguing, but it served to occupy the evening, which is always the great difficulty in royal society." In 1833 he heard "Norma" and thought it heavy. Robert Adair, when he was young knew Burke and told Greville of the orator's conversation, delightful, luminous, instructive. When Adair asked him some question about the wild parts of Ireland Burke broke out: "You are a fool and a blockhead; there are no wild parts in Ireland." George IV never got out of bed till 6 in the afternoon; breakfasted and did business in bed, read all the newspapers and then dozed three or four hours. Apropos of Moore's life of Byron, Greville found the poet from Moore's account high-minded, generous, but "what a wretch he was! There never was so ill-regulated a mind . . . all with him was riot and debauchery and rage and despair. But the more one reads and hears of great men the more reconciled one becomes to one's own mediocrity."

The journal lends itself easily to quotation. Not the least entertaining pages are those in which Greville reveals his own character

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Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program comprised Stravinsky's ballet, "Apollo, Leader of the Muses"; Samuel Gardner's "Broadway" (first performance, conducted by the composer); Saint-Saens's Symphony C minor, No. 3 op. 78 (with organ).

"Broadway" was composed in 1924. There is no sub-title to the work; no argument; no explanatory note about the character of the music. Mr. Gardner, a sensible and modest man, wrote to us that he does not like to talk about his music before it is performed. "My piece is not built on my program, but comes out of the emotions; emotions are purely personal affairs and are not good to discuss publicly. Then, again, a piece can mean a different thing to each individual. I would always say, let's hear it first."

In this instance "Broadway" may picture the street, express the spirit of its life, or even the spirit of New York (Harlem included and indeed, prominent). It is not the street that William Horace Lingard had in mind when he sang "Walking Down Broadway"; not the Broadway in the shadows of which N. P. Willis met the outcast woman that inspired his sentimental verses; not the Broadway on which Vance Thompson walked with the ghost of Edgar Allan Poe; nor Walt Whitman's Broadway of the Pageant: the poem suggested by the envoys from Niphon:

"Courteous, the swart-cheek'd two-sworded envoys,
Leaning back in their open barouches,
bare-headed, impassive";

in whose honor "million-footed Manhattan serpent descends to her pavements." The Broadway of the roaring forties, the Great White Way so graphically described by Paul Morand, the spectacular, crashing, stimulating, distracting street, this seems to be the source of Mr. Gardner's inspiration, or he may look on Broadway as the symbol of America's jazz decade.

His music is panoramic, with a constant return to the most vivid of the pictures; yet it cannot be called wholly exterior music, for it has personal intensity. There is at times a flamboyaney about it indispensable to the subject; one might say there is also the expression of the civic boastfulness, the craze for amusement, the turning of night into day, the contempt for quiet methods of business; the apotheosis of materialism. There is at times thematically and harmonically welcome strains of sensuousness, and just before the final reckless outburst—which in spite of its fury is the least effective portion of the work, for there has been a too long succession of climaxes without satisfactory relief — there are strangely fascinating measures, as though the revelling were at an end; the street now peaceful, thoughtful, brooding. With these measures the symphonic poem—the musical panorama—what you will—should have closed. The final and commonplace din destroyed what would have been a poetic, haunting ending.

It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Gardner's jazz is not sandpapered and polished. Jazz does not allow sophistication. It should suggest the Congo; not the Conservatory. The work would gain by condensation; there is too little of the element of surprise; too few strongly contrasting sections; yet the composer might answer, if they were present, the music would not be Broadway, the mad street of the tumultuous city.

In recent years the amazing Stravinsky has attempted, not with great success, to go back to Bach; more fortunate in his return to Handel as in "Oedipus," still later favoring Tchaikovsky; and in "Apollo" having in mind the French ballets of the 18th century. It is not necessary to say that this music of "Apollo" would make a deeper impression if it accompanied the mimes and dancers. Stravinsky did not wish to make a "deep" impression. If he had wished it, he would have been false to the tradition he would follow. Furthermore, seeing a performance of dancers, one often forgets to hear the music. The sections are all interesting; some of the pages have genuine beauty in an uncommon form.

Of course the sonority of Saint-Saens's Finale, with the vociferous brass instruments, the frenzied strings, the wood-wind doing its utmost to have its say—all working in the "Hooray-boys" spirit excited thunderous applause; but there were many features of the performance before the Finale that deserved warm, if less demonstrative appreciation. The orchestra and the organ were in just proportion, which is not always the case; there were niceties in detail that would have satisfied even the not too easily pleased composer. He probably would have suggested that the long cantilena for the violins with organ accompaniment should have been taken at a little quicker pace. The long milodic line otherwise narrowly escapes sagging.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Dukelsky, Symphony No. 2, D flat major (first performance). Chadwick, Sinfonietta in D major. Scriabin, Symphony No. 3 "The Divine Poem."

April 21 1930

ROLAND HAYES

The following is the program that was enjoyed by faithful admirers of Roland Hayes at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon: He Who Would in Christ Be Living, from cantata "Der Himmel lacht"; Think Back, My Soul (Bach); Busslied (Beethoven); Die Kraehe Freude der Kinderjahre (Schubert); Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter; Auch kleine Dinge (Hugo Wolf); Persian Poem No. 2 (Santoliquido); Reverie (Myron Jacobson); It was a Lover and his Lass (Quilter); The Last Invocation (Ernest Bacon); Negro spirituals—You Bedda Min'; Hear the Lambs; Ezekial saw the Wheel; Hold On (arranged by Hall Johnson).

So seldom do song programs exhibit anything approaching originality in their dealings with the "classics" that it becomes an event worthy of comment when a singer begins his with two airs by Bach and a rarely-heard song by Beethoven, and when his German group contains an almost unknown song by Schubert and one equally unfamiliar by Wolf—both well worthy of being dragged into the light. Mr. Hayes is now supplementing this spirit of discreet and discriminating enterprise with a wise forethought as to his own vocal limitations. Accordingly his program yesterday afternoon contained few songs that called for declamatory emphasis or for the full, free resonant tones that are not at his command (though hitherto he has not always seemed aware of this rather important fact); it gave him generous opportunity, however, for the employment of his delicately flowing legato, his curiously remote mezz voce, and the quiet intensity of his prevailing style which renders so effective (without need of violence) the rare moments of emotional climax.

Mr. Hayes did not do himself justice at the outset. In the fast-flowing, lightly-poised measures of the air from the cantata "Der Himmel lacht" his voice was unmelodious, ungraceful, uncertain as to pitch; the more sustained and expressive Think Back, My Soul, was sung in a manner worthier of the singer, but it was not until the German group was reached that he showed his real mettle. There was atmosphere, exquisite beauty of tone, and subtly modulated phrasing in the melancholy Krache, an idyllic grace and charm in Freude der Kinderjahre, an unusual emotional power in Wolf's Benedeit die sel'ge Mutter.

His most interesting performance thereafter was in Santoliquido's Persian Poem, in which he extended the expressive range of his voice by the use of a pianissimo that became a sinister whisper, and by sheer imaginative fervor created an extraordinarily vivid picture. At its quiet close Mr. Hayes, by a gesture, hushed the incipient applause that would have shattered the stillness and passed immediately into the next number—Jacobson's pleasant Reverie. He sang as gracefully as ever Quilter's It Was a Lover and His Lass and did his best with Bacon's unsatisfying setting of lines by Walt Whitman.

Mr. Hayes sang the customary closing group of Negro spirituals with all his usual quiet humor and lilting rhythm, with the usual undercurrent of sincerity and feeling for their frequent beauty. He added others in response to the enthusiastic and prolonged applause with which he was rewarded

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UPTOWN-OLYMPIA

"Mammy"

An all-talking and singing screen drama written for the screen by Joseph Jackson with music by Irving Berlin, directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Al Fuller	Al Jolson
Nora Meadows	Lois Moran
Mrs. Fuller	Louise Dresser
Westy	Lowell Sherman
Meadows	Hobart Bosworth
Slats	Tully Marshall
Tambo	Mitchell Lewis
Sheriff	Jack Curtis
Pig Eyes	Stanley Fields
Props	Ray Cooke

Al Jolson is himself again. No more swashing about in the murky morass of pathos, bathos and artifice. No more ballads with a sob in the throat and a brazen plea for tears. Just a happy Jolson, the Jolson of "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.", of "Big Boy" and of "Bombo," less dynamic perhaps but more legitimately comic. Irving Berlin, the little wizard of tuneful ditties, either voluntarily or by persuasion, has turned the trick, has brought our errant minstrel back to his proper stage, has helped to make one of the most diverting audible pictures of the times. Based on Berlin's modest musical story, 'Mr. Bones," "Mammy" proves to be worth all three of Jolson's previous screen flounderings in lachrymose endeavor. If toward the end it gets out of step and would stray into maudlin paths Director Curtiz promptly leads the truant back by the ears.

"Mammy" brings blessings twofold. It restores Jolson to his native sphere, and it meets, one ventures to say, a universal craving for one more glimpse of the good old minstrel days of the one-night stands, with the "rain or shine" street parade, the natty cocky troubadours twirling their bamboo canes, ogling smiling girls; the black-face circle with its thick-lipped endmen and its immaculate interlocutor; and the olio, with plantation scenes and men dancing in women's clothes, voices blending in old-time songs like "Suanee River," nimble feet tapping in fascinating rhythm. It's all in "Mammy," some of it in gorgeous colors, and it is all remarkably well done.

The story is engagingly simple. Al Fuller, ebullient vagabond in a realm of burnt cork, loves two women, his mother and Nora, daughter of the minstrel show's chief owner, a southern sheriff stricken with wanderlust being a silent partner. Nora thinks she loves Westy, a good interlocutor but an incurable ladies' man. When Westy catches Hank "Tambo" Smith fleecing his fellow troupers, including the inebriated Al, at cards, and forces him to give back his ill-gotten winnings, Hank retaliates by putting real bullets in the pistol Al uses to shoot Westy in their famous comedy bit. Westy is seriously wounded, and Al flees to his mother's home by riding the rails. Mother sends him back to face the music, and he finds that Westy is all right, that Hank has confessed and that Nora really loves him. So Al concludes as he began, with "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy." In between he also sings "Across the Breakfast Table Looking at You," "To My Mammy," and two old favorites relating to Rip Van Winkle's rent and to the sights on the night boat to Albany. Also he is very funny in a stuttering bit, and when he insists on juggling china and walking tight rope on the footrail of his bed when drunk.

Mr. Sherman, evidently enjoying his part in such a jocund assembly, and Mr. Bosworth as the mercurial showman, are especially good. All in all, "Mammy" deserves an ornate medal of commendation, with insignia of quite equal size for the Messrs. Jolson, Berlin and Curtiz. W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Montana Moon"

An all-talking screen drama written for the screen by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler directed by Malcolm St. Clair and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

[illegible]	Joan Crawford
[illegible]	John Mack Brown
Elizabeth	Dorothy Sebastien
[illegible]	Ricardo Cortez
The Doctor	Benny Rubin
[illegible]	Karl Dane
Prescott	Lloyd Ingraham
[illegible]	Cliff Edwards

The Theatre

April 20 1930

By PHILIP HALE

The title of Mr. H. F. Maltby's play, now pleasing the audiences at the Copley Theatre, was "What Might Happen" when it was produced at the Savoy, London, on June 10, 1926. Lady Shoreham at the Copley was Countess Strong-i-th' Arm at the Savoy, and the part was played by no less an actress than Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Fred Kerr took the part of Lord Tottenham. The play was then billed as an "extravagance." Mr. Agate, reviewing the performance, since "probability is not the long suit in extravaganza," could not object to young Lady Ursula having the manners and diction of a coster's donah; but Mr. St. John Ervine objected: "Mr. Maltby must know that girls who are educated in village schools today do not behave or speak in the way that he makes his Lady Ursula speak and behave. . . . If there is anything in heredity at all—and Mr. Maltby indicates in his play that there is much in it—Lady Ursula would still have retained the manners of a lady."

To go back to Mr. Agate: He hoped for a third act intermission. "It would have been so easy for Lady Ursula to say to Mrs. Patrick Campbell: 'D'yer remember them private theatricals wot we useter 'ave at the castle? Come on, Ma, give us a tayste of yer old quality.'" And Mr. Agate, remembering the little success of some earlier plays by Mr. Maltby, wrote that he had borne his disappointment like a man. "Yet I think I discern in his present extravaganza a gesture which would say: 'You won't have me when I'm serious, let's see how you like me when I play the fool.'"

When an amateur society, the Footlight Club, produced Mr. Maltby's play in Jamaica Plain in March, 1927, the original title "What Might Happen" was retained. The club had made an arrangement for production with Mr. Madison Corey who was then living in Brookline.

"Let Us Be Gay," coming to the Hollis Street Theatre tomorrow, was described by Mr. St. John Ervine when he saw the comedy at the Little Theatre, New York, on Feb. 21, 1929, as "a genuine comedy of manners, mostly bad, it is true, but nevertheless such as well-bred people can enjoy without embarrassment." The play, he said, is gay, "a piece full of crotchets and quavers, filled with well-defined characters that have been closely and observed. In short a comedy of manners, written by an author with an ear and the assurance that comes not from pertness but from breeding and accomplishment. . . . This is none of your clumsy charades, acted by amiable amateurs who have taken to the stage because the Junior League cannot find some nice, refined slumming for them to do; it is a play."

The author, Miss Rachel Crothers, born at Bloomington, Ill., began writing plays even before she was in her 'teens. The first play produced in New York was "Nora" (1903), but when she was 12 years old she wrote "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining," in which all the characters were English for at 12 she believed Americans were too commonplace to serve as men and women in drama. Her amusing "39 East" was inspired by the boarding house in which she lived when she first came to New York, but at least 15 years passed before the comedy was produced. It is said that she won success by "The Three of Us" (1906).

The Harvard Dramatic Club will give performances of John Galsworthy's "The Show," early next month. The play was produced at St. Martin's Theatre, London, on July 1, 1925. The Westminster Gazette then said that the play was undoubtedly the best Mr. Galsworthy had written since his "Silver Box." The Daily Chronicle called "The Show" "by a long way Mr. Galsworthy's worst play." The Sunday Times began its review: "Mr. Galsworthy has a passion for the ill-used. His is the head upon which all the martyrdoms of the cruel world are come and the eyelids are not at all weary. The heroine of his new play is a young married woman seeking escape from the consequences of her husband's suicide, and her own antecedent indiscretions, and accompanied in her flight by those vultures, the police and the sensational press." . . . He shows his journalist "risking the loss of his job by a wildly improbable exercise of discretion and taste. . . . What kind of a journalist is he who would not want a photograph of the chair in which the dead man shot himself, and of the colonel as a little boy in knickerbockers bowling his first hoop?"

The Times spoke of the play as one of strict realism. "Nothing is exaggerated, nothing left out. The facts are left to speak for themselves. The author relies upon the bare truth to make good his indictment of our modern behavior in this matter. Whose the fault? On the one hand there is the 'law' probing into every nook and cranny of private life in search of facts which may be material evidence of the cause of death. On the other hand there is the 'public,' with its insatiable curiosity, cruel and callous, with its avidity for thrills, to which a certain press industriously ministers. The result is an agony of exposure for the deceased's family and friends. Mr. Galsworthy feels the hideousness of the whole affair, and wishes to shame us by frankly presenting the hideousness in play-form."

Ethel Barrymore is coming here with "The Love Duel." The author is a Hungarian woman, Lili Hatvany. The New York press agent gives the following important information about her:

"Herself a member of Budapest's Four Hundred, and one of the most popular members of Hungarian social circles, she is to be found wherever society gathers in season and is well informed as to what goes on in the drawing rooms of Vienna and Venice. It is of these that she writes."

Let us add that her mother was opposed to her writing plays as "unbecoming a Hatvany"—a Highhatvany.

Sir John Martin Harvey, talking to an English luncheon club of the need of a national theatre, attacked American films, "pictures of luxurious profligacy which foster a smouldering envy in the minds of the poor and form the very hotbed for the incubation of bolshevism and communism."

Mr. Arthur Ransome was not so moved. "Of course I am all at one with Sir John in preferring actors twopence colored and in the round to actors in black and white and in the flat. Besides, I do not like looking at a picture that won't keep still, and when it makes a noise at me as well I like it even less. At the same time I cannot help wondering if pictures of luxurious profligacy do indeed foster a smouldering envy in the minds of the poor, and if they do indeed prepare those minds for conversion to the theories of Marx. Some people, perhaps, would say that they ought to, but it seems to me that they don't. And when you come to think of it, a national theatre need not necessarily be an antidote to bolshevik ideas. They have a national theatre in Moscow, and it is not notably counter-revolutionary."

Nor does Mr. Ransome believe that the films move the poor to envy, outspoken or smouldering. "Luxury on the screens, as shown by the Hollywood studios, does not set people wondering whether its imaginary possessors do in their imaginary lives deserve to have it. I know quite a lot about the poor, because I have never been rich. Their attitude toward films is just like my attitude toward a detective story. When the duchess loses her rope of pearls in the first chapter I am very sorry for her, and follow her anxieties all through the book, and rejoice when she gets them again on the last page, without ever once considering what the value of the pearls would be, worked out in simple things like square meals or fishing tackle. The world of the film and of the detective story is separate from my world, and I would as soon quarrel with it as try to raise the spectators at a cricket match to join me in invading the field and smashing the wickets because of some unreasonable smouldering envy of the skill of the players.

"If in England we are already a little doubtful whether millionaires do indeed represent the highest attainment of man, then there is a real danger lest that doubt should somehow find its way into the air of our theatres and infect spectators, rich and poor alike. But the American producer at least has no such doubts. He is even anxious that his players shall themselves be rich. He gives his film stars motor cars, so that they shall be able without difficulty to 'play a princess at the top of her form.' He has no doubt in his mind whatever. In his 'talkies' money talks. And the poor man who listens and watches scenes of luxury shown in black-and-white pictures afflicted with St. Vitus's dance adopts money's view for his own, at least for as long as he can afford to be in the theatre. It would be a different thing if there were (monstrous thought) to be a Bolshevik dictator in Hollywood. Money would then be talking out of the other side of its mouth. Luxury would look somehow different, and there would be some reason to expect a Bolshevik reaction to American films. But in that case we should not allow them."

The introduction of talkies to Stamboul has thrown a large number of musicians out of work. Most of them used to earn their livelihood by playing in cinemas.

There is practically no national film industry, but the best productions throughout the world are to be seen here very shortly after their creation. Many of the cinemas are very large, quite modern in their equipment, and had been furnished by Russian refugees with good orchestras excelling in the interpretation of classical and Russian music.

This year the leading cinemas have, in turn, introduced talkies of all tongues—English, French and German—and the minor houses are following suit. The musicians who, consequently, cannot find work, leave the country, many of them going to Athens, where orchestras are reported to be in great favor in hotels and restaurants.—The Observer.

LOOKING BACKWARD AND TODAY

When Georges Longy joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in October 1898, as first oboist, his associate was Mr. Sautet, who had been soloist oboist for some years, for whom Mr. Arthur Foote had written some pleasing pieces. Mr. Gericke was the conductor. The concert masters were Messrs. Kneisel and Loeffler; J. Akeroyd was the leader of the second violins; I. Svecinski of the violas; Alwin Schroeder of the violoncellos; S. Elkind of the double basses. The flutes were Messrs. A. Maquarre, Brooke and Fox; the clarinets, Messrs. Selmer and Metzger. F. Mueller played the English horn; F. H. Guenzel the double bassoon. The Litke brothers played the bassoons; Mr. Hackebarth was first horn; Mr. Kloepfel, the first trumpet; C. Hampe the first trombone. H. Schuecker was the harpist, A. Rettberg the kettle drummer.

The first oboist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Antoine L. De Ribas, who, born at Madrid in 1814, was a celebrated virtuoso, having made his first appearance in London in 1837; in New York in 1839. His associate at the oboe desk of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, 1881, was Paul Fischer. De Ribas died in 1907. His daughter married Mr. John C. Mullaly, excellent violinist and conductor.

Mr. Longy's musical activity was great: orchestral player, leader of a chamber music club of wind instruments that bore his name, conductor of orchestras, teacher and director of a school. Yet he never seemed hurried or nervous in public or in private—unlike Willy Hess, once concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who was always informing those whom he met that he was "so tired." The first members of the Longy club (founded in 1900) were Messrs. Andre Maquarre, Longy, Selmer, Hackebarth, Hugo Litke, Heinrich Gebhard. The list of works performed at the club's concerts is long and varied. Music by Loeffler, d'Indy, Caplet, Lazzari, Wailly, Pierne, Widor, Hure, G. Faure, Woollett, Hahn, Lacroix, Mouquet, Wolf-Ferrari, Falconi—these were only a few of the contemporary composers in this field, and the older composers were liberally represented.

And as a leader of the orchestra generously supported by the late Mrs. Richard H. Hall, he introduced works hitherto unknown, as Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," music by Loeffler, Bruneau, Enesco, d'Indy, Rabaud, Moussorgsky, Balakirev, Augusta Holmes, Widor, Georges, Chausson, Hue, G. Faure, Bourgault-Ducoudray.

He was a great artist; for the oboe what Pourtaut—who went down with La Bourgogne—was for the clarinet. There was this difference: Longy was first of all and always devoted to music; Pourtaut, unrivalled clarinetist that he was, wished to devote himself wholly to painting, for which he had a decided talent; and he used to regret that fate obliged him to play the

clarinet, if only because, as he once said to us: "A man looks so like a fool, blowing it."

When Henri Brod, first oboist of the Paris Conservatory orchestra and of the Grand Opera, died, Cherubini's only remark as the director of the conservatory when he was informed of the death, was: "Small tone." No one, not even a cool and dry Cherubini of today, could say this of Georges Longy.

Many musical instruments are associated with curious proverbs and popular sayings. There is little anecodatage about the oboe—hautbois. In furniture one finds the highboy and the lowboy. What is the lowboy in music; the bassoon or double bassoon? In the 16th century there was a family of oboes, a soprano, haut-contre, tailles and basses. It appears that the word "hautbois" was originally a generic term for different kinds of wooden instruments employed to play the soprano or upper parts. There was a hautbois de Foret, an earlier form of clarinet. It was said in 1862 that members of German military bands were called Hautboisten, no matter what was the instrument they played; for there were many years in all European countries in which oboes had an important part in a military band.

There was a French saying—perhaps it is still heard—That "to play the oboe was to be hanged." And so Justice was said to play that instrument, because Justice raises the gallows—The highwood on which the guilty are suspended. The hanged man also "danced the dance of bishops," because he gave the benediction with his feet to the lookers-on; while the hangman's rope was called the chanterelle, the E string of the violin.

The Symphony season is drawing to a close. The American composer cannot say that he has been wholly ignored. (This charge has been made against Mr. Toscanini in New York.) The native or adopted Americans who have been represented this season are Bloch Fairchild, Samuel Gardner, Gruenberg (twice), Josten, Loeffler, Piston, Wetzler, and Mr. Chadwick's Sinfonietta is announced for performance this week. Works by Bax, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier (with orchestra) have been played for the first time anywhere; possibly Martelli's Assyrian Bas Reliefs should be included; while nearly twenty works have been played for the first time in Boston. No doubt there are still some highly respectable souls who are wounded to the quick when they see a work by an unknown—unknown to them—composer announced, and if they go to the concert, unprovided with ear-caps and gas masks, it is chiefly to confirm their suspicions.

There is a claque in the Vienna Opera House, as probably in other opera houses, but in Vienna it's a trade union. Here are the printed instructions:

"Ten men in the orchestra, ten in the first balcony, ten in the second balcony, and so on. Two curtain calls at the end of the first act, two at the end of the second and an ovation at the end of the third act."

The members pay five cents a week as union fees. They receive free seats and two wienerwursts, complete with mustard, for ordinary applause. For special activities they receive six wienerwursts and a glass of beer.

Verdi in a lately discovered letter written to an impresario, Torelli, at Naples in 1857:

"I highly, in fact, most highly, approve the refusal of your son Achille of a pension. If there is anything to be appreciated in life, it is the bread earned by the sweat of one's own brow. He is young, let him work. If his health is not very flourishing, let him work less, but work all the same. Let him not imitate any one, above all the great ones, and now only (may the learned ones pardon me) he may dispense himself with studying them.

"Let him put his hand on his heart, study that, and if there is the real mettle of an artist in it, it will tell him everything. Let praises not swell him up, nor blame frighten him. If criticism stands up and tries to bar his way, let him go ahead always. Criticism follows its trade. It judges and it should judge according to the established rules.

"The artist, on the contrary, should look to the future and clearly see new worlds in the chaos, and if on the new path he sees a small light in the distance, let him not be frightened by the darkness around him, but go ahead, and if sometimes he stumbles and falls, let him get up and go ahead always. It is fine sometimes, even for a chief of a school to fall."

Apropos of "Apollon Musagetes" which was performed here at a symphony concert last week, Mr. Benjamin Collins Woodbury sends us his "Musagetes" ("with apology to Shakespeare's thirty-eighth sonnet") from his "Portsmouth and Other Poems," published in Boston in 1923:

"Who, jesting, would another Muse invoke,
Or descrate the mantle of the Nine
Except in silly badinage and joke—
Or do alone men speak the truth in wine?
Doth not fair Clio her exploits relate,
Euterpe with her music's heavenly fire,
With comedy, gay Thalia satiate?
Doth not Polymnia thee with hymns inspire,
Terpsichore with choral dance and song,
Melpomene with tragedy conspire,
Star-eyed Urania with celestial throng,
Erato's verses or the sacred lyre,
Caliope, vain man, thy fancies please?—
I give you god of all—Musagetes."

Mr. Ernest Newman with regard to "Adventures of a Soul" in Musical Criticism:

"It is all very well to tell me that criticism is 'the adventures of the soul among masterpieces.' My reply to that is that it depends on the soul. Obviously the centre of interest has momentarily been shifted from the work to the writer about it; the critic's main purpose is confessedly not to tell me something that is true per se of the work—for the essence of his philosophy is that the work exists, *for him*, only as it strikes him, and he has to admit that it strikes a hundred different people in a hundred different ways—but only to tell me something of the sensations it has set up in *him*. But why should he suppose the rest of us are interested in his sensations? Is *his* soul such a wonderful thing that I should be more interested in what the work of art means to him than in what it means to myself? The 'adventures' of an Anatole France may be worth reading not because they throw much light on the country he has professed to explore, but simply because he is Anatole France, a writer of great charm of style. But the number of people who write on art and literature who have a claim to be read for their own sakes, independent of their subject or the light they can throw on it, is very small. (Take, for example, Mr. Bernard Shaw's remarks on the Elizabethan dramatists in his preface to "The Admirable Bashville.' As a serious study of the dramatists in question that rollicking performance may leave a great deal to be desired; but it is always worth reading because it is first-rate Shaw. It may not be criticism, but it is magnificent in its way.)"

Sir Thomas Beecham—would that he had visited Boston as a guest conductor this season!—said to an American publisher of music in London this month: "You must have some wonderful composers in your country. They don't know one note from another. They just come into the office and whistle, and we have some clever youngsters who take it down."

Sir Thomas remarked that he had composed some music from time to time. "Well, that's all right," said the American publisher. "Just come into our office some time and whistle it."

Mme. Leginska has been conducting and playing the piano in London. It appears that at one time, as a conductor, she "struck the air with so violent a whack as apparently to overbalance and fall back into the pianist's stool. This suggests," wrote Mr. Legge, "that as conductor Miss Leginska is a trifle violent in her methods. Indeed, she is on occasions of climax, and her wonderful head of hair plays a part—it reminds one of nothing so much as of Anton Rubinstein, though, to be sure, he removed his hair from his face with his hand, and not with a great wave of the head. The beat seemed clear, and there was plenty of it in that Miss Leginska's baton was often immensely active." And not a word about "reading" or "interpretation."

There is nothing half way about Joan Crawford's personality or its effect upon her audiences. If you like her, you like her a whole lot, and if you think that she is something less than a marvel, it's not her fault. Personal opinions aside, it does seem a pity that she should not be given better material to work with. Her last one, "Untamed," was just what the title would indicate, and while "Montana Moon," current film at Loew's State Theatre, is several degrees better, it could hardly take rank as a world-beater. Joan can act well, very well indeed, and she is the only excuse for "Montana Moon." Despite its beautiful photography of plains and mountains, the story, the old one of the spoiled society girl and the man from the big open spaces, is something hoary, and not profoundly exciting.

Beside Joan and the scenery, "Montana Moon" may count among its assets the presence of Cliff Edwards, Benny Rubin and a stalwart chorus of cow-boys who are forever bursting into harmonies part-songs. This singing is very pleasant to hear and makes the goings-on of the wild younger set seem relatively unimportant. Mr. Edwards trots out his trusty ukulele once in a while, but most of the time he and Benny Rubin are just being funny, and that means a lot. The plot, in brief, tells how a rich girl on a trip out West to her wealthy father's ranch along with a lot of her friends, meets and marries, in a great hurry, a serious and rather simple-minded cowboy. Her father is delighted, but her friends nag the bridegroom unmercifully, and what with his wife's late hours and trying to be happy in dinner-clothes he has a hard time. Finally he knocks down a gilded youth who kisses his wife after a lively tango, and she tells him to get out. There is more, but that gives a good enough idea of what it's all about. Miss Crawford does surprisingly well as the heroine, John Mack Brown, heavily ambushed behind a tremendous southern accent, is fair enough as the cowboy, and Ricardo Cortez is satisfactory in a thankless role—E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Lovin' the Ladies"

An all-talking screen comedy based on the stage play by William LeBaron entitled "I Love You"; directed by Melville Brown and presented by RKO with the following cast:

Peter Darby	Richard Dix
Joan Bentley	Lois Wilson
Jimmy Farnsworth	Allen Kearns
Louise Endicott	Rita La Roy
Betty Duncan	Renee Macready
Marie	Virginia Sale
George Van Horn	Selmer Jackson
Brooks	Anthony Bushell
Sagatelli	Henry Armetta

William LeBaron's light little comedy of 1919, entitled "I Love You," has served him well. A season's favorite while it lasted, he turned it into a musical piece called "Moonlight," five years later; and now he brings it to the audible screen, with more than the usual signs of stage technic in its presentation and performance. It serves especially for Mr. Dix in that he is enabled to combine his none too subtle humor with a sturdy sort of romantic spirit, thus appealing simultaneously to two groups in his audiences. For some regard him as a comedian of substance while others see in him an attractive sentimentalist. As Peter Darby, a young electrician, possessed of ambitions to better himself, to travel, and to find the right girl, he happens to fall into the clutches of Jimmy Farnsworth, a rich young man who has wagered $5000 with a friend that, given a glamorous environment of effulgent moon, soft music, a volume of Shelly's sonnets, sweet perfumes and a convenient couch, any man and any woman can be coaxed into falling in a mutual love, whatever their station in life.

Peter, assured of half of the wager, if it is won, agrees to be party to the scheme. Betty Duncan is to be the victim. Unfortunately she prefers Brooks, the scholarly butler, who reads Shelly beautifully. And Peter, after being vamped by Marie, the maid, and Louise Endicott, a bold brunette, finds himself enamored of Joan Bentley, whom Jimmy considered as good as his future wife. The subsequent complications are handled in the best farcial manner, and the entire performance maintains a nice pace, thanks to a splendid cast and to watchful direction. The settings are rich and indicative of faultless taste. It was particularly pleasant to see Miss Wilson playing opposite Mr. Dix, in a role made wholly charming because she knows how to be natural, an art in itself. Mr. Kearns was amusing as the "environment" manipulator, and one knew at once that Mr. Bushell was no ordinary stage butler when he read Shelley to Betty. Incidentally he is the young Englishman who plays the craven Hibbert in the "Journey's End" of the screen.

W. E. G.

PARK

"Captain of the Guard"

An all-talking screen drama, story by Houston W. Branch, and musical score by Charles Wakefield Cadman; directed by John S. Robertson, and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Rouget De Lisle	John Boles
Marie Marnay	Laura La Plante
Bazin	Sam De Grasse
Marnay	James Marcus
Le Bruin	Harry Cording
Colonel	Lionel Belmore
Jacques	Otis Harlan
Joseph	Murdock McQuarrie
Judge	Claude Fleming
Lieutenant	Ervin Renard
Robespierre	George Hackathorne
Danton	Richard Kramer

Those who are responsible for "Captain of the Guard," have admitted, with apologetic gesture, that they took certain liberties with facts hitherto accepted in the matter of the French revolution which dislodged old King Louis XVI from a throne and gave to posterity that militant melody known as the "Marseillaise." As a matter of fact these same adaptors seem to have allowed their imagination to run wild, so that we have Danton antedating Patrick Henry with "Give me liberty or give me death"; we have Roguct de Lisle offering the toast, "Our Majesty! May he ever be right; but right or wrong, his majesty!" which comes dangerously close to plagiarism; we have this same Rouget, after an almost ludicrous scene showing him posing in absurd attitudes while composing the famous marching song of the Parisian mob, daring to appear in full uniform of the King's Hussars and singing the anthem to the monarch and his court, then breaking his sword defiantly and taking to his heels. Nor does the ultimate fate of the patriot-youth, as indicated in the picture, coincide with statements bequeathed us by fairly accurate historians.

In sad truth, "Captain of the Guard," is an amazingly dull effort, prosy, stilted, even miscast as far as the leading woman is concerned. Only when Mr. Robertson decides it is time to storm the Bastile, massing the howling crowds which have been heard frequently in previous sequences in one vast milling mob which surges backward and forward and yet never seems quite to become a conquering horde by reason of any feats of indomitable prowess—only then does the picture evince traces of dramatic fervor. But then, Mr. Robertson obviously is no Ludwig Berger. With fewer men by hundreds, Berger made us realize that the thieves of Paris were routing the Burgundians in "The Vagabond King."

Mr. Cadman's music seems inappropriate. It is too delicate in form for such strenuous scenes. As with the voices, it is recorded unevenly; and only Mr. Boles appears able to interpret it, in mediocre fashion at that. W. E. G.

REPERTORY
"Across the World"

A collection of travel films with a synchronized descriptive talk by Martin Johnson, presented by Talking Picture Epics, Inc., under auspices of the American Museum of Natural History.

"Across the World With Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson" is announced as the sequel to the Johnson's previous film, "Simba," but the really important part of it is devoted to experiences among the various Pacific islands, Vao island, Langa-Langa Lagoon, the Solomon islands, the New Hebrides and many more. This part of the film, now showing at the Repertory Theatre, is the most interesting—the pictures of the islanders, most of them cannibals and head-hunters, with all sorts of strange things stuck through their nostrils and lips, and others with peculiar elongated heads, offer something quite out of the ordinary.

The picture starts in the Martin Johnsons' New York apartment, and the travel scenes are supposed to represent an evening's entertainment for the assembled guests. Throughout the film, Mr. Johnson provides an explanatory talk, with some interpolations from his wife, concerning the events passing on the screen. Their trip falls into two divisions—the former covers the journey around the South Sea islands and the latter is devoted to a safari through Africa. It was on the African trip that they were accompanied by three Boy Scouts, who appeared to appreciate thoroughly the good fortune that had befallen them.

The most exciting event in the picture was when Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and two Frenchmen with them were captured by a ferocious tribe of cannibals and only escaped owing to the fortunate arrival of a British gunboat. Photographs were taken up to the last possible moment, and the cruel faces of the savages and their bestial, greedy eyes were terrifying enough to daunt the bravest. Having had enough of wild people, the Johnsons betook themselves to Africa to photograph wild animals instead. Their results are very interesting, especially panoramic views of a huge migration of animals across the plains, and some impressive lion pictures taken at close range. The film as a whole should appeal to old and young alike; it is preceded by the famous short, "Killing the Killer," showing the battle between a mongoose and a cobra.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S
"High Society Blues"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Howard J. Green from the story by Dana Burnet with songs by Joseph McCarthy and James F. Hanley; directed by David Butler and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Eleanor Divine ..... Janet Gaynor
Eddie Granger ..... Charles Farrell
Horace Divine ..... William Collier, Sr.
Mrs. Divine ..... Hedda Hopper
Mrs. Granger ..... Louise Fazenda
Pearl Granger ..... Joyce Compton
Bowles ..... Brandon Hurst
Count Premier ..... Gregory Gaye
Bell Granger ..... Lucien Littlefield

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are at it again in "High Society Blues." They go through the usual motions of having quarrelsome parents, shattered love affair and a truly fairy story ending. In between times, Mr. Farrell climbs balconies, in his imagination, and never once loses his ukelele. This instrument used to be considered a subject for jokes; now it belongs in the category of a sufficient motive for murder. Any one carrying one should be fair game for snipers or even machine gun battalions. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad if a full orchestra didn't tune up every time that Charles or Janet begins a sentimental song; as it is, the whole business is absurd.

It is too bad that he moving picture public is rated so appallingly low in the matter of intelligence. The plot of "High Society Blues," current at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is the sort of thing that is usually left behind in the third grade. One socially prominent family, the Divines, snubs a newly rich family, the Grangers, but are brought to terms when Eleanor Divine, society girl, elopes with Eddie Granger. The fathers quarrel whenever they meet and try to beat each other on the stock market. The wives do not get on at all. It all comes out very sweetly in the end, with the battling parents shaking hands and Eleanor's titled suitor falling very comfortably into the arms of the hero's pretty sister, Pearl.

So far as acting is concerned, Janet Gaynor is prettier than usual and wears quite an dazzling array of clothes. She acts very nicely, but she really cannot sing; her speaking voice has improved since her last picture, however, and perhaps some day she will be able to succeed in a musical way. Charles Farrell, discounting the ukelele, is good enough, though he is getting a bit too fond of full-face close-ups. His singing is fair. The most enjoyable performances were contributed by William Collier, Sr., as Eleanor's grouchy but likeable father, by Louise Fazenda, as the well-meaning Mrs. Granger, and by an attractive young newcomer, Gregory Gaye, as the debonair Count Prunier. The best songs were "High Society Blues" and "I'm In the Market for You."

E. L. H.

MODERN—BEACON—EGYPTIAN
"Hello, Sister"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Brian Marlow from the story, "Clipped Wings," by Rita Lambert; directed by Walter Lang and presented by James Cruze, Inc., through Sono Art-World Wide Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

"Vee" Newell ..... Olive Borden
Marshall Jones ..... Lloyd Hughes
Fraser Newell ..... George Fawcett
Martha Peddie ..... Rodil Rosing
"Tivvie" Rose ..... Norman Peck
John Stanley ..... Howard Hickman
Randall Carr ..... Raymond Keene
Dr. Saltus ..... Wilfred Lucas
Horace Peddie ..... James T. Mack
Appleby Sims ..... Harry MacDonald

The title and the somewhat lurid cover to the press sheet hardly prepare the way for a nice little comedy, "Hello, Sister," now current at the Modern, Beacon and Egyptian Theatres. It is a very innocuous affair, but manages to be both effective and amusing, despite its slight attack of propaganda. The moral preached is that the merits of going to church and taking charge of bazaars far outweigh the brief pleasures of drinking, dancing, gambling, late hours and heavy make-up. Although this is a rather startling innovation for the motion pictures, it is not at all objectionable. The whole production bears witness to the careful supervision of James Cruze in respect to plot, treatment and photography.

Vivian Newell is left a fortune by her grandfather on condition that for six months she refrain from drinking, smoking, lipstick and late hours. Also she must go to church every Sunday and take part in the social activities connected with it. She makes a big effort and, thanks to the presence of Marshall Jones, an impecunious but agreeable young lawyer who passes the plate on Sunday, she finds things more pleasant than she had expected. Accustomed as she is to easy conquest of every man she meets, she finds Marshall's lack of reponse hard to understand. He finally admits that he could never ask a rich girl to marry him, so on the last night of the six months, Vivian goes to a roadhouse to get drunk and do everything she shouldn't. Marshall follows and everything turns out as it should. Olive Borden gives a fine performance of the spoiled girl who had such good stuff in her; she could be humorous or emotional with equally good effect. She is prettier than ever and her acting ability is growing by leaps and bounds. George Fawcett has a few excellent moments at the beginning of the film, and Lloyd Hughes is a likeable, though not exciting hero.

On the same bill is "After the Fog," the story of a girl who lives on the seacoast with her parents, loves a man of whom they disapprove, marries him and then is forced to fight for her happiness. Mary Philbin is the star and the supporting cast is headed by Edmund Burns and Carmelita Geraghty.

E. L. H.

SCOLLAY SQUARE: "THE SAP"

For two days only, Saturday and yesterday, an all-talking comedy, entitled "The Sap," adapted by Robert Lord from the play by William Grew, was presented as screen feature at the Scollay Square Theatre. Archie L. Mayo directed it, and Warner Brothers produced it with a cast including Edward Everett Horton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Alan Hale, Russell Simpson, Edna Murphy and Franklyn Pangborn. Mr. Horton, adept in farcical characterization, both on stage and screen, and skilled in delineation of such surface emotions as bewilderment, self-depreciation and sudden accessions of courage, has the role of a small town boob named Bill Small and nicknamed "The Sap." When a brother-in-law and a family friend confess to larcenies from the local bank, Bill, hitherto a grievance to his family because of his shiftless ways and his dalliance with impracticable inventions, induces the two looters to steal $50,000 more. This he takes to Chicago, where he plays the market, wins huge sums, buys the bank and returns a conquering hero. The dialogue is homely, frequently amusing, and there are countless ludicrous situations.

Starting today and through the remainder of the week, Paramount's all-talking comedy, "Honey," with Nancy Carroll and Richard "Skeets" Gallagher, will be the featured photoplay.

April 22 1930

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Let Us Be Gay," a comedy of manners in a prologue, three acts and four scenes by Rachel Crothers. Presented by John Golden. The Little Theatre, New York, Feb. 21, 1929. The cast last night was as follows:

Kitty Brown ..... Francine Larrimore
Bob Brown ..... Barry O'Neill
Mrs. Boucicault ..... Charlotte Granville
Dierdre Lessing ..... Molly Ricardel
Townley Town ..... Kenneth Hunter
Bruce Kean ..... Ross Alexander
Madge Livingston ..... Helen Crane
Wallace Grainger ..... Gilbert Douglas
Whitman ..... Leonard Carey
Struthers ..... George Wright, Jr.
Williams ..... John Lefevre
Perkins ..... Cordelia McDonald

Does any book on etiquette tell how a divorced couple should act one towards the other when they are weekend guests and the others in the party do not know that the two were ever married, much less that they were divorced? Not that any guest is supposed to sing: "Must we then meet as strangers?"

Kitty Brown objected to her husband wandering from his own fireside although he tried to convince her that his heart was true to her; that he did not love the other woman, who, by the way, had told the wife of the little affair, for she wished to play the game and have everything above board. Kitty left Bob, taking the children with her, and went to Paris, where, as she hinted afterwards, she experimented on the male, hoping to find out why men were unfaithful. A delightful old lady, Mrs. Boucicault met her, took a fancy to her, and three years after the divorce, invited her to her country place somewhere in Westchester. Mrs. Boucicault was annoyed because her own granddaughter, though betrothed to a nice, clean young man, had thrown herself at one Brown, who was once Kitty's Brown. So Kitty was to take Bob away from the granddaughter, who proclaimed her love for the said Bob from the housetops; a remarkably headstrong, inflammable, reckless young woman, this Dierdre. Bob, who believes his life is ruined by Kitty's desertion, has been more than accepting the infatuated girl's devotion. This is about all the plot there is, and it is easy to see, as from a tower, the end of all.

There are other characters, Mr. Town, a professional philanderer; Mr. Grainger, addicted to poetry; Madge Livingstone, who delights in making men fetch and carry for her. There is one strongly marked, delightful woman in the whole mess, the hostess, Mrs. Boucicault, domineering, changeable, cynical, human, obstinate, humorous, an epitome of all that is lovable and might easily be detestable in a darling of the fates, who has had her own way, and did not divorce her husband for it was not the fashion in her earlier years thus to amuse one's self.

All the men are moths to Kitty's bright light; she shines for all, even for Bob, who now is cool to Dierdre. This amazing girl goes to his room opening on a moonlit balcony. Town climbs up, woos Kitty, would embrace her, and slaps mosquitoes. The voice of Grainger down below bleats in the night air. Dierdre suspects the worst of Kitty; Kitty wonders what Dierdre is up to. The calm night does not cool the raging jealous fever. Naturally the other woman guests look on Kitty as a shameless hussy. Mrs. Boucicault wonders if her plan was either shrewd or wise. Then there is nothing left for Bob to do but to tell the truth. And Kitty, ns'er consenting to go back to him, at last consents.

The play is all in the dialogue which is excellent, amusing, often witty, but never forced, never shaped merely for the purpose of revealing Miss Crothers as a wit; no, the lines are what one expects from the various characters; those given to Mrs. Boucicault could not be bettered even by a committee of humorous psychoanalysts. How admirably this dear woman is portrayed by Miss Granville! Seldom does one see in these days a more natural, a more finished and at the same time a more spontaneous performance, without any superfluity of emphasis or gesture.

Miss Larrimore gave a definite idea of Kitty, whose fascination was realized, not taken for granted by the conduct of her admirers. But the whole company was excellent, though one would have liked a Dierdre whose passion was not so blatant, almost hysterical, though here Miss Crothers was largely to blame. It might here be said tha tshe takes a refreshingly light view of the domestic relations, not injecting melodrama into comedy.

The play and the performance should not be missed, especially not by those who are inclined to bewail the present "degeneracy" of the stage.

COLONIAL THEATRE
"Ripples"

"Ripples," a musical extravaganza in two acts and 11 scenes; book by William Anthony McGuire, lyrics by Irving Caesar and Graham John, music by Oscar Levant and Albert Sirmay; settings by Joseph Urban, costumes by Charles LeMaire; produced by Charles Dillingham at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, Feb. 11, 1930, and performed for the first time in Boston at the Colonial Theatre last evening, with the following cast:

Herman Dutcher ..... Arthur Cunningham
Honus ..... William Kerschell
Malcolm Fairman ..... Edward Allen
Ripples ..... Dorothy Stone
Richard Willoughby ..... Charles Collins
Mrs. Willoughby ..... Mrs. Fred Stone
Rip ..... Fred Stone
John Pillsbury ..... Andrew Tombes
Jane Martin ..... Cynthia Foley
Mrs. John Pillsbury ..... Althea Henly
Corp. Jack Sterling ..... Eddie Foy, Jr.
Sergt. Banner ..... Charles Mast
Millicent ..... Peggy Bancroft
Mrs. Sterling ..... Pearl Hight
Little Billie Sheer ..... Paul Paulus
Lollipop ..... Col. Casper

In the minds of the large and friendly audience at the Colonial Theatre last evening, the thought uppermost probably was not pertinent to the comparative merits of "Ripples" over previous Fred Stone shows but—how completely has this individualistic dancing clown come back? How supple is he after sustaining in a fall from a plane two compound fractures of the left leg, a dislocated left ankle, a fracture of the right thigh above the knee, a dislocated right shoulder, a fracture of the jaw on the lower left side, and a slight fracture of the left wrist? Mr. Stone left little doubt as to his miraculous restoration. For his entrance, a few moments after the usual desultory choral opening and introductions, he was catapulted onto the stage from the splintered door of a small barn plump into a bed of Mrs. Willoughby's thousand dollar tulips. Thereafter with Dorothy and Paula he did his paternal share in two of the looselimbed clown dances for which he has been famous; he tapped a generous bit on his own, and toward the end he manipulated a pair of crutches in a rhythmic dance which took him from one end of the stage apron to the other. He even turned a cartwheel without wincing. For a man who, following his tutor's advice, went up in the air on that near-tragic August day in 1928, calm and collected, and, to use his own words, came down calm, and "was collected," Fred Stone turned in a fairly arduous evening's work.

What he, as titular head of the family allowed to lapse in the dancing lanes, daughters Dorothy and Paula redeemed, for the honor of the Stones. Miss Dorothy, a veteran compared with the taller and slightly less graceful Paula, shone particularly. Born with dancing toes, she has taken on new graces, quickened her thrusts and parries in the game of give and take in dialogue. Paula, making her debut, took her dancing less seriously, yet showed no signs of the novice. Remains the mother, who to thousands of sentimentalists in the playhouses will always be Allene Crater. In "Ripples" she is the newly rich Mrs. Willoughby, mistress of vast tracts in the Catskills which Rip, comic descendant of the legendary long-time slumberer, claims should have been his. Mrs. Stone need no longer sing, nor unbend in the dance. Let the youngsters do it.

The story rambles pleasantly and casually in and out of the mountains, where the bewhiskered dwarfs of old have become agents for a good-natured bootlegger, played by Mr. Tombes with more than his wonted unction; past state troopers' barracks, through Mrs. Willoughby's ornate Colonial room with its impressive pastoral panels; and coming to ingenuous rest in that lady's green-turfed terrace. There are simplest of love engagements between Ripples and Richard Willoughby, named as Corp. Sterling venomously observes, after the meanest King in England; and between that same cocky corporal and Mary Willoughby, which would be Miss Paula of course. There are several typical interludes of Fredstonean humor, appertaining to wholesale bagging of wild ducks by decoy balloons, or to ludicrous encounters with the dwarfs and their ninepins, or with Lollipop, the tame bear. Twice Mr. Stone, by clever trickery, seems suddenly elongated; how, few can guess.

There are several very beautiful numbers by the Mary Read Tiller girls, especially the sunrise dance and the autumn ballet, the latter performed in a sylvan setting, with golden leaves falling as the girls weave their rhythmic patterns. There are other dances, too, of livelier tempo. The music is unobstrusive for the most part, with two numbers, "I'm a Little Bit Fonder of You," and "You Never Can Tell About Love" rising above their fellows in lilting tunefulness. The settings by Mr. Urban, and the costumes, designed by Mr. LeMaire and paid for by Mr. Dillingham, are odd, rich and satisfying. And what a sly dig Mr. Stone gives Will Rogers, after expressing his appreciation for the latter's pinch-hitting stunt. "I can do some things better than Will," says Fred. "I can chew any kind of gum." Which was hitting the garrulous Will squarely in his bank account.

W. E. G.

TUESDAY SYMPHONY

The sixth and last of the Tuesday series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program comprised Beethoven's "Leonore" overture No. 3 and "Pastoral" symphony; also Brahms's symphony, E minor, No. 4.

Some might say that this was a stiff program; others might welcome it as a relief from programs devoted largely to contemporaneous music of the extreme radical variety. There was no

difference of opinion yesterday as to the quality of the performance or the dramatic and poetic interpretations.

The Tuesday audiences have fared well this season. The older masters were represented by a concerto of Bach, a concerto by Handel, Mozart's symphony in E flat major; Haydn's symphony (with the horn call); Beethoven came in with two symphonies and an overture; Schubert with the "Unfinished" and music from "Rosamunde"; Schumann with a symphony and the overture to "Manfred."

There was a symphony by Brahms; Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic"; Cesar Franck's symphony. The brilliant performance of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel" again awakens enthusiasm, there were four Wagnerian numbers; Debussy's "The Sea," Ravel's Bolero.

Admirable programs that gave the receptive but not too easily pleased audiences great pleasure; audiences that expected the best and have not been disappointed.

F. S. L.

TREMONT THEATRE

"Journey's End"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Joseph Moncure March from the play of the same name by R. C. Sherriff; directed by James Whale and presented by Tiffany with the following cast

Capt. Stanhope	Colin Clive
2d Lt. Raleigh	David Manners
Lt. Osborne	Ian MacLaren
2d lt. Hibbert	Anthony Bushnell
2d Lt. Trotter	Billy Bevan
Priv. Mason	Charles Gerrard
Sergeant-Major	Thomas Whiteley
Capt. Hardy	Robert A'Dair
The Colonel	Jack Pitcairn
German Soldier	Warner Klinger

A splendid picture in every way is "Journey's End," now current at the Tremont Theatre—a picture which should on no account be missed, especially by those who failed to see the play. This does not mean that those who did witness the play should keep away, for the film is a faithful, honest and heartbreaking reproduction. It is only that they will miss the intimate personal touch that actors in the flesh can give; that they will see separate corners of the dugout and individual figures instead of the complete picture. They will also go outside the dugout into the trenches, over the top and into the German lines during the fatal raid which the stage play, with overpowering effect, merely suggested.

Despite these differences which, in the opinion of some, may add rather than detract, "Journey's End" seems to us the finest achievement of the talking pictures to date. It keeps the spirit of the play to a remarkable extent, and there are no depressing variations in the usual style of war films. Its great merit, however, comes from the fact that it follows the stage version as exactly as possible, and not from any originality in screen technique. It raises the question, therefore, whether the talking screen at its best is to be merely a copy of the stage or will develop along lines of its own.

"Journey's End" is a very simple, human and tragic document, with no romance, save that of comradeship, no heroic gestures, and, above all, no loud denunciations of war. Yet it manages to be one of the greatest arguments against war that has ever been written. The men in it don't want to die, but they do want to "put on a good show," and if their lives pay the forfeit, it's all in the game. Some have said that such a play, and consequently the picture, could have been written only about Englishmen. That men of other nationalities would not adopt the quiet, humorous, slightly sentimental attitude of Osborne and Raleigh, for instance, before the raid. Perhaps that is true; certainly it is hard to imagine most soldiers going into battle with poetry on their lips, be it "Alice in Wonderland" or something of an heroic cast. Yet the English actors who were here in Boston last fall and these now to be seen on the screen at the Tremont Theatre, may persuade us easily that as they felt and acted, so did others; that the effect of war on sensitive, imaginative natures knows no race nor creed.

There is no plot to speak of—merely a series of everyday happenings in wartime. The scene is the dugout in the front-line trenches and the trench outside with an occasional glimpse of no-man's land. The characters are Stanhope, the young captain whose nerves are breaking under the three years' strain; Osborne, the wise and kindly ex-schoolmaster; the fresh and likable youngster, Raleigh, idolizing Stanhope, and aghast at the latter's hostility; Hibbert, the weakling; Trotter, fat, placid and unimaginative; Priv. Mason, the cockney soldier-cook; and a few more. The time is just before the German drive of 1918.

Inevitably, since there can be no curtain to drop, the film loses some of the best stage effects such as the moment when Stanhope, agonized over the loss of his best friend, can only shout at the broken Raleigh: "Must you sit on Osborne's bed?" Such is mere captiousness, however. The film is a splendid achievement and the acting is beyond praise. Highest honors go to Colin Clive as the nerve-shattered Stanhope, conveying perfectly not only the man's desperate struggle to maintain his self-control, but also his fine abilities as a leader of men. Almost equally effective is Ian MacLaren as the lovable and understanding Osborne; his voice is of particularly agreeable quality. The boyish, impulsive Raleigh of David Manners is entirely admirable, and Anthony Bushnell makes the coward Hibbert understandable, almost sympathetic. It would be quite exciting to see these actors and their associates in the flesh, to watch them act on the stage, unhampered by the necessity that now limits the spectator's vision to one or two figures at a time. It is safe to predict that they would be even more convincing than they are now, and that is saying much. The photography is splendid, barring a few too many close-ups, and the voice reproduction is excellent.

E. L. H.

April 27 1930

YOUNG FOLKS' CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert for young people yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky and Richard Burgin were the conductors. The program was as follows: Beethoven, First Movement of the Fifth Symphony. Haydn, Finale of Symphony in D major (with the Horn Call); Ravel, "Beauty and Beast" from "Mother Goose." Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel." Wagner, "Ride of the Valkyries." Alfred H. Meyer made explanatory remarks, giving the necessary information about the pieces in a clear and interesting manner. His telling the story of "Beauty and the Beast" with the accompanying amusing pictures on the screen aided greatly in the children's enjoyment of Ravel's charming music. There were pictures for the other compositions. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the music by Strauss and Wagner; Mr. Burgin the other numbers.

As the children were entering Symphony hall, other children were skipping the rope near the door. One might have asked whether those entering envied those in joyful exercise; or whether the rope-skippers wished that they, too, could enter. Children do not invariably appreciate what are loosely described as educational advantages. Too much stress, by the way, is put on music as an educational force. Possibly some of the contemporaneous compositions being purely cerebral, or reminding one of the Pythagorean theory of music, might be called educational—at least its admirers hope that the general public will be educated up to this advanced art, but the music played yesterday appealed to the emotions and the fancy. And so the children, not unduly impressed by the name of Beethoven, did not sit reverentially as in a concert of prayer, but honestly enjoyed what they heard with their ears. They also enjoyed the skill of the soloists in Haydn's Variations and Mr. Piller's double bassoon voicing the amorous pleading of the Beast. They would have gladly joined with Till in his merry pranks; they mourned his fate when he was brought to judgment by stern men without a sense of humor; and at the end the children rode gaily with the Valkyries. Truly a real entertainment. The concert will be repeated this afternoon.

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Ripples," musical extravaganza, with Fred Stone and daughters, Dorothy and Paula.

COPLEY—"Dear Old England," comedy; second week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Let Us Be Gay," comedy, with Francine Larrimore.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; 14th week.

SHUBERT—"The New Moon," operetta; 10th and last week.

WILBUR—"Candle-Light," comedy; third and last week.

THE OLD SOUTH

By PHILIP HALE

Dramatic and Music Critic of The Boston Herald.

While the letters in Marietta Minnigerode Andrews' "*Scraps of Paper*," are for the most part of indisputable interest, one wishes that she had commented at greater length. Few women, or men for that matter, write to-day with as marked gusto or reveal so charming a personality, few are so broad-minded. Editing the letters written during the Civil War, journals and dairies, though she and her family suffered—her father was left for dead on the field of Appomattox—there is no bitterness in her soul, nor does she pose as "an unreconstructed Rebel." Does she not say: "I do not object to the word 'rebel.' Rebels they were, so far as I can see."

In this volume, as in her "*Memoirs*" that have delighted many North and South, she shows her talent for vivid description. Speaking of Civil War camp songs, as expressing in mediocre form the thought uppermost in the minds of average people, she still hears "from some old drawing-room sounds of young voices, and a girl might be seen at the piano, her full skirt rippling about her feet, her dimpled shoulders rising from the rounded neck of her tight-fitting bodice, her hair piled high with ringlets hanging over her ears and a rose stuck bewitchingly among the curls, a Confederate officer turning the music as she sang, 'We met, t'was at a hall.'"

Her sense of humor is lively. As an artist as well as a writer, she knows the value of thumb-nail sketches. She is amused by the pictures of Confederate heroes. "Who ever saw such heaving bosoms, such breadth of shoulders, such flashing eyes, as these painted generals boast of, standing as super-men and towering over the trees and steeples of the background? . . . Wade Hampton's whiskers belonged in a Du Maurier illustration from the London Punch"; "Bishop Polk," a Bishop in disguise—a theatrical make-up. Mosby's unearthly cameo of a face, that marble profile and flowing cape, a dare-devil abroad on a moonlight night." As for General Gordon, "it is hard to think of him as hurrying—as clearing his throat or blowing his nose. He is always standing before the world's camera." Then there is the guide who showed her and her son over the Battlefield of Gettysburg; like a razor-back hog — "Six feet tall six inches wide, with a nose like a bowsprit." The guide's voice was "the falsetto which always belongs to those attenuated, shad-hellied, Adam's appley people"; his father, he said, was the outstanding hero of the battle. The young man's pockets bulged with photographs of sections of his late father's anatomy, for his body was perforated in all parts by Confederate bullets. "Gettysburg—that place of doubt and death, now an open-air museum of sculptural monstrosities."

The letters of the aide-de-camp Charles Minnigerode, Jr., who ran away from school to enlist, are full of jokes, affection, and references to love affairs. "Amazing, how little of the vital news was given, how casual, how incidental the big work seemed to be." Charlie, though only eighteen, took his love affairs seriously. "Puppy love," says Mrs. Andrews, "so ridiculed, is a pretty fine phase of the ruling passion. It is not selfish, it is not often gross, and it creates a magical world which no seasoned sinner can conceive of."

The journal of Mrs. Andrews' Aunt Ida, kept in 1862-63, gives a graphic idea of the Yankee invasion, the attitude of women left on the plantations, their privations and their heroism. There are letters from other women, one now living—at least in 1927, who wrote that though they were "drinking the dregs of poverty," the young people found enjoyment in life and in each other. Though Mrs. Micajah Woods, as a girl had no frock to go to a party, her "full white petticoat had a frill and two tucks, and with a bodice and a blue sash looked quite well. None of the gentlemen knew that it was a petticoat and the other girls were no better off than we." One is struck reading these letters and journals, by the religious belief of the writers in the sacredness of the Confederate cause and their faith in a favoring God.

Corporal Tanner's gruesome account of his sufferings, wounded at Bull Run, with a letter of comment by General J. R. Kean of the U. S. A. Medical Corps, contrasting surgery in the Civil War with surgery in the World War; a letter destroying the legend of Barbara Frietchie; pages about the Confederate flags and the great Seal; these add to the interest of the volume. The remaining pages devoted to letters written by Mrs. Andrews' son and others in the World War are introduced by a few words in glowing praise of Secretary of War Baker with a modest letter from him to Mrs. Andrews.

"*Scraps of Paper*" is handsomely printed. Mrs. Andrews supplies notes about men and women mentioned in the letters, for she might edit from personal knowledge a "Who's Who Among the F. F. V.'s." Surely her naming "Old Sam Emmett, of North Carolina," as the composer of "Dixie"—"Something that will outlive the Brooklyn Bridge or the Elephant Gutte Dam" was a slip of the pen. For Emmett's Christian name was "Dan"—and was not his birthplace in the West?

April 25 1930

BACH CANTATA CLUB

The Bach Cantata Club, conducted by G. Wallace Woodworth, met last night in Emmanuel Church to perform the following music: Bach, The Passion Chorale (Melody by Hassler, harmonization from Bach's Passion according to St. Matthew); Palestrina, Stabat Mater; Bach, Cantata No. 4—"Christ lag in Todesbanden"; Holst, Psalm CXLVIII (Melody from Geistliche Kirchengesaenge, 1623). Instrumental support was furnished by the organ (played by L. P. Beveridge) and by a small string orchestra (concert mistress Miss Dorothy Comstock).

Mr. Woodworth's enterprising group, which, from the moment of its inception, not so long ago, filled an important gap in Boston's musical life, has now made useful strides toward the acquisition of a choral technique matching its high aims. This fact was shown most spectacularly in Holst's brilliant choral setting of the fine old tune that is rather widely known as an Easter hymn—a setting on which this uncannily resourceful master of the medium has lavished all the devices of a modern technique without damage to an ancient devotion, combining, as usual, dramatic vividness with spiritual ecstasy. But these singers were hardly less successful in their encounter with Palestrina. They did not permit the "chastity" of the old master's style to become insipid. They achieved something of the exquisite limpidity of tone and fluidity of phrase that are requisite here, conveyed much of the music's crystalline beauty and pure exaltation, and at the same time managed to color it with the changing emotions of the text.

They dealt excellently on the whole with the heartier and more human sorrows of Bach's St. Matthew chorale—to Hans Leo Hassler's expressive melody—and with those of his Cantata (composed for an Easter Sunday 206 years ago), though here a greater brilliance in the singing of the sopranos, a deeper sonority in that of the basses, might have added to their effectiveness.

The firm and confident playing of the orchestra and Mr. Beveridge's beautiful performance of a Chorale Prelude, added notably to the pleasures of the evening.

S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"The Light of Western Stars"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt from the novel of the same name by Zane Grey; directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Dick Bailey	Richard Arlen
Ruth Hammond	Mary Brian
"Stack"	Fred Kohler
Bob Drexell	Regis Toomey
"Pie Pan"	Harry Green
Grif Meeker	William LeMaire
Sheriff	Guy Oliver
Slig	George Chandler
Square Toe	Sid Taylor
Pop	Gus Saville

Western pictures, such as "The Light of Western Stars," current film at the Metropolitan Theatre, must be very nice to produce. Only the simplest of settings are necessary—chiefly the great outdoors—one set of not very expensive costumes, half a dozen six-shooters and a few dozen horses, and there you are. There must be a dastardly villain, large and burly and inclined to leer, who has robbed the heroine of her lawful property and perhaps killed some member of her family. The hero is a tough looking, quick-shooting, golden-hearted cowboy, quick on the draw and inclined to fall in love very quickly with the first pretty girl he meets. For the sake of contrast, the heroine should be a delicately-nurtured girl from the East who finds the going rather rough, but ends as she should, in the aforesaid cowboy's arms.

If, in addition to these, there are a bit of comic relief and one or two subsidiary wrong-doers, the stage is all set for "The Light of Western Stars." It makes a good show. Mary Brian and the scenery are very easy to look at; Richard Arlen is alternately drunk and bashful with pugnacious interludes; Fred Kohler is a thorough-going bad man, and Harry Green is more amusing than usual as an itinerant pedler. The most interesting scenes in the film were the corraling and later the stampeding of a herd of a hundred or more fairly wild horses. When the picture was being made, there was a lot of trouble with the animals—once they stampeded in the wrong direction and smashed the cameras, and another time Richard Arlen stumbled and fell right in their path. No irreparable damage was done, however, and the results were assuredly worth while. Frankly, it is quite a relief to get away from night clubs and back stage life for a while—at least whatever happens in the great open spaces, there are no song and dance acts and not a single broken-hearted hoofer in sight.

E. H. L.

Apr 26 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

ne 23d concert of the Boston Sym-
ny orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, con-
ctor, took place yesterday afternoon
Symphony hall. Mozart, Symphony,
major (K. 338). Chadwick, Sinfoni-
ta in D major. Dukeysky, Symphony,
flat major, No. 2 (first performance).
rauss, tone poem, "Don Juan."

Mr. Chadwick's overture to "Rip Van
inkle" was performed at a concert of
e Harvard Musical Association in De-
mber, 1879, at a concert of the Handel
d Haydn Society in May, 1880. His
me first appeared on a program of
Boston Symphony orchestra on Jan.
1883 (overture "Thalia"). It was
inently meet and proper that his
ilee should have been celebrated
erday by the Boston Symphony or-
stra, whose programs he has often
ched. The Sinfonietta, chosen for
occasion, was composed in 1904;
music is still fresh and pleasing
s firm structure, its melodic interest,
armonic and orchestral expression,
above all by a musical enthusiasm
is kept within artistic bounds.
was no perfunctory work; the
e was in the composer and it had
lome out. Nor is the Sinfonietta
evidently of any school. There is
riduality, which was rare among
rican composers at the time the
onietta was written. And here, as
n earlier and famous Scherzo and
e earlier Symphonic Sketches there
ore than the suggestion of the
rican spirit finding its voice in
c. Perhaps today the first and
d movements are the ones that
mand the most attention; the
er by the thematic material—note
charming quasi oriental melody—
its development—Mr. Chadwick
ing for orchestra has been especially
by in his use of the symphonic
; the second by the constant
ity of the musical thought, the
ancholy that is poetic sentiment,
by the beautiful close with its
uisite orchestral invention.

r. Chadwick at the end of the Sin-
ietta was most heartily applauded.
might borrow from newspaper jar-
and say "he received an ovation,"
this would do him an injustice, for
ng the ancient Romans an ovation
a lesser triumph, when the vic-
ous general entered the city on
eback or on foot, not in a chariot,
crowned with myrtle, not with
el, and only a sheep was sacrificed
his honor. Surely Mr. Chadwick for
musical activity during the 50 hon-
le years deserves the laurel.

r. Dukelsky, who was at the con-
e, is not a stranger here. Mr. Kous-
zky had already introduced a
et-suite and a first symphony. Mr.
elsky has not yeached his 30th
—fortunate man! He has told in
amusing manner the story of his
ical life from the time he was a
told the story in so ingenuous, mod-
humorous way, that it should dis-
one from severe, much less cap-
s, criticism of his music. He un-
tedly has talent, which now seems
taid hearers with preconceived, or
itional ideals, wild and irregular.
symphony is a more mature work
his first, yet it is often yeasty.
le the reproach of being a poseur,
f striving to make the bourgeois sit
nd take notice, cannot justly be
ght against him, the impression is
e that the thematic treatment and
instrumentation are often experi-
tal; that he too anxiously shuns
, to him is the obvious that it might
aid of him by his friends in de-
e, he hears music in his own way,
as even many of his colleagues hear
hat rhythm and curious orchestral
ts, sudden and disconcerting con-
s, are more significant, more im-
nt to him, than even the orthodoxy
uch widely differing geniuses as
uss and Debussy.

present Mr. Dukelsky belongs to
extreme radical wing, but there is
gor, an intensity at times in this
phony that makes one forget the
of emotional beauty as that beauty
long been and is now in certain
ters recognized. After all, music,
Mozart said, should "klingen."
what a delightful performance
Mozart's symphony was that of yes-
ay! As delightful as the perform-
of "Don Juan" was dramatically,
rbly eloquent. Seldom is a con-
or so sensitive and skilled as Dr.
ssevitzky in the interpretation of
s by both composers, Strauss and
rt. Seldom is an orchestra found
can so aid in the interpretation.
on Juan" and Till Eulenspiegel"
the two of Strauss's orchestral
s that bid fair to live. When he
e "Don Juan" musical blood was
in his veins. He might say of his
onia Domestica and his Alpine
phony, as Lenau's Don Juan: "The
of my blood has now burned out
. Exhausted is the fuel."

e concert will be repeated tonight.
program of next week's concerts,
last of the season's, is announced
llows: Weber, overture to "Ober-
Hill, "Lilacs" (after Amy Lowell);
l, Rapsodie Espagnole, Brahms,
phony C Minor, No. 1.

PEABODY PLAYHOUSE

"In the Tradition"

Presented for the first time last night by the Crestive Art Society with the following cast:

Blum, an undertaker ..... McGrew Kimball
Edith, his wife ..... Mary Ferguson
Wenda and Lettie, their children ..... Miss Wise and Miss Greene
Bert, Blum's assistant ..... Jo Pelkey
Henry ..... Carl Cartwright
Perkins ..... Leon Karel
Jackson ..... Harold Hutchinson
Hilda ..... Selena Coburn
Elsie Potter ..... Marian Walker
Effie Miller ..... Everett Kimball, Jr.
Nell ..... Marian Walker
A scrubwoman ..... Minden Sewell

Words lend false dignity to last night's performance of "In the Tradition." Whatever the moral issue, the problem of keeping awake was for the time much more serious. Not that Mr. Geddes's play was itself altogether to blame. Whatever challenge the plot afforded was completely and devastatingly crushed by the quality of the presentation. Such performances are an imposition upon a trusting public.

The plot might in some hands be macabre. Last evening it was ridiculous. A small town undertaker has for a long time had no work. At last a corpse is brought to him. As he works on the body he detects breathing. What is he to do? He stifles this weak breathing and saves himself and his family from starvation. Of course he is haunted by his crime. The symbol of the merry-go-round wanders in and out of the plot with so little significant development as to make one suspicious of its function. Does this stamp Geddes as a modernist?

It is best to reserve comment on Mr. Geddes's place in the dramatic firmament until an opportunity comes for seeing one of his plays acted. "In the Tradition" is hardly a play, nor was it acted.

As curtain-raiser came Schitzler's "A Farewell Supper." What a relief when the curtain was lowered again.

F. S. F.

SUNDAY, APRIL 27, 1930

MUSIC

NEW ENGLAND HIGH SCHOOL FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA

A concert, forming part of the Massachusetts Bay tercentenary celebrations, was given yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall by the New England high school festival orchestra. Ably directed by its regular conductor, Francis Findlay, and by Dr. Wallace Goodrich (who, as guest conductor, over the performance of the final number), the orchestra played the following program: Cherubini, Overture to "Anacreon; Beethoven, Allegretto Scherzando from the eighth symphony; Bach, Air from Suite in D (strings); Bolzoni, Minuet (strings); Sibelius, "Finlandia"; Tchaikovsky, Trepak from "Nutcracker" Suite; Massenet, Angelus (Scenes Pittoresques); Lacombe, Aubade Printaniere; Rimsky-Korsakoff, The Young Prince and the Princess (from "Schenerazade"); Sowerby, Two American Dance Tunes (a) Irish Washerwoman, (b) Money Musk; Tchaikovsky, Marche Slave.

This orchestra, which is now enjoying (literally) the third season of its existence, is composed of 241 young players chosen from the high schools of every part of New England. Its work is sponsored by the New England Music Festival Association, whose president, Dr. William C. Crawford, delivered a short but telling address upon the function of music as a factor in the promotion of national as well as individual well-being. This, he said, was the motive with which he and others had worked to extend the teaching of instrumental music in high schools.

The playing yesterday afternoon was often incredibly good. The 241 members of the enormous orchestra had come together for intensive rehearsal only four days before, yet they succeeded in giving a very enjoyable performance of a program that was of considerable length and some difficulty. The ensemble was more accurate than might have been expected under the circumstances; the tone of the strings was often charming, that of the brass brilliant and sonorous; the orchestra achieved a rhythm now graceful, now majestic or exurberant; its members seemed fired with enthusiasm for their work—these were the qualities that made the concert enjoyable to the large audience that was present. These listeners, by the way, were compelled (without difficulty), to join with the orchestra in singing, in commemoration of the Massachusetts tercentenary, an ancient hymn, known to the Puritans from the Bay Psalm Book (1650). The concert closed amid enthusiastic applause.

S. S.

By PHILIP HALE

Lili Hatvany, the author of "The Love Duel," which, adapted by Zoe Akins, will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night with Miss Barrymore as the beautiful woman "who had been everywhere and done everything," is a remarkable apparition if her passionate biographers in this country are to be implicitly believed. She, too, is said to be beautiful, prominent in all the circles, sober and gay, of Continental society, yet dangerous—not that men leave home and mother for her sake—but she has a gift for "drawing people" out—i. e. using them as copy, introducing them with their manners, foibles, even vices in her plays.

A fearless woman, for she startled the Lido by walking into a hotel clad only in a beach cape. She sings, she strums the guitar in a pleasing manner; she has collected 17th century French ballads, especially those that are what are politely described as being flavored highly in the Gallic manner. Jazz gives her pleasure.

There are anecdotes floating about her. During the Bela Kun regime in Hungary, her family was suspected of favoring the old government. A newspaper man called on her, told her she was in danger—the Bolsheviks would get her if she didn't look out. She and the newspaper man sat all night on the steps of the government building. Thus she escaped outrage, Siberia or death. Going once from Italy to Austria, the passengers were obliged at a frontier station to dismount and wait for another train. When the station master was told that Lili was there, admiring her writings, he provided for her the only motorcycle that had not been commandeered by Mussolini.

The first play, "Noah's Ark," came from a sojourn at Berne, where there was prevailing suspicion about all strangers in Switzerland, a neutral country. She wrote the play, never thinking of a performance—as Carmen once sang for herself alone—but, of course, there was a ky-ind friend who took the manuscript to a manager in Budapest. When it was produced, Molnar was accused of being the author. In vain he protested, until the public became acquainted with Lili's novels and other plays; then he was allowed to rest in peace. Her friends deplore her use of gossip and scandal for literary purposes. Do they remain friends because they fear her pen? She says she purposes to visit the United States. Red lights should precede her if she is allowed to gain the pier.

It might here be remarked that Hungary has been for a long time, and is still, reputed to be a favorite dwelling place for vampires.

Natalie and Bettina Hall, known here as singers in Mr. Rosing's American Opera company—"Here one speaks English"—have gone into musical comedy. They made their appearance in New York a fortnight ago in "Three Little Girls," which has, according to Alison Smith, "one of the most drearily banal books we have ever sat through. . . . A fair example of its humor comes with the moment when a music lover asks the comedian if he is going to 'The Barber of Seville,' and that wag answers, 'No, I always shave myself.' With this sort of thing going on, you can only resign yourself to watching the scenery revolve."

The friends of the Misses Hall have seen them in their mind's eye on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and they ask, what prompted them to go into musical comedy. Natalie answered: "There are many things to be learned, pace, timing and the lighter form of dancing. Bettina and I do not pretend that we hope to make a career in musical comedy; in fact, we would be disappointed if we got no further; but we honestly believe all singers below a certain age should have their fling in the so-called popular form of musical entertainment."

Nor should the Misses Hall be accused of being grossly, inartistically commercial, if they are conscious of the fact that they will be better paid for their work in light opera than for work in the humbler grand opera companies.

There is a brave attempt to revive the old Negro minstrel show in New York. We fear that the glory is departed. The age is on the one hand too sophisticated; it has lost its relish for simple fun. The minstrels flourished before a daily newspaper was expected to have comic strips and a writer of a humorous column. On the other hand, the audiences of today would not be contented with the plainness of the old-time entertainment.

What would an audience accustomed to gorgeous revues, elaborately staged musical comedies, make of Harry Bloodgood in his act "He's Got to Come" even in this year of daring aviation? Would it tolerate Milt G. Barlow "in his great impersonation of the aged contraband"?

Mr. William Lyon Phelps, perhaps having Marcus Aurelius in mind, drew up not long ago a list of things for which he had reason to be grateful: actors and actresses he had seen, etc. We all that have well passed the roaring forties might make lists of this nature. It is pleasant, for example, to remember Dan Bryant's company in his Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, where Nelse Seymour appeared as the malevolent Duke in the burlesque of "Lucrezia Borgia"; where Hogan and Hughes were seen in "The Grecian Bend"; to have heard Backus, of Birch, Wambold and Backus, imitate Salvini, and the sweet-voiced Wambold sing "'Twas the Flower from My Angel Mother's Grave"; to have laughed at Kelly and Leon's shows and at those in the long line of other famous burnt cork artists, among them Ad. Ryman discussing the election prospects of Samuel J. Tilden. In those earlier days of Negro minstrelsy in New York, we do not recall any real Negro actor. Good old days, when the line on the play bill, "The felicity will eventuate at 8 P. M.," was accepted as a masterpiece of wit; when after "Gentlemen be seated" the lusty chorus, "O, Hail us Ye Free" or "I Hear the Hoofs upon the Hill" put the audience in expectant mood, waiting for the encounter of wits between Bones and Tambourine, with the appeals to "Mr. Johnson" as the arbiter of disputes. We fear that the day of Negro minstrelsy is over, nor would one of Edward Harrigan's delightful plays be accepted now, even in the New York that inspired them—Harrigan, who was likened by William Dean Howells in a fine burst to Gozzi and Goldoni: Howells, who asserted that, unlike Shakespeare, Harrigan was never vulgar.

There's no use regretting the past; of wishing that one could see again the Brutus of E. L. Davenport, Fechter in any one of his romantic roles, Adelaide Neilson as Viola, Rossi or Booth as Hamlet, George L. Fox, admirable low comedian, inimitable in burlesque and pantomime. There are stage folk now to be praised; to be remembered gratefully by those of thirty or forty years hence. There is no greater bore than the man, who, after he has listened impatiently to your praise of an actor, says pityingly: "Ah, you should have seen Booth"—or Barrett, Thorne, or Wyndham—as the case may be—"in the part."

But there is this to be said. The veteran theatregoers are right in one respect at least—the actors and actresses of their time spoke much more distinctly, with a finer sense of emphasis, with cleaner and more significant diction than the great majority of the spoiled darlings now slurring, gulping, chewing, mumbling the text, in their effort to be "natural."

Edgar Wallace, whose thrillers are known to all, has written a play "On The Spot," based on life in the underworld of Chicago. Mr. Agate did not like the drama when he saw it in London at Wyndham's Theatre early this month.

"Pedantically considered this play, which is a low, untellable tale of sub-human lice, hasn't a leg to stand on. Its subject is not nice, and its author has not the Aeschylean poise which is alleged to make nastiness palatable. The old rule for nastiness was pity for the victim and terror lest by our own folly we should find the same fate. But nobody pities Tony Perelli, Chicago racketeer, brothel-keeper and murderer, and few of us are going to fall into his particular mess. The piece, then, is not pointed with a moral conveniently mopping up the tale with something about rarer monsters and inhuman dogs; in other words it is not a poetic tragdy, and for the very good reason that Mr. Wallace is not a tragic poet. But even tragic poets sometimes have gleams of sense as we see plainly enough if we change dog into tiger, and remember the difficulty Blake had in accounting for both lambs and tigers in a beneficently ordered scheme of things. Inhuman is what is wrong here. Dogs have no business to be human, and tigers mind their own business best when they are tigerish. Mankind, as Mr. Wallace knows, perpetually overstays its borders and may be divided into gay dogs and sad. And sometimes man is just tiger. This play is about one such. This being established, the tale of charges against Mr. Wallace quickly grows. His story of Perelli, though it may instruct, fails to edify. The most shocking things are alluded to casually, and, so to speak, teatablewise. The detective, for example, enters the handsome and semi-Gothic apartment in which Perelli is playing the organ and asks jauntily: 'How's everybody in this ecclesiastical brothel?' It has been rightly objected that this play is not one for infants piping inquiries as to the meaning of ecclesiastical, and so on. I agree, and say firmly: This piece is not nice.

"But how would it be if one desisted from cant and the pretence that it is only the nice which in the theatre amuses and interests and excites us? It would be absurd to deny that every boy's first literary love is for 'bloods,' and equally absurd to deny that the passion is ever wholly outgrown. Those who claim to have outgrown it are prigs. It is round this passion that Webster, Kyd, and Cyril Tourneur wrote their butcheries, and the later romancers their pretty trifles about highwaymen and pirates. Hence, too, the delectable Newgate Calendar. Murder is a horrid fact, but despite all its ramifications of motive remains a stark, elemental thing; and as such the theme will always have a tremendous hold upon the playground imagination, whether a great poet like Shakespeare decorates it or a precisian and marshaller like Mr. Wallace uses it to while away an empty hour. How rich the hour then becomes! We not only sup full with horrors but breakfast, lunch, and dine. Do we enjoy the meal? Note that the question is not: Do we think we ought to enjoy it? Shall we be spiritually, morally, or intellectually better for having enjoyed it? Or even, are we ashamed of enjoying it?"

IN BOSTON AND ELSEWHERE

Arthur Fiedler's first program for the "Pops" should reassure all those who feared that these concerts would be only a continuation of the Symphony ones preceding. Mr. Casella, with the best intentions in the world, evidently wished to show his ability as an interpreter of serious compositions, many in traditionally symphonic form. But there is a place—the "Pops" concerts are the place—for light, gay, even sentimental pieces; compositions, including pot-pourris of airs from popular musical comedies, not excluding even rag-time, and jazz, when it is good of its kind.

There are many overtures that would be welcome from those of Auber to those of Suppe. Offenbach has written charming and gay music besides the ever favorite "Barcarolle." There is the great waltz field, and Johann Strauss's polka-mazurkas have too long been neglected. It was to be expected that Ravel's "Bolero" would figure early in the season. Will its present popularity soon lead to its disappearance?

Mr. Fiedler is not only an excellent musician; he has shown in the past that he can satisfy, please the people's taste without being false to his own.

We have received a letter from our correspondent, Mr. Metcalf Russell. The letter was written at Hanover. Germany, on April 6 when he was enthusiastic over a performance of Wolf-Ferrari's opera "Sly."

To the Editor of The Herald:

My usual good fortune found me here this Sunday. In the morning I had taken a car and driven over to the Rothenburg of North Germany: Hildesheim, as interesting in its 14th and 15th century beginnings as is the former. In the afternoon I strolled around this sober and satisfying city. I had asked the man who drove me if there was opera at the Hanover Opera House. His reply was "Lohengrin," he thought.

Later I made further casual inquiry of an equally uninformed individual and was told the opera was "The Egyptian Queen"; but it signified not, since it was music I sought. A late luncheon left a desire for a modest aperitif before repairing to the opera house, directly opposite Kastens, at the early hour of 7.30. A seat in the orchestra, and the best, was seven marks and fifty pfennings, about $1.87, which, contrasted with our seven dollars, seems reasonable.

As you know, your seat number designates the place and hanger for your outer garment and hat, and here, somewhat to my surprise, no fees are requested or allowed. Nor was there the usual fussy old woman to usher you to your seat as in Italy, who, after wiping your seat, demands a pourboire.

A program was of course, to be purchased. Imagine my pleasure at finding that the opera was "Sly," Wolf-Ferrari's latest—at least new to me. I at once saw that it was of the same story as the introduction to "The Taming of the Shrew." It proved to be most interesting. There was an orchestra of something over eighty musicians, to my untutored mind excellently well led. The opera in three acts and four scenes was finely staged, as well, indeed, as any we see at home: and better stage-management I have never seen. In the first act, the Tavern scene, the many people moved and acted as if they were native and to the manner born, and did not stand around like dummies while the principals were singing their parts. There was nothing of the "down front"; the audience was not sung to; all were expressing themselves to each other, naturally, consistently, as tavern life would be. The principal roles were excellently well sung; the chorus was full-bodied, rich in tone, and exceptional in its ensemble. Of the music I can speak only haltingly. It had to me a greater appeal than Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna"; it was less explosive, more expressive of the story being told. There is no haunting melody, as in Puccini's "La Boheme." In the bedroom scene, most artistically staged, there are light, airy, seductive passages that fittingly suit the action. The tragedy of the last act is finely told. Here was an opera new to Germany finely staged, sung, acted, sung in an opera house of which any city might be proud on a Sunday evening before a large and, as I judged, highly musical audience and all for the modest sum I have mentioned.

Must we in Boston have our "stars" and our seven dollar seats? What the program maker, Walter Dahms of Milan says of the music, the libretto and the place "Sly" will take may be seen from a rough translation following:

"The piece plays in the year 1603 in London, a year after the creation of 'Hamlet.' The lively, rich in changes and surely formed play is in short as follows: Sly seeks every evening in the circle of his drinking companions in the Tavern of the Griffin to forget his misery. One evening the Count of Westmoreland, who with his sweethcart and his suite observed from the gallery of the tavern the wild doings, sees him there. The Count gets the idea of taking the senseless, drunken Sly into his castle to dress him there in rich raiment and use all means to make him believe at his awakening that he is not Sly, but the lord of the castle. The dreadful joke succeeds. When Sly refused to believe the incredible, Dolly, who upon the wish of the Count plays the role of Sly's wife, at last convinces him. But the moment Sly reaches out his hand to his lordly happiness the joke comes to an end. He is laughed at and thrown into the cellar of the castle. As everything around him, even his love, has proved to be a delusion, he decides to die. He opens, with a piece of glass from a bottle his artery, and dies in the arms of Dolly, who loves him really and wanted to follow him into poverty.

"'Not the tunes are the music, but that what they represent and awake in the listener, that is music.' With about these words the musician, Wolf-Ferrari, describes his work following in the footsteps of the great Verdi, who said: 'Melody, harmony, rhythm, form all that is certainly necessary, but above all the music must be there.' Another one calls it 'synthesis.' But always is here to be looked for the root of originality, the first creating source, individuality, independence and the real creative power and not the astonishing externals of tone combinations.

"It corresponds with Ferrari's way of work; he is first wholly filled with the contents of the libretto; he composes in some respects the opera without tones, before the first motive, the first melody, the first musical phrase occurs to him. From this way of work comes the great unity, the inner finish of his works, and not only 'Sly.' 'Sly' has therefore the charm of an improvisation which gains by repeated hearing. This music has in itself the best traditions of Italy; yet it is the triumph, the success of one who has kept his own personality wisely and proudly. Of all the work of Ferrari 'Sly' seems to mark the beginning of a new epoch; for only a beginning can carry in itself so much radiant youthfulness and freshness."

The opera was over at about 10:30 o'clock, which "gave one to think," likewise to sup comfortably and well at this famous old hostelry, Kastens. I had subsidized the captain of the dining-room and I found a table reserved for me. With something of the pleasure I take in such matters an exquisite meal was in due course, not too hurriedly forthcoming, to which was added, after proper consultation, a vintage wine which when gone will cause the angels to weep. Then re-living the scenes of the opera, and taking due notice of the fair ladies and gallant gentlemen as they dined, and danced to excellent music in a room hard by, on this Sunday evening I am content in believing that I had not misused the day.

METCALF RUSSELL.

Let us add that the libretto of "Sly" was intended for Puccini. The first act was already completed when he gave up the idea as not being in accordance with his operatic style. Forzano, the librettist, then turned "Sly" into a play for Ruggeri, which won success in the theatre. Wolf-Ferrari saw the operatic possibilities. There were a few changes in the dialogue.

Siovacchino Forzano has written fifty-four pieces for the stage and has been associated with La Scala, as "Oberspielleiter."

Shall we ever see in Boston the ballet "Luna Park," with music by Lord Berners? The score has just been published. It is interpolated in "Cochran's 1930 Revue." There is a freak pavilion in the Park. The first niche contains a man with three heads; the second, a three-legged man who juggles with billiard balls; the third, a one-legged ballerina; the fourth, a man with six arms. There is a general dance of all the freaks. Then the four performers appear as normal beings, for as freaks they were a fake. Then, in the words of the book: "They decide to leave the circus and go out into the world. Silently they slip away. The showman returns and prepares for the Second Performance. He opens the niches in the same order, mechanically, without looking. In the first niche are merely two heads. In the second the billiard balls revolve in a slot without the juggler. In the third a leg only. In the fourth four arms waving wildly." The audience laughs; the showman turns around and sees what has happened. Knowing the game is up, he leaps into the niche behind him and pulls down the curtain.

Mr. Herbert Hughes, the accomplished musician and critic—he once visited Boston and made many friends—says of Lord Berners: "A born parodist, cultured, skilful, and possessed of a wit that has its excellent parallels in G. K. Chesterton and J. C. Squire. There, however, the analogy abruptly ceases, the composer showing a persistent disinclination to take our musical cosmos seriously."

Bach's magnificent "Blessing, Glory and Wilson," with antiphonal effect, will be hung by this group, the unusual score calling for eight voices singing as two independent quartets. Additional numbers will be a negro spiritual and "Sunset" by Vandes Water.—Fall River Herald, April 14.

One of the largest attendances at a Museum of Fine Arts symphony concert was registered on April 22 when a total of 3007 visitors passed through the turnstiles on the Huntington avenue entrance. This was the first of the spring concerts to be given at the Museum. A second on Tuesday evening, May 15, will be by the Harvard Glee Club. Mr. Fiedler conducted the orchestra on the 22nd.

April 23

MUSEUM CONCERT

A free public concert by 45 members of the Boston Symphony orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler will be given at the Museum of Fine Arts next Tuesday evening, April 22, at 8 o'clock. The galleries of the museum will be open to visitors from 7 to 11 o'clock.

Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg" ..... Wagner
Symphony No. 5, in C minor ..... Beethoven
Prelude and "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde" ..... Wagner
Ballet music, from "Rosamunde" ..... Shubert
Rhapsody "Espana" ..... Chabrier
Dance of the Princess from "The Fire-Bird" ..... Stravinsky
Finale of the Fourth Symphony ..... Tchaikovsky

Chairs for the concert will be provided as usual in the galleries adjoining the rotunda of the museum where the orchestra customarily sits, and rush cushions for use on the steps of the main stairway leading to the rotunda will also be available.

apr 26

BREGOR-FELLER

Mildred Bregor, violinist, and Harry Feller, tenor, will give a concert in Steinert hall next Friday evening at 8.15 P. M. Joseph Rysman will be the accompanist.

M'Appari Tutt Amor (from "Martha") ..... Flotow
Nina ..... Pergolesi
Forbidden Music ..... Gastaldon
Venetian Dialect Song ..... Tanara
Mr. Feller
Variations (Corelli) ..... Tartini-Kreisler
Melody ..... Gluck-Kreisler
Rondo ..... Mozart-Kreisler
Miss Bregor
Jontek's Aria (from "Halka") ..... Moniuszko
Lenski's Aria (from "Eugene Onegin") ..... Tchaikowsky
Night ..... Tchaikovsky
None But the Weary Heart (Russian) ..... Tchaikovsky
Mr. Feller
Nigun from Baal-Shem Suite ..... Bloch
La Fille Aux Cheveux De Lin ..... Debussy
Zigeunerweisen ..... Sarasate
Miss Bregor
Vi a Blum ..... Zilberts
Die Lilvishe Shtetele ..... Discount
Dos Yiddishe Lied (Yiddish) ..... Secunda
Mr. Feller
Lullaby (from "Jocelyn") ..... Godard
Miss Bregor and Mr. Feller

April 28, 1930

LOEW'S STATE

"The Divorcee"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Nick Grinde and Zelda Sears from the novel, "Ex-Wife," by Ursula Parrott; directed by Robert Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Jerry ..... Norma Shearer
Ted ..... Chester Morris
Paul ..... Conrad Nagel
Don ..... Robert Montgomery
Helen ..... Florence Eldridge
Mary ..... Helene Millard
Bill ..... Robert Elliott
Janice ..... Mary Doran
Hank ..... Tyler Brooke
Hannah ..... Zelda Sears
Dr. Bernard ..... George Irving
Dorothy ..... Helen Johnson

In her four talking pictures Norma Shearer has had four different directors. Either aided by them or despite them she has contributed a series of commendable if not invulnerably distinguished characterizations. Of these, two have been of women already made famous or infamous on the stage, as Mary Dugan in Bayard Veiller's melodrama or Mrs. Cheyney in Frederick Lonsdale's smart play. The other two are definitely creations of Miss Shearer's own making, women out of undramatized novels. It seems safe to say that her latest, Jerry Bernard, will rank as the best of all four because in this role she is called on to display a more diversified range of moods, to limn a broader canvas. It may be unjust to hint that without benefit of the extraordinary sagacity of Mr. Leonard in his role of mentor, she might have faltered here and there; or that with dialogue less steadily charged with wit or sophistication, or support of a cast less exactingly chosen she might have given a less spirited performance. Fortunately, all of these helpful factors were at hand. The result is one of the best pictures of the year, according to one diffident reviewer at least.

The thesis, given Jerry Bernard to expound, is that a young couple, confessedly committed to a lifetime of mutual happiness because of a great reciprocal love, is also committed to a double standard of morals; that if the husband makes a misstep, the wife likewise has that privilege. When the young husband, Ted, is forced by circumstances to admit a previous affair with a seductive brunette, Janice, Jerry refuses to accept his avowal that nothing should matter since she is the only woman he loves or ever loved. She must turn him out, take to paths of dalliance. She accepts costly gifts from admirers, indulges in exciting amours in train compartments, at night clubs, aboard the yacht of Paul, who always had loved her but had married Dorothy, for whose facial disfigurement he, as a drunken motorist, was responsible. In the end Jerry realizes that Ted was right—that nothing save genuine love should matter. She deliberately searches him out, expresses contrition and regains a modicum of earlier happiness.

It seems reasonable to suspect that Zelda Sears, who has a minor role in the picture, plotted much of the dialogue. It may lack the polish and biting irony of a Lonsdale or a Barry but it is at all times bright, often sparkling. The women wear their gowns well, their speech is well mannered. So with the men, the blundering Mr. Morris, the serious Mr. Nagel, the comic Mr. Montgomery, as the three lovers. The photography is exceptionally graphic and satisfying. In one scene, when Nagel runs his car over an embankment, Miss Millard as Mary unleashes a stirring bit of hysteria as she berates him for injuring her sister Dorothy.

W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Dance Hall"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Jane Murfin from the story of the same name by Vina Delmar; directed by Melville Brown and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Gracie Nolan ..... Olive Borden
Tommy Flynn ..... Arthur Lake
Mrs. Flynn ..... Margaret Seddon
Ted Smith ..... Ralph Emerson
Bremmer ..... Joseph Cawthorn
Bee ..... Helen Kaiser
Ernie ..... Lee Moran
Truck Driver ..... Tom O'Brien

"Dance Hall," current film at the Keith-Albee Theatre, can make at least one claim to fame. It is the first film on record to show that an aviator is not necessarily a hero. Ever since the war, this particular occupation seems to have made its members immune to any and every variety of slings and arrows. Even in a war film, the enemy aviator is always the pink of courtesy and a very gallant gentleman. The producers of "Dance Hall," however, think otherwise. They introduce their flyer as a good sort, but before the story is over, he has become a cad and all sorts of unpleasant things. Oddly enough, this was not what the author, Vina Delmar, wrote. She believed in having two heroes: one was the aviator and the other was a callow youth, and both were enamored of a little blonde dance hall hostess. In the end, it is the aviator who wins out, through the self-sacrificing tactics of his rival.

If "Dance Hall" were better acted, it would be a much more interesting entertainment. As it is, the only performance of any merit is that of Joseph Cawthorn as Bremmer, the kind-hearted, hot-tempered proprietor of the dance hall where the heroine, Gracie Nolan, works. Olive Borden, in a curiously subduing blonde wig, is less effective than her wont, and Arthur Lake, as the sacrificial Tommy Flynn, is so unbelievably awkward in manner and callow of speech, that it is impossible to have much patience with him. The story takes place chiefly in the hall where Tommy aspires to become a champion dancer with Gracie as his life-partner. She is fond enough of him, but when Ted Smith, a dashing aviator comes along, she succumbs at once. Ted likes her, too, for passing amusement, but Gracie takes him seriously. The news of his supposed death on a transcontinental flight breaks her up, and when she recovers it is to find that Ted has returned safe and sound, but has no more interest in her. The not unnatural result is that she subsides into the devoted ars of Tommy, with apologies for having neglected him.—E. L. H.

MODERN-BEACON-EGYPTIAN

"Strictly Modern"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by Ray Harris from the play "Cousin Kate," by Hubert Henry Davies; directed by William Seiter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Kate Curtis ..... Dorothy Mackaill
Heath Desmond ..... Sidney Blackmer
Aimee ..... Julanne Johnston
Judge Bartlett ..... Warner Richmond
Bobby Spencer ..... Mickey Bennett
Mrs. Spencer ..... Katherine Claire Ward

It looks as though a new screen combination must have been slipped over on the unsuspecting public almost before they realized what was happening. This refers to the partnership of Dorothy Mackaill and Sidney Blackmer—a partnership that should by all means be continued. Mr. Blackmer is comparatively a recruit from the stage, but his acting on the screen shows him to have the poise and ease of a veteran. Indeed, it is his presence which gives "Strictly Modern," current feature film at the Modern, Beacon and Egyptian theatres, its chief claim to attention. The story, taken from a successful little stage play, "Cousin Kate," has, to be quite frank, one of the silliest plots on record, but when Mr. Blackmer and Miss Mackaill discuss the merits of love at first sight they are sufficiently amusing to keep you from worrying over what it is all about.

Kate Curtis, author of romantic and sentimental novels, portrayed by none other than Ethel Barrymore back in 1901, is called in to save the situation when her cousin Aimee Spencer's bridegroom, Heath Desmond, runs away two days before the wedding. It seems that a close friend of the family, Judge Bartlett, had given Aimee some good advice on the subject of matrimonial relations. Aimee's attempt to pass it on to Heath was so unsuccessful that that young gentleman hit Judge Bartlett in the eye and walked out of the house. On the way to assist the distressed damsel, Kate meets an attractive young man, the runaway returning to face the music, and they fall in love with much suddenness, while completely ignorant of each other's identity. There are numerous complications when the truth finally comes out, but Kate's last-minute manoeuvres save Aimee from marrying Heath, whom she really doesn't love, and give her to Judge Bartlett instead, while Kate finds her happy ending with Heath. Miss Mackaill is pretty and vivacious, Mr. Blackmer suave and humorous, Julanne Johnston is a convincingly humorless Aimee and Warner Richmond is the pompous, well-meaning judge.

Also on the program is a handsome technicolor film, "The Viking." This picture, though without conversation, has a very fine synchronized musical score taken chiefly from Wagner's operas. It deals in a romantic and not too probable manner with the discovery of America by Lief Ericsson about 1000 years ago. Some of the color effects, particularly at sea, are very impressive; Pauline Starke is a handsome heroine and Donald Crisp a striking figure as the courageous explorer.

E. L. H.

"The Furies"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Forrest Halsey from a play of the same name by Zoe Akins; directed by Alan Crosland and presented by First National with the following cast:

Fifi Sands ..... Lois Wilson
Oliver Bedloe ..... H. B. Warner
Owen MacDonald ..... Theodor Von Eltz
Alan Sands ..... Byron Sage
Dr. Cummings ..... Alan Birmingham
Caroline Leigh ..... Natalie Moorhead
Gwendolyn Andrews ..... Jane Winton
Harvey Smith ..... Tyler Brooke
District Attorney ..... Purnell Pratt
John Sands ..... Montague Love

Zoe Akins is more successful as an adaptor than as a playwright; when some one tries to adapt Zoe Akins, the plot thickens. In "The Furies," Forrest Halsey's film version of an Akins play which had a short life in the season of 1928, many precious minutes are wasted in formal explanations of the relations between this and that character, and in assembling a group of guests for Harvey Smith's cocktail party. In the midst of these very trivial proceedings a murder is announced. The victim is John Sands, a rich man who has had many expensive affairs with women, who has grievously neglected his emotional wife and their excessively emotional young son. A district attorney who takes his own notes, scorning a secretary, holds an inquisition, assumes that Fifi Sands or her lover, Owen MacDonald, has killed the brute and walks out of the picture.

More stilted speech, more halting scenes, more heavily piled emotion; then a new angle, a mad attorney, who has been advisor to the late Sands, who has stalked coldly through previous scenes, apparently hostile to Fifi, plainly inimical to MacDonald, whom he shows up as a mere schemer seeking a rich alliance. Bedloe, the attorney, dwells in a pent house, countless stories above the ground. His butler is actually his keeper, for his lunacy seems to have been not wholly unsuspected. To this apartment Bedloe entices Fifi, shows her priceless pearls, declares his love for her, even reveals John Sands's own revolver with which he had shot the man in the Sands library. Somewhere a violin intones the mornful cry of The Furies from Gluck's opera. Bedloe, repulsed by the horrified Fifi, leaps from a window to his death. And whom do you suppose the widowed Fifi finally marries? Cummings a colorless practitioner who has spent most of his time in the picture shooing people out of a room in order that important conferences might be held there.

Seldom has the screen perpetrated a more ridiculous joke on an innocent audience.

Mr. Warner does some excellent acting in the last quarter of the picture when Bedloe's madness takes complete possession of him. Miss Wilson, victim of stupid dialogue and careless direction, still contrives to be interesting. Her moods photograph well, at least. The others served merely as puppets in a series of preposterous situations.

W. E. G.

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Love Duel," a play in three acts, adapted by Zoe Akins from the play by Lili Hatvany, a Hungarian dramatist and novelist. Produced at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York, on April 15, 1929 by Lee Shubert in association with Gilbert Miller. Directed by E. M. Blyth; settings by Watson Barratt. He, Louis Calhern. She, Miss Barrymore. The Herr Professor, Henry Stephenson. An Ambassador, Ferdinand Gottschalk. An Extra Young Man, Leslie Birrie. Baby, Dorothy Hall. The cast last night was as follows:

He ..... Louis Calhern
An Attache ..... James Meighan
A Footman ..... Marcel Dill
She ..... Ethel Barrymore
The Herr Professor ..... Harry Plimmer
His Excellency, An Ambassador ..... William Kershaw
An Extra Young Man ..... Malcolm Soltan
Baby ..... Mary Loane
Marie ..... Anita Rothe
A Cook ..... Gertrude Maitland
A Kitchen Maid ..... Joan Carvel
A Young Widow ..... Eleanor Stuart

It is not easy to see how Miss Barrymore with her fine appreciation of dramatic values, her native sense of humor, her interest in sparkling dialogue and in genuinely emotional scenes and situations could have been persuaded to take part in this play. That she did consent and plays the role allotted to her as if she believed in its worth is all that makes the play tolerable and to be endured. And this is said without reflection on the ability of those to whom the other parts are assigned.

Miss Barrymore takes the part of a woman whose name is Lydia: This fact is revealed only in the course of the dialogue. Lydia has a fatal fascination for the male. Men sigh for her, men ruin themselves for her, men kill themselves in fruitless longing for her.

There is a man—it is said that his name is Carlo (something). Newfoundland dogs used to be called Carlo, but this human Carlo is a less noble survival. He, too, runs gaily his course, breaking hearts, ruining lives. As a friend of Lydia slew herself because Carlo had thrown her over, Lydia vows revenge. She snubs him on all occasions, thus showing a primitive lack of courtesy, for she could have hated him and worked her revenge more subtly, more effectively. The two at last meet for conversation when she happens to overhear the callous answers of Carlo to a silly, vapid woman who thought he had loved her. Lydia comforts "Baby," gives her sound advice, sound from her standpoint though a stern moralist would not approve. She has snatched a pistol from the hand of Baby, who had threatened to kill the deceiver and herself. Baby goes out of the room; Carlo returns to find Lydia. They remember a famous duel at an Olympic game. Why should they not fight a love duel? She is bound to hurt him cruelly, wound his pride to the quick. He is resolved to make her love him. Then the game goes on.

It goes on at a slow and often tedious pace, with episodes for Miss Barrymore to express her various moods by playing the piano. She is soon in a highly nervous state, dancing till 5 A. M. and living chiefly on drugs and cigarettes; for Lydia is afraid she will love the man she has vowed to humble. The good old professor, a doctor of high repute—he, too, is in love with Lydia—puts bromides in her champagne, but she is too wise a bird to be thus quieted. It is rumored that Carlo is to wed a rich cousin. He is so indelicate as to bring this cousin to Lydia's apartment. As soon as Lydia has consented, she begs the physician to embrace her passionately behind ground glass doors with a light behind them that Carlo may feel the pangs of jealousy. He falls for this little trick and leaves in a more or less dignified manner, swearing she has seen the last of him. The doctor then tells her that she is with child. Carlo had evidently improved one of his opportunities. Already her kitchen maid was with child—not by Carlo, we hasten to add, but by a young man ironically named Joseph.

In the third act mother and child are in a Swiss chalet. Good Herr Professor offers marriage. The end is easy to guess. Lydia loves her Carlo, who appears for the final curtain.

Miss Barrymore turns this puppet into a woman of flesh and blood, of moods and tenses, of the hate that is akin to love and is finally lost in complete surrender. But her art, which in this play is indisputable, does not blind one to the fact that the comedy with its rank sentimentalism, its cheap cynicism, its inconsequential tiresome chatter, its laborious attempt at wit is wholly unworthy of her. The chatter comes chiefly from Baby, the Ambassador and "an extra young man."

The other parts were sufficiently well taken; i.e. sufficiently for the comedy. Mr. Calhner was a matter-of-fact Don Juan, who often spoke in so low tones that one might have suspected he was making improper proposals to Lydia and thought some one was in the room.

Three acts of nothing but talk and the performance was not over until after 11 o'clock. The large audience welcomed Miss Barrymore affectionately.

SHUBERT THEATRE

"Dear Love"

"Dear Love," a musical comedy in two acts, by Dion Thitheradge, Lauri Wylie and Herbert Clayton; music by Haydn Wood, Joseph Tunbridge and Jack Waller; produced by William Mollison at the Palace Theatre, London, Nov. 14, 1929; produced by the Messrs. Shubert, by arrangement with the Messrs. Clayton and Waller, at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, April 25, 1930, and at the Shubert Theatre, this city, last evening, with the following cast:

Bournet ..... George Del Dello
Villiers ..... Al Bloom
Peter ..... Wesley Pierce
Jeanette ..... Vera Pearce
Gerard ..... George Hassel
Scantlebury ..... Stanley Harrison
Pierre ..... Walter Woolf
Mrs. Gerard ..... Jane Savitz
Marie ..... Lily Irene
Suzanne ..... Helen Gilliland
Fifi ..... Hazel Harris
Modesta ..... Kay Simmons

Where there's a will there's often a play; perhaps a musical play. In this case the will is the plot, an eccen-

tric will devised by a crabbed old uncle with a mind to slight the nobility of England. To his beautiful niece, Suzanne Gerard, he bequeaths the handsome sum of £250 provided that before a certain midnight she marry a nobleman, but specifically not a British nobleman. Thus would the testy testator avenge some contumely, fancied or actual, suffered by him in the past. Papa Gerard and the family attorney, Scantlebury, have quested vainly for a fit consort, one who will accept a fee of £1000, consent to walk to the altar with his bride, heavily veiled, and bestow on her his princely or ducal or whatever noble name he may boast. Providence sends them Pierre, a young artist, in melancholy mood because no one will buy his paintings. Pierre, however, insists that he be granted one glimpse of the bride's features. Suzanne refuses, so her younger sister, Marie, pretends that she is the happy lady clad all in white. Pierre looks at her pertly saucy and frankly plain features, and loses all interest, for a few moments before he had encountered Suzanne and had fallen deeply in love. He thought she was a bridesmaid, she thought him a friend of the groom's. After the empty ceremony Pierre throws his fee at his bride's feet and rushes back to his poor studio before Suzanne can explain. This is the curtain for the first act. In the second act, at the very end, Pierre and Suzanne reach an understanding.

It is reported that the sextet of authors of "Dear Love" used the formula labelled "romantic" in their original version. Imported to the American stage it must needs be jazzed up. There is a clattering chorus of fictitious artists and models, clad chiefly in red or blue smocks and pantaloons, for the men, nad in sleeveless pink or orange waists for the girls, with little below the waist line to obstruct a series of violent gymnastic exercises. Last evening there was a large orchestra with a very nervous conductor who demanded the utmost in volume and the minimum in delicacy of tone, an attitude which held the soloists at almost continual disadvantage. The various scenes, with the exception of the salon of Gerard's villa somewhere on the Mediterranean, were noteworthy for bold colorings in yellow and other garish mixtures. The salon itself was more restrained, really dignified by comparison.

It is possible to believe that, given less overbearing orchestral treatment, several of the tunes would be pretty; such as "Love in a Mist," sung by Miss Gilliland; "Two Perfect Lovers," a ballad of two ships that go a-sailing and pass in the night, by Mr. Woolf and Miss Gilliland; a duo and ensemble number called "Love"; and even the theme song, "Dear Love," again by Mr. Woolf and Miss Gilliland. The one feature which nearly stopped the action was the burlesque Apache dance, given by Miss Pearce and Mr. Hassell. The lady is Junoesque, a robust burlesquer, who played the role of Jeanette in London.

Mr. Hassell is one of our few portly comedians who can sputter and wheeze and still be droll. He carries lightly on his broad shoulders the comic burden of the performance. Mr. Woolf finds himself in a restful role, asking simply that he wear a shabby velvet jacket and give voice to disdain or to ecstacy in his dependable baritone. Miss Gilliland, attractive of face and figure and inclined to stress her high notes, acted demurely. Miss Irene, an English soubrette, enlivened more than one scene. Mr. Pierce and Miss Harris, dancing partners in previous Shubert productions, again were entertaining in a "Parisian Tango." A ballet number was remarkable chiefly for its obvious state of unpreparedness, and could easily be dispensed with. In fact, "Dear Love," if left to its undeniably competent principals and an intimate, well drilled ensemble of perhaps a dozen voices, might hope to win the esteem of a public eager to applaud pretty tunes and neat dances setting off amusing dialogue and mirthful or sentimental situations.

W. E. G.

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

The sixth Monday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, took place last night at Symphony hall. The program comprised Stravinsky's ballet "Apollon Musagete," Wagner's Prelude and "Liebestod" from "Tristan und Isolde," and Brahms's Symphony No. 2, in D major.

A more soothing program than this neither the admirers of the haters of the Stravinsky of a few years ago can have foreseen. Neither the gorgeous colorist of "L'Oiseau de Feu" nor the successive personalities revealed by "The Nightingale," "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Les Noces," or "L'Histoire du Soldat" gave any premonition of the suave, elegant, even earnest refurbisher of the French classic ballet style that was to come. Anxious conservatives in last night's audience who may not previously have heard the work must have been agreeably surprised by the discovery that the dissonances were generally no more than might serve to add a piquant tartness to the smooth draught. This is graceful and expressive music, rising even to nobility, but it shows Stravinsky, also, as an acutely observant and analytical imitator of past musical styles and fashions, so uncannily apt at extracting and exposing their quintessence and at rejecting the less characteristic trappings that there are in it many moments that seem masterpieces of gentle, of delicately ironic parody. Yet such diversions, if intentional, are never so obtrusive as to disturb the Elysian mood (so reminiscent of that of Gluck's "Orfeo"), the classic grace that pervade it. Successive hearings of "Apollon," so admirably performed, only strengthen the impression that this is genuine and sincerely felt music, and not merely, as it might so easily have turned out, the exemplification of a doctrine, or a tour d'esprit.

The Prelude and "Love-Death" from "Tristan and Isolde," which susceptible critics used to find disturbingly physiological in its emotionalism, must surely cause very few people discomfort today. Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra gave a finely judged, perfectly executed performance of this immortal tone-poem (or rather, pair of tone poems), beautiful in detail and effectively built up to its passionate and sonorous climax, the beautiful apotheosis of the "Liebestod" exquisitely realized—though one could not help regretting the absence of the soprano part.

Dr. Koussevitzky was unusually happy in his performance of the D major Symphony of Brahms. Aided by an orchestra that seemed to be at its very best, he delighted his audience with a rendering that combined lyricism with a sense of the symphony's ever-varying undercurrent of emotion and drama, with a better balance of these two elements than one remembers to have noted in the conductor's earlier encounters with this work. The precision of ensemble and beauty of tone displayed by the orchestra were beyond praise. The audience showed its enthusiastic appreciation of the quality of the performance.

S. S.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"Be Yourself"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Max Marcin and Thornton Freeland from the play, "The Champ," by Joseph Jackson; directed by Thornton Freeland and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Fannie Field	Fannie Brice
Jerry Moore	Robert Armstrong
Harry Field	Harry Green
McCloskey	G. Pat Collins
Lillian	Gertrude Astor
Step	Budd Fine
Lola	Marjorie "Babe" Kane
Jessica	Rita Flynn

Fannie Brice has a terribly hard time of it in "Be Yourself," current attraction at Loew's Orpheum Theatre. She starts as leading entertainer in one of those gigantic night-clubs that could comfortably accommodate the Mammoth Cave and the Grand Central station, and, having nothing in particular on her hands, decides to regenerate a down-and-out prize-fighter, realistically portrayed by the pugilistic looking Robert Armstrong. She also has a brother, a budding lawyer, whom she makes Mr. Armstrong's, or as the film calls him, Jerry's, manager. Everything now being ready for some good low-comedy, it obligingly materializes. Jerry's first fight takes on the aspect of a circus performance, with the two men waltzing around the ring just out of striking distance of each other, while the crowd hisses, hoots and sings loudly and derisively. Finally Jerry's opponent touches him gently on the shoulder and he crumples to the floor in the most approved manner of Mr. Phil Scott. Encouraged by Fannie's scathing denunciations, he gets to his feet, however, and knocks his surprised opponent out with a lucky swing. It was utterly absurd and extremely funny.

If the rest of the film could have kept up to this level, it would rank among the better products of the year. Unfortunately it soon subsides into a morass of pathos, when Fannie loses Jerry temporarily to a designing blonde and sings about it in a very pathetic way to the guests at the cabaret. Of course Jerry comes to in the end, but not until Fannie brings him to his senses by shrieking at his opponent to go for his nose—a newly doctored and very sensitive organ—a proceeding which causes him to be knocked out almost on the threshold of victory. It seemed a rather novel method of winning affection, but it seemed to work. As long as Fannie Brice didn't go in heavily for pathos she was ludicrous and delightful in her own way and pleased the audience mightily. Her songs were "Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love," which owed all its success to her, "When a Woman Loves a Man," better when sung for comedy than for pathos, and "Kicking a Hole in the Sky," an elaborate and unnecessary effort. Harry Green was excellent as the lawyer-manager, Robert Armstrong was capital as the unintelligent prize-fighter and G. Pat Collins put up a good scrap as his chief opponent, McCloskey.

E. L. H.

SATAN'S WEED

Now that smoking tobacco is allowed in the once sacred corridors of Symphony Hall; now that women, young and old, smoke at luncheons, teas, dinners—possibly at breakfast—the question comes up: How long will it be before smoking will be permitted in churches, at least during the sermon? (Tobacco clouds might inconvenience the choir at work on hymn, canticle or anthem.)

The Scotch are a conservative folk, yet at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow, smoking is allowed during week-night meetings. The Cathedral magazine states that no one who attends "commits himself to anything beyond intelligent listening and an atmosphere of tobacco smoke." In years past there was smoking in Scottish churches. When Duncan of Knockdunder in "The Heart of Midlothian" forgot his tobacco pouch, after he had pulled out his short iron pipe, six arms held out to him as many spleuchans, so that Duncan could smoke during the whole of the sermon "with infinite composure." Yet Pope Innocent XII excommunicated all those found taking snuff or using tobacco in any manner in the Church of St. Peter at Rome. That smoking is allowed in some English theatres is nothing new. It was customary as early as 1633 for gallant gentlemen to offer tobacco pipes to ladies at a play.

The question has been raised whether spittoons are now found in the pews of English churches as in Scandinavia, where in some sacred buildings chewing and spitting go on, but "quietly," through the service. We venture to use the word "spittoon," though the genteel prefer "cuspidor," a word borrowed from the Portuguese, and classed by the Oxford dictionary as an "Americanism." The same dictionary gives as its first illustration of "spittoon" a quotation from Thornton's "American Glossary" (1840): "A well-dressed gentleman picked up a China spittoon." Were these useful receptacles unknown in England before that date? What did men do in case of an emergency? Use their top hats? There were spittoons in church pews of New England in the Sixties and Seventies; they are probably to be found there today; crockery or nickel, possibly the sawdust variety. What would a Southern gentleman, rolling his quid between the responses or listening to the passionate words of a preacher, liberal or fundamentalist, do without this article of ecclesiastical furniture? No gentleman would fire his liquid shots into the aisle, however unerring his aim.

It is said that non-spitting notices are displayed in the majority of Italian churches, but Mr. Heywood Haslam states that a spittoon is usually to be seen on each side of the high altar in most Italian churches. There was—probably is—in the Frauenkirche, Munich, a remarkable notice in Gothic script. Translated, it reads: "Which of you would venture to spit in the presence of your king? Assuredly no one. Which of you would venture to spit in the presence of the King of Kings? Assuredly no one." And then, in enormous capitals: "It is forbidden to spit."

Some may shudder at the mention of the word "spittoon," as there are some who follow in speech the saying in a book of etiquette: "Animals sweat; men perspire; women glow," as there are some who "expectorate" but never "spit."

THIS WEEK'S STAGE

COLONIAL—"Ripples," musical extravagance, with Fred, Dorothy and Paula Stone; second week.

COPLEY—"Dear Old England," comedy; third week.

HOLLIS STREET—"Let Us Be Gay," comedy, with Francine Larrimore; second week.

PLYMOUTH—"Little Accident," farce; 15th week.

WILBUR—"The Love Duel," a modern play, with Ethel Barrymore.

SHUBERT—"Dear Love," musical comedy, with Walter Woolf.

THE APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club of Boston gave their last program of the season last night in Jordan hall. Departing from their usual type of program, last night's concert was composed entirely of excerpts from operas. Because the selections chosen were well-arranged and well-sung, and the program pleasingly varied, the concert was one of the most enjoyable given by the club for some years.

The program was as follows:

"Coronation Scene" from "Boris Godounov" (Moussorgsky), the club; "Quartet" from "Rigoletto" (Verdi), the quartet; "Beauteous Night" from "The Tales of Hoffmann" (Offenbach); "Chorus of Pilgrims" from "Tannhauser" (Wagner), the club; "Adieu Forets" from "Jeanne d'Arc" (Tschaikowsky), Conley Rice; "Entrance and Ma the Peers" from "Iolanthe" (Sul the club; "Soldiers' Chorus" "Faust" (Gounod), the club: Theure Halle" from "Tannh (Wagner), Claire Maentz; "Hu Song" from "Robin Hood" (DeK bass solo by John Bone, with th "Solenne in Quest'ora" from "La del Destino" (Verdi), George B and Walter Kidder; "Madrigal" "Mikado" (Sullivan); "Serenade "Student Prince" (Romberg), and chorus of 16 voices; "Finale "The Gondoliers" (Sullivan), th

Under the able conductor, Th Stone, the club sings with a new verve, and sonority. In the P Chorus from "Tannhauser," the with beautifully expressive ton good phrasing. For the Soldiers' from "Faust," they had robust r for the Barcarolle from "Tales o mann," delicacy and grace. Th claimed the proud words of th from "Iolanthe" with appropria teur, and sang the lively Final the "Gondoliers" with joyous ab

The soloists, unusually well m for ensemble singing, gave great p in the quartet from "Rigoletto" the Madrigal from the "Mikado singing of Mr. Boynton and Mr. In Verdi's beautiful "Solen Quest'ora" from "La Forza del D was so delightfully expressive a telligent that the audience gav tremendous applause, recalling four times. Abbie Conley Rice u rich voice appealingly in "Adieu from "Jeanne d'Arc," and sang extra number Carmen's Seg Claire Maentz's brilliant sopr range, volume and flexibility, wa to advantage in "Dich Theure from "Tannhauser."

A crowded hall gave proof popularity of the Apollo Club, a homage to their progressive spir enjoyable program, and their s singing.

SYMPHONIE FRANCAI

With the debut of the S Francaise, which took place large audience in John Han last night, a new chamber swam into Boston's musical fi Like at least three others th rare and fleeting appear brighten our gloom, the new tion is composed of member Boston Symphony orchestra— of them. It differs from th however, in that its members by two further ties—almost they are French and first priz of the Paris Conservatory. ductor of the Symphonie Fr Abdon Laus, first bassonist of ton Symphony orchestra; Hamelin is its assistant condu

The orchestral program last night (preceded by the s ment of Saint-Saens's organ C minor, played as tribute to ory of the Boston Sympho oboist, Longy, whose death w announced) was as follow Saens, La Princesse Paune Smetz, Suite Orientals. Pau Filtro," prelude. Debussy, I Joujoux. Lalo, apsodie N In addition, Norbert Lauga master of the orchestra, wa soloist in the following wo Andante. Gaubert, Fantaisie in Boston). Vivaldi-Nache in A minor (strings ar Pierne, Fantaisie Impromptu langer, Nocturne (first time Wieniawski, Scherzo-Tarent ard Zighera was the skilful ist; the organist was Albert

In this its first program, t achieved a very creditab precision, sonority, and vig bussy's suite alone was it to display to any extent the transparency sharply etch dividuality of instrumentatl proper to chamber music The excellent ability of made for success here,

bolder differentiation of character between the pa suite would have increased est. Elsewhere the Sympl caise functioned very spir miniature symphony whether in Saint Saens's S "Princesse Jaune" (all that an unsuccessful one-act op mildly competent Suite Susanne Smetz, who writes prize winner of the Paris and an admirer of Saint-Sa Allen's piece, in which sor tory measures of fairly pleasing orchestral writing sounds like bombastic less or in Lalo's brilliant Rha

Mr. Lauga, in his extens tion to the program, sho to be an extremely well- talented violinist; his agil ful playing, the silken b tone — particularly in

assages of the music he had chosen o play—gave pleasure. In Faure's neditative Andante, in the more flow-'g portions of Gaubert's excessively ong—though often charming—piece, in ili Boulanger's pleasing Nocturne, he vas most successful. More strenuous nusic found him occasionally angular nd imperfect in legato, and induced ight lapses from the truest intonation.

Very cordial applause rewarded all oncerned; not least, Mr Laus for his areful work with the baton. S. S.

FRANKLIN PARK THEATRE

"The Little Clown"

A Yiddish operetta presented and shioned by Jacob Kalich with music y Joseph Rumshinsky and Molly Picon star. The cast:

rab'le	Rose Greenfeld
niel	Muni Serebrov
edalia	Charles Cohan
ndel	Sam Kasten
eindel	Frances Weintraub
unie	Lucy Levin
lla	Molly Picon
Fuchs	Herman Sheratsky
Levy	M. Wilensky
ances	Clara Honigman
Springer	Max Wilner
otzie	Gertie Bulman

An evening of familiar pleasures. Mr. lich's book, so fittingly fashioned for wife, Miss Picon, is based upon incints in her own life. It is made with shes of broad humor, gentle stabs of thos and darts of shrewd wit, in the stomary Yiddish proportions.

"Little Orphant" Stella, without posin or connections, is rash enough to l in love with a rabbi. His mother, ose sense of fitness is characteristic both Yiddish and non-Yiddish moth-, has arranged a more powerful marge with the rich daughter of a rich sident of a rich synagogue for bride. t she has reckoned without Stella's enlousness. The Little Clown hatches aunt from Palestine whose impres-holiness (acted by Stella herself), vinces the bridegroom's family to the poor girl a chance. They atd her performance and the rest is ppy ending.

The charm that is Molly quite peres the piece; a charm baffling and sive. It is not in her dancing for, ugh she has learnt much about pping" in the last few years, her ce rhythms and ideas are still quite nentary. Nor is it in her small ugh pleasing voice. Perhaps it is face that holds the clue, for with himsy all her own, she can look both and gay at once. Her humorous gles are indefatigable and she knows to spice them with a suggestion ne salt of tears.

Miss Picon is to divide honors at it must be with Mr. Rumshinsky, composer of the operetta. However the youngsters of the piece may lt in the direction of Broadway, he eeds in pulling it back to Second ue, where it truly belongs. His s are reminiscent of his previous uctions and make a kind of folk c familiar and humable. From the estra pit he conducts this music s inimitable fashion, threateningly, irlingly, cajolingly.

gay, light-hearted production with ct racial flavor holds the suburban of the Franklin Park Theatre. A led house appreciated it warmly at ening performance. F. S. F.

METROPOLITAN

"The Big Pond"

n all-talking screen comedy drama. pted by Robert Presnell and Garrett Fort m the play of the same name by George dleton and A. E. Thomas; directed by bart Henley and presented by Paramount h the following cast:

rre	Maurice Chevalier
bara Billings	Claudette Colbert
nie	Frank Lyon
Billings	George Barbier
. Billings	Marion Ballou
O'Day	Nat Pendleton
nette	Andree Corday
nie	Elaine Koch

The moral of "The Big Pond," curt film at the Metropolitan Theatre, ms to be that if a woman just won't sensible, carry her off in a motort so that she can't walk home. If t doesn't teach her, nothing will. further details you are hereby aded to consult Maurice Chevalier: he ks as though he had lots of ideas t he didn't have time to try. The ture itself isn't any great shakes, but udette Colbert is extremely pretty d unreasonable and Chevalier is gay, ourceful and full of songs. That's lly all that any one needs, and ging by the hearty response of yesday's audience, it's all that's wanted.

"The Big Pond" is an adaptation of stage play in which Kenneth Mcnna played the role now taken by evalier. Not having seen the play, is impossible to say how the two ors differ, but it is not hard to ss. At best, the rather staid and nified Mr. McKenna could only pretend to be French, while with Chevalier it is the real thing. And after all, that's what the part needs. Imagine a young Frenchman, Pierre Mirande, suddenly deposited in an American chewing-gum factory to learn the business from the bottom up, and all because he had fallen in love with the factory owner's daughter, Barbara Billings, and she with him. It has plenty of possibilities, most of which are exploited. The engaging young man has plenty of grit and is determined not to be daunted by the hardest sort of work or the worst situations. Ragging by his fellow boarders and the workmen at the factory means nothing in his life; he gives as good as he gets and presently becomes the biggest gogetter of the lot.

Right here he gets into trouble. Mr. Billings is delighted and the business grows by leaps and bounds, but Barbara, for whose sake this transformation was brought about, is much upset. She gets what she asked for and doesn't like it at all. Her romance seems to be taking on entirely too much of a business aspect, so just when Pierre thinks everything is all ready for them to be married, she throws him over for an old suitor, Ronnie. No romance can end like that, however, so Pierre resorts to some young Lochinvar tactics and all is well. Chevalier has the centre of the stage, Claudette Colbert having very little to do, and he occupies it easily, with infectious gayety and good spirits. Miss Colbert is charming, George Barbier irascibly amusing and Nat Pendleton does very well as a hard-boiled Irish foreman. E. L. H.

May 3 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 24th and last concert of its 49th season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall; last with the exception of the repetition tonight. The program was as follows: Weber, Overture to "Oberon." Hill, "Lilacs" (after a poem by Amy Lowell). Ravel, Rapsodie Espagnolle. Brahms, Symphony No. 1.

A year ago the program of the final concert was arranged by popular vote. "Request" programs are amusing for they show the taste of the majority of the audience: in some instances, the poor taste, a conductor might say. Dr. Koussevitzky formed the program of yesterday to please himself. He at the same time gave the audience great pleasure, for enthusiasm reigned from the time he came on the platform, when the audience stood to do him honor, to the end of the magnificent performance of the symphony when he was recalled again and again. Nor was the orchestra forgotten in the tribute paid. The audience seemed loath to leave the hall.

This program was designed to suit all tastes. For the conservatives there was the brilliant overture with its poetic introduction and its chivalric Allegro with the characteristic Weberian flourishes of bravura; also the symphony dear to Dr. Koussevitzky and to many hearers, among them some who have been brought into the fold by the interpretative genius of the conductor. For those who, respecting the masters of past years, listen eagerly to the music of the contemporaneous school, there was Ravel's Rapsodie which in music, suggested as it is by Spanish pride, melancholy, rhythms, is as Maurice Barres's "Secret of Toledo" and Havelock Ellis's "Soul of Spain" in literature. There was also Hill's "Lilacs," a poetic composition, not too literal in its translation of Miss Lowell's free verse—for there were moments when to one demanding literalism the composer's lilac bushes were at least a hundred feet high—but music expressive of the spirit in which she wrote.

The season has been an interesting one, not "unusually" interesting, for all the seasons of the past half-dozen years have attracted marked attention as one concert followed another, and many have remained fast in the memory. Although the "die-hards," for there are still the poker-backed and those afraid of unfamiliar musical idioms, unwilling to admit that music is in a large measure inspired by the feelings, the sentiments, the materialism or the spirituality, of the years that give it birth—these "hearers"—if only they would hear!—are among us and are voluble in their non-appreciation. Fortunately for the general public, Dr. Koussevitzky is not shaken in his belief that audiences have a right to know what is going on in the musical world; that it is the duty of a conductor to acquaint them with it. No doubt some of the contemporaneous works will be short-lived, if they are not still-born; but prophecy is never safe in matters of art, and if death follows a performance or a few performances, the corpse shows as corpse, modern tendencies unskilfully worked out, or emotion sacrificed for experiments in form, or contrapuntal weavings, or rhythm.

Nearly 50 composers were represented with 88 performances. Beethoven led with six; Strauss followed with five; Brahms, Mozart, Ravel and Sibelius with four each; but the sixth symphony of Sibelius, heard here for the first time, was performed twice, as was Ravel's Bolero, Haydn's symphony (with the horn call, Schoenberg's orchestration of an organ prelude and Fugue by Bach, and the fine symphony by Bax. The names of Fairchild, Gruenberg, Gardner, Martelli, Pick-Mangiagalli, Fournier, Metzler were on the programs for the first time. Eight compositions—by Bax, Dukelsky, Fairchild, Gardner, Josten, Lazar, Piston, Tournier were played for the first time. Seventeen compositions were performed for the first time in Boston. Povla Frijsh, soprano; Messrs. Burgin, Rabinoff, Thibaud, violinists; Iturbi, Prokofieff, Sanroma, Schnabel were the pianists. Mr. Salmond, 'cellist, and Mr. B. Zighera, harpist, made up the list of soloists.

Among the leading features of the season were the second symphony of Bax, Bloch's "Schelomo," Debussy's "Blessed Damozel" and "Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," the concert conducted by Glazunov, the charming symphony by Haydn, Lazar's Concerto Grosso, Mr. Iturbi's performance of Liszt's Concerto No. 1, Loeffler's "Canticum Fratris Solis," the performance of Mozart's little symphony in C major, the prelude and Fugue by Pick-Mangagalli, Prokofieff's playing of his second piano concerto, Mr. Burgin's playing of the violin concerto by Sibelius, the "Apollon Musagete" by Stravinsky, and the remarkable performance of Stauss's "Don Juan" and of Brahm's first symphony. There were admirable performances of other works, led by Dr. Koussevitzky with great gusto and indisputable art.

The guest conductors were Messrs. Burgin, Glazunov, Goossens. Mr. Chadwick's jubilee was appropriately commemorated, nor should the Brahms festival, although only one of the five concerts came in the regular subscription series, be forgotten. The first concert of the 50th season will be on Oct. 10.

WILLIAM DIETRICH STRONG

A piano recital in aid of the MacDowell Colony League was given by William Dietrich Strong last night at Steinert hall. The program consisted of the following compositions of Mrs. H. H. A. Beach: Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Op. 81; Scottish Legend, Op. 54; Gavotte Fantastique; Sous les Etoiles, Op. 65; Valse Amoureuse; A Hermit Thrush at Morn, Op. 92; Concerto, C sharp minor, Op. 45. The orchestral part of the Concerto were played on a second piano by Herbert Boardman.

Mrs. Beach's romantic and highly often lavishly, decorated music presents difficulties of no small dimensions to the pianist who would play it. Mr. Strong proved himself equal to the task by giving a brilliant and sympathetic performance of the two more ambitious works of the evening—the Prelude and Fugue, and the Concerto, both elaborate works of large scale—and by playing gracefully and imaginatively the smaller pieces. "A Hermit Thrush at Dawn," of a pleasant melancholy, had to be repeated.

Mr. Strong received cordial applause, as did also Mr. Boardman, who had ably assisted in the performance of the Concerto. S. S.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Paramount on Parade"

An all-talking and singing revue with some scenes in technicolor: directed by B. P. Schulberg under the general supervision of Elsie Janis and presented by Paramount with the following players:

Richard Arlen, Jean Arthur, George Bancroft, Clara Bow, Evelyn Brent, Clive Brook, Mary Brian, Virginia Bruce, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Leon Errol, Stuart Erwin, Kay Francis, Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Mitzi Green, James Hall, Helen Kane, Dennis King, Abe Lyman and his band, Frederic March, Nino Martini, David Newell, Jack Oakie, Warner Oland, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallettee, Joan Peers, William Powell, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Lillian Roth, Stanley Smith, Fay Wray.

Somewhere in the middle of "Paramount on Parade" the audience, if minded like one of Friday afternoon, will break into spontaneous applause for the first, perhaps the only time in the course of this apparently never-ending pot-pourri. Was it for Chevalier, or Clara Bow, or Helen Kane? It was not. It was for a rather chunky little girl who avers solemnly that she is 8 years old, who has features of extraordinary mobility, who instantly reminded one of what Marie Dressler might have been like at that precocious age. Mitzi Green is the little girl's name, and when she sang "All I Want Is Just One Girl," as Mr. Mack of the one-time celebrated team of Moran & Mack, might have sung it, came realization that here is a born mimic, destined to go far if adulation does not spoil her.

Not that "Paramount on Parade" is unworthy of hearty approval at more than one other stage of its kaleidoscopic career. Maurice Chevalier, appearing in three scenes, first proves, through the spirited aid of Evelyn Brent, that the Apache dance might well have originated in the boudoir; later sings the ditty, which little Mitzi parodied, while patroling a Paris park given over to bench lovers of various ages; and finally declaims "Sweeping the Clouds Away," while a large number of pretty girls dance atop billowy white clouds or an orange-hued rainbow. Mr. Chevalier seems gleeful over his command of the English language.

Other busy persons are Jack Oakie and Richard "Skeets" Gallagher as masters of ceremonies, agreeable but lacking the sang froid of Frank Fay. George Bancroft is seen in cool tweeds on the golf course, telling in cut-backs how people behave at parties when protected by the veneer of politeness, and how they would act if permitted to follow their natural impulses; a very funny interlude. William Powell as Philo Vance, Clive Brooks as Sherlock Holmes, and Eugene Pallette as Sergt. Heath illustrate how a crime should be solved, with Warner Oland in his characterization of Dr. Fu Manchu as the subject of their controversial dissertations. Dennis King, snatched from the gallows of "The Vagabond King," sings "Nichavo," a Russian love song, Leon Errol contributes some slap-stick as a hospital patient, and Harry Green is mildly amusing as a Yiddish toreador in an otherwise orthodox "Carmen." A truly artistic bit, also in color, is called "Dream Girl," with a group of English huntsmen toasting another group of lovely young women to the song, "Let Us Drink to the Girl of My Dreams." The entire program is admirably arranged, the skits are cleanly comic, the few ensembles are elaborately staged. "Paramount on Parade" is actually three shows in one. W. E. G.

PARK

"White Cargo"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the stage play of the same name by Leon Gordon; directed by J. B. Williams and A. W. Barnes and presented by Capt. Harold Auten through the W. P. Film Company of London, with the following cast:

Weston	Leslie Faber
Ashley	John Hamilton
Langford	Maurice Evans
The Doctor	Sebastien Smith
The Missionary	Humberston Wright
The Skipper	Henri de Vries
The Mate	George Turner
Worthing	Tom Helmore
Tondeleyo	Gypsy Rhouma

There is no getting around the fact that "White Cargo," current film at the Park Theatre, is a depressing affair. It follows with almost too scrupulous exactness the stage play by Leon Gordon which enjoyed such popularity a few seasons ago. For various reasons the censorship rules in the United States stood in the way of production here, so the picture was done in England. That's what the program says, but the story has so convincingly tropical a setting that it is hard to believe that it is not a veritable slice of the jungle. The characters look sufficiently hot and uncomfortable for the spectator to understand that in Africa there are no such thing as manners, and that the best way to treat an enthusiastic youngster fresh from England is to croak a series of dismal prophecies at him until he is nearly out of his mind. There did seem at times to be an excessive amount of croaking; Poe's Raven would have fitted in admirably and made it unanimous.

The story, that of the disintegration of white men in the tropics, has been done many times, but "White Cargo" was one of the first and most effective of them all. By a monotonous reiteration of the words "damp rot," plus a few object lessons, the moral is brought home without difficulty. Everything rots; houses, clothes, men and their morals. The particular examples here are Weston, cynical and disillusioned through his years of labor in insufferable heat; Langford, a good-looking youngster sent out to replace him; the doctor, a pathetic derelict, and a persistently voluptuous half-caste, Tondeleyo. Weston sneers at Langford's good intentions, which are finally brought to nought by Tondeleyo's siege tactics. In the end Langford goes home—pitiful "white cargo" like all his predecessors. Though hampered at times by the overtheatrical quality of their lines, the cast was satisfactory. Particulary good was Leslie Faber as Weston, showing how the man's bitterness had eaten away his better impulses without quite destroying them. Maurice Evans made an excellent Langford and Sebastien Smith's Doctor was worthy of much praise. E. L. H.

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By PHILIP HALE

Theodore Komisarjevsky, whose book, "Myself and the Theatre," is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., came to this country in 1908 with his sister, the great actress, Vera, who hoped to raise money here so she could carry out her ideas about production in her own theatre which she would build. Mismanaged, she lost money. (She died two years afterwards of smallpox in an Asiatic town when she was touring.) Theodore went back to Russia, worked in the theatre until 1919. He made his escape and has ever since been trying to put his theories into practice in England, France, Italy and the United States. At New York in 1922-23 he produced several plays for the Theatre Guild. One of them was "Peer Gynt."

The book is not only a study of production as he would have it; it is a record of adventure in and out of the theatre; it is a book of theories, reminiscences, anecdotes. In 1918-19 he worked in the Moscow theatre. (He was born in Italy. His father was a Russian tenor who sang in Italy under the name of Di Pietro, and is buried at Rome.) At Moscow in 1918-19, there was no electricity or gas except in government or public institutions. Food was wretched and scarce. There was no fuel. Drains, water and heating pipes were frozen. Dwellers in a house lived in one room, feeding the stove with furniture. Shoes without holes were a luxury. Travelling in trains was dangerous, for the passengers were covered with lice, carriers of typhus fever. There was no time to dig graves or make coffins for all who died. Cheka spies were on every hand. Yet in the first years of the revolution in Moscow there were two opera and ballet companies, about 12 dramatic repertory theatres, one operetta or musical comedy theatre besides studios and theatrical schools. All were fully patronized by the people. Had not Lenin said that the theatre in a Communist state "should be closely associated with the Proletariat . . . . and should make its appeal to the millions of workers, who represent the hope of the country, its force and its future"? Komisarjevsky directed from 1917 the production at the Soviet Opera House, and in 1918 was managing director and producer of the Moscow Grand State Theatre of Opera and Ballet. He had been producing in the latter theatres before the revolution, and teaching at a School of Acting which he had founded, lecturing, and otherwise busy.

The actors often had to heat the theatres themselves. There was usually snow on the mirrors in the foyer where ballet pupils dance barelegged. The breath of the singers was seen in clouds of vapor. A pianist at a concert began playing in knitted gloves and was forced to stop because his fingers were frozen. A violinist fell off his chair because he had not eaten for days. A great character actress died of vermin. It was difficult to get canvas, wood, paint. No one could live on the salary paid; there must be work outside. As director of the Soviet Opera House, Komisarjevsky was controlled by a body consisting of a cloak-room attendant, a cleaner, a 'cellist, an inferior conductor, a second-rate mezzo-soprano, a property master, etc. When he argued against their decisions they replied that he was unworthy to direct a theatre in a bolshevik country for he was of a noble family. At last he obtained a permit to leave Russia. After thrilling experiences he reached Paris where Diaghilev, "one of the kindest and most energetic" of men, advised him to go to London. He landed there with 10 shillings in his pocket, but Albert Coates found him engagements, through which he made his first acquaintance with the commercial theatre, an institution quite unknown in Russia.

Then follows a chapter on "Finance and Art" in which he first speaks of conditions in Russia and then of "the incompetent game of chance," the commercial theatre, which "resembles a huge factory, backed by eccentric capitalists, which goes on producing a poor assortment of cheap stuff for the masses which no one really wants. The factory goes smash at frequent intervals, but strange as it may seem a new capitalist and his money is always forthcoming to save it at the critical moment."

There are pleasing anecdotes about directorship in Russia. There was a woman, a good actress, who had been playing in a St. Petersburg theatre for nearly 30 years. She had a vile temper. A new producer threw a lamp at her, shouting that every one had been living under the tyranny of her skirts and no one had had the pluck to say he was sick of it. Another dictator, an opera singer of world fame, chose his own parts, made out the casts, roared at rehearsals. He once called the women section of the chorus "Tyrolese cows"; the whole crowd of producers were "mangey Turkish hacks." The evolution of the Russian theatre is due to the fact that its theatrical artists are in permanent contact with the Western European Theatre without being afraid of its influence. Thus Diaghilev sought inspiration from the four corners of the globe; Baliev blended Russian ideas with those of other countries.

"The artist must do what he sincerely wants to do, otherwise his work has neither meaning nor value. He is fortunate if his generation accepts him; he is unlucky if it does not. . . . It is a tragedy for an actor that his worth lives only with himself." There is Janet Achurch, "one of the best actresses of the English stage." She acted in plays by Shaw and Ibsen when the public of the 1890's did not like their plays. When Helmer in "A Doll's House" said of Nora: "She is gone," a woman in the audience shouted, "So's my blasted money." "The theatre as an art is inconceivable unless it is served by self-sacrificing artists, and run on a small non-mercantile scale by people who understand the nature of the theatre, and make it possible to exist on but a limited patronage. A big, artistic theatre is quite impossible from the financial point of view unless it is supported for quite a long time as an institution of culture by the government or by private individuals." There are good actors on the commercial stage, but bad acting predominates, due to the corrupt influence of inartistic requirements of commercial managers and producers; also to the miserable economic straits many players are obliged to face. "The commercial actor's ever present fear of being out of work is mainly responsible for 'cabotinage' on the commercial stage." Team work or the play means little to him. He wishes to exhibit himself—he relies on his "personality" and a few pleasing stage tricks; and so he is "a shameless self-exhibitor, an assassin of a play and an enemy to the theatre." Duse said of these stage folk that they poisoned the air. "The greater public would only go to an artistic show if for some reason the said show became fashionable or if it offered something sufficiently topical or sensational. . . . Low rents and inexpensive seats are essentials, but the spirit of the whole enterprise, the quality of its work and the management of the theatre would be far more important."

By some strange chance, some good plays find a place on the commercial stage, but the typical productions "with their endless repetitions of a couple of stale plots, the characters one has seen so often, the inevitable 'laughs,' the same inhuman criminal and detective jig-saw problems, the same 'thrills' and 'sexual attractions,' the same producer's and actor's tricks, confine their appeal to the public's poorest intellects and really underestimate the average intelligence." On the other hand, occasional musical comedies and revues, even though they may be artistic, frequently are good commercial propositions. The vitality, spontaneity and versatility demanded by leading modern exponents "obliges them to use their imaginations and perfect their technic to a much greater degree than is demanded by the commercial dramatic actors."

Mr. Komisarjevsky is forced to the conclusion that the gamble in the commercial theatre is on the bad taste and on the stupidity of the public.

In a most interesting and instructive chapter entitled "Theatre of Vera Komisarjevsky" her brother tells of the revolution against the realistic acting and the realistic mises-en-scene first employed by Antoine in 1886 at the Theatre Libre in Paris, also against the "realism" of the Meininger troupe, taught like parrots. Vera thought the theatre should find its own "theatrical" forms, independent of everyday life, to express the characters "invented" by the playwright and his ideas. She adopted the theories of certain Russian writers, the ideas of Maeterlinck and of certain Swiss, English and German producers and scenic designers. And here are pages about Stanislavsky and Meyerhold.

For an interlude is an amusing account of an interview with a reporter in New York, a middle-aged woman, "hair done like Liszt," with a smile "usually described as 'charming' or 'sweet,' and which can be turned on or off quite independently of the mood in which the smiler may happen to be." An amazing interview which tickled the Russian's sense of humor, for the reporter's questions were of a remarkable fatuousness.

The remaining chapters are "Systems of Acting," "My Methods of Production" and "The Teaching of Acting"—the last in the form of a conversation with a young man in a London "pub."

Mr. Komisarjevsky believes that the repertory system, probably endowed by the state, is the one most likely to be productive on artistic lines. There is hope in theatres personally endowed. In the United States the amateur theatre may offer what is not given by the commercial. His remarks about the "commercial theatre" are not all new, and it may be questioned whether all its managers gamble on the bad taste and the stupidity of the public. What is new, and more important to the general reader, is the chapter on systems of acting, and this chapter deserves the attention of men and women now on the American stage, as the chapter on production might be studied profitably by our noble army of producers.

The illustrations hardly give a just idea of the author's sets, and an index wo[illegible] be helpful. The book written with infinite gusto is not one to b[illegible] read hu[illegible] and [illegible]; it deserves the careful attention of tho[illegible] who love and [illegible] the stage in its highest form.

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may 10 1930

The Mystery of the Great Influence of Anne Hutchinson

ANNE HUTCHINSON, A BIOGRAPHY, by Edith Curtis; with an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Published by Washburn & Thomas, Cambridge. 122 pp. $2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

This biography is conspicuous for its calmness and its refreshing absence of minute analysis. There is no attempt to follow in the footsteps of the admirable Strachey and Bradford. The statement of facts is not a pretext for Mrs. Curtis to express her own opinions in a perfervid manner; but she has the art of presenting the facts so that the reader, though not especially interested in theological discussions, is tempted to take one side or the other. Because Anne was a woman her biographer is not unduly sympathetic in considering her behavior, her trials and tribulations. There is no sentimental wailing over her death at the hands of the Indians. She is left "at bay, but now for the last time badgered by a circle of angry men."

Anne was described by an old writer as "a woman of a haughty and fierce carriage, of a nimble wit and active spirit, and a very voluble tongue, more bold than a man, tho' in understanding and judgment inferiour to many women." No wonder that her mild husband obeyed her. She has been called New England's first clubwoman. Living today she would no doubt be a prolific writer of violent letters to the newspapers, tormenting editors, and alternately pleasing or irritating the readers. What was the secret of her power over certain men? Mrs. Curtis believes it was personal magnetism. If she had good looks they were not conspicuous, "since beauty usually finds some self-appointed appraiser." Her sombre face "kindled brilliantly" when it was fired by an idea. "We know that she impelled people to do and say things for her sake perhaps without their knowing why it was that they acted as they did." She was a born leader. She would have shone in the French or the Russian Revolution. A restless woman, regarded by the bigoted clergy in Boston as a pest after her philanthropic activities turned theological.

One would like to know more about her girlhood. Did she propose marriage to the amiable William Hutchinson? It is doubtful whether as a maiden she was meek and mild. Even on the voyage to Boston she was happy when she conversed on religious subjects. She could not keep her opinions to herself. One would like to know somethin[g] about her life with William, who whe[n] she was in her early thirties was th[e] father of a large "and almost annuall[y] growing family." Mrs. Curtis does no[t] shrink from quoting in an appendi[x] passages from Winthrop's Journal con[-] cerning the "monstrous birth" suppose[d] to correspond to the monstrous fruit o[f] Anne's soul, or the account of th[e] equally extraordinary still-born child o[f] Mary Dyer, who had a face but n[o] head—the minute description migh[t] have come from the catalogue of the freak museum. The misfortune of the two women became a matter of pe[r]sonal investigation for the Governor [of] the commonwealth. Anne's miscarria[ge] was made the subject of a lecture [at] an open assembly.

There is a clear account of the ant[i]nomian controversy, the Boston chur[ch] at war with itself. The struggle b[e]tween Vane and Winthrop was poli[ti]cal; between Anne and the stern, [re]lentless John Wilson was theologic[al]. Since Vane supported Anne, Winth[rop] was the more bitter against her. [He] could have cried out with Oliver Cro[m]well: "The Lord deliver me from th[e] Sir Henry Vane."

Winthrop pursued a narrow pa[th] [Bos]ton strove mightily to establish "t[h]ocracy which was destined to [dominate] the intellectual life of Massac[husetts] for many generations," a theocr[acy]

nurtured an atmosphere of almost
aric superstition—Salem 1692.
ine, excommunicated, banished, went
Rhode Island. Did she and other
shed opinionists live in caves until
houses were ready? She could not
quiet—a born stirrer-up of strife.
Curtis questions whether she was
ically ambitious—a militant suf-
ette—or a mystic, "a true saint of
" as her adoring William charac-
ed her. He died. As there was
of amalgamating Massachusetts
Rhode Island, Anne and family
'd to a point on Manhattan, "Hell
." Was the real reason for the
oval her inability to live in peace
the Rhode Islanders? On Man-
an the Indians stilled her tongue
quenched her ambitions forever, as
is this world is concerned. One is
ous to know what became of her
gest child dragged into the wilder-

extraordinary woman, this Mistress
hinson; extraordinary, but too
ig-minded to work her will. Was
Henry Vane fascinated by the
an or impressed by the fanatic?

May 31 1930

RAPS OF PAPER, by Marietta
gerode Andrews; E. P. Dutton &
35.

By PHILIP HALE

ile the letters in Marietta Minni-
e Andrews's "Scraps of Paper" are,
ne most part of indisputable inter-
ne wishes that she had commented
eater length. Few women, or men
hat matter, write today with as
ed gusto or reveal so charming a
nality, few are so broad-minded.
g the letters written during the
war, journals and diaries, though
nd her family suffered—her father
eft for dead on the field of Appo-
x—there is no bitterness in her
nor does she pose as "an unrecon-
ed rebel." Does she not say: "I
t object to the word 'rebel.' Rebels
were, so far as I can see."
this volume, as in her "Memoirs"
have delighted many North and
, she shows her talent for vivid
ption. Speaking of civil war camp
as expressing in mediocre form
hought uppermost in the minds of
ge people, she still hears "from
old drawing-room sounds of young
, and a girl might be seen at the
her full skirt rippling about her
her dimpled shoulders rising from
ounded neck of her tight-fitting
, her hair piled high with ringlets
ng over her ears and a rose stuck
chingly among the curls, a con-
te officer turning the music as she
'We Met, 'Twas at a Ball.'"
sense of humor is lively. As an
as well as a writer, she knows
alue of thumb-nail sketches. She
used by the pictures of confeder-
eroes "Who ever saw such heav-
osoms, such breadth of shoulders,
flashing eyes, as these painted
als boast of, standing as super-
and towering over the trees and
es of the background? . . . Wade
ton's whiskers belonged in a Du
er illustration from the London
"; "Bishop Polk," a bishop in
se—a theatrical make-up. Mosby's
thly cameo of a face, that marble
and flowing cape, a dare-devil
d on a moonlight night." As for
Gordon, "it is hard to think of
s hurrying—as clearing his throat
owing his nose. He is always
ing before the world's camera."
there is the guide who showed
nd her son over the battlefield of
sburg; like a razor-back hog—
feet tall, six inches wide, with a
like a bowsprit." The guide's
was "the falsetto which always
s to those attenuated, shad-bel-
Adam's appley people"; his father,
id, was the outstanding hero of
attle. The young man's pockets
with photographs of sections of
te father's anatomy, for his body
erforated in all parts by confed-
bullets. Gettysburg—that place
ubt and death, now an open-air
um of sculptural monstrosities."
letters of the aide-de-camp,
s Minnigerode, Jr., who ran away
school to enlist, are full of jokes,
ion and reference to love affairs,
zing, how little of the vital news
iven, how casual, how incidental
ig work seemed to be. Charlie,
h only 18, took his love affairs
sly. "Puppy love," says Mrs. An-
"so ridiculed is a pretty fine
of the ruling passion. It is not
it is not often gross, and it cre-
magical world which no seasoned
can conceive of."
journal of Mrs. Andrews's Aunt
cept in 1862-63, gives a graphic
of the Yankee invasion, the atti-
titude of women left on the plantations,
their privations and their heroism.
There are letters from other women, one
now living—at least in 1927, who wrote
that though they were "drinking the
dregs of poverty," the young people
found enjoyment in life and in each
other. Though Mrs. Micajah Woods, as
a girl had no frock to go to a party,
her "full white petticoat had a frill and
two tucks, and with a bodice and a blue
sash looked quite well. None of the gen-
tlemen knew that it was a petticoat
and the other girls were no better off
than we." One is struck reading these
letters and journals by the religious be-
lief of the writers in the sacredness of
the confederate cause and their faith
in a favoring God.

Corp. Tanner's gruesome account of
his sufferings, wounded at Bull Run,
with a letter of comment by Gen. J. R.
Kean of the U. S. A. medical corps,
contrasting surgery in the civil war with
surgery in the world war; a letter de-
stroying the legend of Barbara Friet-
chie; pages about the confederate flags
and the great seal; these add to the
interest of the volume. The remaining
pages devoted to letters written by Mrs.
Andrews's son and others in the world
war are introduced by a few words in
glowing praise of Secretary of War
Baker with a modest letter from him
to Mrs. Andrews.

"Scraps of Paper" is handsomely
printed. Mrs. Andrews supplies notes
about men and women mentioned in
the letters, for she might edit from
personal knowledge a "Who's Who
Among the F. F. V.'s." Surely her nam-
ing "Old Sam Emmett, of North Caro-
lina," as the composer of "Dixie"—
"Something that will outlive the Brook-
lyn Bridge or the Elephant Gutte Dam,"
was a slip of the pen. For Emmett's
Christian name was "Dan"—and was
not his birthplace in the West?

July 6 1930

Philharmonic London

The Philharmonic-Symphony Orches-
ra of New York, conducted by Arturo
Toscanini, ended its European tour by
giing four concerts in London, two in
the enormous Albert hall which is pro-
vided with an echo in admirable work-
ing order, two in the cheerful Queen's
hall. I heard the first and fourth con-
certs. In the Albert hall the perform-
ance was necessarily in miniature, yet
the technical mastery of the orchestra
and the peculiar interpretative ability
of Toscanini were recognized at once
by the huge audience. No program of
the four concerts had special interest—
in fact one might wonder at the selec-
tions; yet Rossini's sparkling overture
to "The Italian Woman in Algiers" did
not deserve the sneering notice in the
Times. At the fourth concert Respi-
ghi's orchestral arrangement of Bach's
Passacaglia for organ (written original-
ly for a much humbler instrument) was
new to the audience. (It has not been
played in Boston; at least it had not
been performed before May 1. Perhaps
Mr. Fiedler has brought it out at a
"Pop" concert). Respighi's arrange-
ment is interesting, though the prevail-
ing expression is boisterous with the
brass instruments working over time.

The success of the visitors from New
York led by Mr. Toscanini was great—
to say it was sensational, would not be
an exaggeration; more than one news-
paper stated that this orchestra was the
finest in the world. Mr. Ernest New-
man, from his personal knowledge
gained when he was the music critic of
a season for the N. Y. Evening Post,
in an article on Toscanini and his or-
chestra published in the Sunday Times
of June 8 contradicted the statement.
"Magnificent as it is, it is not that;
at least two other American orchestras
—the Philadelphia and the Boston
Symphony—are its equals, while there
are three or four other orchestras in
the States that are very little below
its level."

To me the strings of the Philhar-
monic-Symphony orchestra do not have
the quality that gives distinction to the
Boston Orchestra. Toscanini has trained
the sections to sing, but the song of
the violins, violas and violoncellos is
rather dry, even matter-of-fact at times.
The first flute, the first oboe, the horns
are all excellent. I had never heard
horns in the Scherzo of Beethoven's
"Eroica" so sure and at the same time
so expressive, so eloquent in phrasing.
Trombones and trumpets are good but
not conspicuously so.

At the Albert Hall concert on a Sun-
day afternoon there was liberal applause
between the movements of Brahms's
second symphony much to the disgust
of the enraptured Brahmsites in my
neighborhood, who audibly deplored this
manifestation of Philistinism: after the
finale the applause—hand-clapping,
shouting, waving of programs—a shill-
ing each—and handkerchiefs—was furi-
ous and long continued—recall after re-
call of the conductor, the players often
rising. And so it was at the fourth
concert.

Mr. Newman, describing the basis of
Toscanini's style as a belief that music
is primarily an art of singing, does not
attribute this to his Italian origin; for
the same faculty is "equally developed
in a Russian like Koussevitzky and an
Englishman like Sir Thomas Beecham;
the German conductors on the other
hand, mostly lack this peculiar sensi-
tiveness to the feel of music in the
throat, as it were. Here, as elsewhere,
it is difficult to say where Toscanini
ends and the orchestra begins."

At the two halls the audience gave
undivided attention during the per-
formance. In the immense Albert hall
the quiet was all the more noticeable.
There was respectful gazing at the
King and Queen when they came into
their box to the music of the national
anthem which was followed by the
Star Spangled Banner, but after the
first orchestral attack Toscanini was
the reigning monarch. The audience at
the Queens hall was naturally the more
brilliant for the concert was at night,
and as the hall is well lighted the hand-
some costumes and the jewels of the
women enhanced the festival appear-
ance. The contrast between this light-
ing and this scene with consequent en-
joyment, and the semi-darkness in
which our orchestra is solemnly heard
in Sympho... ..all was a reminder that
not many years ago Bostonians also
welcomed light, and the sight of their
neighbors as well as of those laboring
on the platform.

PHILIP HALE

MORAND'S PUGILIST

Aug 15 By PHILIP HALE *1930*

An ingenious journalist recently made a list
of prize fights described in novels, also of
fights with fists outside the ring without glar-
ing publicity, without a huge sum for reward.
The list was an impressive one though it was
by no means complete. Victor Hugo's wild but
dramatic account of a fight in "The Man Who
Laughs" was not mentioned, nor was the fight
in Bulwer Lytton's "Kenelm Chillingly." Haz-
litt's famous essay was necessarily ignored.

The journalist's list was probably drawn up
before the publication of Paul Morand's
"Champions du Monde," the story of four
Columbia College students who set out to do
great deeds. One of these men, Jack Ram,
became a pugilist with a terrible punch. His
prowess was doubted by the cynical Brodsky,
who insisted that Jack's manager had matched
him with only local celebrities, had kept him
from New York.

"In my opinion," said Brodsky to Morand,
"Ram is a cheese champion, un champion en
fromage."

Finally Fritz Unger challenged Ram. "Fif-
teen rounds of three minutes; purse of $100,-
000; Madison Square Garden." There is an
amusing description of the training; also how
Ram, to pay for the dress that his Rhoda
would wear on the great night, declared in the
newspapers that the X cigarettes did not im-
pair his breathing and that he found Cidrol
a better table drink than cider.

Six pages are devoted to the fight, a glorious,
thrilling description, but not without ironical
touches. Ram was evidently victor, but the
judges gave no decision, except to say that
Ram was "suspended" until further investiga-
tion, for he was accused of having put a thin,
light steel plate in his right hand glove. Riot-
ing in the street; firemen turning the hose
on the mob; police charging. What? The
great Ram accused of a despicable trick? His
manager confessed that he himself was the
guilty one. Ram was not to be found at Luch-
nouis, nor at his lodgings. The Herald Tribune
published this paragraph headed: "Tragic End
of a Champion."

At the end of the strange fight which
took place last night at Madison Square
Garden, Jackie Ram blew out his brains
in a taxi. The decision of the judges, who
after the manager's confession freed the
champion from the charge of foul play,
came too late. The great pugilist, one of
the purest figures of the American ring,
died as he was carried to the hospital.

Hugo's account of the fight in England is
more Homeric than Morand's, which might have
been written by a New York reporter blessed
with a sense of humor. The description of
Ram's triumphs and unmerited downfall is only
an episode in a remarkable study of American
life and manners, a supplement to Morand's
"New York." Is Ogden Webb, the statesman,
drawn from Wilson's adventure in Paris and
his pathetic ending? Who sat for the other
"champions," Van Norden, Ram and Brodsky?
Who suggested to Morand the singular women
in the novel?

10 PER CENT. FOR TIPS

Aug 14 1930

The European tourist, not wishing to appear
either mean or ignorantly, perhaps snobbishly,
extravagant in tipping European servants of
whom he secretly stands in dread, welcomes,
poor wretch, the announcement that the added
10 per cent. of his bill relieves him from hesi-
tating, unsatisfactory distribution, as leaving
the hotel he sees a row of extended itching
palms. He has been assured by more ex-
perienced friends as well as by landlords that
the added charge frees him from all respon-
sibility; from the frowns and sneers of dis-
appointed concierge, head waiter, table waiter,
chambermaid, boots, the army of porters and
the driver of the hotel bus.

Yet the tourist finds the 10 per cent. rule
a doubtful blessing. He prefers our own pay-
what-you-will plan. If he is a sentimentalist,
he misses the personal joy of rewarding faith-
ful and intelligent service. If he is inclined
to think poorly of human nature, he wonders
what proportion of the sum is retained by the
landlord, and is uneasy, noticing the question-
ing eyes of those who wait on him and would
be effusively grateful if there were individual
recognition of service. And if the sum is fairly
distributed, is not the tourist overcharged? Why
should there be 10 per cent. added for extras
that can in no way be regarded as pertaining
to chamber or table service?

There is the laundry bill, for example. Sup-
pose the list, a long one, or only that of Arte-
mus Ward's friend, which consisted of a shirt
and "a drawer." The washing is done outside;
why should there be addition to the bill, often
absurdly large? There is the town tax, the
tax for music that disturbs digestion, the charge
for a bath, which in Swiss hotels, if the bed-
room is without a tub, is two francs, the
government tax, the tax de sejour; the tax de
luxe, often ironical. The extras with their 10
per cent. are to the landlord as the "boodles"
—the froth, the head, the collar to the old
time drawer of beer.

Even where the 10 per cent. rule is strictly
observed and enforced to the advantage of the
servants, they are often spoiled by foolish
Americans, who tip them with an air, hoping
thus to impress them or to win slavish atten-
tion; Americans making travel difficult for
their contemporaries who must be economical
or find reckless tipping a symptom of innate
vulgarity, an expression of worldly ignorance.

KIMBALL—LANGENDOEN

Alice Armstrong Kimball, soprano,
and Jacobus Langendoen, 'cellist, shared
a program at Jordan hall, last night.
Mrs. Kimball sang the following num-
bers: Aria from "Il Re Pastore"
(Mozart); Canzone (Hasse); L'Air de
l'enfant (Ravel); Guitares et Man-
dolines (Grovlez); Berceuse (Rhene-
Baton); Le Papillon (Fourdrain); The
Cat Bird (Clokey); Lullaby (Sadero);
Dream, Afternoon on a Hill (Langen-
doen); Le Colibri (Chausson). Mr.
Langendoen played a sonata in G
for ... [illegible] and the following

London's Umbrella and Glove Habit Puzzle for Philip Hale

Young Women Cigarette Users Violently Expelling Smoke Is Another Custom African Scholar Discusses with Him

By PHILIP HALE

My friend, the intelligent African, a fine product of an English public school and Oxford—he is now an enthusiastic spectator at various cricket and tennis matches—is still a looker-on in London, still curious about certain manners and customs. He spoke to me the other day about the umbrella and glove habit.

"You have noticed of course the umbrella, tightly rolled—though this rolling injures the silk—hung by its crooked handle to the left forearm while the left hand holds a pair of gloves. I have never seen hands in the gloves when the man was walking. As a rule, even when there is a shower, the umbrella dangles and is not spread. What is the idea of the gloves in the hand? They are sported in this manner by all classes and conditions of the male.

"Then there is the peculiar walk of any couple of young men, a walk that is rather a roll from side to side, with swaying heads, a movement executed with admirable precision, as if the two youths were advancing to a musical-comedy tune, mindful of a laborious drill in rehearsal. They too carry the left forearm umbrella; they too are gloved, but only for display, as a proof of possession."

I was surprised at my friend's silence concerning the walk of many women, entering restaurants. Charles Reade's heroines often "swam" into a room. I did not know exactly what he meant by this until I saw this "swimming" towards a seat. On sidewalks women, young and old, walked at a much brisker pace than at home. The younger would swing an arm as if they were in a military parade. I thought of Charles Lamb's Hester. She had a springy gait. Did she ever "swim" in the street or throw out her left arm as at command?

My friend called my attention to the manner in which many young women after a luncheon in a restaurant smoked cigarettes. They expelled the smoke violently as if it were something obnoxious. There was no lazy, sensuous enjoyment. The smoke did not curl upwards; no wreaths were formed. The mouth was like an exhaust pipe.

To my surprise he deplored the absence of vegetables on the bill of fare—cabbage, to be sure—always cabbage, and its sister, cauliflower. As a descendant of African kings he should not have missed the dishes dear to vegetarians. Had Oxford with its swarm of female students softened his nature? He delighted in tarts—gooseberry, rhubarb, cherry, but he could not tell me why crust and contents were served as things apart, to be eaten together only with difficulty.

He was never tired of rambling in the jungles known as shops, observing the hurried steps of panting hunters after some particular stuff, articles; applauding the patience and courtesy of the clerks; rejoicing in the gentle voices and the clear enunciation of the girls behind the counters. These girls had never attended a school where tricks of the trade are taught, as in the institution founded by the Chamber of Commerce of Paris in the Rue des Martyrs, that turns out the temptresses in the shops of the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue de la Paix. One reads that in a classroom a professor of salesmanship may be heard impressing on his pupils the importance of not being too much in earnest; above all the "persuasive value of a smile." As we read this, lines from a good old song came into the mind:

"Remember the barkeeper never forgets
To greet the old man with a smile."

And how neatly bundles are done up, no matter how trifling or costly the purchase; done up gracefully, artistically; one might add, almost reverently.

Although the newspapers speak hopely of "bright intervals" between showers, or forecasting "thundery" weather, the dwellers in London are not all sun-worshippers. More than once my African friend, as we walked in a chilly air, pointed at women who raised a parasol when there were faint and intermittent sunbeams. And so the folded curtains of street doors were spread that the paint, blue, green, whatever the color, might not be faded or blistered. We were never tired of London's doors, nor of the conscientiousness and pride in craftmanship shown by these painting them. There are a few colored doors in Boston—but they are not appreciated by passers-by. The house-owners are thought to be peculiar persons, eccentrics.

We found the "Personal" columns in the Times the most readable. The personals excited curiosity, moved one in some instances to play the amateur detective. Were they messages in code from one crook to another? Were some from despairing lovers or from base deceivers of trusting women? Take the paragraphs heading three columns in an issue of the Times published last month.

"C. S. Please understand that I have finished. Once and for all. H. Z.

"For we know, in part, and we porophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. 1. Cor. xiii-9-10.

"R. You must realize that I have a duty that must be performed. K. R."

How different from the "personals" in the New York Herald of the sixties and seventies. "Will the lady who noticed the gentleman with a red necktie and got out of a Broadway stage at 14th street on last Thursday afternoon at five o'clock please communicate with L. H. G. General Delivery."

Personals that led Joseph Keppler in cartoons published in Puck to picture the Herald building as standing opposite Madam Resetell's; and in another cartoon one that made a sensation showing the sidewalks of Fifth avenue a year after the death of that infamous woman.

The street-stalls were filled with detective stories for 6d, 9d and a shilling; Wallace, the leading author. We picked up "The King of Crooks." It turned out to be an abbreviated edition of Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard." One bookshop was filled with remainders—novels by authors wholly unknown to us—each one marked down to a shilling.

The parks on a bank holiday, filled with quiet people, families bringing their "teas" with them, to drink and eat as they were stretched on the grass, which was free from litter and refuse when they made their way home. Everywhere ready acquiescence in police orders. Everywhere respect for the law.

As one passed the "pubs" there was the sight through open doors of men quietly talking politics or the races, their wives with them as they drank their tankards or half-pints. A cheerful sight of temperate enjoyment.

The inevitable cabbage in restaurants. Waiters surprised when foreigners waved it aside; Potatoes small and waxy; delicious fresh butter, the best from New Zealand.

The silent, deeply interested working people in the museums Sunday, whether the room was Assyrian, Egyptian; dug-up memories of Ur; or the visitors in the picture galleries, showing visibly their appreciation.

Has Arnold Bennett's "Journal, 1929" made its way to Boston? Here are a few notes about plays and music that should appeal to some.

"Actors and actresses must have the physique of explorers. I can see no reason why they should ever die. Some of them never do.

"I hate first nights. The performance is rarely good, and the audience is always bad.

"Only the balanced, one-idea'd persons can enjoy the last act of a Wagner opera as well as the first. Every first-rate performance of the best Wagner operas is attended by a number of people nearly as mad as Louis of Bavaria."

Letters have been published daily in the London newspapers concerning the proper title of what is commonly known as the Tate Gallery—that magnificent collection of paintings. Some would have the title "The National Gallery of British Art (Millbank)." But there are many pictures by foreign artists in this great gallery. Another objection is that this suggested title is "absurd official jargon—a long clumsy circumlocution only fit for a Blue Book."

A more entertaining and instructive correspondence in the daily newspapers is the inquiry into the meaning of the line in the old song "Pop Goes the Weasel." Is there a reference to a tailor's tool shaped like that animal, a purse made of its skin, or a visit to a pawn-shop?

London, Aug. 20.

SEP 16 1930

COLONIAL

"Sweet Adeline"

"Sweet Adeline," a musical romance of the gay nineties in two acts and 15 scenes; book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, music by Jerome Kern; staged by Reginald Hammerstein; produced by Arthur Hammerstein at Atlantic City, Aug. 29, 1929; first performed in New York at Hammerstein's Theatre, Sept. 3, 1929; and in Boston at the Colonial Theatre last evening, with the following cast:

Dot	Beatrice Kay
Lena	Pauline Gorin
Emil Schmidt	Robert C. Fischer
Addie	Helen Morgan
Nellie	Bertha Greenhouse
Lulu Ward	Irene Franklin
Dan Ward	Hans Robert
Tom Martin	Thomas Thompson
Ruppert Day	Charles Butterworth
James Day	Paul Davin
Sam Herzig	Alonzo Price
Eddie	Tom Rider
Sid Barnett	James H. Dunn
The Sultan	Thomas Chadwick
Jim Thornton	Jim Thornton
Mr. Gilhooley	Jerry Jarnagin
Hester Van Doren Day	Grace Atwell

Some musical comedies rely on a melodic score for success; others on a coherent, fascinating story, or a whirling dancing chorus, or an exceptionally charming or capable star. "Sweet Adeline," it would seem, may count as its first ally that intangible something which for want of a better word we call atmosphere. Here it is the atmosphere of the nineties, that period when life moved more tranquilly, the period of wall telephones, of long skirts and feather hats and boas, of roller polo, of livery stables and gravel roads. Not so bedevilled by scientific improvements and short-cuts as today, but possessing a charm all its own.

In "Sweet Adeline" we see Schmidt's beer garden in Hoboken, 1898; the stage of the Olympic burlesque theatre, the Bowery; the parlor of McGowan's Pass Tavern, to which over the first snowfall metropolitan blades and their ladies raced in sleighs for the magnum of champagne set up as prize for the first arrival; the Hoffman House bar, with its famous portraits of women whose near-nudity, considered scandalous then, would be counted as almost decorous today; the stage of the Madison Square Garden roof, scene of one of the most sensational murders of the century. We are given glimpses of horse-cars, hansom cabs, Spanish war enlistment posters, the port side of the City of Paris, a magnificent oceanic craft in its time. All of this makes the atmosphere of "Sweet Adeline," fragrant for the most part, fascinating always.

Such story as there may be is embodied in the role of Addie Schmidt, elder daughter of the sentimental beer garden proprietor who rises above her humble station to become the town's toast as a balladist able to stir the most gelid hearts. About her pass and repass her younger sister, Nellie, in love like Addie with Tom Martin, a dashing young naval officer; Lulu Ward, a burlesque queen; Dan Ward, theatrical advance agent and flirt, though husband to Lulu; Ruppert Day, a puny, diffident youth who would invest in a wobbly burlesque show; Jim Day, his manly brother, who worships Addie; Sir Barnett, composer and orchestra leader who helps Addie up and onward because he loves her though she loves him not; Dot, a prancing, preening little piccolo player in Schmidt's beer garden; and others typical of the day and manners.

Mr. Kern's score fairly sparkles. Its tunes stay with one. They too have atmosphere. The featured songs are "Here Am I," "Why Was I Born" and "Don't Ever Leave Me," for Miss Morgan of mournful mien and sad voice. There are the sprightly song and dance, "Play Us a Polka, Dot;" the buffo duo, "Spring Is Here," for Mr. Butterworth and Miss Kay; comic numbers for Miss Franklin; and the beautiful folk song, "'Twas Not So Long Ago," sung first by Miss Morgan but best by Mr. Fischer, in German. These are the solo and ensemble pieces; but Mr. Kern's contributions do not stop thee. His incidental music, if one follows it closely, is disclosed as something shrewdly devised, hinged smoothly to the scene at hand, like the tinkling rhythm of the sleighs approaching the tavern, or the tinsel tawdriness of the accompaniment to the burlesque show rehearsal. Of such stuff is a real score made.

Mr. Hammerstein, who has made an honest, thorough production for this glamorous conceit, has perforce changed his cast in several minor parts, but we should be grateful for Miss Morgan, Mr. Butterworth, Miss Franklin, Mr. Fischer, Mr. Thorton. The last-named, who wrote "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" in Joe Smith's barroom, New York, in 1898, has a brief but comic interchange with Mr. Butterworth concerning the weather, the relative merits of salt and pepper, erratic watches, and so on. Mr. Butterworth and his pale humors wax better as the evening progresses. His comments from the orchestra pit during the burlesque scene are dryly, almost wistfully offered. His is no routine wit. Miss Morgan's style and range are too well known to need extended mention here. She received a hearty welcome on her first entrance. Miss Franklin, starting in low, finished in high. "My Husband's First Wife" was neat, but it was her dress, her speech, her artful gestures, her expressive eye and mouth which indicated how inimitable she is in the role of the burlesque queen. W. E. G.

SHUBERT

"Princess Charming"

"Princess Charming," a musical romance in two acts and six scenes; book by Jack Donahue from the original by Franz Martos, Arthur Wimperis and Lauri Wylie; music by Albert Szirmai and Arthur Schwartz, lyrics by Arthur Swanstrom; costumes by Charles Le Maire, settings by Joseph Urban, military direction by Harry Holbrook, U. S. M. C., ballets by Albertina Rasch; originally produced by William Morrison at the Palace Theatre, London, on Oct. 21, 1926; presented last evening at the Shubert Theatre, for the first time in the United States, under the direction of Bobby Connolly, by Bobby Connolly and Arthur Swanstrom (by arrangement with Clayton and Waller of London), with the following cast:

Baron Sigman	Raymond Walburn
Lieutenant	John Kane
Marie	Betty Gallagher
Wanda Navarro	Jane Aubert
Albert Chiff	Victor Moore
Princess Elaine of Novia	Danelle Bregis
Captain Torelli	Bartlett Simmons
Ivanoff	Douglas Dumbrille
Christian II of Elyria	George Grossmith
Aide de Camp to the King	Howard St. John
Attorney General	Paul Huber
Lord Chamberlain	Raoul de Tisne
Lulu	Dorothea James
Page	Duke McHale

To paraphrase the quick-witted Victor Moore, "One show, complete with fireworks!" In a burst of noise much louder than the composers could have intended, "Princess Charming" entered upon what should be a promising career at the Shubert Theatre last evening. There was commotion within—where a revolution was taking place with plenty of gunfire—and even more without—where Boston was celebrating its 300th birthday with thunderous salutes—but both affairs went off with a bang. The operetta, postponed through an unfortunate accident, proves well worth waiting for. An importation from the Continent, via England, it has the robust virtues and the minor faults common to this form of entertainment.

The spotlight is generously apportioned among the numerous principals, not limited, as is usually the case, to one or two stars. High honors were taken by the ladies: Miss Danielle Bregis, the Princess Charming of the story, has a lovely voice—lyric rather than dramatic in quality—which she uses with discretion; Jane Aubert, whose duty it is to supply comedy as well as music, is decorative, vivacious and alluring; her blonde handsomeness providing an effective foil for the dark-haired Miss Bregis. Victor Moore, happily released from the talkies, and George Grossmith, brought from England to play his original part, are in charge of the comedy. Bartlett Simmons, the romantic hero is stalwart of voice, handsome of person, but too inclined to the traditionally stiff backbone and wooden gestures associated with his type of role. Douglas Dumbrille, appearing only in the first act, is a sinister and dramatic figure.

Not the least of the virtues to be found in "Princess Charming" is its plot. This tale of the Princess Elaine who marries Capt. Torelli in order to escape from the revolution that is raging in her own country of Nova, who falls in love with him, as he with her and then is on the verge of being divorced from him to marry King Christian of Elyria, whom she does not love, has a surprising number of dramatic moments. Even the comedy is worked into the main story by means of an insurance agent who guarantees to see that the princess is delivered in time and so shadows her without mercy and by a designing dancer posing as countess and making love to every man she sees.

The score, which is credited to Albert Szirmai and Arthur Schwartz, maintains a good average, rising from the mediocrity of the opening song through the stirring "Here Is a Sword for the male chorus, and "One For All," sung by a group of picturesque revolutionists, to the charming love duet, "You," sung by the Princess and her lover. The scenery, save for the

impressive battleship—gray, grim massive—on which the first act is effectively staged, is the usual romantic operetta style. In the er of color the costumes vary be- n the harmonious and the harshly ordant. The heartiest applause of evening was bestowed on the beau- ul dancing of the Albertina Rasch llet girls who presented three of their arvelously regulated numbers with a ace and ease worthy of the highest aise.

In sum, "Princess Charming" has the gredients of a good show, somewhat o lavishly provided. The comedy is for e most part clean and fairly spon- neous, after the first few difficult oments, and Mr. Moore, as the rotund uff, misses no point of his farcical tics while acting as the Princess's tch dog.

E. L. H.

COPLEY

hooting Shadows"

"Shooting Shadows," a mystery thriller three acts by Henry Fisk Carlton and lliam Ford, Manley and John Harwood, th the following cast:

. Hemingway ..... Harold de Becker
na Ellsworth ..... Robert Hobbs
ire Kirkland ..... Lena Anderson
sh Flood ..... E. E. Clive
yllis Hemingway ..... Bertha Belmore
e Shadow ..... Gerald Rogers
spector Harrison ..... Francis Compton
l ..... H. Langdon Bruce
ank ..... Antony Belmont

A haunted house, a ghost, a door that ens by itself, the shadow of a fate- l hand, a trapdoor, a corpse that dis- pears, and a pretty girl in an evening wn who is snatched away by some- ing big and black when the lights e lowered. Brrr! Shivers! Shrieks, ieals and nervous laughter from or- estra and from gallery.

Know ye by these presents that Mr. E. Clive, the producer with the tined audience, has opened up once ore at the usual stand. His perennial dience clapped him a hearty welcome hen in the first act his familiar voice netrated the dusk of the haunt-ridden anse, as in capacity of professional ost-guide he led the visitors from the y to show them the eerie sights. mehow the reviewer felt like clapping, o, but he would have anyway, since recalled a few seasons back being ked in the ribs by the sharp elbow an unknown enthusiast for his failure add to the glad salvo.

There is originality in the idea of a nny old villager wiring a haunted use so that blinds, doors and tables mp at the touch of concealed buttons, ence to lead the curious at so much r head, and his revelation of his plicity is genuinely funny. Mr. Clive ays the part of the doddering old ap in his well known engaging man- r, and bears the burden of the thriller roughout.

H. F. M.

LOEW'S STATE

ove in the Rough"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by ab Y. Mason from the play entitled ring Fever," by Vincent Lawrence, music lyrics by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy Mc- gh; directed by Charles F. Riesner and sented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the owing cast:

ly ..... Robert Montgomery
rilyn ..... Dorothy Jordan
ny ..... Benny Rubin
ters ..... J. C. Nugent
gie ..... Dorothy McNulty
kesbury ..... Tyrrell Davis
dener ..... Harry Burns
nson ..... Allan Lane
rina ..... Catherine Moylan
liams ..... Edward Davis
prietor ..... Roscoe Ates
wn ..... Clarence H. Wilson

Robert Montgomery has at last ob- ned the sort of role that should come way regularly. No more weak-kneed vellings for him. "Love in the ugh," current feature film at Loew's te Theatre, is a nice, inoffensive lit- comedy, with some humorous situa- ns and a nice part for Robert. As the able young clerk who becomes mis- en for a millionaire at an expensive ntry club and marries an heiress on strength of it, he is natural and y, very much himself and seldom de- nds to the William Haines brand of nor that the situations might easily forth. When you are told that it is sort of country club where all the sts are forever bursting into song ile a convenient orchestra pops up of nowhere in particular, you can that it is hardly to be taken seri- ly, but it's good fun, just the same.

Kelly, a self-assured young shipping rk, makes uncomplimentary refer- es to his grouchy employer, Mr. ters, is promptly fired and rehired en Waters learns that he has won a f championship. Accompanied by ny, a fellow employe, who acts as lly's valet, they go to stay at a large ntry club in order that Kelly may rove Mr. Waters's game. Inevitably

ets girl Marilyn Crawford, appears she and Kelly fall in love. The ru- getting around that Kelly is presi- nt of the United States Shipping rporation, he has no difficulty in rsuading Marilyn to elope with him.

His revelation of the truth is something of a shock to his bride, so much so that he leaves her.

The next day there is a golf tournament in which Kelly must play. Of course, his heart can hardly be in the game, but the fact that Marilyn's father, who arrives hot-foot all prepared to raise the roof, is a golfer himself, straightens things out very nicely. Robert Mongomery makes a satisfactory Kelly, aided and abetted by the antics of Benny Rubin as his mock valet. Dorothy Jordan, pretty and dainty, seems slightly uneasy in this very modern environment. J. C. Nugent is highly comic as Mr. Waters, and Harry Burns has a good bit as an Italian gardener. One of the songs, "Go Home and Tell Your Mother," has catchy words and a lively tune.

E. L. H.

Sept 15 1930

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"The Girl of the Golden West"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Waldemar Young from the play of the same name by David Belasco; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National with the following cast:

Minnie, the Girl ..... Ann Harding
Dick Johnson ..... James Rennie
Jack Rance ..... Harry Bannister
Handsome Charlie ..... Ben Hendricks, Jr.
Sonora Slim ..... J. Farrell MacDonald
Trinidad Joe ..... George Cooper
Nick ..... Johnny Walker
Joe Castro ..... Arthur Stone
The Sidney Duck ..... Arthur Housman
Happy Halliday ..... Norman McNeil
Jake Wallace ..... Fred Warren
Ashby ..... Joe Girard
Pony Express Rider ..... Newton House
Wowkle ..... Lou-Cha-Enya
Billy Jackrabbit ..... Chief Yowlache
Bucking Billy ..... Bert Roach

Ann Harding now takes her honorable place with those other great ladies of stage and opera who have made The Girl a rare and brave figure in theatrical lore—Blanche Bates, Emmy Destinn, Maria Jeritza. Ever since its first performance in New York at what then was known as the Belasco and now is the Republic Theatre on Nov. 14, 1905, "The Girl of the Golden West" has been one of the standbys of stock companies throughout the land. Considering these frequent presentations, aside from the more memorable occasions when the three artists mentioned above appeared in it, it was inevitable the The Girl should find her way to the speaking screen. When Ann Harding was chosen for the role, first ejaculations were scornful: such a slip of a woman, no matter how high her place in the theatre, could not hope to compete with the robust actresses who had preceded her. Popular conception was firm that The Girl must be physically of a mould in keeping with the rough, elemental characters and conditions governing those picturesque years in the period of Forty-nine. That fallacy is screwith shattered. Ann Harding is The Girl. Mr. Belasco, viewing this splendidly screened performance of his pet play, probably would be quick to say so. With her first utterance; "Hello, boys! How's everything? Gettin' taken care of?" her marvellous voice, her honest eyes, hold one. Physique matters not at all. The artistry of the woman alone counts.

Seldom has a stage play, a quarter of a century old, proved so able to refute charges of antiquity, of being outmoded. Seldom has any play been transplanted so faithfully or so admirably to the screen. Thanks to Mr. Dillon, the director, to Miss Harding, Mr. Rennie, Mr. Bannister and each and every one of the minor players, here is one gripping, believable drama. It is impossible, save very briefly, to outline the story. Minnie Falconer, owner of the Polka saloon at the foot of Cloudy mountain, in the Sierras, is adored by all of her unlettered subjects, is coveted by Jack Rance, sheriff and gambler, with a wife in New Orleans. When Dick Johnson, alias Ramerrez, handsome road agent, enters, the girl falls instantly under his spell. Twice she saves his life, and in the end, each knowing all there is to know of each other, they ride off into a new life.

The play boasts two climaxes. One is the card game between the girl and Rance in her cabin, with Johnson's life at stake. The Girl wins by the time-honored trick of pulling the winning hand from her stocking. The second occurs when her love for Johnson is so deeply, so poignantly expressed at their parting that the men who had intended to lynch him are moved to set him free despite Rance's protests. This scene is staged in the open; in the play it was in the saloon. The fourth and final act of the play is reduced to a single beautiful silhouette, with the two lovers riding forth into their future. It seems unfair to dismiss the various players so lightly, when their performances are so full of merit. It must suffice to state that "The Girl of the Golden West" deserves to rank with "Holiday" as a vastly superior picture. And Ann Harding is in both of them.

W. E. G.

MODERN-BEACON

"On Your Back"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard J. Green from the story by Rita Weiman; directed by Guthrie McClintic and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Julianne ..... Irene Rich
Pryer ..... H. B. Warner
Harvey ..... Raymond Hackett
Molly Burke ..... Marion Shilling
Dixie Mason ..... Ilka Chase
Belle ..... Charlotte Henry
"Lucky" Jim Seymour ..... Wheeler Oakman
Mrs. Dupinnet ..... Rose Dione
Victor ..... Arthur Hoyt

There is no doubt about it—Irene Rich has great ability, but it's taken Fox a long time to realize it and give her a chance. "On Your Back," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres, has an excellent cast and a very satisfactory story, but everything else is unimportant when compared to the splendid work of Miss Rich. Shown, for a change, as a hard, capable and ambitious woman, whose sole weakness is her only son's happiness, she is so interesting, so convincing—such a revelation, in short—that one can only wonder impatiently what she has been doing up to now in a series of sweet and characterless roles. She really looks and acts like a woman of the world, and how refreshing it is!

The story begins about 21 years ago in the East side of New York, where an ambitious young woman, Julia, is trying to make a success in the dress-making business. By force of her determination and outstanding ability, aided by a certain amount of luck and good advice, she rises finally to be Julianne, the most fashionable modiste on Fifth avenue. Much of her custom comes from wealthy men who buy dresses for their wives or sweethearts, to ease their consciences and to keep the peace. Moly Burke, a pretty chorus girl, with whom Julianne's son, Harvey, has fallen in love, has bought dresses at the shop for which she cannot pay. None the less, Julianne lets the account ride, having seen the great attention bestowed on Molly by the wealthy stock broker, Howard Pryer. At last, however, feeling that Harvey's chances will be ruined if he becomes really interested in Molly, she demands immediate payment of the bill, expecting that Molly will be forced to turn to Pryer to meet it. The result of this little manoeuvre need not be revealed here.

The background of the story — the fashionable shop and its varied customers—the attractive mannequin show and the beautiful clothes—has been admirably devised. For the most part, the story holds the interest well. Julianne is said to be drawn from life and certainly Miss Rich plays her to the hilt. Excellent work in smaller roles is offered by H. B. Warner, as Pryer, Ilka Chase, as a hard-boiled show girl with a passion for abbreviations, Raymond Hackett, as Harvey, and Wheeler Oakman, as "Lucky" Jim Seymour, the gambler.

Also on the program is "Crazy That Way," the comedy of a pretty girl with too many suitors, featuring Joan Bennett and Kenneth McKenna.—E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Not Damage"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Frank Gay from the story by Richard Connell; directed by Chandler Sprague and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Gwen Stewart ..... Lois Moran
Charlie Jones ..... Robert Ames
Kirk Randolph ..... Walter Byron
Maude Graham ..... Inez Courtenay
Elmer ..... George "Red" Corcoran
Peebles ..... Ernest Wood
Jenny ..... Rhoda Cross

When a talking picture comes along that violates, and without any flourish of trumpets in advance, one of the best established traditions of the films, it is something worth remarking. "Not Damaged," current feature film at the Keith-Albee Theatre, actually dares to suggest that there are a few rich young men whose intentions toward a pretty girl are not strictly dishonorable. It goes even further than that, and hints that a poor admirer can be a jealous nuisance and something of a cad beside. Aside from all this, "Not Damaged" is an amusing, well acted and entertaining little comedy that gives an excellent break to a young actor, Walter Byron, who has suffered of late from a most undeserved neglect.

Gwen Stewart, working at the shirt counter of a big department store, has a profound distrust for any rich and good looking young men with flirtatious leanings. She is also the victim of a persistent and totally unromantic fellow employe, Charlie Jones, who wishes to marry her. She snubs the advances of Kirk Randolph, who buys four dozen shirts at once just for the chance of talking to her, but finds that she likes him just the same. The senseless jealousy of Charlie finally drives her to accept a dinner invitation from Kirk. Her entering his apartment, frightened to death at the sight of his Chinese butler and equally appalled by his offering her a cocktail, amuses Kirk greatly, but they spend a very pleasant evening just the same. Finally, she takes alarm at some comparatively innocent remark and goes away, her brief glimpse of luxury and congenial companionship making the dulness of her own life seem all the worse.

Emotionally worked up, she goes to Charlie for comfort, only to find that he is what she had expected Kirk to be, so in a mood of desperation she returns to Kirk demanding to be taken on a "wild" party. The results are neither depressing nor melodramatic and things end in a nice little romance this next morning. Lois Moran, an excellent type for the independent, fundamentally romantic little shop girl, is an excellent partner for the debonair and handsome Walter Byron. Inez Courtenay and "Red" Corcoran make an amusing comedy pair and Robert Ames is satisfactory in an ungrateful role.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Sweet Adeline," musical romance, with Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, Irene Franklin; 8:15.

COPLEY—"Shooting Shadows," mystery comedy; 8:30.

LYRIC—Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," 2d edition; 8:20.

MAJESTIC—"Bird in Hand," John Drinkwater's comedy; 8:15.

PLYMOUTH—"Apron Strings," comedy, with Jefferson De Angelis; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Princess Charming," musical comedy, with George Grossmith, Danielle Bregis, Victor Moore; 8:20.

WILBUR—"Twelfth Night," with Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine; 8:20.

Sept 19 1930

METROPOLITAN

"Old English"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Walter Anthony and Maude Howell from the play of the same name by John Galsworthy; directed by Alfred E. Green and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Sylvanus Heythorp ..... George Arliss
Jock ..... Leon Janney
Mrs. Larne ..... Doris Lloyd
Phyllis Larne ..... Betty Lawford
Joe Phillin ..... Ivan Simpson
Farney ..... Harrington Reynolds
Bob Phillin ..... Reginald Sheffield
Charles Ventnor ..... Murray Kinnell
Adela Heythorp ..... Ethel Griffies
Letty ..... Henrietta Goodwin
Molly ..... Joan McClain

Gordon Craig says in one of his recent books that an actor who is a genius—and he cites Henry Irving as an example—will choose by preference a play that is not at all great in itself, and by force of his gifts, make the leading role a very gem in its brilliance as well as in its power to absorb all the other characters. No one will be likely to deny at this late date that George Arliss in his own field is unsurpassable and that he makes the reputation of his plays rather than they his. "Old English," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, is a striking example of how to make bricks without any straw whatever. As it stands now it is the play transferred to the screen with hardly a deviation—none whatever of importance—and just as little plot as Mr. Galsworthy planned when he wrote it. Yet Mr. Arliss, by his complete self-identification with the character, his understanding of every mood and every instinct of Sylvannus Heythorp, holds one absorbed and for the moment entirely convinced that this is life itself and not a shadow.

The story is singularly unimportant, more so than in any of Mr. Arliss's vehicles to date; the picture is a character study pure and simple—almost a monologue in fact and completely so in interest. Not many actors—we recall none at the moment—who could spend a good 20 minutes on the screen eating dinner and keeping an audience quiet and attentive. Yet Mr. Arliss tackles his banquet with such whole hearted gusto and evidence of rapture—his appreciation of the port wine and the savoury in particular—that he makes one merely envious and hungry. The character he plays is a lovable old sinner, strong-willed, keen-minded, impatient of bodily weakness and fighting off old age and submission with every fibre in his body. Sylvanus Heythorp, driven unexpectedly to the necessity of providing for the future of his grandchildren, "under the rose" puts through a shady business transaction and is found out. Rather than lose his independence, he orders himself a rich dinner, with ample liquor on the side, and after enjoying all the things forbidden him for years, dies of a stroke, unbeaten to the last.

That is all there is, yet much lies beneath the surface that only Mr. Arliss could bring out. His performance is an object lesson in acting that deserves the most careful study. Voice, make-up, walk, gestures, expressions—he uses them all in a most perfectly blended whole. Because he looks on the screen as worthy of the best, Mr. Arliss continues to give the screen its best acting. The rest of the cast didn't have much of a chance, but good bits were contributed by Betty Lawford as Phyllis Larne, the granddaughter; Ivan Simpson as old Joe Phillin and Joan McClain as the pretty little Irish maid, Molly.—E. L. H.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Spoilers"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bartlett Cormack and Agnes Brand Leahy from the novel and play of the same name by Rex Beach; directed by Edwin Carewe and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Roy Glenister	Gary Cooper
Helen Chester	Kay Johnson
Cherry Malotte	Betty Compson
McNamara	William Boyd
Herman	Harry Green
Slapjack Slims	Slim Summerville
Dextry	James Kirkwood
Judge Stillman	Lloyd Ingraham
Struve	Oscar Apfel
Voorhees	Jack Holmes
William Wheaton	George Irving
Ship captain	Knute Ericson

Paramount has done well by Rex Beach and "The Spoilers." In truth, it has given to the screen one of the most vividly pictorial and dramatically virile productions the talking films can boast. Profiting by observation of deficiencies or lapses in two previous silent screenings, Paramount has succeeded in preserving all the robust phases of the original narrative, in unfolding a perfectly coherent if abbreviated transcription. The exciting events leading up to the glorious, smashing climax of the fist fight between Glenister and McNamara are dove-tailed with skill, precision and surety. There is admirable juxtaposition of outdoor scenes and of episodes within dance hall and cabin walls. And above all, there is performance of exceptional depth and sincerity by each and every one of the noteworthy cast, from Mr. Cooper down to the ship captain. "The Spoilers" is a picture of and for red-blooded men, and women, too, for that matter.

The tale is of a successful young gold miner and two women; of conflict between primitive conceptions of justice and unscrupulous politicians attempting wholesale looting under cloak of governmental paternalism; and of sturdy loyalties among men engaged in mad quests for riches in a land far removed from civilization's outposts. We see a shipload of frantic tenderfeet embarking for Nome, much as we saw them in "The Trail of '98." We observe the first meeting between Glenister and Helen Chester; the candid dismissal of Cherry Malotte, his erstwhile dance hall love, by Glenister; the landing of flatboats through a menacing surf; the men of the Midas mine sluicing tons of dirt for precious nuggets and dust; the strife between claim-jumpers and lawful owners; the bitter feud between Helen and Cherry, with the former the winner, and finally that thrilling battle between two men keyed to a mutual hatred and intent to kill. It was the second good fight we have seen recently. That between Richard Dix and Matthew Betz in "Shooting Straight" was lively. This one, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Boyd, is more demoniacal, more thorough. It seems a wonder that either survived.

Mr. Cooper is admirable as a diffident lover, leader of men, catch-as-catch-can scrapper. His two bearded musketeers, Mr. Kirkwood, whose favorite ejaculation is "I'm a son of a caribou," and Mr. Summerville, who refers often, even when dying, to "my immortal soul," are splendid. Mr. Boyd is capable in a repellant part. Miss Johnson is graceful, spirited and intelligent always as Helen, and Miss Compson has several strong scenes. The picture is remarkable for its effective manoeuvring of a large number of extras as types. At the Uptown Theatre, appropriate stage setting at either side aided the illusion created by a screen scaled exactly to three dimensions. When Cherry said good-by to Glenister, for instance, it seemed as if she were stepping through the door to the theatre stage. W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Africa Speaks"

An adventure picture filmed with sound by Dr. Paul D. Hoefler and Walter Futter for the Colorado African expedition; released by Columbia and guaranteed by the University of Colorado. Columbia Pictures and the RKO Radio Pictures; released by Columbia.

"Africa Speaks," the record of the Colorado African expedition—an undertaking of two years' duration—opens today at the New B. F. Keith Theatre. That there may be no misapprehensions as to its authenticity, the film is sponsored by the RKO Radio Pictures organization, by Columbia Pictures, through which it is released, and by several institutions of the state of Colorado, by which the expedition was financed. Were it not for the doubts engendered by previous unfortunate experiences, such elaborate safeguarding would hardly be necessary, for the picture as it stands has a most authentic stamp. Certain crudities of arrangement bear witness chiefly to a lack of experience on the part of the photographers, but nothing more.

The route of the expedition was across the African continent from Lagos to Mombasa, through wild and often unexplored territory. Such a wealth of material was collected that it is impossible, in a notice of this sort, to touch on any but the outstanding features. Dr. Hoefler and Mr. Hutter were their own camera men for the most part, a task by no means devoid of difficulties and danger: terrific heat, a plague of locusts, really wild animals and natives of uncertain disposition were among the obstacles encountered.

Not the least interesting portion of the film is that which describes the Ifi pygmies. A relatively small tribe, friendly and curious, they were quickly won over by presents of common salt, a substance so rare in Africa that it is worth its weight in gold. They practise companionate marriage and, judging by their healthy and contented appearance, the experiment is successful. A very different sort of people in appearance were the Ubangi savages, whence come the duck-billed women. This intentional disfigurement, Dr. Hoefler explains, grew out of past necessity and is now being discontinued, though still considered a mark of beauty.

Though the expedition was primarily for the photographing of lions, the bird and insect kingdom hold the greater interest from their comparative novelty. Particularly beautiful was the great hitherto unknown lake, on the surface of which—lying many feet below the surface of a barren plain—millions of rosy plumaged flamingoes are born, live and die. Equally impressive, but terrifying as well, was the gigantic swarm of locusts. Like the famous plague in the book of Exodus, they darkened the sun, carpeted the ground, devoured everything green within miles and drove all living creatures far away to seek their food. As caught by the eye of the camera, they present a truly amazing sight.

Other interesting sights include the views of elephant and rhinoceros—the rare white variety—giraffe, zebras, gnus, Thompson's gazelle and the newly discovered impalla, a deer-like animal with an amazing power of jumping. Much time was spent among the Masai, the famous wandering tribe, and lions of all sizes and kinds were photographed. A lion hunt, following the death of one of the natives, was undertaken by the Masai hunters, a group of men of marvellous physique and great courage. This portion of the picture is extremely interesting and the lions are most convincingly ferocious. "Africa Speaks" is a film for persons of all ages to see. Dr. Hoefler will appear in person tonight and describe to the audience some of the hazards undergone by himself and his companions. E. L. H.

PARK

"Sweethearts"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted to the screen by Cohn Clements from the story by Al Cohn and James Starr; directed by Marshall Neilan and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Helen	Alice White
Bill	Lloyd Hughes
Nita	Marie Prevost
Hendricks	Kenneth Thompson
Hank	Ray Cooke
Parker	Wilbur Mack
Denham	Ernest Wood
Store Manager	Max Asher

A mildly amusing and very scrappy little picture, "Sweethearts," is now the feature film at the Park Theatre. We lost count after a while of the number of fights indulged in by Lloyd Hughes, as a pugnacious marine, over the charms of Alice White as one of those impregnably virtuous and incredibly stupid shop girls. It is pretty unimportant and serves once again to prove that Alice White is about through. She used to have two expressions, now she has only one, and it does get terribly overworked. The only amusement in the story is provided by the returning Marie Prevost and by Ray Cooke, an ingenuous youth with a most astonishing countenance.

Helen, an innocent damsel from the country, is parked on a bench by her friend, Nita, who is looking for a job. A comic sailor, Hank, tries to pick her up but is promptly removed by Bill, a marine and proud of it. Hank consoles himself with Nita, and all is set for a double romance when Bill and Hank have to go back to a month's sea duty, and Helen, who acts as a demonstrator of bathing appliances in a store window, is besieged by an unscrupulous man of wealth named Hendricks. All the warnings of the sensible Nita fail to deter her, and on the very night that Bill's ship comes back, she invites Hendricks to the apartment for a home-cooked dinner. There is a violent quarrel, Bill takes back his ring and leaves, while Hendricks suggests to the ruffled damsel that they become engaged.

This is followed by a party on Hendricks's yacht, the news that Hendricks is already married, the violent intervention of Bill and most of the marine corps, and a final reconciliation. Lloyd Hughes sets his jaw grimly and charges through his part with as much toughness as he can muster, while Ray Cooke as the comically ingenuous Hank and Marie Prevost as his lady love, collect a fair number of laughs. There are some good newsreel shots of battleship at target practice.

Also on the program is "Shadow Ranch," a western drama, with Hoot Gibson, Marguerite de la Motte and Kate Price. E. L. H.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"Subway Express" will be performed here for the first time tomorrow night at the Hollis Street Theatre. The theatre manager says with the Apostle, "Behold I show you a mystery," and promises the spectators that they will not all sleep. As this play, by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison is a mystery, one must be careful in describing the plot and the characters.

The first performance was at the Fox Theatre, Hampstead, on Sept. 6, 1929. The title at that time was "The Subway Murder." (The title before that was "Murder in the Subway,") Produced at the Liberty Theatre, New York, on Sept. 24, 1929, with the title "Subway Express" the drama called for a huge cast with Jack Lee, the murdered man, a broker, sitting upright in a subway car for two acts; Edward Ellis, as the police inspector, Edward Pawley, as Whitney Borden, accused; and Dorothy Peterson, the broker's faithless wife, having leading parts.

Among the passengers in the car are the broker, his wife and the broker's false friend. Somewhere between Fourteenth street and the Pennsylvania station in New York a shot is fired. A bullet hits the broker's heart: i. e., the anatomical organ; but the broker was murdered before the shot was fired; he had been electrocuted. The police inspector boards the train when traffic stops and begins an investigation.

It is said that Martha Madison saw no profitable future as an actress; that Miss Flint was discouraged as a stage manager. They both were ambitious, but of the five plays they wrote and re-wrote "Subway Express" was the only one to be produced. In the season 1928-29 they disposed of two plays, but with the result that Miss Madison broke down nervously and Miss Flint found employment in a white-tiled beanery. Mr. Woods, frightened by the intricate stage settings "Subway Express" required, sent the play back to the authors. Mr. Blatt was not daunted and made the production.

The elaborate, singularly realistic stage setting shows the interior of a car almost as long as its prototype, the crowded passengers, the station lights, the darkness of the tunnel and reproduces the clatter and the roar, even the difference in timbre between the local and express trains.

Miss Flint and Miss Madison's latest play is "The Up and Up," a story of the underworld, with Pat O'Brien playing Curley, the King of Bookmakers.

"Subway Express" must not be confounded with Elmer Rice's "Subway" written in 1923, but refused by many managers until it was performed at the Cherry Lane Theatre, New York, on Jan. 25, 1929. This is a tragedy of the machine age. Sophie, a clerk in a department of the Library Trust, would have romance in her life, wearied by her imprisonment in a "dust-proof, sun-proof, fool-and-sound proof prison." She is seduced and deserted by an artist. Sorrow and a hideous nightmare drive her to jump into the jaws of the monster subway, symbolic of the grinding fury of all the machines we feed. "The Subway" was produced in London at the Garrick Theatre on July 14, 1929.

In answer to the charge brought against "Subway Express" that the story is incredible, Mr. Watts asked, "just what melodramas have been in recent years exactly realistic." He mentioned "Broadway" and "The Racket." The others had entertained him. "It hardly seems that 'Subway Express' which was both ingenious and exciting, should be too seriously criticized for a rather common failure."

"Miss Gulliver's Travels: a romantic comedy of 1811," in three acts, by George Ford and Ethel Taylor, will be produced by George Ford tomorrow night at the Plymouth Theatre. This play, previously known as "The Curtain Rises," and "Shreds and Patches," when it was performed late last season at Rochester, N. Y., and at Toronto, describes the adventures of a wagon show in 1811 on a trip from Albany through western New York, towards Kentucky. The company at last plays at Washington, D. C., "before the nation's finest audience."

Captain Lemuel Gulliver appeared on the stage long ago: in Reece's "Gulliver in Lilliput"; in Henry J. Byron's spectacular piece, "Gulliver's Travels," and in Christmas pantomimes. It is strange that no one of the modern pessimistically inclined dramatists has thought of showing Gulliver with the Yahoos and Houyhnhnhms, but the censor, no doubt, would object to a Yahoo heroine on the stage, if Swift's account of her personal appearance and behavior were strictly followed.

There was a curious performance of Garrick's "Gulliver in Lilliput" at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on Nov. 11, 1837, when Mr. Porter, the Kentucky giant, 7 feet 6 inches in height, took the part of Gulliver, and Major Stevens, an American dwarf, 30 years old, 3 feet 4 inches in height, played Lord Flimnap. The other players were children. This sensation was a great success "and for many nights cheapened the high quality of Wallack's stage."

A leading critic of the drama, one of international fame, a man prominent in what may be called theatrical education, was disappointed at Obermmergau this season. He told us that the performance was sophisticated; the principals unsatisfactory with the exception of the portrayer of Pilate; that the chorus had been drilled too mechanically, lacking wholly in spontaneity. He had seen a previous performance when he was greatly impressed.

We are informed that Mr. Louis K. Anspacher is concerned in his new play, "The Rhapsody," produced in New York last Tuesday, with the soul searing problem of a Hungarian song writer troubled persistently by some conflict deep in his personality. A "profound psychologist" is one of the characters.

There have been many plays since the tragedies and comedies of the Greeks in which characters have internal mental conflicts, but for centuries killing one's self and others, treacheries, seductions, revelations of nature base or humorous were considered as good stuff for the theatre without thought of alluring audiences by the bait of psychological problems, subconscious influences and instigations. The story of Oedipus was familiar to an

enian audience before it sat in the playhouse, but there was no talk he "Oedipus complex."

Men and women in musical comedies are full of "suppressed desires," spectators look on these men and women as human beings, more or reasonable creatures to afford them amusement, not necessarily subjects the psychiatrist.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse does not fully appreciate the improvements in production of film plays. As he takes his seat he wonders whether man beside him is a pickpocket. When the play begins the audience s its emotions at half-pressure. Mr. Monkhouse, seeing "Beau Geste," ght they were imposing a penny novelette on him. In "Disraeli" the le all spoke with a curious, deep resonance. "I have never heard a rn boom, but I think that romantic bird would have found itself at e among them. And 'Disraeli' is—not to put too fine a point upon it, r. Toots (or is it Mr. Guppy?) would say—bosh. Its particular brand nperialism is, I should say, obsolete outside the theatre. The theatre e refuge of Rip Van Winkle." Mr. Monkhouse admits he enjoyed the

"I can enjoy bosh with anyone, but I can't sympathize with those would have bosh all the time. I could understand a man of culture refinement becoming an habitual drunkard on gin, but I should find y difficult to conceive such a man making a habit of 'Beau Gestes' Disraelis.' There was a time when the theatre commonly supplied plays as 'Still Waters Run Deep' or in another vein, 'The Sign of ross.' That is over and it ought not to be permitted to return by f the picture theatre."

S-ep 22 1930

THAT YALE SPIRIT

By PHILIP HALE

Prof. Rostovtzeff of Yale University has written a paper to prove that "beer originated as a beverage in the Rhineland town of Treves at a time when Treves was part of Gaul." He submitted this paper before the French Academy of Inscriptions. The Parisian newspapers, therefore, rejoice in the supposed dethronement of Gambrinus, forgetting that Bismarck once said: "They who drink beer, think beer," and wished the Germans to confine themselves to native wines. (His own favorite drink was champagne mixed with porter.) It is eminently fit that a Yale professor should devote his attention to beer, for the Quiet House in New Haven kept by Frank Moriarty and his wife of blessed memory was in the seventies one of Yale's most famous and cherished institutions. The ale drawn there from the wood was to students as the waters of Geium, or even the nectar of the gods.

But when this learned professor thought he had discovered in a manuscript of the second century of the Christian era "the earliest recorded reference to brewing," he went astray, and joined others that have been mistaken. As Andrew Boorde, a physician and alleged wit of 1542, who wrote in his "Dietary" of beer: "It is a naturall drynke for a Dutche man. And now of late dayes it is moche used in Englande to the detryment of many Englysshe men." It was true that beer in the 16th century was more drunk in England than in any other country. When Philip the Second arrived there and announced his intention "Vivre de tous poincts a l'Anglais" he at once called for beer and drank it manfully. In 1672 Jorevin de Rochefort visiting Cambridge drank two or three pots with clergymen who called on him, "for no kind of business is transacted in England without the intervention of pots of beer."

The first brewing was not in Germany, not in England, not in France. (The native beer today in France is excellent; so is the Swiss beer—experto crede! The brew called Beauregard—a name that appropriately goes with the popular names of Swiss hotels—Beau Sejour, Beau Rivage.) No. The admirable Egyptians brewed beer, as there were no vines in their country according to Herodotus. Athenaeus mentions Dio, the academic philosopher, as saying that the Egyptians became bibulous. We quote from Prof. Gulick's delightful translation: "And so a way was found among them to help those who could not afford wine, namely, to drink that made from barley; they who took it were so elated that they sang, danced, and acted in every way like persons filled with wine. Now Aristotle declares that men who have been intoxicated with wine fall down face foremost, whereas they who have drunk barley beer lie outstretched on their backs—for wine makes one topheavy, but beer stupefies." And so some beer drinkers in the United States have been accused in slang of having a "numb."

It is an ironical fact that one of the most learned and interesting accounts of the invention and history of beer is contained in an opinion handed down by the great Chancellor Walworth of New York state, and he was a strong advocate for temperance. But he is forgotten except by lawyers, and so is his son, Mansfield Tracy Walworth, who was killed by his own son, Frank.

S-ep 22

TIME AND THE RAZOR

If there are any who still play the game of beaver indoors or out and keep accurate scores or in the fury of the sport stoop to cheating, they will find today the most encouraging playground in Switzerland, and in a few months, if not now, in France. A Frenchman, estimating how much time a man of 70 has spent in the various activities of his long life, gives, among other items, 19 years to work, 23 to bed, 9 to amusements, 1 to church and 2 to shaving. He suggests that the shaving should be cut out; that the two years should be applied to more important pursuits.

A good many years ago the poet Campbell calculated that a man who daily shaves himself and lives to the age of 70 expends during his life as much time in the act of shaving as would have sufficed for learning seven languages. Robert Southey tested Campbell's assertion. On May 15, 1830, the time occupied in shaving was, within a second or two, nine minutes. He neither hurried the operation nor lingered about it. Nine minutes a day amounts to an hour and three minutes a week; an hour and three minutes a week are 54 hours and 36 minutes a year. Suppose 50 years of daily shaving are to be computed; in that time the man will have consumed 2730 hours in the act of shaving. There would be 390 hours for learning one of the seven languages.

These computations were made before the invention of the safety razor, nor was there due consideration of the thickness and stubbornness of the beard, nor of time wasted in stropping the razor. Furthermore, if a beard is worn, it calls for trimming, cleanliness and possibly for oiling.

And if the author of "Elements of Education," published in 1640, is worthy of credence, time spent in the care of whiskerage is not wasted. "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine mustachios. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time, for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by, masculine and courageous notions."

On the other hand, the Duc de Brissac was often heard to say to himself, when he adjusted his razor to the proper angle: "Timoleon de Cosse, God hath made thee a gentleman, and the King hath made thee a duke. It is, nevertheless, right and fit that thou shouldst have something to do; therefore, thou shalt shave thyself."

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL — "Sweet Adeline," musical romance, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth: 8:15.

COPLEY—"Shooting Shadows," mystery comedy: 8:30.

HOLLIS STREET—"Subway Express," mystery play, with Edward Ellis: 8:20.

LYRIC—Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," second edition: 8:20.

MAJESTIC—"Bird in Hand," John Drinkwater's comedy: 8:25.

PLYMOUTH—"Miss Gulliver's Travels," comedy-drama, with Helen Ford: 8:20.

SHUBERT—"Princess Charming," musical comedy, with George Grossmith, Danielle Bregis, Victor Moore: 8:20.

WILBUR—"Twelfth Night," with Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine: 8:20.

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KEITH-ALBEE

"He Knew Women"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by William Jutte and Hugh Herbert from the play by S. N. Behrman, entitled "The Second Man"; directed by Hugh Herbert and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Geoffrey Clarke ..... Lowell Sherman
Alice Frayne ..... Alice Joyce
Austin Lowe ..... David Manners
Monica Grey ..... Frances Dade

A director must have supreme confidence in his material to undertake to film a stage success employing only four characters, a play which depends on an easy flow of epigrammatic speech and contradictory moods, with a modicum of action. Such a piece is "He Knew Women," known as "The Second Man" when Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Earl Larrimore and Margalo Gilmore appeared in it three seasons ago under the Theatre Guild banner. That Mr. Herbert has come through triumphantly despite such pitfalls as practically a single setting, an almost static camera and some cloudy transitions from deep shots to close-ups, is due in great degree to the unflagging co-operation of the four players selected for the screen play. Mr. Behrman wrote "The Second Man" as pure comedy. As such the present quartet strive to play it, barring certain moments when Mr. Sherman is inclined to smirk and to pass flippantly over the border line into farce. But it seems peevish to scold this finished actor in the face of his perfect enunciation, his lightness of touch, his facial revelations of each inner emotion, whether frivolous or serious.

In the play Geoffrey Clarke is an impecunious writer, witty, but not brilliant; still youthful of speech and viewpoint though an unwilling prey to a middle age presaged by stoutness and gray hairs. Alice Frayne, wealthy widow, is his patroness, would be his consort. Monica Grey, a young girl of mercurial temperament, thinks she is in love with Geoffrey, though by every tenet of reason she should respond whole-heartedly to the youthful devotion of Austin Lowe, a genius at chemistry but a dullard at love. Monica's insistence that Geoffrey marry her almost wrecks the happiness of all four persons. Mr. Behrman neatly brings them through to the only logical relationships.

Mr. Sherman is quite at home as Geoffrey, the distracted author, trying to convince that pretty chameleon, Monica, that he is not all that he seems; while he really loves her there is within him a grinning second man, cynical, cruel, selfish, sophisticated, who controls his present and future. Miss Dade, who reminds all of us old enough to remember of Isabel Irving when she was in the hey-day of her stage youth, is fascinatingly pleasing as Monica. She is no ordinary ingenue, as time will prove. Miss Joyce and Mr. Manners, in less volatile roles, still are competent at the work allotted them. "He Knew Women" is entertaining fare for those with alert minds.—W. E. G.

MODERN-BEACON

"Dancing Sweeties"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Gordon Rigby and Joseph A. Jackson from the story entitled "Three Flights Up," by Harry Fried; directed by Ray Enright and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Bill Cleaver ..... Grant Withers
Molly O'Neill ..... Sue Carol
Jazzbo Gans ..... Edna Murphy
Mr. Cleaver ..... Tully Marshall
Mrs. Cleaver ..... Kate Price
Emma O'Neill ..... Adamae Vaughan
Needles Thompson ..... Eddie Philips

"Dancing Sweeties," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres, is an amusing little trifle that might have been more interesting than it is. It hasn't a backstage setting, but the situation on which the story is built has a very similar tinge. There would have been more to it, had the director shown more interest in the potential drama than in interjections of low comedy, but as it is, "Dancing Sweeties" is inoffensive, reasonably entertaining and occasionally silly. The acting is so-so, save for a bit donated by Tully Marshall, who was much too good and too convincing for the size of his part.

Bill Cleaver, soda jerker and dance-hall sheik with a passion for winning cups, meets Molly O'Neill at a waltzing contest and likes her a lot. They win the cup of the evening and then, when the couple who were to be married on the dance floor give out, they decide to take a chance themselves. A furnished apartment and a month's groceries are included in the arrangement. Aside from the unfriendly and sceptical attitudes of their respective parents, things start out very well. Eventually Molly tires of an endless round of dancing in cheap halls and speaks forcibly in favor of home life and possible children. Bill, on the other hand, still hankers for the cups and begins to resent to cheap subterfuges to get out in the evenings. Finally Molly catches him in a flagrant series of lies and there is a violent quarrel.

They separate and Bill begins to realize what a fool he has been, but his conceit receives a most crushing blow when Molly and his deadly rival, "Needles" Thompson, win a cup from him and an old friend, "Jazzbo" Gans. After a little more stalling around Bill and Molly come together and the epilogue shows them proudly wheeling twins in the park. Grant Withers is reasonably convincing as the conceited, but somehow likeable Bill, and Sue Carol is a pretty and rather insipid Molly.

Also on the program is "The Big Fight," taken from the play in which Jack Dempsey once acted, a story of crooks and honest boxers, with Guinn Williams and Lola Lane. E. L. H.

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LOEW'S STATE

"Madame Satan"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted from the story of Jeanie McPherson with dialogue by Gladys Unger and Elsie Janis; directed by Cecil B. DeMille and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Angela Brooks ..... Kay Johnson
Bob Brooks ..... Reginald Denny
Trixie ..... Lillian Roth
Jimmie Wade ..... Roland Young
Martha ..... Elsa Peterson
Captain ..... Boyd Irwin
First Mate ..... Wallace MacDonald
A Roman Senator ..... Wilfred Lu

Just what Cecil B. De Mille meant to make of "Madam Satan," current feature film at Loew's State, seems doomed to remain one of the season's deepest and never to be solved mysteries. Alternating between scenes of domestic upheavals, the lowest of low bedroom farce, a good deal of wild and synthetic drama and the most amazing of masquerades, it fails to be anything but a night-marish hodgepodge. In and out of the proceedings wander a number of good players, rather bewildered and hard to put it to deliver their peculiar lines with any semblance of conviction. Cecil De Mille has long been a byword in motion picture circles for the reckless expenditure and elaboration of detail that goes into his productions. With his first talking film, "Dynamite," he proved that a film could be too long and absurd in its outlines but still contain some drama. In "Madam Satan," there is neither drama nor humor—save in its most unattractive form—and the dazed beholder wonders how so much money and effort could produce so little of value.

The film begins with a quarrel between Bob Brooks, a good humored rounder who wishes to be his wife's lover as well as her husband, and Angela Brooks, beautiful, long suffering and high minded. So far as the audience can see, Angela is an insufferable prig and Bob pretty much of a cad. Bob walks out on her and goes to his latest flame, Trixie, a vulgar little actress, very much given to flaunting her physical charms and talking about how much better she is in reality than the so-called "good women," who sell themselves for a "fashionable wedding and a big empty house," and put their love "in a safety vault and lose the key." The words are not ours—merely verbatim quotations from the picture. There are a lot of farcical contretemps involving Trixie, Bob, Jimmie Wade, his diminutive and long-suffering friend, and Angela. The accompanying dialogue leaves plenty to be desired.

The climax is a gigantic costume ball on board a dirigible—of all things!—attended by most of the spare actors in Hollywood. Angela, attired in a truly amazing outfit, calls herself Madame Satan, and has all the men on her track in a minute, chief among them being Bob. The dirigible breaks loose and the guests have to descend in parachutes—giving an opportunity for much trick photography. Bob and Angela recognize one another and in the end are reconciled. Kay Johnson, stunning to look at in her beautiful costumes, did what she could to make Angela credible, but it was beyond her. Reginald Denny, as the wandering Bob, acted agreeably and sang mediocre music in a very pleasing baritone voice. Lillian Roth was a hard and rather common Trixie, and Roland Young, as the bemused Jimmie Wade, contributed the only serious acting of the picture. All are worthy of better things.

E. L. H.

By PHILIP HALE

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Subway Express," a play in three acts and four scenes, by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison, staged by Chester Erskin; settings by Cirker and Robbins; produced by Edward A. Blatt. The Fox Theatre, Hampstead, Sept. 6, 1929, as "The Subway Murder," Liberty Theatre, New York city, Sept. 24, 1929. Edward Tracy, Jack Lee; Police Inspector Hannen, Edward Ellis; Whitney Borden, Edward Pawley; George Mason, Arthur Hughes; Dr. Blum, George Le Soir; Dale Tracy, Dorothy Peterson; Herman Stevens, J. Hammond Dailey. The cast last night.

Edward Tracy	Guy Fuget
Inspector Hannen	Edward Ellis
Whitney Borden	Carl Benton Reed
George Mason	Walt Spence
Dr. Blum	Ralph Simone
Herman Stevens	J. Hammond Dailey
Mr. Anderson	Charles Newsome
Dale Tracy	Allyn Gillyn

There were many others in the cast: Passengers, policemen, motormen, conductors. The playbill contained this note: "Members of the audience are kindly requested not to divulge the plot of 'Subway Express' to any of their friends, since this will obviously detract from the enjoyment of those who have yet to see the play."

Yet this may be said: A broker is shot and supposedly killed in a New York subway car, but when the body is examined by a physician it is found that Mr. Tracy had previously been electrocuted. It may also be said that his partner, who is also the lover of Tracy's wife, is accused of the murder or of the instigation of it. A clerk of the firm who is hysterical when examined brutally in the car by the police inspector is shot and killed as he was supposedly about to give important information. Among the passengers are comic Jews and a deaf man, two sailors, two Italians, a flapper, other men and women of various stations in life, all introduced for the sake of a realistic picture and to supply what is known as humorous relief. It may also be said that in the course of the play there is an interesting discussion of possible methods for electrocuting a passenger, and an inquiry into the use and ownership of asbestos gloves.

The inspector—played by Mr. Ellis who bears the burden, having countless lines—is at first suave. He then threatens, bullies, roars, and at the end after the murderer is exposed, relapses into mildness, as if he were well pleased with the adventure and cheered by the ending of a perfect day and night.

Let no one say that the story is wildly improbable. If it were not so the melodrama would not be amusing. The audience enjoyed it hugely, laughing loudly not only at the conversation and the behavior of the passengers, but whenever there were moments that should have thrilled or at least held the spectators breathless in suspense. They were not seriously concerned with the fate of Mr. Borden and Mrs. Tracy; perhaps they disapproved of the intimacy that had been brought to light. Nor was the broker who had been neatly burned and potted a man wholly without reproach.

After all the real hero of the play is the subway car itself as it dashes by lighted stations, now stops, now makes its way again; though the broker who, a corpse, sits immovable through the greater part of the action, is a rival in interest. He was justly applauded when he was borne off the stage, nor were there any complaints about faulty enunciation and conventional gestures.

The company was heartily applauded after the final curtain. The play is in many ways ingenious in its improbability. The illusion of the moving car is well maintained.

PLYMOUTH

"Miss Gulliver's Travels"

Miss Gulliver's Travels," a romantic comedy in three acts, by George Ford and Ethel Taylor; previously known as "The Curtain Rises" and "Shreds and Patches" in performance last season at Rochester, N. Y., and at Toronto, with Ethel Taylor as Judy Gulliver; staged by Benrimo and presented by George Ford last evening at the Plymouth Theatre with the following cast:

Barney Gulliver	Harry Ratcliffe
Sidney Spoonbill	Ignacio Martinetti
Lem Fink	William Podmore
Rowley Ruggles	Jefferson Lloyd
Lilly Dale	Olive May
Hermione Dracey	Virginia Howell
Kendle Dracey	St. Clair Bayfield
Judy Gulliver	Helen Ford
Peter Dracey	Vernon Rich
Sir John Bedford	Fuller Mellish
Alfred Clayton Lank	Eugene Weber
Norman Guffy	James W. Mullen
Scipio Johnson	Sam Davis
John Crump	Nace Bonville
Senator Breckenridge	G. Albert Smith
Corialanus	Frank Alexander

"Perhaps they will do better as they go along. They know their lines, any way." With such optimistic speech did plump and pleasing Lilly Dale declare herself in the third act, when Judy Gulliver and Peter Dracey, misunderstanding each other after a separation of four years, attempt in spiritless fashion to indicate as Romeo and Juliet in the famous balcony scene the lovers they had been in real life before an ocean parted them. The fair Lilly's remarks might well be applied to "Miss Gulliver's Travels," the George Ford-Ethel Taylor costume play which was given a first performance here last evening. One is willing to overlook slight lapses in a first-night performance, but when these lapses become chronic, tolerance is apt to turn to impatience and irritation. In short, by every sign "Miss Gulliver's Travels" was not ready last night to begin its journey, however long or brief that journey may be.

Mr. Ford not only collaborated in writing the play, he produced it. Though dissenting from his views on the subject, one may still respect the courage which has carried him into his third effort, under three different titles, to make theatregoers believe that it is a good play. That it is not and never can be seems due to absence of sustained dramatic force, to unevenness of writing and to a lack of humor. Such as exists is more in the speech of several of the characters than in any situation. Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, more than 30 years ago wrote a truly brilliant and wholly charming play about itinerant players called "Trelawney of the Wells," but Pinero was a master playwright, skilled in the technique of the stage, in character drawing, in sparkling dialogue. Mr. Ford is no Pinero, unfortunately.

When the play opens Gulliver's Thespians are encamped like gypsies in a wood not far from Albany in the summer of 1811. Barney Gulliver, an Irishman, loves his liquor. He has gallons of it hidden in Ophelia's coffin on top of one of the wagons. He has used passage money sent by old Sir John Bedford to his granddaughter, Judy Gulliver, to buy those wagons. He is determined to travel to Kentucky, where he hopes to recoup his waning fortunes. The Draceys, Hermoine and Kendle, conceited Shakespearean ranters, own the horses, and threaten to take them and turn back. Their nephew Peter, just arrived, has fallen instantly in love with that pert little colleen, Judy, and he harmonizes the two warring factions. Three months later the strollers are starving and shivering in an old barn in Limestone, Ohio, four days' journey from their goal. Lank, an evangelist; Guffy, town crier; Scipio, town billposter, come to threaten or to collect, remain to join the troupe. Sir John also comes, to take Judy back, and she, to save her father from jail, consents to leave him, and her Peter, and to go back to England and live as a lady. These two acts move very slowly, with much fishing for lines, doors left open which should be shut, too many allusions to a young porker which Judy has adopted as a mascot and named Otto. The third act, set in a green room and on the stage of a Washington theatre, shows Barney prosperous, Judy back in Washington with Sir John, now British ambassador, and with Senator Breckenridge, an eloquent suitor, at her elbow. Peter places the wrong import on their relationship. Judy is proudly aloof. When the Draceys come on drunk after dining with the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives, the two children are impressed to do the Romeo and Juliet scene; but this never could have come about had not old Kendle called Sir John a member of the rump aristocracy. From that moment Sir John was a trouper himself, abetting romance vigorously. And so it ended.

Miss Ford, entering the cast at a late hour, did her best to vitalize her own role and to keep her companions up to pitch and tempo. She has many accomplishments as a comedienne, and her Irish lass is often delightful to see and to hear. There are several old-timers in the cast, among them Miss May, Mr. Martinetti, Mr. Bonville, Mr. Mellish. The latter gave the most finished performance of all. The others had their good moments and their bad. It would be unfair to give the exact tallies.

W. E. G.

COPLEY

"Shooting Shadows," current mystery comedy at the Copley Theatre, is well worth a visit, possibly two if the reader is the sort of person who likes to have his puzzles thoroughly explained. There is an infinite amount of action, frequent opportunities for laughter and a problem that is not cleared up until the very last possible moment. The scene is set in a deserted house where a village wiseacre, Noah Flood, brings credulous summer visitors to scare them with tales of ghosts. It is a profitable trade, for the mysterious phenomena never fail. Why should they? Noah has his own ideas as to how ghosts should behave.

On this particular night Noah's party consists of Dr. and Mrs. Hemingway, middle-aged and suspicious, Claire Kirkland, a pretty and unexplained young lady, and Dana Ellsworth, recently Dr. Hemingway's ward and now very much in love with Claire. According to plan, Noah works all his little gadgets and frightens the ladies into shrieks. Then comes 11 o'clock, the fatal hour, and at the instant that the ghost is supposed to come through the door into the darkened room, Dana fires and a dead body falls into the room. For the rest of the evening that mysterious body, which disappeared and reappeared in the most uncanny fashion, made most of the trouble. The rest was contributed by one of the usual intelligent inspectors from Scotland yard—who, by the way, was not the murderer. There are incidents that can't stand very close examination, but taken as a whole, "Shooting Shadows," is good entertainment and was so adjudged by the large audience last evening.

The acting is of comparatively minor importance, save the delightful performance of Mr. Clive himself as Noah Flood. By every word and gesture, he conjured up an amusing, ingenious and bewildered old man, bemused by all the excitement he has unwittingly raised. Good work is also done by Lena Anderson, Bertha Belmore and Francis Compton.

E. L. H.

Sep 26 1930

METROPOLITAN

"Three Faces East"

An all-talking mystery drama adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett from the play of the same name by Anthony Paul Kelly; directed by Roy Del Ruth and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Frances Hawtree	Constance Bennett
Valdar	Eric von Stroheim
Arthur Chamberlain	Anthony Bushell
Mr. Yates	William Courtenay
General Hewlett	Cranford Kent
Lady Chamberlain	Charlotte Walker
Sir William Chamberlain	William Holden
Colonel	Wilrich Haupt

"Three Faces East," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, has been popular entertainment for several years. It achieved a notable success on the legitimate stage and was highly interesting as a silent film. This latest version, however, must be set down as wasted opporunity. With Constance Bennett as the beautiful spy and Eric von Stroheim as the master mind of the German secret service, it seems hard to believe that the picture could be anything less than exciting, yet while the opening sequences of the film are well carried out, the whole thing misses fire when the climax fails to materialize. It leaves the spectator with a feeling of annoyance and the sense that he has been cheated out of his legitimate entertainment.

A beautiful girl, Frances Hawtree, playing the double game of a British agent in German pay, is set on the track of a German master spy working as butler in the household of the first lord of the British admiralty. She finds him, but not until the end of the story does she realize who he really is. Meantime, according to the play, she falls desperately in love with him and he with her, but both set their duty above personal considerations and she is forced to shoot him in order to prevent his sending certain vital information. The situation, while melodramatic, was highly moving and exciting. For some reason, the screen play sacrifices all this. Frances says that she loves Valdar, but when she kills him she does it so cold-bloodedly and with so little remorse that it was impossible to think that she had not been lying all the time. The opportunity for a genuinely moving conclusion was wantonly discarded.

The plot is too generally confusing to make possible more than a suggestion of it here. The period is 1917, although the ladies are dressed in the latest styles. There is much talk about secret codes and passwords, every one suspects every one else of being a spy, and were it not that the players take everything so seriously, the situations would border on the ludicrous. Particularly fine is the performance of the dominant, sinister Eric von Stroheim. Fanatically devoted to his country, fearless, outwardly selfless, yet smouldering inwardly with the desires of a passionate individual, is his Valdar, a masterly piece of work. Constance Bennett, while impeccably beautiful, is coldly unconvincing, apparently more concerned with her undoubtedly pleasing appearance than with the fate of her country or the man she professes to love. Her callous flippancy mars the final scenes. William Courtenay gives a finished performance in an important role, while good work is contributed by Crauford Kent, Anthony Bushell and William Holden. The photography and lighting effects are imaginatively contrived.

E. L. H.

Sep 27 1930

PARK

"Borrowed Wives"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted to the screen from the story by Scott Darling; directed by Frank Strayer and presented by Tiffany with the following cast:

Peter Foley	Rex Lease
Alice Blake	Vera Reynolds
Julia	Nita Martan
Bull Morgan	Paul Hurst
Joe Blair	Robert Randall
Uncle Henry	Charles Sellon
Aunt Mary	Dorothea Wolbert
Parker	Sam Hardy
Winstead	Harry Todd
Cop	Tom London
Sergeant	Eddie Chandler

Since the name of Rex Lease heads the cast of "Borrowed Wives," current feature film at the Park Theatre, we suppose that he was meant to be the star. None the less, the real star of the proceedings, such as they are, is none other than Paul Hurst. This hard-boiled, homely and engaging player has a way of proving formidable competition for any player, be he ever so good, to overcome. Since Mr. Lease is nothing but a reasonably good-looking young man, Mr. Hurst wins the honors of "Borrowed Wives" in about half a round. The situations are old as the hills, the humor is slapstick and forced, but so long as Paul Hurst, pretending to be a very tough motorcycle policeman, is in charge, the picture has something to offer.

The plot is so furiously involved and so childishly repetitious that it would be a waste of time to give more than a brief outline. Peter Foley is left a large fortune by his grandfather on condition that he be married on a certain date, so that the money may be handed over to his wife. The girl he wishes to marry, Alice Blake, is delayed, so in desperation he asks another girl, Julia Parker, and sweetheart of a very jealous policeman, Bull Morgan, to pass herself off as married to him until he gets the money. All the characters in the story arrive at the home of Peter's Aunt Mary and Uncle Henry during a heavy storm and the customary run of complications sets in. Trapdoors, lights that go out unexpectedly, rooms with innumerable doors, synthetic thunder and lightning and the usual comic paraphernalia are called into use.

Does Peter eventually get the girl and the legacy? What else could you expect, but he has an uphill pull on the way. Rex Lease tore his hair and looked bewildered. Vera Reynolds and Nita Martan took care of the sentimental interest. Charles Sellon burlesqued the role of a sour old paralytic and Sam Hardy struggled hopelessly through the absurd low comedy part.

Also on the bill is "The Thoroughbred," a story of the race track, with Wesley Barry and many others.

E. L. H

Sep 26 1930

WORDS OF WISDOM

Great men often disappoint their admirers
no strain ears in the hope of hearing words
wisdom whatever the occasion may be, words
at they can treasure, that they can repeat
efacing the quotation: "I once heard Jones
y:" or "I never shall forget what Smith said
out"—

It is recalled by an English journalist, apro-
s of the unveiling of a memorial to Dr.
ley, author of the "Evidences of Christianity,"
t Paley once attended a visitation dinner.
ergymen were eager to hear his observations.
ate in silence until the sweets were served.
then leaned back, wiped his mouth, there
s a hush. All ears were turned towards him.
e great theologian had only this to say: "I
n't think that these puddens are much good
less the seeds are taken out of the raisins."

And so Thomas De Quincey once met a per-
who had travelled with Wordsworth in a
ge coach to London. De Quincey said to this
orified gentleman" (who, par parenthese, was
a donkey): "Now, as you travelled nearly
miles in the company of Mr. Wordsworth,
sequently (for this was in 1805) during two
hts and two days, doubtless you must have
rd many profound remarks that would in-
ably fall from his lips." The donkey did at
remember one. It was when they stopped
breakfast at Baldock. The breakfast was
d for nothing.

"And Wordsworth?"

"He observed"—

"What did he observe?"

"That the buttered toast looked, for
ll the world, as if it had been soaked in
ot water."

here are some who will not admit that a
t man can be human; that he can discuss
al things—though to Paley and Wordsworth
ddens" and buttered toast were by no means
al. Does any one really believe that the
noes, chess, checkers as a sorry substitute
ubs for sparkling conversation at the cre-
ular cocktail hour. Is it to be expected
a man who does not shine as a talker
d be brilliant at chess? The answer is
he must needs be silent at the game. He
ook profoundly wise as he ponders a move.
elcomes the "Sh-h-h" that greets a rattle-
of a member as he enters the room shout-
"I say—have you heard this one?" The
s frozen on the intruder's lips. The play-
end again their heads over the board.
e. The unregenerate would prefer the
g of dice as the prologue to an order for
ext round.

"IMPROVED" CHESS

game of backgammon has been "mod-
l" so that men and women who once ex-
in obtaining commanding positions,
g and throwing off, are now as little
n, unskilled, and not anxious to learn
es. Even the boards are often merely
d plain. Have the old boards in the form
s, with deceptive lettering on the folded
-titles of books, usually of histories—
disappeared?

re have been attempts to "improve" the
of chess. Senor Capablanca a few years
oke of enlarging the board to a hundred
s and adding new pieces, so that players
be thrown more on their own resources.
retired schoolmaster in Slovakia has in-
a game with 50 pieces a side. Among
w ones are the Marshale, the Aeroplane,
nk, the Cruiser. "Apparently all these
able figures are to remain on the board
hout the battle, for they can neither
e nor be captured, and will achieve vic-
y the attainment of a certain position."
rm of chess is called "Laureat."

y add difficulties to a game described by
Burton as one "too troubesome for some
brains, too full of anxiety, all out as
study; besides it is a testy, choleric game.
ery offensive to him that loseth the
Because chess is a game that is thought
quire brains—ingenuity, concentration,
y—it is in favor with some who have not
ise shown mental activity, even with
They think that by saying "I am fond
ss" they will, by this alone, win respect
dmiration from those who know nothing
gambits and castling. When the chess-
re of ivory finely carved and are in po-
on the board, they are a pretty sight, so
that it is a shame to move them, to allow
to be captured.

hibition brought in a feverish interest in

table talk of Luther, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and others was actually spoken at table; that it was not written carefully, perhaps laboriously, in the study?

Sep 29 1930

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"A Lady Surrenders"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by Gladys Lehman from the novel entitled "Sincerity," by John Erskine; directed by John Stahl and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Winthrop Beauvel	Conrad Nagle
Isabel Beauvel	Rose Hobart
Mary Allen	Genevieve Tobin
Carl Vaudrey	Basil Rathbone
Butler	Edgar Norton

Just how much of John Erskine's novel, "Sincerity," remains in "A Lady Surrenders," current feature film at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, we are unable to say, not having read the book. Whatever the answer to that may be, the picture as it now stands is well-dressed, literate, entertaining and admirably acted. That it will have a very wide appeal is doubtful, for it is quiet drama, with no fireworks and few heroics, and what conflict there is, is mental and spiritual rather than physical. In many respects it is more a woman's story than a man's, for the two most important characters are women and the men are but lightly sketched in.

Mr. Erskine's principal characters are Winthrop and Isabel Beauvel and Isabel's friend, Mary Allen. Winthrop is a prosperous young business man, Isabel a successful novelist who rather despises his lack of intellectual achievements and is bored by his husbandly devotion. Her work and her friends interest her far more than Winthrop. Mary, a softer, more affectionate type, comes to visit them and is puzzled as well as distressed by Isabel's attitude. Circumstances throw her with Winthrop under innocent but suspicious conditions. Isabel takes offence and goes off to Europe, announcing that she will have her own amusements.

In her absence Winthrop and Mary fall in love and when a cable arrives from Isabel announcing that divorce proceedings are under way and giving the date for the final decree, they are married. Then Isabel, jilted by a philandering Frenchman, Carl Vaudrey, whom she had expected to marry, cancels the divorce and comes home. She arrives to find Winthrop and Mary just returned from their honeymoon. A painful scene follows; she tells Winthrop that she will forgive him, but he prefers to go with Mary, wife or no wife. Mary, meantime, overwhelmed by the impending tragedy of separation from Winthrop, tries to kill herself. Touched by the manifestation of so deep rooted a passion, Isabel surrenders and goes to Reno, saying that she hopes some day to find a man worth dying for.

The production has been handsomely dressed and the settings are in unusually good taste. John Stahl's direction is also worthy of praise. It is, however, the finely-considered, mature and varied playing of Rose Hobart, newly recruited from the stage, that is the most notable feature. This dark-haired, poised and individual young woman, with her low-pitched, pleasant voice is a most promising player. Indeed, she makes Isabel far more interesting than Mary, acted, none the less, with considerable quiet charm, by Genevieve Tobin. Miss Tobin, also making her screen debut, is attractive, but hardly striking. Conrad Nagel did what he could with Winthrop Beauvel, but the man is too shadowy to be interesting.

E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"The Squealer"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Dorothy Howell from the story by Mark Linder, with dialogue and continuity by Jo Swerling and Casey Robinson; directed by Harry Joe Brown and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Charles Hart	Jack Holt
Margaret Hart	Dorothy Revier
Bunny Hart	Davey Lee
John Sheridan	Matt Moore
Bella	Zasu Pitts
Valletti	Robert Ellis
Red Majors	Matthew Betts
Miller Davis	Arthur Housman
Edwards	Louis Natheaux
Whisper	Eddie Kane
The Killer	Eddie Sturgis
Pimply-Face	Elmer Ballard

If "The Squealer" were marked off into acts, we should be inclined to check off the first as a steal on "Street of Chance"; the second a bald paraphrase of "The Big House" and "The Last Mile," and the third as not much of anything we ever have seen before. For "The Squealer" has little or no claim to originality of theme or to perfection of treatment. It has a trick title and a trick finish; but aside from that it is about an 18th carbon copy of many underworld pictures which have gone before. Moreover it is far from tight in construction. Those who are looking for flaws, inconsistencies and improbabilities will have a field day

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Even the flimsiest play may have a moral; even the most adroitly contrived and pleasingly improbable "mystery drama" may teach a lesson. The one taught by "Subway Express," the play now at the Hollis Street Theatre, is: "Don't sit next a man or woman, however smugly respectable in appearance, who is wearing asbestos gloves."

How should a detective or police inspector be portrayed? As a shouting bully? As a smooth, low-voiced, quietly moving person, whose calm is authoritative and all the more sinister? Look over the plays in which a detective figures largely, from "The Ticket of Leave Man"—with the sleuth bobbing up in the most unexpected places and proclaiming himself as Hawkshaw the detective—to the solemnly sententious Sergeant Cuff in "The Moonstone"—from Inspector Buckett with his constant preliminary "Sir Leicester Dedlock, baronet," to the sly fellow in "Jim the Penman"—not forgetting the detectives in the legion of comparatively recent mystery plays. As a rule they storm and rage, hoping to frighten those unjustly suspected into confession.

Now Mr. Ellis as Inspector Hannen began his investigation in the subway car in a refreshingly mild manner; an insinuating yet dangerous questioner; but as the play went on he began to shout, point a finger, or shake a fist, knowing, no doubt, that the more violent he was, the greater the joy of the audience hoping and demanding to be "thrilled." It may be admitted that the noisier the players on the stage, the more excited grow the spectators.

And so the late Frank E. Chase once said that in rehearsals of a musical comedy a dog was placed in the front row of seats and if it did not bark during a dance, solo, ensemble, the stage manager swore and urged the conductor to "put more pep" in the performance.

The more brutal the policemen were in the subway car, the more they threw the passengers about, the greater was the pleasure of the spectators. No sympathy was wasted on the victims; there was little or no sympathy for the accused wife and partner of the murdered stock broker. The heartiest applause last Monday night was for the corpse who sat like a stoughton bottle for two acts and a half and never said a word—not even when, alive, he walked into the car. And this popular favor was shown him, although he was by no means a man worthy of esteem or admiration in his behavior towards his wife or his partner.

Surely the men who at the back of the stage manipulate the machinery that creates and maintains the illusion of the rushing car should be named in the playbill. On them depends in a large measure the success of the performance.

Some time ago European newspapers stated that Arturo Toscanini would be asked to be the musical director of the Bayreuth Festivals. The report is now declared to be wholly without foundation, but it is said that he will direct seven performances of "Tannhaeuser" in the next few years, and possibly some of "Parsifal."

It is a fact though the newspapers were silent that last summer Mr. Toscanini was not at all pleased with the Bayreuth orchestra. He told a distinguished American composer and pianist that if he had not contributed his services, he would have refused to conduct, for the first rehearsal showed him that the orchestra was not of a high quality. He had an unpleasant experience with the oboe players. He sent them out to put their instruments in order. They thought he had discharged them, so they complained loudly and bitterly to the authorities. One informant told us that the first performances of "Tannhaeuser" and "Tristan and Isolde" conducted by Mr. Toscanini were orchestrally poor; that he had had no time to train the singers according to his plan; that the stage settings in "Tristan and Isolde" were ludicrous—especially the ship in the latter opera.

Mr. Roland Young's book of pictures and verses "Not for Children" is published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Mr. Ring Lardner contributes this introduction: "Perhaps it's 'Not for Children' but it made me a Young fan."

It is said that between acts in a performance Mr. Young amuses himself by drawing pictures of animals, birds and insects and by writing verses about them. The pictures remind us of those drawn by our schoolmates on unsanitary slates in the unhappy days of childhood, but no one of us could have drawn Mr. Young's goat or thought of the accompanying text:

"The Billy goat's a handsome gent
But has a most far-reaching scent.
The Nanny goat is quite a belle,
Let's hope she has no sense of smell."

William Blake drew a picture of the ghost of a flea. Mr. Young's drawing did not please the publishers. It was not lifelike enough. He wrote them he was in Hollywood and didn't have a flea. "We offered to send him one but he answered us with a postcard saying, 'Hadn't we ever been in Hollywood?'" The original drawing now appears with these lines:

"And here's the happy, bounding flea—
You cannot tell the he from she.
The sexes look alike, you see;
But she can tell and so can he."

There are pictures of the cow, cat, giraffe, pig, ostrich, goose, cock, turtle, eagle, skunk

"In this mechanic age the skunk
Inspires no terror—he's the bunk;
For people in cars,
Returning from bars,
Quite frequently flatten the skunk."

The owl, coquettish whales, gnu, camel, loris, ape, fish, frog, parrot, ant, hippopotamus, lion

"This cheerful picture shows the fate
Deserved by William Smith—the late—
When he had killed two lions, he
Was killed in turn, by number three.
The lion's notable behavior
Was published in the roto-gravure."

The zebra, penguin

"They are so gentle and so nice
God keeps these little birds on ice."

The mare, guinea pig, turkey.

Is it possible that Mme. Pavlova will follow the example of Adelina Patti in the announcement of "positively last" farewells? When she last visited this country it was stated that she would leave the stage to spend the rest of her life in gardening and meditation. Now, having danced at Monte Carlo, she is touring England and Scotland. "She may go to America next year."

Mme. Pavlova talked with a representative of the Daily Telegraph a few weeks ago.

"The death of Serge Diaghileff has been a great blow to the ballet, but in his last days he himself realized what the difficulties of the future would be. As he said, 'What is there else to do?' The times are wrong—all wrong. Today in all arts it is the same, this craze for something new, something sensational and startling. The audience for the ballet is small at best, and it is always asking for fresh novelties. Myself, I do not like the 'modern' works, such as, for instance, 'Parade,' by Eric Satie, and the others—they seem to have no tradition, no background. I have been asked why I do not take Diaghileff's place; I reply, if it is the old ballet, for which I might engage M. Fokine, I would be happy. But the public must have novelty.

"And then there is such competition from the cinema. I do not like film work—to see one's self on the screen is to wish perhaps three-quarters of the film destroyed. I tried at Hollywood, with Mr. Laemmle, but I could not be satisfied."

Mr. Gerald Bradbury wrote to the Sun: "It is perhaps to be regretted that Rosina Vokes, who was the most gifted of the family, did not take her ability more seriously. With her personality and cleverness she might have left a name in the light comedy field to be remembered thereby. As it is, nothing she played would be worth reincarnation. She is more lamented for herself than for her creations."

What? Who would have had Rosina in other roles than those in which she delighted the eye and charmed the ear? In them she was incomparable. A woman of marked intelligence, she knew in what line of dramatic art she could excel. In her last years on the stage the public that worshipped her was cruel in its adoration. It was known that she had a weak heart, yet audiences insisted on making her repeat the "Polka" song and dance again and again when she was evidently exhausted.

with "The Squealer."

Jack Holt, who is more at ease in westerns than in the evening dress of an overlord of an evil crew of malefactors, is supposed to neglect his wife and child as he pursues his nefarious trade under cover of a real estate office. There are scores to settle, by gun play and elaborate smoke screens. In fact Mr. Holt is forced to exterminate Mr. Ellis, who does a very neat bit of acting as Valletti, a rival gang-leader. When the police apprehend Mr. Holt, whom we may as well call Charley Hart, he believes that his wife squealed on him so that she might carry on a love affair with a "best friend," John Sheridan. When, escaped from prison and hiding in his own home, he overhears his wife's narration of the actual situation, he becomes unbelievably heroic. He steps out of his house and receives the volley of gunfire he had planned for Sheridan. His wife had been loyal. It was precocious little Davey Lee, as Bunny Hart, who had prattled to Valletti's men and disclosed father's hiding place. His wife later had telephoned the police to save him from his enemies.

Mr. Holt acts with remarkable lack of enthusiasms in a contradictory role. Miss Revier as the wife must weep and go about distraught and suspicious.

Master Lee, better know as "Sonny Boy," dons an Indian suit and play Indian with a trio of gangsters. Mis Pitts as a maid, once more observe wanly that the dinner will be cold. Mr Moore seemed to have confused the bar and the pulpit in his characterization of the best friend. W. E. G.

MODERN-BEACON

"The Matrimonial Bed"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Harvey Thew from Seymour Hicks's translation of the French original by Yves Mirande and Andre Mouzy-Eon; directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Bros. with the following cast:

Sylvaine	Lilyan Tashman
Juliette Corton	Florence Eldridge
Gustave Corton	James Gleason
Corinne	Beryl Mercer
Adolphe Noblet	Frank Fay
Marianne	Marion Byron
Suzanne Trebel	Vivian Oakland
Dr. Friedland	Arthur Edmund Carewe
Chabonnais	James Bradbury

"The Matrimonial Bed," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, presents an array of familiar and popular players in a series of odd circumstances and, for the most part, inappropriate roles. James Gleason portrays an irascible French husband; Beryl Mercer—English accent and all—a sentimental French cook, and Frank Fay, an amorous French gentleman turned barber in a period of amnesia. From this it may be gathered that the picture is of French origin; in[illegible] is the handiwork of Seymour [illegible] adapted a popular farce by [illegible]de and Andre Mouzy-Eon [illegible] of stage and screen. The [illegible] liar, to say the least, but [illegible]ut its entertaining mo[illegible] Gleason is strangely ill at ease, there should be no cause for surprise—he does not often find himself in a series of situations where he cannot be tough and talk out of the corner of his mouth.

Here in brief is the lay of the land. Five years before the story opens Adolphe Noblet had supposedly been killed in a train wreck. After a lapse of two years his wife, Juliette, had married Gustave Corton and they had had a child. The maid, Marianne, and the cook, Corinne, were devoted to Adolphe's memory, and when a hairdresser, Leopold Trebel, turns up to arrange Juliette's hair for a party, they immediately notice his resemblance to the dear departed and go into ecstacies. Every one else is upset, particularly Juliette and Gustave. Leopold is mesmerized by Dr. Friedland and wakes up as his real self, Adolphe, but with no recollection of what has passed in the five-year interim. The rest of the film is devoted to straightening out Adolphe-Leopold's affairs, which are complicated by the fact, as Leopold, he is married to another woman, Suzanne, by whom he has four children.

The situations are at times farcical, occasionally repetitious; the same might go for the acting. Frank Fay gives a matinee idol performance of the bewildered Adolphe and Florence Eldridge makes a charming Juliette. Beryl Mercer is amusing, if extremely unlikely, as Corinne, and the remainder of the cast are satisfactory. E. L. H.

Eup 30 1930

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE: First performance of "When Hell Froze" a play in three acts dramatized by Wilbur Daniel Steele and Norma Mitchell from a short story by Mr. Steele. Setting by Raymond Sovey. Presented by Kenneth MacGowan and Joseph Verner Reed. The cast:

Ray Joslin	Jane Cowl
Addie Joslin	Gordon Burby
Alvin Joslin	Walter Kingsford
The Minister	Edward Ryan
Frankie Joslin	Arthur Hohl
George Hedge	Robert Lowe
Lester Higgins	

After the minister had led the Joslin family in prayer, hoping that peace would descend on the household, Alvin asked his wife to purify herself by putting her hands in a pail of lye and water. She, saying "Not till hell freezes over," rushed out of the door, whereupon the large audience applauded tumultuously. This was at the end of the second act.

Joslin and his son Ray went to the city in the first act. A strolling mechanic stopped at the farmhouse, a skilful player on the mouth organ. He inquired his way, but was in no hurry to meet his future employer, preferring to philander with Addie. He talked much about himself, wondered how she could live the year round on the farm, suggested that she should take the highway with him, and in the course of his chatter said something about kisses. She told him that when she saw a plow in a field she felt like crying and was also happy. Hedge, the wanderer, finally left the house, having played several tunes on the mouth organ, which he gave to Frankie.

Unfortunately when Ray came home his little brother told him that the man who gave him the mouth organ had kissed Mrs. Joslin. Ray thereupon sulked, did not help his father on the farm, and took to drink. The father wondered what ailed the lad. Higgins, the busybody of a store keeper, thought it his duty to acquaint Joslin with the village gossip, which had followed Ray's drunken babble. Joslin believed the story and reviled his wife, treating her as a liar, a faithless woman, nor would he give her an opportunity of telling her story.

(Moral.—When a woman talks familiarly with a would-be Don Juan of a stranger, she should first of all send her little son from the room).

In the third act the dishes are unwashed, the hens have the pip. Higgins brings medicine for the hens and tells Mr. Joslin of his wife's gaiety in a neighboring village: how she plays "bridge whist," dances and sits up till 2. A. M. While the elder Joslin and Ray are ministering to the hens, Mrs. Joslin enters with Hedge. She determines to stay on the farm. Hedge vainly argues against it. It is evident she loves him, but she reminds him of the plow in the field. He goes, not to return. The Joslins returning from the hens are surprised at seeing Addie, but the husband has the presence of mind to point to the lye and water. She dips her hands in the mixture. They ask her why she did not do it at the prayer meeting. Now she is a different woman, she says. With this there should have been music on the mouth organ, but Ray had stamped on it in the second act and broken it.

This drama of the heart and home was played with the utmost honesty by the men. They made the most of the play, and were often effective even when the situations and the dialogue excited the laughter of many in the audience, the laughter that accompanies in Boston any scene that is regarded by author and company as pathetic. It was not easy to see in Miss Cowl the active, stirring, capable wife of a farmer, a woman who had a singular knack in the management of hens. Nor did she lay bare the mind or the soul of the woman, but here the dramatist did not come boldly to her aid.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"Miss Gulliver's Travels"

Miss Ethel Taylor, co-author with George Ford of the romantic comedy of strolling actors which has already seen one week at the Plymouth, returned last night to her role of Judy Gulliver, the part taken last week by Helen Ford. Happily recovered from her illness, she gave a dainty and charming interpretation to her impetuous Judy, who follows her manager father's band of players through many humors and vicissitudes to ultimate triumph and to the arms of her lover.

Written of the pioneer period of 1811 when hats were tall, skirts flowing and manners inclined toward bombast, the play deals with the hardy venture of the glib and resourceful Barney Gulliver, who with his acting company, his gaily painted wagons and his scenery, heads through the wilds toward Kentucky, where a kindly disposed man of the theatre may give them a contract.

In spite of sheriffs, bill collectors, reformers, swamps and Indians, the loyal band win through, and in the last act are grandly installed in a Washington theatre, where the love misunderstanding of Judy and her youth are patched up, and she plays Juliet to his Romeo.

Many of the loose ends in evidence last week are now neatly tucked in, and a faster performance moves more smoothly throughout. H. F. M.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Sweet Adeline," musical romance, with Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth: 8:15.

COPLEY—"Shouting Shadows," mystery play (Commuters' night): 7:30.

HOLLIS STREET—"Subway Express," mystery play, with Edward Ellis: 8:20.

LYRIC—Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," second edition: 8:15.

MAJESTIC—"Bird in Hand," John Drinkwater's comedy: 8:25.

PLYMOUTH—"Miss Gulliver's Travels," comedy-drama, with Ethel Taylor: 8:20.

WILBUR—"When Hell Froze," with Jane Cowl; this week only, at 8:20.

(The Shubert is dark this week.)

LOEW'S STATE

"Whoopee"

An all-talking, singing and technicolor musical comedy adapted to the screen from the musical show of the same name by William Anthony McGuire, with music by Walter Donaldson and lyrics by Gus Kahn; founded on the stage play entitled "The Nervous Wreck," by Owen Davis, which was derived from the story, "The Nervous Wreck," by E. J. Rath and Robert H. Davis; directed by Thornton Freeland and presented by Florenz Ziegfeld and Samuel Goldwyn with the following cast:

Henry Williams	Eddie Cantor
Sally Morgan	Eleanor Hunt
Wanenis	Paul Gregory
Sheriff Bob Wells	John Rutherford
Mary Custer	Ethel Shutta
Jerome Underwood	Spencer Charters
Black Eagle	Chief Caupolican
Chester Underwood	Albert Hackett
Andy McNabb	Will H. Philbrick
Judd Morgan	Walter Law
Harriet Underwood	Marilyn Morgan

For the first time since E. J. Rath wrote an amusing short novel called "The Nervous Wreck" it is possible to gain pictorially some conception of the locality and the scenes outlined in that story. The characters have been made more or less familiar on the stage, first in the Davis farce comedy and later in Mr. Ziegfeld's Cantorized "Whoopee." Mr. Ziegfeld has staged the screened "Whoopee" elaborately and, judging by such primary hues as the technicolor process discloses, with prodigal hand in respect to costuming. The scenes around the Morgan and Underwood ranches and the Indian reservation where Black Eagle holds sway, are far more attractive than anything that the stage could offer, even from Mr. Urban's magic brush; and Mr. Ziegfeld has been quick to utilize the expanded possibilities presented for spectacle on a truly grand scale. The famous depiction of the entry of fair maidens in richly colored trappings, climaxed by the arrival of five statuesque Godivas on jet black horses led by Indian guides, is something of which this master showman may well be proud.

Mr. Cantor, as Henry Williams, the hypochondriac who has gone West expecting to die within half a year, is again a comic figure. He still insists on exhibiting the marks of his various operations to every newcomer; still climbs the ladder to Sally Morgan's chamber, to be shot at by Sheriff Bob Wells and his cowboys; still holds up the Underwood car on a mountain road for a can of gas; still includes Epsom salt sand dog biscuit in his first waffles preparation; still emerges in blackface from the gas ovens; still dickers in Yiddish as he masquerades in Indian raiment. His antics are more restrained, his jests a bit more bedraggled. Evidently, Eddie figured slyly that if once he recorded a super-saline line it was in there irrevocably. It couldn't be ordered out at the next performance. For the rest his voice comes out clearly. The instrumental accompaniments throughout, unfortunately, were less satisfactory. They had a tinny, wheezy note unpleasing to ears accustomed to better things.

The supporting cast includes at least half a dozen of the stage company, Mr. Gregory as the young lover who proved to be free of all aboriginal taint; Chief Capolican as Black Eagle, Messrs. Rutherford, Charters, Hackett and Philbrick. By so much is the screen presentation made the smoother, more practiced. For the rest, Miss Hunt, Miss Shutta and Miss Morgan have little to do save look pretty. W. E. G.

Ft 1930

KOUSSEVITZKY BACK FROM TRIP ABROAD

A great Bach festival to honor a great music lover and benefactor of Boston, the late Maj. Henry Lee Higginson, will be the tribute of the Boston Symphony orchestra to the memory of the man who conceived and made it possible. The festival will be a feature of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the orchestra.

The announcement was made last night by Serge Koussevitzky at his Jamaica Plain home, on his return from four months in Europe.

Koussevitzky this season has been an onlooker, rather than a leader, in musical activities, and for the first time in many years foreswore the baton while on the continent, devoting himself to the study of new compositions, new composers, new artists and rest. That he benefited greatly and that Boston audiences this winter will reap the harvest of his summer, were evidenced in the renewed vigor and health which he has gained and the trunkfuls of manuscript and completed scores he has brought with him.

Sir Georg Henschl, now 80 years old and the first conductor of the orchestra, is crossing from Scotland to open the anniversary season. He will conduct the Symphony in his original opening program, played here in 1881, at the first concerts, Oct. 10 and 11.

For new artists will join the organization shortly, the first of whom is Prof. Victor Polatchak of Vienna, glowingly described by Koussevitzky as the greatest clarinetist in Europe, who will play first clarinet. Younger artists are Theo Grundy, trumpet; Panenka, bassoon, and George Pigasson, double bass.

Landing at New York from the Ile de France yesterday morning, Koussevitzky, accompanied by his wife and niece, Mlle. Olga Nameff, a charming young Russian, who is acting as his personal secretary, came directly to Boston where he was greeted by enthusiastic young musicians who nearly swept him off his feet in their excitement.

ONLY ONE PILSENER

Czechoslovak brewers of beer have filed law-
s in German courts, hoping to confine the
of the word Pilsener to beer brewed in the
of Pilsen. The Germans say that the word
sed by them only to indicate a kind of beer,
l is labelled after a city as "Berliner Pilsener,"
deberger Pilsener," etc. The German dic-
aries support the Czechs. Open Muret-
nders' great encyclopaedic dictionary: "Pil-
er: Of or from Pilsen. Pilsener Bier, Pilsen
r." Not a light beer resembling Pilsener, but
beer of and from Pilsen, and as this beer
rs exportation without need of fortification
far as German cities are concerned—in Dres-
at the Three Ravens it was drunk out of
t-shaped glasses requiring a knack to drain
m in safety—the attempt of some Germans
alm off a substitute justly enrages the Czech
n when he is not a fanatical Nationalist.

Nor should the foreigner be thus deceived by
ation undertaking to re-establish itself in
world's good graces.

What gives the beer of Pilsen its delicious
? The Berliner believes that good Weiss
can be made only with the water of the
r Spree. Milwaukee once claimed peculiar
ural advantages for brewing, but one of its
ous brewers was a diligent student in the
ties at the Brewers' College in Munich. But
t are names of brews—Pschorr, Hofbrau,
nziskaner, Loewe, Culmbacher, Erlanger,
ener, Potzenhofer and other slakers of thirst
unfortunate Americans who, through lack of
ney or time, are unable to make the Beer
r of Germany, even with the help of good
mas Cook & Son and a discriminating taste?

Oct 3 1930

METROPOLITAN

"The Sea God"

A all-talking screen drama adapted by
e Abbott from the story by John Rus-
entitled "The Lost God," included in
ook, "Where the Pavement Ends"; di-
d by George Abbott and presented by
mount with the following cast:

p (Pink) Barker .....Richard Arlen
..... Fay Wray
are Deal" McCarthy ...Eugene Pallette
iz ..... Robert Gleckler
y Nick ..... Ivan Simpson
..... Bob Perry
y ..... Maurice Black
..... Fred Wallace

here was a great crowd at the Met-
litan Theatre yesterday noon and
e will doubtless be another one
e today, just as big and just as
usiastic, and probably that will hold
for the next five days after that.
reason is not "The Sea God," fea-
film of the week. Not at all; it
e presence, indisputably in the
, of Mr. Charles Rogers, known
generally as "Buddy" or "Amer-
Boy Friend." The nicknames are
ible and the unfortunate victim
n't like them himself, but the pub-
does, so that's all there is to it.
Rogers comes on half way through
stage show, smiles pleasantly at the
ring audience, plays half a dozen
uments in a jazz band, sings "My
re Just Past," capers around, smiles
and vanishes, having told the
tators, now cheering again, that
enthusiasm has gone to his heart
not to his head, and dives into the
s.

ccupying of necessity a second place
he bill, in drawing power as well
n merit is "The Sea God," taken
a story by the celebrated John
sell, entitled "The Lost God." Con-
ing Mr. Russell's reputation, it is
to surmise that he didn't have
h to do with the picture as it now
ds. Mr. Richard Arlen plays one
k" Barker, a not too scrupulous
g pearl diver who tricks a lot of
ibals into thinking him a god when
rises from the waters clad in a
g suit and helmet. The cannibals,
ting his presence on their perfect-
ood island—he had come in search
arls, accompanied by Daisy, a
away, and "Square Deal" McCarthy,
partner—decided to use the party
food.

add to Pink's troubles, there was
illainous gentleman, Schultz, who
keenly interested in Daisy and even
e so in the pearls. The film ends
his destruction and the escape of
, with Daisy under one arm and
e uncut rubies, offered by the un-
cting cannibals, under the other.
s very confusing, frequently ridi-
us and poorly directed. Mr. Arlen
is customary pleasant self. Miss
y is a decorative Daisy and Eugene
ette provides a bit of comedy. The
ure is not precisely inspiring, but
ou wait long enough, there is al-
s Mr. Charles Rogers to come.—
L. H.

Oct 4 1930

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Monte Carlo"

An all-talking romantic comedy adapted by Ernest Vajda from the play entitled "The Blue Coast" by Hans Mueller, directed by Ernst Lubitsch and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Count Rudolph Farriere ....Jack Buchanan
Countess Mara von Conti..Jeanette MacDonald
Maria ..... Zasu Pitts
Prince Otto von Seibenheim.. Claude Allister
Armand ..... Tyler Brooks
Duke Gustave von Seibenheim. Lionel Belmore
Paul ..... John Roche
Master of ceremonies ..... Albert Conti
Lady Mary ..... Helen Garden
M. Beaucaire ..... Donald Novis
Herald ..... David Percy
Lord Winterset ..... Erik Rhodes

"Monte Carlo" is a better picture than "The Love Parade." This didactic proclamation may evoke protestations from those rabid Chevallerites who hold that this gallant Frenchman can raise any picture to such heights as may be attained by none other. Yet it will be obvious to every open-minded observer who sits under the spell of "Monte Carlo" that there is something nearer to screened opera comique than anything yet attempted at Hollywood or elsewhere. Its near-perfection is due chiefly to the skill, subtlety and daring of its famous director, Ernst Lubitsch, that German pupil of Max Reinhardt who has given to the screen such notable and contrasting films as "The Patriot" and "The Love Parade."

The magical Lubitsch touch is sensed in every scene and every aspect of the picture; but there are many other factors which make it exceptional. The choice of Miss MacDonald and of Mr. Buchanan for the roles of the impoverished Countess Mara and the audacious Count Farriece, who woos and wins his blonde charmer as a sentimental hairdresser, was happily inspired. The minor roles are keyed to the fantastic moods of the story. The photography, steadily entrancing, shows ornate facades of cathedrals and palaces and hostelries, sumptuously appointed interiors, flowing expanses of vineyards dotted with tiny figures of busy laborers. And, best of all, there is a real score, with at least three tunes, which would grace any stage production, played by an augmented orchestra and recorded both as to voice and instrumentation in a manner eminently satisfying. These melodies are "Beyond the Blue Horizon," which Miss MacDonald sings joyously as, seated in a railway coach, she thrills to the charm of passing vistas; "Give Me a Moment, Please," a duet in waltz tempo, for Miss MacDonald and Mr. Buchanan, and "Always, in All Ways," likewise a duet of sentiment. There also are several trios and choruses, with clever lyrics. The music is credited compositely to Leo Robins, Richard A. Whiting and W. Franke Harling, and it is all good to hear.

Miss MacDonald indicates deftly the changing moods of the countess who ran away from a loveless marriage to the vapid Prince Otto, lost her pittance at the gambling tables of Monte Carlo and thereafter beguiled her creditors and her barber-count with her charming ways. This is easily her finest performance to date. Mr. Buchanan, after his first distressful encounter with microphonic sibilants, became surer of voice. Throughout he is the polished artist, turning his phrases wittily, singing his verses lightly, encompassing both with most engaging manners. Zazu Pitts, as Mara's maid, and Mr Allister as the stupid Otto, are amusing. Mention also is due to Helen Garden and Donald Novis, who sang in excerpts from the comic opera version of "M. Beaucaire," dexterously dovetailed into the action of the picture. Mr. Lubitsch and all who are identified with "Monte Carlo" have full right to that elation of spirit which comes of a difficult task well done.

W. E. G.

PARK

"Oh, Sailor, Behave!"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Joseph Jackson from the play by Elmer Rice entitled "See Naples and Die," directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Warner Brothers, with the following cast:

Nanette Dodge .....Irene Delroy
Charlie Carroll .....Charles King
Prince Kosoff .....Lowell Sherman
Roumanian General .....Noah Beery
Simon ..... Ole Olsen
Peter .....Chic Johnson
Louisa .....Lotti Loder
Kim .....Vivien Oakland
DeMeshel .....Charles Judels
Mitzi .....Elise Bartlett
Von Klaus .....Lawrence Grant
Stefan .....Gino Corrado

Just what the producers of "Oh, Sailor, Behave," current feature film at the Park Theatre, thought they were trying to do, is known only to them. The picture, derived from Elmer Rice's play "See Naples and Die," was designed as a vehicle for Irene Delroy, Charles King and Lowell Sherman, and intended by the author, at least, as a flippant satirical comedy about rich Americans and fortune-hunting Europeans. At the last moment, two excessively low comedians, Olsen and Johnson, were pitchforked into the plot and told to liven things up. The film was silly enough without them, but

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Higgins tells us in "When Hell Froze" that Addie Joslin had a peculiar knack of looking after hens. Her pig-headed husband and disagreeable son, Ray, reluctantly agree with him. It is also to be inferred that she is an excellent cook, keeping a good fire of wood in the kitchen stove, taking a pride in the neatness of the house. We say "inferred" for Miss Cowl as a farmer's wife is to the eye as Marie Antoinette playing at dairymaid or shepherdess. But the lamp chimneys, without a smear or smoke patch, are in evidence, and the whole room is clean. Is it possible that the cottage was without a gramophone, radio or telephone?

George Hedge tempting Addie to run away with him, pitying her loneliness far from a town, reminds one of the tramp talking to Nora in Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen," though the tramp is more eloquent and persuasive.

"Come along with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blather you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm, and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a talk of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh, and losing the hair off you, and the light of your eyes, but its fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear."

Nora went with the tramp. Addie, cruelly suspected without reason by her husband, finally left, but she returned. Her husband should have been as philosophical as Nora's Dan, who, seeing her departing, invited Michael Dara to sit down and take a little taste of the stuff. "There's a great drouth on me, and the night is young."

The minister in "When Hell Froze" prays fervently, but would Joslin and Ray have listened patiently, or even knelt? There is nothing to show that either one would have been moved by prayer. It is hinted that the father was a country sport in the city. He hushed up his impossible son when the latter was about to talk of what they saw and did. Was not the prayer introduced as a dramatic contrast to Addie's defiant "not till hell freezes over," and thus provide an effective curtain for the second act? As for Hedge, he's a bounder from Boundersville in spite of his proficiency on the mouthorgan.

The Professional Players of Philadelphia will give the first of its performances at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night. The play will be Alberto Casella's "Death Takes a Holiday," adapted by Walter Ferris. The first performance in the United States was by the Stuart Walker company at Cincinnati in May, 1929. It was announced by the Shuberts that it would be "tried out" for them by the Parish Players at Stony Creek, Ct., for several performances, beginning Oct. 16, 1929. The Professional Players brought out the play at Washington, D. C., on Nov. 18, 1929; at Philadelphia on Nov. 25; at New York on Dec. 26. The chief players among the Professionals were Philip Merivale, James Dale, Ann Orr, Olga Birbeck, Viva Berkett, Rose Hobart, Wallace Erskine.

Death wonders why he is so dreaded by mortals, why they cling to life. To find out he tells Duke Lambert that as His Serene Highness, Prince Sirki of Vitaiba Alexandri—Death had taken him just before the proposed visit—he would be with him for three whole days. Death enjoys the visit, finding full opportunity to exercise his wit, but those near him feel a chill, without knowing the reason. Then Death as a mortal falls in love with Grazia, betrothed to the Duke's son. She is seeking happiness. She welcomes Death as a lover. When his identity is disclosed she says to him: "I have always seen you like that. You are beautiful." Love is stronger than death. She goes with him, heedless of her earthly lover's entreaties, of her mother's pleas.

And so if those in the Duke's household would say with John Webster's poisoned Brachiano,

> "On pain of death, let no man name death to me:
> It is a word infinitely terrible,"

Grazia finds that

> ". . . The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
> And all the words of Death are grave and sweet."

Mr. Ferris first heard of the play in 1927. He was asked if he would adapt it. Reading it, he was enthusiastic, also doubtful. "The shadow of infinity played constantly across the stage, and few of us can resist the temptation to play with infinity. But . . . no Anglo-Saxon could accept the thesis, as it stood, with character of death in so familiar a form." Mr. Ferris returned the play, but it would not leave him alone. He went back, and asked if the play was still in the market. He wrote last January: "I knew I shouldn't do it, but the thrall was on me, and shortly I found myself embarked on a two-year voyage in the shadowy and uncharted seas that lie just beyond the borders of human life. I shall never again, I know, face work so difficult or so fascinating. The critics and the public may wonder why, after so long a period of effort, something more worthy had not been produced. I shall, no doubt, share their wonder."

The Professional Players purpose to produce at the Plymouth Theatre this season "The King's 40 H. P. Motor" by Attila von Orbok (Nov. 3); Pirandello's new play "As You Desire Me" (Dec. 1); Marcel Pagnol's "Topaze" (Dec. 29). The two remaining plays of the series will be selected from H. M. Harwood's "The Man in Possession"; Amy and Philip Stewart's "Nine Till Six"; Maurine Watkins's "Devil's Diary"; Ivor Novello's "Symphony in Two Flats" and Milne's "Success."

Chekhov's play "Uncle Vanya" will be performed tomorrow night at the Wilbur Theatre; but not after the manner of the Moscow Art Theatre, for the acting version will be the one prepared for Mr. Jed Harris's "restatement" of the play by Rose Caylor (Mrs. Ben Hecht).

The Moscow Art Theatre performed the play in Russian when it visited this country. At the first performance in English in the United States (Morosco Theatre, May 24, 1929), the adaptation was by Jenny Covan. Morris Carnovsky then took tthe part of Uncle Vanya; Ara Gerald, that of Helena; Herbert Druce played the pompous humbug of a professor; Rose Keane, Sonya; Franchon Tone, Dr. Astrov.

Mr. Harris produced the play at the Cort Theatre, New York, on April 15, 1930. He revived it at the Booth Theatre, New York, on Sept. 22, 1930: Dr. Astrov, Osgood Perkins; Uncle Vanya, Walter Connolly; Sonya, Joanna Roos; Serebrakov, Eugene Powers; Telegin, Eduardo Ciannelli; Helena, Lillian Gish; Mme. Voinitzkaya, Isabel Vernon; Marina, Kate Mayhew;

with them it becomes almost unbeatable. In point of cold hard fact, the only thing in it worth seeing is Lowell Sherman as a blase nobleman—he is genuinely funny and quite original, but his material is of the poorest.

Nanette Dodge, pretty American heiress, is in love with Charlie Carroll, a brash reporter, but is forced to marry the blackmailing Prince Kosoff, who holds some undesirable letters once written him by her sister. The bargain was intended for a cash-down perdy-divorce proposition, but the prince finds Nanette too desirable to lose and endeavors to kidnap her and hold her for as long as pleases him. The action takes place almost entirely on the terrace of a hotel in Naples and there are some feeble attempts at local color. After a great deal of trouble Charlie gets Nanette when the prince is accidentally murdered and everything ends in a theme song.

There is a great deal of incidental music, none of it very good, the two best numbers being "Leave a Little Kiss" and "Hitting the Highway to Heaven." Irene Delroy, as Nanette, wears handsome clothes, but she has few powers of expression beyond a wooden stare and her speaking voice is hard and rather common in quality. Charlie King is a reasonably unobjectionable Charlie, and Noah Beery has a few moments as a Montenegrin general, but all the acting honors are Mr. Sherman's.

Also on the program is "The Convict's Code," a prison drama with Cullen Landis.

E. L. H.

OCTOBER CONCERTS

The following concerts are announced for October:

Oct. 5—Sunday, Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. "Jewish Music," a lecture by Prof. S. Brashavsky. Secular music and Jewish folk songs. Soloists and the Boston Jewish Choral Society.

Oct. 7—Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Harold Schwab, pianist and organist. Piano pieces by Cearlatti, Beethoven, Pick-Mangiagalli, Dukas. Organ music by Bach, Dethier, Capon, Dunham, I. Wagner, Mauro-Cottone, Widor.

Oct. 12—Sunday, Boston Public Library, Colonial and revolutionary music. Alice Pope Taylor, assisted by Bessie Talbot Fosgate in costume.

Oct. 15—Wednesday, Jordan hall. Edward McHugh, Scottish baritone, assisted by Marie Murray, contralto, and Elmer Hansen, violinist.

Oct. 18—Saturday, Jordan hall. Winifred MacBride, pianist.

Oct. 19—Sunday, Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Fritz Kreisler, violinist. Boston public library, 8 P. M. Piano music played by Persis Cox for young people of all ages.

Oct. 21—Tuesday, Hotel Statler. Sophie Braslau, contralto. Aria from Gluck's "Orfeo." Songs by Handel, Schubert, Glazounov, Debussy, De Falla, Sadero, Halsey, Cyril Scott, Bantock, Gilberte.

Oct. 26—Sunday, Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Winifred Christie (Mme. Moor), pianist, playing Emanuel Moor's double-keyboard piano. She has given recitals in Boston and played here with the Boston Symphony orchestra. A concerto by Moor has been played here at a Boston Symphony concert by Harold Bauer. Sunday afternoon at 3:30, in Jordan hall, Giovanni Cerulio, tenor, assisted by Martino's orchestra.

Oct. 28—Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist. Music by Mozart, Brahms, Scriabin, Debussy, Poulenc, O'Donnell, Chopin.

Oct. 29—Wednesday, Jordan hall, 8:15. Sybil Webb, soprano. Her first appearance here. Two groups of songs by Jacques Pillois and other songs. Assisted by Messrs. Laurent, flute; B. Zighera, harp; A. Zighera, viola de gamba.

servant, Harold Johnsud. This was the cast in the printed play, and at the first performance. At the revival last month Zita Johann replaced Joanna Roos.

"If you must have the story of 'Uncle Vanya' go and see it for yourself, for such shades and depths will not bear retelling. Queer, human people, all alone on a great estate in the country, quarreling and falling uselessly in love and shooting just as uselessly at one another, and snatching at half-dead dreams, and parting, and beginning the old life all over again. Each one of these people real and round within his or her own right, people whose drama is what they think and do, people who are not servants of a plot." This is the play as Mr. Robert Little of the World saw it, while Mr. Richard Lockridge of the Sun found in the play "some of the most magnificent dramatic portraits the stage knows."

The play is associated with the Moscow Art Theatre, but it was played in Russia before the Art Theatre staged it. In December, 1896, "Uncle Vanya" was being set up at the wish of Chekhov, who wrote to Suvorin, his friend and the director of the St. Petersburg Small Theatre: "When I read it all, I can correct it better and can decide whether it is good enough to make over into a novel." On Dec. 3, 1898, he wrote to Gorki: "I wrote 'Uncle Vanya' long, long ago; I have never seen it on the stage. Of late years they have been giving it frequently on the provincial stages—perhaps because I have published a collection of my plays. As a rule I look coldly upon my plays, have given up the theatre long ago, and do not feel in general like writing for the theatre."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The 50th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra will open next Friday afternoon, when the concert will have a sentimental interest. Sir George Henschel, the first conductor of the orchestra, will then present the program, with one exception, that he prepared for the first concert on Oct. 22, 1881: Beethoven, "Consecration of the House"; Gluck, "Che faro senza Eurydice" from "Orfeo ed Eurydice"; Haydn, Symphony, B flat (B. & H. No. 12); Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Bruch, Penelope's Lament; but instead of Weber's festival overture, Sir George, for some unknown reason, will conduct the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Annie Louise Cary was the singer at the first concert; Mme. Matzenauer will sing next Friday.

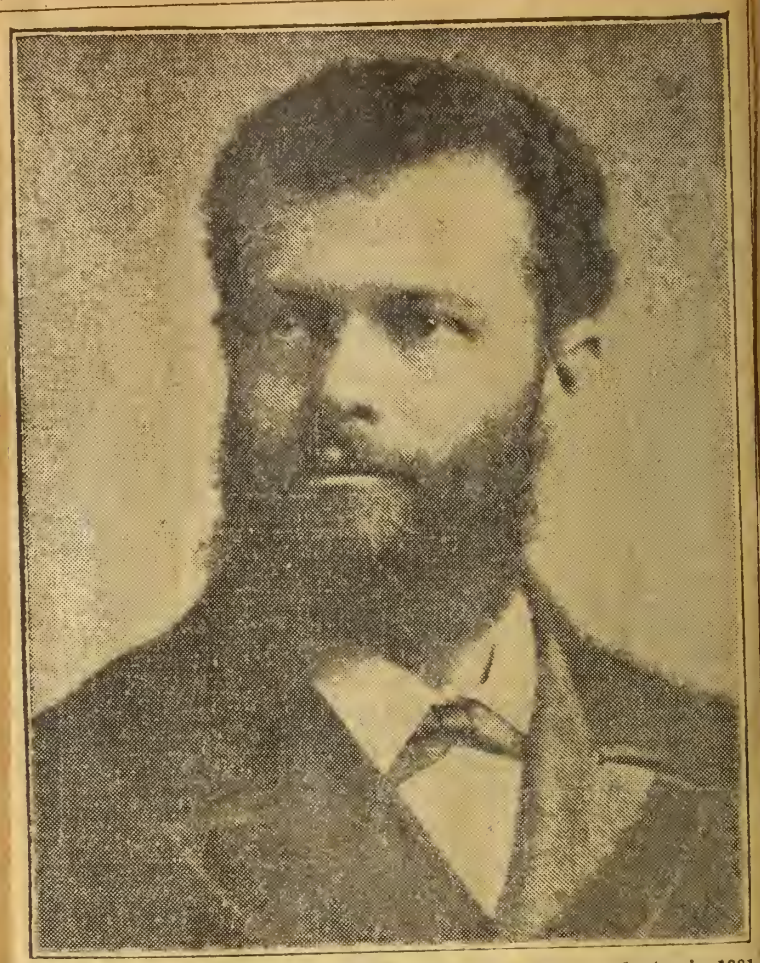
In the late seventies Mr. H. L. Higginson was planning the establishment of a permanent orchestra. The time of the players for "careful training" and for the 20 concerts each season was to be engaged in advance. But who was to be the conductor?

Isidor Georg Henschel, born at Breslau on Feb. 18, 1850, came with his betrothed, Lillian Bailey, to Boston in 1880 for a concert tour in the United States. He was then known and applauded in Europe as a singer. He had sung in England with Miss Bailey, having been one of her teachers. Their first appearance in Boston was at a concert in the Old Bay State Course on Nov. 1, 1880.

On March 3, 1881, an Overture (ms.) by Mr. Henschel was performed for the first time at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. Mr. Henschel was invited to conduct his overture. Mr. Higginson was in the audience, which was pleased by the vigor of the performance. The newspapers of Boston in April, 1881, published his plan for the new concerts. He then named Mr. Henschel as the conductor. Now Mr. Henschel had had no experience in Europe in training an orchestra or in the interpretation of orchestral works.

Any one can learn by consulting the newspapers published during the three years of Mr. Henschel's conductorship that the concerts were often bitterly criticised; that criticism of the conductor was often savage. Mr. Henschel had no easy time of it. Even his friend Mr. Apthorp, writing to the Evening Transcript in 1911, about the early years, said that the choice of the conductor was made "without due circumspection"; that Mr. Higginson was "in plain English paying Mr. Henschel a high salary for those days, for learning his trade in public." It should not be forgotten that there were "unfortunate elements" in the orchestra. Bernhard Listemann, the concert master, a remarkable violinist in certain ways, and a sound musician, was a nervous, high-strung man, constitutionally unfit for the position. He was wont to hurry the tempo; he insisted on playing the music in his own way; without the intention of usurping the conductor's throne, he could not follow any conductor. Then there were intrigues against Mr. Henschel in the orchestra and out of it.

Mr. Henschel's programs were generally well arranged and interesting—in those years. How many of the "novelties" in 1882-84 are heard today? Who is now familiar with Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, Volkmann's symphony No. 2, Raff's "Winter" symphony, Dvorak's symphony No. 1? The



Georg Henschel, the first conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra in 1881.

conductor did not refuse a hearing to light overtures, as Auber's "Lac des Fees," Heroid's "Zampa," Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor." There should be room today during a season for a light and joyous overture, a waltz by Strauss, ballet music by Goldmark, Rubinstein, Gounod, Massenet, Delibes. Too much of the ballet music written today and performed at the Symphony concerts, is sour and laboriously contrived.

The experience thus gained by Mr. Henschel—he was knighted in 1914—no doubt profited him when he returned to England. Even while he was busy as a singer and teacher of singing he established in 1886 the London Symphony Concerts, a feature of that city's musical life for 11 years. He revived forgotten works, and brought out many that were unknown. In 1893-95 he conducted the Scottish Orchestra in Glasgow. Though he gave his farewell song recital at London in April 1914, he has appeared occasionally in recent years as orchestral conductor and as singer.

In December, 1902, at a concert of the Cecilia Society he conducted his "Requiem," composed in memory of his wife. His daughter Helen then sang the music for the soprano. His first wife had died at London in 1901.

Dr. Koussevitzky will first appear at the concerts on Oct. 17 and 18, to conduct an ode for orchestra and chorus, written for the orchestra's anniversary by Edward Burlingame Hill. The text is by Robert Hillyer. This will be the first of a list of new scores which have been especially composed for the orchestra's jubilee year by foremost composers. They include a "Symphonie de Psaumes" by Stravinsky; also symphonies by Roussel, Honegger, Prokofieff and Hill. There will be a symphonic ode by Copland, and shorter pieces by Ravel, Dukas, Hindemith and Sibelius; also a piano concerto by Bax. The Russian composers Lourie, Nabokoff and Trebinsky and the French composer Ferroud will also be represented. This music will be performed in the course of the regular concerts.

Other features of the season will be a Beethoven festival, to be given in Washington, D. C., through the first week of December, and a Bach festival to be given in Boston next spring in memory of Henry L. Higginson.

In honor of the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Arthur Foote, one of America's most distinguished composers, will speak in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library next Thursday, at 5:15 P. M., on the subject, "Fifty Years of the Boston Symphony Orchestra." He has been personally acquainted with all the conductors and with many of the players and soloists who have appeared at the concerts of the orchestra. He has known many of the composers whose works have received their first performance in Boston. As an attendant at most of the concerts for 50 seasons his opinions and reminiscences should be of importance and interest. This talk is the first of a series of lectures on the programs of the orchestra and is open free to the public. Mr. Foote's friends, the subscribers, and all former members of the University Extension classes are invited to be present. No seats are reserved. The doors open at 4 P. M. and entrance is from Boylston street.

Of special musical interest in connection with the convention of the American Legion will be the first public performance of a new composition

by a Boston composer. The work is entitled, "In Flanders Fields," a chorus for men's voices, and the composer is Richard Gilmore Appel. Its performance at the legion dinner to the press of America at the Bradford Hotel on Monday evening will be the tribute of a young American to the valor of American youth. In parts of the composition, Mr. Appel introduces French and American folk airs; the work is said to be an inspired setting of the text by Col. McCrae, the famous Canadian poet. On this occasion it will be performed by the University male quartet: Clifton Johnson, first tenor; Norman Arnold, second tenor; Ralph Tallby, baritone; Robert Isensee, bass; Earl Weidner, accompanist.

VAINLY PROLIFIC

The names of G. B. Burgin and William Pett ...ge are hardly known, if at all, to Bos...ans, yet the latter, who died last month ...aged more than one novel a year since 1890 ... he wrote many short stories, while Mr ...gin is now at work on his 102d novel. Is ... novel by either one of these Englishmen to ...ound in our bookshops?

...amous men and women have been prolific ...as and George Sand among them. Today ... Wallace and Mr. Oppenheim write as if ... both hands, dictating a third story while ... hands are busy. These authors are widely ... An announcement of a new work by ... leads to curiosity, to impatience, but who ... his country can give the title of any novel ...r. Burgin, much less recount the plot? Yet ... said that if a title is given to him he can ...nce, without cudgeling his brains, outline ...story.

...ome Frenchman once said that every novel...ad only one book in his belly, one book by ...h his name would be preserved. It's a ... saying, but it does not hold true of Scott, ...as, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, ...e, Bulwer, Marryat, Meredith, Hardy, to ...ion only some of the dead. The book by ...h a man is most known is not always his

... Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth," de...ng as it does the enthusiastic praise of ...burne, should not lead one to forget "Grif...Gaunt." Who shall say in the court of last ...t whether "Henry Esmond" is to be pre...d to "Vanity Fair" or even "Barry Lyn...; whether "Great Expectations" is not a ...er work than "David Copperfield"; that ...b Faithful" is racier than "Midshipman ..."? Readers of novels play favorites. There's ...by Dick," for example, a story beyond all ...e, but who would spare Melville's "Benito ...no" or "Bartleby," shorter stories as they ...

...here are men literally of one novel, as ...uel Butler's, which in value undoubtedly ...eighs the whole bulk of Messrs. Burgin and ...e's contributions to the world. Though ...ard Merrick has a respectable list in his ...e, would not one exchange them all for his ...rad in Quest of His Youth"?

Parthenia without guile when she farewelled Ingomar by saying: "I go, to cleanse the cups." There are some who still hear Mary Anderson's voice in this inherently prosaic line. And then the poet rhapsodizes, ending with this burst:

And till I expire,
Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy!

Or read William Cobbett's account of how he first met the girl whom he wedded.

There may be coquetry in dishwashing, as women with fair, well-rounded arms once chose the harp for parlor entertainment. Nor was

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A HOUSEHOLD ART

...: Marion S. Van Liew, chief of the home ...ics education bureau of the University ...State of New York, says that a hatred for ...shing, "conceived in childhood because ...pulsion, has given to millions of girls a ...tlook on life and housekeeping."

...washing of dishes at home should not be ...ble, much less repulsive task. To do it ... to dismiss the dishes without breakage, ... glasses the polish that once made the ...er's background beautiful, to avoid ... and stickiness before the delicate man...t of the towel—this requires care and ...ration. Dishwashing, when it comes to ...ssware, may be justly regarded as a fine ...n the days when housewives, however ...heir station or comfortable their circum..., took an active part in the daily work, ...isted on washing their china and dry... with the tenderness shown an infant in ...e tub. Nor when the wife was without ... of all work—the species is now nearly ...—did a husband worthy of her present ...crous spectacle in wiping dishes, even ...his Arabella insisted on his donning an ... to protect his clothes.

...men in the act of washing dishes have ...he affection, not alone the approval, of ...tful men, who have found the scene ro.... Thackeray sang of Peg of Limavaddy, ...etty pussy with the bewitching smile.

Now she rubs the spoons,
Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
Trimly and secure,
Now she scours a pot
And so it was I drew her.
Thus it was I drew her
Scouring of a kettle.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COPLEY—"Shooting Shadows," mystery play; 8:30.
HOLLIS STREET—"Subway Express," mystery play, with Edward Ellis; 8:20.
LYRIC—Lew Leslie's "Blackbirds," 2d edition; 8:15.
MAJESTIC—"Bird in Hand," John Drinkwater's comedy; 8:25.
PLYMOUTH—"Death Takes a Holiday," a play with Philip Merivale; 8:20.
SHUBERT—"Earl Carroll Sketch Book," a revue, with Will Mahoney; 8:15.
WILBUR—"Uncle Vanya," Chekhov's drama, with Lillian Gish; 8:20.
(The Colonial is dark this week.)

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FENWAY

"The Silent Enemy"

A silent film produced by William Douglas Burden and William C. Chanler; story by William Douglas Burden, scenario by Richard Carver and musical score by Massard Mur Zhene; released by Paramount with the following, all-Indian, cast:

Chetoga	Chief Yellow Robe
Baluk	Chief Long Lance
Dagwan	Chief Akawanush
Neewa	Spotted Elk
Cheeka	Cheeka

Here is a silent picture of noble stature which deserves popular support and which, such is the obstinacy of our motion picture audiences, probably will not get it. "The Silent Enemy" presents in graphic manner a stirring series of episodes which may be accepted as typical of Indian life among the Ojibways or any of those other Indian tribes which at one time roamed the northern country. Here the silent enemy is hunger, starvation. With a small group of Indian principals, who do not pretend to be actors yet are doubly impressive because of the sincerity and naturalness of their performance, the story is told in pantomime, aided of course by timely captions.

We see Chief Chetoga's attenuated band hard put for food. Baluk, a young hunter, is convinced that the tribe should move north, to intercept the caribou on their annual winter migration. Dagwan, the treacherous "Medicine Man," rival of Baluk for the hand of Neewa, the chief's daughter, opposes the idea. Chetoga favors Baluk's suggestion and the Indians begin their arduous trek to the north, even to the rim of the Arctic circle. Misfortune trails them. Chetoga, after many days of fasting in solitude, seeking aid of the Great Spirit, dies, and appoints Baluk his successor. Dagwan, more venomous than ever, persuades the Indians to offer Baluk up as sacrifice after added days of privation. The funeral pyre is blazing when Baluk's scouts report the coming of the caribou. The immense horde is ambushed, great numbers are killed, and the tribe celebrates with feasting. Dagwan, convicted of false medicine-making, is condemned to fare forth into the barrens alone, without food or weapons.

It is said that two years was given to the making of this film. The scenes bear every mark of verity. We see Baluk kill a big bear with bow and arrow, its two cubs becoming playmates of Cheeka, the chief's little son. We see Baluk kill a bull moose with his spear, after timber wolves have worried the big beast; we see a mountain lion and bear in vicious combat; two camp dogs, crazed by hunger, trying to kill each other. We see the Indians shooting rapids in their laden canoes, young Cheeka and his two cubs overturned, and rescued. We see the long file of Indians, tramping across the land of snows, scourged by stinging winds. And, most thrilling of all, the approach of the caribou, the ambush, the attack, and the slaughter. Throughout, the camera has done wonderful things, catching the glint of sun on snow, wild life in unrehearsed action, beautiful sequences of timber lands, lakes, rivers, mountain torrents. "The Silent Enemy" is educational, authentic, amazingly enthralling. Highest praise is due to William Douglas Burden, the explorer, and to William C. Chanler, who produced it, and to all who aided in the work. It is a legend of a dying race which is worthy of perpetuation, for frequent showing to the growing youngsters of this vast, unconquerable continent. W. E. G.

La Argentina will dance in Symphony hall on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, in aid of the South Boston Neighborhood House.

Agnes Enters, dance-mime, will give her "Episodes and Compositions in Dance Form" in Jordan hall on Thursday evening, Oct. 30.

A memorial concert in honor of Georges Longy, who died last spring in Mareuil, France, is being planned for early in November. This concert will be given in Jordan hall and will bring to this city leading musicians from abroad, as well as this country, to honor Mr. Longy's memory. The invitations will be issued under the auspices of the Longy school.

IN NOVEMBER

November 2, Sunday, Repertory Theatre, 8:15, Ian Smeterlin, Dutch pianist. Nov. 10, Hotel Statler, 3 P. M., Jose Iturbi, pianist.

Mr. Paderewski, making his 17th tour of this country will play at Providence, R. I., on Oct. 27, at Portland, Me., on the 28th. He will later play at Springfield, Hartford and New Haven. His tour will include 75 recitals and takes him to the Pacific

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Half Shot at Sunrise"

An all-talking screen comedy based on a story by James A. Creelman, Jr., with music and lyrics by Harry Tierney and Ann Caldwell; directed by Paul Sloane and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Tommy	Bert Wheeler
Gilbert	Robert Woolsey
M. P. Sergeant	John Rutherford
Col. Marshall	George MacFarlane
Eileen	Roberta Robinson
Olga	Leni Stengel
Annette	Dorothy Lee
Lt. Jim Reed	Hugh Trevor
Mrs. Marshall	Edna May Oliver
Military Policeman	Eddie de Lange
Gen. Hale	E. H. Calvert
Capt. Jones	Alan Roscoe

Despite the flood of morbid and disillusioned war books now flooding the market, motion pictures continue to look upon those bloody four years as a subject for the most farcical of antics. Almost every comedian in Hollywood has been set to work to show us the brighter side of combat, and the latest contributors are Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. In "Half Shot at Sunrise", the current feature film at the new B. F. Keith Theatre, these two exhibit their now familiar and frequently tiresome brand of humor in the roles of two doughboys on a lark in Paris. Mr. Wheeler grows sentimental, Mr. Woolsey continues to smoke his cigar and the humors are very slapstick indeed. The audience last Saturday found them extremely funny.

In a picture of this sort, it isn't much use trying to tell the plot, but there seem to be several stories tripping up one another in the course of events. Tommy and Gilbert, dodging the military police, meet Col. Marshall's daughter, Annette, and she and Bert hit it off famously. The colonel, torn between his homely wife and the attentions of an alluring brunette, Olga, is trying also to break up the love affair of his older daughter, Eileen, and Lt. Jim Reed. In the background is a crotchety general continually demanding some important papers. It all works out after a fashion, to the accompaniment of the usual song and dance numbers.

Any opinion on the acting of the Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey is open to argument: some find them excruciatingly funny and their least move the cause for unrestrained mirth. Others do not, so take your own choice. The dogged perseverence of two military policemen, played by John Rutherford and Eddie de Lange seemed much more entertaining. Dorothy Lee is pert and amusing as Annette, but is totally eclipsed by the alluring Leni Stengel as the colonel's persistent wooer, Olga. The rest of the cast are satisfactory.

E. L. H.

SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Numbered Men"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Al Cohn and Henry McCarty from the play entitled "Jailbreak," by Dwight Taylor; directed by Mervyn LeRoy and presented by First National with the following cast:

Bertie	Conrad Nagel
Mary Dane	Bernice Claire
Bud Leonard	Raymond Hackett
Lemuel Barnes	Tully Marshall
King Callahan	Ralph Ince
Lou Rinaldo	Maurice Black
Warden Lansing	William Holden
Mrs. Miller	Blanche Friderici
Baby Face	Ivan Linow
"Happy" Howard	George Cooper
Jimmy Martin	Frederic Howard

If we were to believe all that "Numbered Men" tries to tell us, we would become convinced that most of the inmates of the particular prison which

Scollay Sq

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KEITH-ALBEE

"She's My Weakness"

An all-taking screen comedy adopted by J. Walter Ruben from the play entitled "Tommy," by Howard Lindsay and Bernard Robinson; directed by Melville Brown and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Tommy Mills	Arthur Lake
Marie Thurber	Sue Carol
Warren Thurber	Lucien Littlefield
David Tuttle	William Collier, Sr.
Mrs. Thurber	Helen Ware
Bernard Norton	Alan Bunce
Mrs. Oberlander	Emily Fitzroy
Wilson	Walter Gilbert

Juvenile actors—and by that we mean actors who are supposed to have grown up but still smack strongly of kindergarten—should not be handicapped by too close juxtaposition with experienced players who really know their way around. This was brought forcibly to mind last Saturday while watching "She's My Weakness," feature film at the Keith-Albee Theatre. The nominal stars are Arthur Lake and Sue Carol but the real stars are William Collier, Sr., and the reliable Lucien Littlefield. These two have a most disastrous effect on the youngsters, making them seem unbelievably awkward, callow and ill at ease.

"She's My Weakness," taken from a successful stage play entitled "Tommy," has an amusing idea behind it. When a boy is really in love, he mustn't waste his time making up to his girl's parents and leave her out in the cold. Tommy Mills was so good-natured that he let Marie Turber's father and mother ride him rough-shod until they sang his praises all day and all night and Marie, who was really in love with him, became sick of the sound of his name, and turned to a less desirable suitor, Bernard Norton, in despair. Marie's uncle, David Tuttle, saw how things were working out and took a hand in the game. He advised Tommy to be as rude as possible to Marie's parents, even get himself thrown out of the house if possible, but Tommy was too polite to make a go of this strong-minded suggestion.

A real-estate deal finally settles things all around. Tommy is misunderstood and forbidden the house, Marie almost elopes with Bernard, and Uncle David, the deus ex-machina, manages to sell both Tommy's property and that of his brother-in-law, Mr. Thurber, at a good price. William Collier, Sr., does eminently satisfactory work as the meddling, well-intentioned David Tuttle, ably assisted by Lucien Littlefield as the cantankerous Mr. Thurber. Sue Carol and Arthur Lake give their usual portrayals of young love in bewilderment; they're neither very good nor very bad.

E. L. H.

MODERN-BEACON

"The Santa Fe Trail"

An all-talking drama adapted to the screen by Sam Mintz from the novel, "Spanish Acres," by Hal G. Evarts; directed by Otto Brower and Edwin H. Knopf and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Stan Hollister	Richard Arlen
Maria Castinado	Rosita Moreno
"Doc" Brady	Eugene Pallette
Emily	Mitzi Green
"Old Timer"	Junior Durkin
Marc Collard	Hooper Atchley
Juan Castinado	Luis Alberni
Slaven	Lee Shumway
Chief Sutanek	Standing Bear
Eagle Feather	Blue Cloud
Brown Beaver	Yowlache
Webber	Jack Byron

A border comedy—romance set to broken English, with a pastoral background of woolly sheep, is "The Santa Fe Trail." In it Mr. Arlen has an easy time, making love to a young minx who speaks the Spanish of New Mexico fluidly and is quite equally conversant with the English language. True, he has his perilous moments, when death seems to be staring at him from the villain's six-shooter or from an indignant Indian's knife; but thanks to his luck or to the timely support of old "Doc" Brady, his wily and loyal partner in the precarious occupation of herding sheep in cattlemen's country, Mr. Arlen, alias Stan Hollister of Kansas, comes through safe of limb, to win the

roud daughter of the owner of "Spanish Acres," and to see his arch-enemy, the unscrupulous Marc Collard, biting the dust of his own office floor.

What makes "The Santa Fe Trail" more interesting than usual is the presence in the cast of two clever juveniles, Junior Durkin and Mitzi Green. Both are glib in precocious comedy roles, both are at home on horseback. Mitzi particularly is captivating with her little mockeries of speech of others. She may be the Cissie Loftus of a new generation. Another factor, picturesque and quite creditable, is the performance of several real Indians, supposed to play important part in the fortunes of the blundering Kansan and his portly partner.

For the first half of this picture there can be only praise, for its apparent freedom from artifice, its honesty of acting, its amusing sequences. Thereafter the film becomes victim of an enemy within the ranks as it were. Either the directors found that it was running too long and decided to take short turns the rest of way; or those responsible for the ing did an atrocious job. Whatr happened, "The Santa Fe Trail" st itself in the last 20 minutes and apsed from likable romantic drama to crude melodrama. That seemed a pity. Such an auspicious beginning deserved a more graceful and intelligent ending.

A second feature photoplay on this week's program is "Reno," a screen version of the novel by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. Ruth Boland has the role of Felicia Brett, Kenneth Thomson that of Richard Belden. W. E. G.

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figures in the story, despite their unsavory records, were really a fine lot f fellows who would appear equally at ease at a Sunday school picnic. Their warden was a kindly old gentleman who cherished the belief that a gentle hand urneth away the murderer, that rest ooms and radios and other modern beneficences are more reformative than streteh in "solitary" or a cold water bath from the nozzle of a high-pressure hose. There should have been a theme song, "Our warden's a nice old man," o complete the picture.

Unfortunately there was one prison inmate, known as King Callahan, who seemed to be of the old school of criminals. He was rough and tough and mean. Unshaven, he was not pretty to look at. Mr. Ince played the king in good old melodramatic style, and thus, by sheer contrast if naught else, vitalized the character and made it stand out. Quite likely his fellow players, forced to pose unnaturally and to say and do things which no convict ever would say and do, were choked with a great envy of Mr. Ince.

The many-angled story is so treated as to arouse suspicion that it was produced chiefly to offset the effect of previous and more realistic pictures or of much recent plays as "The Criminal Code" and "The Last Mile." The hero, Bud Leonard, framed by a wily underworld chieftain, is loved by Mary Dane, girl who was willing to wait 10 years for him but who hesitated at the prospect of 20. Following the fairly exciting incidents of a prison escape by King Callahan and the equivocal part which Bud played in it, the latter might have suffered added penalties. It was at this point that Bertie, a fellow-convict, exposed the real villain, who along with Callahan was killed. Bud and Mary, as the picture closes, find mutual happiness as the prison resumes its wonted calm and cheeriness.

There are many good names in the cast. It is said that Director LeRoy spent two weeks in San Quentin penitentiary, to acquire atmosphere. The boys must have been on their good behavior, hoping he would give them a "break." He did. W. E. G.

Oct 7 1930

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Death Takes a Holiday," a play in three acts by Alberto Casella. Adapted from the Italian by Walter Ferris. Settings by Rollo Wayne. Presented by the Professional Players of Boston. First performance of Ferris's adaptation at Cincinnati in May, 1929, by the Stuart Walker Company parish players, Stony Creek, Ct., for Lee Shubert on Oct. 16, 1929. Professional Players, Washington, D. C., Nov. 18, 1929, Philadelphia Nov. 25, 1929. Presented in New York on Dec. 26 1929, at the Ethel Barrymore theatre by the Messrs. Shubert.

The cast last night was as follows:

Lora ..... Frances Amherst Johnson
Belle ..... Thomas Bate
Duke Lambert ..... Julian Royce
Alda ..... Eleanor Stuart
Stephanie ..... Olga Birkbeck
Princess of San Luce ..... Irby Marshall
Baron Cascra ..... Wallace Erskine
Rhoda Fenton ..... Charlotte Andrews
Eric Fenton ..... Roland Bottomley
Corrado ..... Alan Willey
Grazia ..... Helen Vinson
Prince Sirki ..... Philip Merivale
Maj. Whitread ..... Frank Greene

It was no night for the production of a serious play. The streets were so blocked that many could not arrive at the theatres at the appointed time. The curtain did not rise at the Plymouth until nearly 9 o'clock.

In spite of the brave words spoken about death from Cicero to Bacon, from Montaigne to Whitman, few men or women are eager to be mown down by the Reaper. Life is dear to them, nor would they exchange for "the wind on the heath," vague celestial joys, nor would they be consoled by the promise of entering into the "cosmic force" at the loss of their identity. One thinks of Mr. Casella writing this play as a boy whistles on a dark road to keep up his courage; but the dramatist's presentation of Death as the great lover may bring cheer and consolation to the audience of a night.

Death visits Duke Lambert to find out why he is feared; what mortals find in life to sustain them through all its inevitable ills, and make them discontented with only three score years and ten; to find out what is this love that leads men to play strange pranks; this love,—the mere word often the last from dying lips. The duke promises to keep Death's secret for the three days when he masquerades as Prince Sirki.

Those at home in the castle with the guests of flesh and blood feel in an undefinable way the power, the mystery of Death. The women are fascinated: they would fain listen to him; at the same time they dread his close approach, his searching glance. The men find him strange if not sinister. The lover of Grazia, and the duke himself—they, too, do not breath freely in his presence. Maj. Whitread who has faced him on the battlefield is drawn toward him.

While Prince Sirki is in the castle flowers do not fade, leaves do not fall the old diplomat renews his youth and courts, ogles and flatters every woman Grazia, a shadowy creature of mist and moonbeams, longing for happiness not finding it in her betrothal to the duke's son, feels that her longings are satisfied only by the lover Death. When the duke breaks his promise, her mother and her earthly lover beg Death to leave her with them. Entreatles are in vain. Death himself cannot shake her resolve. Grazia knew who he was from the time she first met him. Why should she not love him and go rejoicing into the unknown land?

This play in which the symbolism is at times unnecessarily emphasized was heard with the respect that was its due. Mr. Merivale had the requisite dignity of bearing, solemnity of eloquence, flashes of irony, mystery of entrance and departure. It is said that in the Italian version Death is represented as first of all a comedian. Mr. Ferris's adaptation does not suggest any Dance of Death pictured by Holbein and others, though there is grim humor in portions of the dialogue. Miss Vinson was a rather vapid Grazia. The other players were adequate. Messrs. Royce, Erskine, Greene especially so. The single stage setting was appropriately romantic.

SHUBERT

Earl Carroll Sketch Book

Earl Carroll Sketch Book, a revue in two acts and 23 scenes; sketches by Eddie Cantor, with additional dialogue by Eddie Welch; lyrics and music by E. Y. Harburg and Jay Gorney; orchestral score by Domenico Savino; produced by Earl Carroll at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, July 1, 1929; presented at the Shubert Theatre last evening with these principals: Will Mahoney, William Demarest, the Three Sailors, the Lovely Sisters, Irene Ahlberg, Coly and Gracie Worth, Dene Howard, Dorothy Carroll, Bob Geraghty, Don Kennelly, Laverne Baker, Omar, Peggy Stebbins, Elitia Dore, Regina Mona, Viola Hunter, Dorothy Frank and Kay Apgar.

Mr. Carroll's first sketch book—he promises others in coming seasons, is not bound in choicest vellum, its pages not infrequently are soiled by coarse fingerprints. It is the sort of volume which might be kept in the back row of a bookcase, to be glanced over when one is in the mood for bawdy literature, after the family innocents have retired; when one's normal state of intelligence feels like indulging in an hour or two of licentious excursion. As a revue, it does not measure up to some of Mr. Carroll's previous achievements. It has a travel-stained appearance, its demeanor is that of something which has become brazen through many repetitions. Its dress is not particularly enticing, its speech is lacking in that refinement of phrase and point with which comic skits can be draped when the wit behind them is caustic rather than obscene. Eddie Cantor, reputed author of the major part of the sketches, has a saving faculty of comicality when he injects his own person into passing bits of pleasantry with double meanings. When others voice the same lines they are no always so inoffensively ludicrous.

Mr. Mahoney, chief comedian of this Sketch Book, labored diligently to make the evening a howling, noisy success. He gave his familiar loose-legged dances, told several ancient jokes and one or two new ones while regaining his breath, and was genuinely amusing in two numbers, as when he tried with drunken solemnity to hide a bottle in the footboard of a hotel bed only to dislodge a dozen empties from that favorite hiding place; or when he tried to shave while Miss Worth plied soap and sponge tirelessly in a bath-tub, unperturbed even when Mr. Demarest as a plumber entered the same tub to repair the pipes. Mr. Demarest, who neither dances nor sings, contributed several racy quips and indulged ad nauseam in the questionable pastime of slapping faces or implanting kicks on the persons of a trio of acrobatic clowns known as the Three Sailors. Some of their material was really funny, too much of it was tiresome.

Of others named in the long program it may be said that Miss Du Faye gave an extraordinary exhibition of muscular control, the modern nomenclature for a contortion act; that a dusky-visaged youth known as Omar revealed amazing proficiency in high-speed cartwheels and gyrations; that Mr. Howard sang introductory songs for several of the displays of feminine pulchritude; that Miss Worth, after a neat tap dance with her brother, Coly, developed into a hoyden willing to endure much buffeting by her male companions; and that the Lovely sisters were more attractive in feature and form than in thin-voiced melodies. As to choral beauty and to pictorial decorations, Mr. Carroll surely cannot believe himself entitled to superlative adulation. Given a full stage, his dancers can impress mildly by sheer force of numbers rather than by any originality or intricacy of manoeuvres. The costumes were neither strikingly ornate nor shockingly sparse. Such reticence on Mr. Carroll's part is unusual. We are not sure that it is as satisfying as when he leans to the extremes of nudity. W.E.G.

WILBUR THEATRE

"Uncle Vanya"

"Uncle Vanya," a comedy in four acts by Anton Chekhov, acting version by Rose Caylor, produced by Jed Harris in present form, April 16, 1930, at the Cort Theatre, N. Y. The cast:

Marina, a nurse ..... Kate Mayhew
Michael Astroff, a doctor ..... Osgood Perkins
Ivan Voinitski (Uncle Vanya) ..... Walter Connolly
Sonia ..... Zita Johann
Alexander Serebrakoff, a retired professor ..... Eugene Powers
Ilya Telegin ..... Eduardo Ciannelli
Helena ..... Lillian Gish
Mme. Voinitskaya ..... Isabel Irving
A Servant ..... Harold Johnsrud

The bitter, kindly comedy in which Chekhov, some 30 years ago, expressed his smiling commiseration for hopeful humanity, is now before us in a presentation of richness and delicacy. From the first act with its healthy irritability, its aura of protest, of quest, of revolt, to the last retching scenes when the evading, symbolical Helena glides out and leaves a household frantically attempting social resignation to its fate, characterization, emphasis, pacing combine to do justice to the playwright's theme.

It has been said by the translator of the present version that Chekhov's plays had no theme, yet in "Uncle Vanya" there is easily seen as definite and pointed a theme of mundane futility as even a Russian is capable of. The home-work assignment of the stern schoolmaster, Chekhov, is spoken and reiterated throughout the play as his people, either in trivial moments or in crises, but always in keeping with situation and character, speak lines that do double work—that come also straight from the heart of the staunch, realistic man himself.

"Nothing is appalling—drink your tea," remarks Uncle Vanya when his mother becomes annoyed over a minor incident. Again he uses the expression, and finally, when he sees the Helena he loves in the arms of the doctor, he tries again to speak his creed, this time stopping with "Nothing . . ." when anguish conquers his philosophy. "A man should have courage to live without hope," says the doctor, when his hope and Uncle Vanya's is gone, and from Helena we hear that the truth, whatever it may be, is less terrible than uncertainty.

But there is comedy of pompousness, of eager love, of conceit; there is comedy of unhappiness itself. Chekhov, sitting on a cloud, looks down on the curious puppets that are men, and challenges us to laugh with him at them if we are strong enough.

It is possible to laugh with Chekhov without laughing at all men. Russian intellectuals come in for their share of subtle goading. Vanya remarks that the family has been discussing and discussing for 50 years and reading books, and that it's about time they stopped—a phrase which leaps out of its immediate context and reminds one of the pages of gratuitous introspection to which western readers of Russian novels become tolerant only by long practise.

A word of Miss Caylor's translation. She has kept in mind that the play was written under the influence of outmoded manners of thought, and that motivation of certain lines and business in the original would be puzzling to English-speaking playgoers. Difficulties of time, geography and language have been modified by her in a few deft and apt changes. The present version is contemporary in exposition without loss of dignity. Its clarity and economy bring the author's satirical humor into high, though not too bold relief.

Playgoers will recall the story of the lordly old pedant who comes with his beautiful young wife, Helena, to live in the country house he inherited from his first mate. Vanya, brother of his first wife, works hard with Sonia, the professor's daughter, to run the estate, and has given the best part of his life to this end with meagre reward. Astroff, once a promising young doctor, has also spent his years working hard among dull people. Both he and Vanya fall in love with the beautiful, cold, and self-centred Helena. Both are doomed to disappointment, as is Sonia, who secretly loves the doctor. Vanya, in a final fury at the professor's domineering heartlessness, tries to shoot him, and in a magnificent climax of frustration, misses. There are partings: Sonia tries to sooth herself and those who remain with an impromptu psalm of final happiness in Heaven, which it is possible to interpret as Chekhov's last bitter laugh.

Miss Gish glides through the play, beautiful, cold and untouched. In the difficult role of a consciously beautiful woman, who, as someone says, attracts attention like a firefly, but gives neither light nor heat, she gives a consistent performance, barring certain fluttering gestures which seemed superfluous. Sweet, charming, selfish, and surprisingly undisturbed by the anguish of love that centres on her, she hardly conforms to the Helena specified by Chekhov in his voluminous correspondence.

To Mr. Connolly and Mr. Perkins belong the major honors of the play. So fully have they conceived and maintained their characters that any criticism of them must, it seems, fall on the head of Chekhov. And it would not be far wrong to include in that bracket the rest of the cast, particularly Miss Johann. H. F. M.

LOEW'S STATE

"What a Widow!"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted by James Gleason and James Seymour from the story by Josephine Lovett; with songs by Vincent Youmans and orchestration by Dr Hugo Felix; directed by Allan Dwan and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Tamarind ..... Gloria Swanson
Gerry ..... Owen Moore
Victor ..... Lew Cody
Valli ..... Margaret Livingston
Mr. Lodge ..... William Holden
Jose Alvarado ..... Herbert Brazlotti
Bastikoff ..... Gregory Gaye
Paulette ..... Adrienne D'Ambricourt
Marquise ..... Nella Walker
Massense ..... Daphne Pollard

The antics of Gloria Swanson and her confederates in "What a Widow!", current feature film at Loew's State, suggest that the glamorous lady decided to take a day off and be as slapstick and carefree as possible. The result is frankly somewhat disappointing, after the high hopes that Gloria aroused by her fine work in "The Trespasser." Here she flutters around in handsome modernistic settings, wearing a series of strikingly fashionable and becoming dresses, sings ever and anon and clowns furiously. The accessories are easy to look at, the songs—written by Vincent Youmans—pleasingly melodious, but the spectacle of Miss Swanson being just too cute for words and demanding all sorts of love in a shrill and childish voice, is more than a little disconcerting.

All this should not be taken to mean that "What a Widow!" is dull, for such a critieism applies only to the last two or three reels. The first two-thirds of the picture are frequently entertaining, and Gloria, even though she does do a night club stunt at her own evening party, looks quite stunning and sings very nicely. She plays a young widow, Tamarind Brooks, endowed by her deceased husband with $5,000,000, who sets out to see the world and have a good time. She goes to Paris on the biggest and most expensive liner she can find, acquires a train of devoted admirers and buys unlimited clothes. Really in love with her lawyer, Gerald Morgan, she makes his life miserable by flirting with Victor, a dancer, Bastikoff, a violinist who bends nails with one hand, and Jose Alvarado, a passionate Spanish tenor. In the end, she and Gerry make it up and fly to America on the giant Dornier DOX.

Miss Swanson evidently doesn't believe in having too much competition of her own sex, for, with the exception of Margaret Livingston in a blond wig, the surrounding players are chiefly male. Owen Moore gives a very nice, straight-

forward performance as Gerry Morgan, but the best work was done by Gregory Gaye as the delightfully temperamental Russian musician, Bastikoff. Here is a young actor who will bear watching. Lew Cody, reappearing after a long absence, did as well as any one could in the part of Victor, the genially befuddled dancing partner. Herbert Bragiotti was a handsome and fiery Alvarado. Mr. Youmans's songs, particularly "Love Is Like a Song," and "You're the One" are well above the usual talking picture standard, and the pictures of the Dornier seaplane are excellent. E. L. H.

Oct 10 1930

PRE-NUPTIAL GIFTS

A judge in Vienna has handed down as his opinion that if a husband is granted a divorce because his wife was unfaithful to him, he has a right to all the gifts he gave his betrothed before the ceremony. As soon as the opinion was known, a woman went into court and put all the gifts she had received on the judge's bench. The husband gathered them together and took them with him as he gaily left the courtroom.

Is there any generally accepted doctrine in this country concerning the disposition of gifts to a betrothed when the engagement is broken? Sometimes these presents have only a sentimental interest to a man, and he would not wish them back to remind him of lost happiness, unless with the view of giving them to another maiden who would look with favor on his suit. When an engagement ring, a modest or a headlight diamond, has been given, has the forsaken man a right to claim it, on account of non-fulfilment of contract? There are instances of young women who, having broken the engagement, retain the gifts, or having married and then left the husband, laugh to scorn the thought of returning them. Not every lovely lady is so improvident as the lovely Irene of the Forsytes.

Max Kluge

Word has been received from Germany of the death of Max Kluge, a former member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He enjoyed the unique reputation of having played under Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Muck, Max Fiedler, Rabaud, Monteux and Koussevitzky. He was the only member who had played under every conductor the orchestra ever had. Mr. and Mrs. Kluge had been visiting relatives and friends in Germany and Switzerland, and he died at Munich, Sept. 17, after a short illness.

METROPOLITAN

"Her Wedding Night"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted to the screen by Henry Myers from the stage play, "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood; directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Norma Martin	Clara Bow
Larry Charters	Ralph Forbes
Bertie Bird	Charles Ruggles
Bob Talmadge	Skeets Gallagher
Gloria Marshall	Geneva Mitchell
Lulu	Rosita Moreno
Eva	Natalie Kingston
Smithers	Wilson Benge
Mrs. Marshall	Lillian Elliott

An entertaining little comedy, "Her Wedding Night," is the feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre for the current week. Taken from Avery Hopwood's "Little Miss Bluebeard," it consists of a number of farcical situations, one or two of which are raised to sheer hilarity by the inspired antics of Charles Ruggles. Indeed, the picture belongs to Mr. Ruggles without question, although a generous share of applause must go to Skeets Gallagher for his excellent playing of a role that is only slightly less amusing. Clara Bow, the nominal star of the picture, remains slim and stylish but has little to do save wander in and out in becoming costumes and smile fetchingly at Ralph Forbes and Mr. Gallagher.

The plot is sufficiently entertaining without any violent strain or originality. A pretty actress, Norma Martin, accidentally marries Bob Talmadge, secretary to the popular composer and lady killer, Larry Charters. Things are complicated by the fact that Bob, who is impersonating Larry, signs his employer's name to the license, so Norma becomes Larry's wife by proxy. The rest of the picture is devoted to reconciling Norma to Larry, to getting rid of Larry's train of importunate lady admirers and to the efforts of Bertie Bird, Larry's inebriated and perpetually sleepy friend, to help Larry out and to get himself some sleep. There is much to do with rooms that open into each other and every one seems to have a fondness for getting into the wrong bed, but it all comes out with a couple of clinches.

The performance of Charles Ruggles as the well meaning Bertie deserves a paragraph all to itself. On one occasion he tries to explain to the irate Norma in dumb show that it was a cat which had made some suspicious noises instead of, as was really the case, one of Larry's lady friends. The sight of him pawing the ground, kneading cushions, playing with the bell rope—all without uttering a word—reduced yesterday afternoon's audience to hysterical laughter. Though pretty well outdistanced by Mr. Ruggles, the cast did very nicely. With Ralph Forbes as the handsome and spoiled Larry Charters, Skeets Gallagher as Bob and Rosita Moreno as a pretty and tempestuous Lulu, "Her Wedding Night" offers some pleasant, unmomentous entertainment. E. L. H.

Oct 11 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 50th season took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Sir George Henschel—in 1881 Mr. Georg (sic) Henschel—was invited to conduct the opening concert of this anniversary season, for as the first conductor of the orchestra he arranged the program for its first concert given in Music hall on Oct. 22, 1881. This program with one exception—the substitution of the Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" for Weber's "Festival" overture—was as follows: Beethoven, overture to "The Consecration of the House"; Gluck, "Che faro senza Eurydice" from "Orfeo ed Eurydice"; Haydn, symphony, B flat (B. & H. No. 12); Schubert, ballet music from "Rosamunde"; Bruch, Penelope's Sorrow from "Odysseus"; Wagner, the prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg." The substitution of Wagner's music for Weber's is to be regretted, for the program of 1881 in full would have given the audience of yesterday a better idea of what those assembled in Music hall 50 years ago applauded, or condemned as "radical," "too modern," "anarchistic."

If Wagner's Prelude is left out of consideration, the program of 1881 now seems respectable enough, respectable, prosaic, or as some would say, dull. What conductor today would put the "Consecration of the House" in rehearsal if Beethoven's name were not signed to it? Yet for many years in the history of this orchestra the overture was solemnly performed and reverently heard. Suppose a composer in 1930 should hand this work to Dr. Koussevitzky, or Mr. Toscanini or Mr. Stokowski and ask for a performance?

Haydn's Symphony No. 12 is not one of his most characteristic works. Schubert's music was charming 50 years ago and delights the ear today; nor in this instance is Schubert's prolixity fatal. What prima donna in 1930 would deliberately choose Bruch's air from "Odysseus"? But for several season's Bruch's "Odysseus," "Arminius," "Achilleus" were regarded by the orthodox as masterpieces of choral song. How paltry, how labored this air of Penelope seemed yesterday after Gluck's great air! The singer at the concert in 1881 was Annie Louise Cary; yesterday Margaret Matzenauer. Par nobile sororum!

It would be interesting to know how many in the audience yesterday were at the concert of 50 years ago; and of those, how many display the mental and physical activity of Sir George? He conducted with the force and the gusto of a young man exultant in the direction of a great orchestra. It is doubtful whether as a young man of 31 he conducted with the same confidence and vigor.

When Dr. Koussevitzky and Sir George appeared on the stage, there was the now customary scene of homage: audience rising, applauding while standing, all in a friendly and joyous spirit. Dr. Koussevitzky spoke a few words, not merely by way of introduction—for Sir George's name and reputation have long been known even to those who have never seen him conduct, never heard him sing—but as a graceful tribute to the man who had the arduous task of the first years and now must rejoice in the present splendor of the orchestra—nor did Dr. Koussevitzky neglect to remind the audience that it was Maj. Higginson's courage, one might say his artistic obstinacy in the face of many discouragements, as well as his princely munificence that enabled Sir George and his successors to carry out their own musical aims and win at last the world-wide fame acknowledged even by rivals.

The occasion yesterday was one for sentimental reminiscences. Hearing the music was associated to some, perhaps to many, with memories of the past; of singers who once gave delight but whose lips have long been dumb; of violinists and pianists whose brave deeds are now only a tradition. But here is Sir George amazingly buoyant, enthusiastic, virile.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program next week will be as follows: Bach, Two Preludes arranged for strings by Pick-Mangiagalli (first time here). Beethoven, Symphony No. 7, A major. Hill, an Ode (for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony or-

Sir George Henschel

The concert was over. The conductor had finished leading the huge Boston Symphony orchestra in the final number, "The Mastersingers of Nuremburg."

Without eyeglasses, without faltering, without glancing at his score, he had vigorously bent to the tremendous task of bringing a great overture once more into being through the timed and studied genius of 100 skilled musicians.

It was a job to leave a younger man tired and nervous, and on trigger-edge.

LEADS AFTER 46 YEARS

The conductor, Sir George Henschel, sound and sturdy despite his 80 years, his bearing almost military in its erectness, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, turned to face the clamorous applause of his audience. He was leading the symphony again after 46 years. He bowed, and then strode rapidly upstairs to a reception room where old friends awaited him.

Some one in the reception room pushed forward a chair. Sir George laughed, and declined to sit. Instead, he made room for Mrs. Henry Lee Higginson, 92, a little, old lady dressed in black, to sit down. She was the widow of his old friend, whose enthusiasm started and built, and whose fortune endowed the great musical organization. But even more important to Sir George was the fact that she was herself a patron of his art, and one who never misses the Friday concerts of the symphony.

The applause of the audience could still be heard below, augmented by salvos of clapping from the orchestra itself, the members swept away by admiration for their conductor. For a long time the sound continued unabated, but finally died out. Then, young musicians and the sons and daughters and grandsons of Sir George's earlier admirers began to climb the stairs to shake the hand which still wields the magic wand of music with such fine and certain touch. Beside them, more slowly and painfuly, cimbed the older ones—those who heard Sir George's first concert here and those who have been getting to the concerts with increasing difficulty but undiminished eagerness down the years.

GREETS OLD FRIENDS

There were tall, dignified, elderly women dressed according to the conservative fashion of certain venerable streets in Cambridge and the Back Bay who weekly are in their places at the Sanders theatre or Symphony Hall for the internationally famous concerts.

Sir George kissed several of them affectionately on the cheek in the Continental manner, and he gave his old friend and first manager, Charles A. Ellis, a little push on the shoulder as they parted. He autographed the programs of dozens of music lovers, and shook hands with as many more. He remembered the grandfathers and aunts and great-aunts of several eager young chaps who pressed forward to meet him.

"Well, I feel better now than I did this forenoon," he said to one man, though he denied that he had been suffering from stage fright this time. "I was looking forward to the concert with great pleasure," he said. "It gives one a wonderful feeling to lead such an orchestra."

The symphony has doubled and the ability of the musicians has been added to a hundredfold since he was leader of it. He recalled the change briefly, with great optimism for the present.

DAUGHTER ATTENDS

His tall and charming daughter, "Georgie," dressed in blue, was smoking a cigarette and greeting her father's old friends smilingly. Sir George put an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, but was a long time waiting for a chance to light it. He was enjoying the reception immensely.

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, present conductor of the orchestra, was beaming with pleasure at the reception tendered Sir George. "It is a very fine audience which attends the Friday afternoon concerts," he said. "They are so eager and appreciative. These people who have been attending concerts for 50 years have a wonderful musical education. It is a pleasure to lead for them."

Telegrams were arriving from musical leaders throughout the country. One came from A. Van Rensselaer, president of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association. It said:

The 50th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra is an important event in the musical life of America. This occasion is made doubly notable by the appearance at these concerts of Sir George Henschel, your first conductor.

The founding of a symphony orchestra by a group of music lovers 50 years ago would have been unusual. But this act by a private citizen was a unique occurrence, and such an undertaking as Maj. Higginson's has not been repeated since.

On behalf of the board of directors of the Philadelphia Orchestra Association, I send you congratulations on the long and distinguished career of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

It was the superb music of your players that inspired Philadelphia to want an orchestra of its own, and to you the Philadelphia orchestra and other orchestras in the United States are much indebted.

Adella Prentiss Hughes and Nikolai Sokoloff sent a telegram on behalf of the Cleveland organization, and the Rochester philharmonic committee's message said: "The Rochester Philharmonic orchestra committee extends its congratulations to you, to Mr. Henschel, and the Boston Symphony orchestra on its 50th birthday. America is indebted to your organization for the high standard of achievement you have maintained."

PARK

"Conspiracy"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Beulah Marie Dix from the play of the same name by Robert Baker and John Emerson; directed by Christy Cabanne and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Margaret Holt	Bessie Love
Winthrop Clavering	Ned Sparks
John Howell	Hugh Trevor
Nita Strong	Rita La Roy
Butch Miller	Ivan Lebedeff
Martha	Gertrude Howard
James Morton	Otto Matieson
Weinberg	Walter Long
Rose Towne	Jane Keckley
Capt. McLeod	Donald Mackenzie
Mark Holt	George Irving
Victor Holt	Bert Moorehouse

If it were not for Ned Sparks's delightful portrayal of a grouchy old author who addressed policemen as "flat-faced baboons," "Conspiracy," current feature film at the Park Theatre, would be nothing but another version of the brave little blonde who sets out to clean up a big gang. But Mr Sparks is good, just in case you need to be told, and he has a simply wonderful time. He makes his elderly eccentric not only a burlesque on similar characters of the stage and screen but an individual and outstanding person. For the first time on record, he dons make-up; a white wig, glasses, skullcap and voluminous black cape—and talks in a high-pitched squeak. And what a vocabulary he has! The person who wrote his speeches deserves high praise for the unique descriptive adjectives and ludicrous smiles.

Margaret Holt and her brother Victor, the district attorney, set out to clean up a gang of dope smugglers. She takes a long chance and serves as secretary to the head of the gang, James Morton. The latter discovers her identity and she is forced to kill him to prevent her brother, who has been captured by the gang, from being put to death. Escaping from his apartment, she takes refuge in a combination home and employment agency from which she goes as strenographer to

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Sept 12 1930

Mr. Harris is heartily to be thanked by all lovers of the drama for having brought Chekhov's "Uncle Vanya" to the Wilbur Theatre.

Constantin Stanislavsky gives a curious account of Chekhov's adventure with this play at the Moscow Art Theatre in 1899. (The play had been performed elsewhere in 1898; it was published in 1897.) Knowing the success of "The Seagull," representatives of certain theatres called on Chekhov at his home with reference to the production of "Uncle Vanya." He was angered by one of them who asked: "What are you doing now?" Chekhov, surprised, answered: "I write stories and novelettes and sometimes plays." He was then handed a report from the repertoire committee of a theatre, praising the play, saying it would be produced on one condition: Chekhov should change the end of the act in which Uncle Vanya attempts to shoot Prof. Serebriakov. "It is impossible to think," said the report, "that an enlightened, cultured man like Uncle Vanya could shoot on the stage at a person with a diploma, that is, Prof. Serebriakov." This made Chekhov laugh, though he was indignant at the foolishness of the report. "Only Chekhov was able to laugh at a time when laughter was the last thing expected from him."

Stanislavsky wished Chekhov to explain what he wanted as the dramatist, but he could not talk about his own plays. He would be confused and finally take refuge in the statement: "Listen, I wrote it down; it is all there," or he would say, "Listen, I'll never write plays again.' I received for 'The Seagull' just so much. . . ." And he would show a five-kopek piece and laugh loudly. There was talk of the Uncle Vanya, a member of the landed gentry, who manages the professor's estate. "It would seem that we had not far to look. The costume and the general appearance of a landed gentleman are known to all, high boots, a cap, sometimes a riding whip, for it is taken for granted that he rides horseback a great deal. It was so that we painted him to ourselves." But Chekhov was terribly indignant. "'Listen,'" he said in great excitement, "'everything is said there. You didn't read the play.' We looked into the original, but we found no hint there unless we were to reckon several words about a silk tie which Uncle Vanya wore. 'Here it is, here it is written down,' Chekhov tried to persuade us, 'what is written down?' We were in amazement. 'A silk tie?' 'Of course. Listen, he has a wonderful tie; he is an elegant, cultured man. It is not true that our landed gentry walk about in boots smeared with tar. They are wonderful people. They dress well. They order their clothes in Paris. It is all written down.'" (In the stage directions given in Ross Caylor's version used at the Wilbur the only allusion to Uncle Vanya's costume is for his entrance in the first act: "He has been sleeping since luncheon and looks dishevelled. He sits and straightens his collar.")

According to Stanislavsky, these words of Chekhov's about Uncle Vanya's dress uncovered the drama of contemporary Russian life: The giftless, unnecessary professor enjoys life. "He has a beautiful wife, he enjoys scholarly fame which he has not deserved, he is the idol of St. Petersburg; he writes, foolish, learned books which his mother-in-law, old fool that she is, reads like the Bible. In the burst of enthusiasm even Uncle Vanya himself is under his influence for a while, accepting him in the light of the Petersburg rumors about him, considering him to be a great man, and working unselfishly for him on the estate to support his fame. But in the end it is seen that Serebriakov is a blown-up soap bubble who occupies a post in life that he has not earned, while the talented Uncle Vanya and his friend Astrovare are forced to rot in the darkest corners of the provinces. One wants to call the real doers and workers to the source of power and to throw the giftless and famous Serebriakovs from their high posts. From that time on, Uncle Vanya became for us a cultured, soft, elegant, poetic, fine type of man, almost like the unforgettable and enchanting Tchaikovsky."

When the roles in the play were distributed, Chekhov wanted his favorite actors to play all the parts. Otherwise he threatened to rewrite the end of the third act, and send the play to the Repertoire Committee.

When the night of the first performance came, Chekhov was called before the curtain many times. He praised the performance and made only this remark about the scene where Astrov goes away. "He whistles. Listen, he whistles! Uncle Vanya is crying, but Astrov whistles!" Stanislavsky did not know what to make of this remark. "How is that? Sadness, hopelessness, and merry whistling? Believing in what Chekhov said, I whistled. I felt at once that the whistle was truthful, that Astrov must whistle. He has lost his faith in men and life to such an extent that in his distrust of them he has become a cynic. Men cannot hurt or insult him in any way at all. But luckily for Astrov, he loves nature and serves it in idea, without thought of reward; in planting forests he believes that he feeds the rivers, which without him and those like him would run dry."

And so the stage direction in the version at the Wilbur reads: "He goes out, whistling pensively."

Chekhov wrote to Miss Knipper, who afterwards became his wife—she was seen in Boston with the Moscow Art Players—"If it seems to you that 'Uncle Vanya' does not have the success you want, please go to bed and sleep soundly. Success has spoiled you very much, and you cannot endure everyday existence." And later: "For all of you Art actors, the usual, average success no longer suffices—you demand thunder claps, firing of guns, dynamite. You are thoroughly spoiled and dazed by constant references to success, full and not full receipts—you are already affected by this poison and in two or three years you will all be good for nothing!"

Professor Leo Wiener quotes from Chekhov's letters in his "Contemporary Drama of Russia."

The Professional Players of Boston have made a good beginning with the production of "Death Takes a Holiday." The play is an uncommon one, the performance is engrossing. It would be interesting to know whether the adaptation varies much in spirit and in details from the Italian original.

The Columbus Dispatch says that Ethel Barrymore's daughter is "lovelier than her pictures indicate." We are informed that she is tall, plump and pleasing; "properly diffident when her mother was being interviewed." She has a "dulcet speaking voice."

Mr. St. John Ervine finds that the American drama, while it has

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the crotchety Winthrop Clavering, a writer of mystery stories, who believes that he has got the right solution to the Morton murder, and that the police, once again, are wrong. Bewildered by his guesses at the truth, and appalled by the re-creation of the murder, Margaret gives herself away. He agrees to help her out, and by a ruse, which need not be detailed here, the gang is arrested.

There are a lot of loose ends in the story—such as Margaret's escape from any responsibility for the murder—but in this sort of plot such things don't seem to matter. Bessie Love appeared lost in the mazes of the plot, but Hugh Trevor was reasonably good as her reporter-sweetheart. The rest, including Ivan Lebedeff and Rita La Roy and Otto Matieson, did what they could.

E. L. H.

Apr 13 1930

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Her Man"

An all talking screen drama scenario by Tom Buckingham from the story by Tay Garnett and Howard Higgins based on the old ballad 'Frankie and Johnnie', directed by Tay Garnett and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Frankie	Helen Twelvetrees
Johnnie	Ricardo Cortez
Dan	Phillips Holmes
Annie	Marjorie Rambeau
Steve	James Gleason
Eddie	Harry Sweet
The Sport	Franklin Pangborn
Nellie Bly	Thelma Todd
Red	Matthew Betz
The Swede	Slim Summerville

There are plenty of ways to describe such a picture as "Her Man," current feature at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, but the briefest is the best: it's a good show. The story is exciting, the acting for the most part way above par, the photography and direction imaginative and the comedy totally unobjectionable. What more do you want? It might be just as well to mention that the story has nothing to do with the old ballad from which the title is derived, even though two of the characters are called Frankie and Johnnie, for it is Frankie who goes back on Johnnie, even more completely than he does on her.

The scene is set presumably in Havana, but it might be any cosmopolitan seaport. Frankie works in a low dive, where she picks sailors' pockets and hands her winnings over to the suavely evil Johnnie, a gentleman with an uncanny skill in knife throwing—a handsome scoundrel and jealous of his women. Presently along comes Dan, a good-looking sailor, accompanied by his two happy-go-lucky friends, Steve and Eddy. Frankie starts making up to him with her usual line, and he believes her until he catches her hand in his pocket. Even then he can't be angry, and before long they find themselves in love. Johnnie doesn't like the looks of things and arranged to dispose of Dan in the same way that he had rid himself of other men. From Annie, a drink-sodden derelict and her own mother, though she never finds it out, Frankie learns of Johnnie's little plan and tries to send Dan away by pretending that she had only been playing with him. He goes, but meeting Annie, who tells him the truth, he returns to the cafe, and the result is the grandest free-for-all fight that the screen has witnessed in years. When it is over the lovers escape and Johnnie, by an ironic twist of fate, falls on his own knife and dies.

Helen Twelvetrees, the nominal star, must give place to the older members of the cast, although her Frankie is an appealing little person. Ricardo Cortez, who seems to be coming back to the screen with a vengeance, gives a gorgeous performance of the handsome, treacherous Johnnie. From the first moment, when he rescues Frankie from an unwelcome admirer, to the last when, dying with a knife wound in the back, he tries to smile and straighten his necktie, he never missed a trick. His voice, clear, strong and without accent, can be evil or caressing by turns and is in perfect keeping with his part. Marjorie Rambeau, making her screen debut as the pathetic Annie, is also excellent. Though called on to be drunk most of the time, she is humorous and pitiful rather than disgusting. Space forbids detailed mention of the others, though Phillips Holmes deserves much credit for his portrayal of the handsome, serious Dan, and James Gleason and Harry Sweet are capital as the two friendly enemies, Steve and Eddie. The direction of Tay Garnett is highly dramatic, the fight scenes being particularly well staged.

E. L. H.

FENWAY—SCOLLAY SQUARE

"The Sea Wolf"

An all talking screen drama adapted by Ralph Block from the novel of the same name by Jack London dialogued by Samuel N. Behrman directed by Alfred Santell and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Wolf Larsen	Milton Sills
Louna Marsh	Jane Keith
Allen Rand	Raymond Hackett
"Death" Larsen	Mitchell Harris
Smoke	Nat Pendleton
Mugridge	John Rogers
Leach	Harold Kinney
Johnson	Harry Tenbrook
Nelson	Sam Allen

In this modern screen version of one of the mad Jack London's most fantastic and improbable tales it is twice noticeable how certain lines of the text apply with dramatic force to an actual situation, namely the appearance of Mr. Sills in his last film, finished shortly before his sudden death less than a month ago. As "Wolf" Larsen, ravager of the seas, brutal, overwecningly egoistic, he has occasion to declaim his creed—"to live the limit, and beyond." And when he has run his course, blinded and brought down by the revenging hot iron of the cockney cook who had lost a foot to a shark through Wolf's cruel punishment, he mutters to his awed audience of two, young Allen Rand and the girl, Lorna Marsh: "I am dying, but you cannot say that I have weakened." Despite Mr. Sills's splendid portrayal of this repellent miscreant, we could wish that his valedictory to the world might have been uttered under more attractive conditions. A mental portrait of Wolf Larsen is not the pleasantest to carry in one's memory of a sterling actor.

"The Sea Wolf" is not a picture for women. True, there are many capital marine views, of the scavenging Ghost with all sails set, of the deck of the black schooner where romance and bestiality fought for supremacy. But there also are scenes so malevolent and so brutal as to make the stoutest stomachs squirm. If Mr. Santell or Mr. Sills refused to regard the London narrative as of high literary value they at least were determined to play the game, injecting their full resources to make it a vital, graphic and gripping picture. Particularly exciting are the episodes of the mutiny, the fight between the cook and young Rand, the forced ascent of the latter to the mizzen-top and his rescue by the seaman Johnson; the unequal encounters between Wolf and Rand; the hand-to-hand battle between the boarding crew of "Death" Larsen's steam sealer and the defending crew of the schooner. Here the camera and the players, most of them unnamed, combine effectively to stir the blood and the imagination.

Mr. Sills, rugged and bronzed, seemed the true sailor-man, with a mad brain, the man who could read Schopenhauer one minute and throttle a victim of his wrath the next. In his closing scenes as he groped about his abandoned craft, still cunningly determined to outwit the two innocent survivors, he was splendid. One other performance stands out, that of Mr. Rogers as the cockney cook, sharpening his long knife for vicious reprisals, screaming his lust for "an eye for a foot," as he saw vengeance at hand. The others were good enough for the minor exactions of the story.

W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Bright Lights"

An all-talking drama adapted to the screen by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty from the story by Humphrey Pearson; directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by First National with the following cast:

Louanne	Dorothy McKaill
Miguel Parada	Noah Beery
Wally Deane	Frank Fay
"Windy" Jones	Eddie Nugent
Peggy North	Inez Courtenay
Marie Avery	Daphne Pollard
Tom Avery	Tom Dugan
Connie Lamont	James Murray
Violet Van Dam	Jean Bary
Harris	Edmund Breese
Fish	Frank McHugh

Whoever was responsible for "Bright Lights," current feature film at the Keith-Albee theatre, suffered from too many ideas, rather than too few, as is so often the case. The result is an entertaining, lively picture with so much plot, combined with so much backstage atmosphere, not to mention half a dozen song and dance numbers, that the bewildered spectator doesn't quite know what it's all about, but manages to have a good time, just the same. The film is in natural color, so-called, which gives all the players, from Dorothy MacKaill to Noah Becry, an old brick-red shade of complexion. Not that it matters much, one way or another, save to show that technicolor cannot yet reproduce flesh tones with any likeness to nature.

When the story opens, Louanne, musical comedy star, is about to marry a publicity-shy peer. In the presence of her partner, Wally Deane, and her fiance, Emerson Fairchild, she gives an interview to the press, describing her quiet, sheltered childhood and very proper bringing up, while a flash-back shows what she had really been—a dancer in cheap dives and carnival shows who had finally risen to the top through sheer ability. On this very night, her last with the show, a wealthy Portuguese, Miguel Parada, turns up and recognizes her. When he comes back stage Wally meets him and realizes that Parada, who had tried to have an affair with Louanne in her South African past, was going to make trouble. He sets a friend, Connie Lamont, to watch Parada since he is due on the stage himself. Parada pulls a gun, but

ictive features, has two serious faults: too many American plays are en in collaboration; too many American plays are written on topical ts. "Too many authors in the United States are dramatizing the stop- news or the back page of the Police Gazette. . . . The play of the mo- generally lasts for a moment. Most of us can remember 'The Trojan nan' of Euripides, or Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' but who can re- ber what he read in last Tuesday's Daily Squeal? . . . There, it seems e, comparing the American and the British plays with each other, an of mind in the latter and an excess of emotion and craft in the for- If these authors could pool their abilities, what magnificent plays would produce!"

Sybil Thorndike writes: "There is still a certain amount of reluctance e part of some parents to allow their girls to go on the stage because e temptations which they will have to undergo. But the actual facts hat there are just as many, and no more, temptations connected with tage as there are anywhere else. Indeed, on the stage itself there are bly less temptations than in most walks of life.

There is much too heavy a strain of hard work and too strict a dis- e for temptations to arise. It is not the people whom a girl will meet e stage who are likely to cause the temptations; it is the people whom vill meet 'out of hours' and beyond the stage-door. And this will be the same as in any other profession."

Never has Hollywood gone quite so far in its strange self-imposed mis- of proving to the world that the American college-bred youth is one most objectionable specimens of humanity, as in "The Girl said 'No!'" nted yesterday at the Empire. The director of the fiction has been set ifficult task of extracting humour from the proceedings of a young introduced to us as the son of well-to-do parents, who comes home one of the seats of learning in question with the disposition and in- s of a hooligan of the lowest type.—The Sunday Times (London).

e read that Delilah in H. R. Barbor's play produced in London last did not cut Samson's hair and betray him, from disloyalty to him, "a feminine independence of mind, by a desire for knowledge that is than curiosity, by a profound intellectual disquiet in finding herself, man, shut out from her master's secrets."

is a pity that the Hebrew writer of the old story did not know this.

ur old friend Jonathan Wild is the hero in "Knave and Quean" pro- in London. Mary Ellis will make her debut there as Laetitia Snap ut to Jonathan in Fielding's story the famous question that makes mortal among heroines.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The concert season in Boston is beginning slowly. Harold Schwab last day played the piano and the organ in Jordan hall but not at the e time. Among the pieces for the piano were Pick-Mangiagalli's "Collo- au clair de lune," and the finale from Dukas's sonata in E flat minor. former composer, known here by orchestral pieces, has been neglected ocal pianists. The great length of Dukas's sonata has deterred pianists n playing it in public, and it is doubtful whether any audience would the music grateful at one hearing.

Edward MacHugh, known through the radio and records, will give a tal next Wednesday evening in Jordan hall. As he is a good Scot, he us he will wear kilts, an agreeable departure from the conventional cert dress. But he will be accompanied by a pianist, not by a bagpipe uoso.

Albert Roussel, whose orchestral music is known to audiences of the ton Symphony Orchestra, will be in Symphony hall to hear his new phony on Oct. 24, a symphony composed for the 50th anniversary of the nestra. Mrs. Elizabeth S. Coolidge invited him to the Chicago Festival Chamber Music Oct 12-16, for next Wednesday afternoon, his trio for e, viola and 'cello, op. 40, will be performed by Messrs. Barrere, Vieland d'Archambeau.

Winifred MacBride, pianist, who will play in Jordan hall next Saturday ernoon, was born at Glasgow. Having graduated from the Royal College Music in London, she studied further with Benno Moiseiwitsch.

Erich Kleiber, the new conductor of the New York Philharmonic Sym- ony Orchestra, wears a blue shirt and blue trousers at rehearsal. The tume excites more attention in New York than his interpretation of miliar compositions, if the lions of the press are to be believed.

Edward Burlingame Hill's music for Hillyer's Ode will be performed the first time at the Symphony concert next Friday. The music was itten at Mr. Hill's summer home, Francestown, N. H., last summer. The sic for the chorus will be sung by the Harvard Club and the Radcliffe gers. In the second verse female voices alone are employed; for the third se, male voices.

Robert Silliman Hillyer in 1919-26 was an instructor in English at rvard University. In 1928 he was made an assistant professor. In 1926-28 was assistant professor of English at Trinity College, Conn. He was an bulance driver and lieutenant with the American Expeditionary Forces 1917-19. He was born at East Orange, N. J. in 1895. His volumes of ems were published in 1917-28. With some others he compiled "Eight rvard Poets." He has translated Danish poems.

Mr. Hill is at work on a symphony to be performed here in the course the season.

The MacDowell Club orchestra will begin rehearsals on Friday evening, t. 31 at 7:30 o'clock in the Parish Hall of the Arlington Street Church. rthur Fiedler will conduct. Players wishing to join the orchestra may send eir names to Miss Allen, 174 Cottage Park road, Winthrop.

Correspondents of the Sunday Times (London)—among them a rear miral—have recently written about an "old" song—not naming the title. he admiral thought the song was a popular pantomime number well over rty years ago. He gives from memory these lines:

I'll beat you with a feather,
I'll stab you with a rose,
I'll shoot at you with peppermints,
And I'll give you dreadful blows.

Mr. E. R. Portal heard the "feather" song at Oxford in 1873 or 1874. "It was sung, I think, by Nellie Farren or Miss Amalia." He quotes:

"Au revoir, Ta-ta, I heard him say,
To the Lady Cranbourn Alley
When wishing her good day.
I'll strike you with a feather,
I'll stab you with a rose,
I'll shoot at you with wafers,
And I'll give you awful blows.

"Very silly, no doubt, but I fear we liked to enjoy silly things in those days when sung by our favorites."

Is not this song remembered by the Englishman "Hildebrandt Montrose"? We now quote from the version published in 1872 by Louis P. Goullard, 86 Tremont street, Boston. The publisher attributed the words and music to Ed Harrigan. The song is the sixth in "Harrigan and Hart's Songs and Sketches." The others named on the illustrated page are "Sweet Louisa," "Steady Company," "Italian Organ Grinder," "Portuguese Joe," "The Little Fraud," "The Day We Celebrate." Here are the words of the once popular song:

His name is Hildebrandt Montrose,
Some folks they call him Charley;
In his buttonhole he wears a rose,
He can "francais vooley parley!"
His hair in auburn ringlets,
His eyes an azure dark;
The girls they call him Birdie
Like the swallows in the Park.

Chorus:
Ta, ta, ta, ta, my baby dear,
I'll meet you in the Park.
If the weather it is clear,
I'll strike you with a feather!
Ev'ry daisy knows
The darling of the ladies
Is Hildebrandt Montrose.

His necktie is of golden hue,
This most exquisite fellah,
He looks just like a Christmas toy,
Underneath his silk umbrella;
His boots are patent leather,
His bills he never pays;
He always drinks plain soda,
And this is what he says:

Chorus:
"Au revoir, bye, bye!"
You should hear him say,
"I'll buy some ginger drops
For Camille across the way!
The ladies all together
Are sighing for a beau,
Of course the individual
Is Hildebrandt Montrose.

He parts his hair with wondrous care,
And chalks his paper collars;
His pa is very wealthy, yes,
He's worth a million dollars
In "Big Bonanza" mining stock!
His voice is quite soprano,
You should hear him sing "Love's Chiding"
To a Fogarty piano.

Chorus:
"Oh, bye, bye, I must go away,
Before Aurora bright
Gilds the summer clouds so gay."
The ladies (Heaven bless them)
Positively know
Their choicest little treasure
Is Hildebrandt Montrose.

Did Harrigan write the words and music of this song? We heard and saw Harrigan and Hart sing and dance "Little Fraud" in a Chicago music hall in 1872. They had formed a partnership the year before, and in 1873 they brought out the famous "Mulligan Guard" in Chicago. For the long series of plays illustrative of life in New York, Harrigan wrote the verses and Dave Braham the music. The great "Cool" Burgess, born in 1840 at Toronto, where he died in 1905, used to sing "Hildebrandt Montrose," but the song that made him famous was "Nicodemus Johnson." Who that saw him can forget his drooping moustache, his amazingly long shoes. Was his first appearance in Boston with Sam Sharpley's Minstrels in 1869? It was in 1875 that he joined Moore and Burgess's Minstrels in London. Is it not possible that he then introduced "Hildebrandt Montrose" in that city?

The management of the Stoll Cinema Kingsway, London, has dismissed its orchestra of 16 musicians, "owing to the continued public demand for 'talkies'." "We are extremely sorry, but for some weeks now the orchestra has been doing nothing at all in the evenings. As their combined salaries amounted to £120 a week, it meant spending this sum without any return."

But Mr. Greenwood of the London Orchestral Association is a cheery soul. He describes the Stoll policy as belated.

"They are merely doing now what other cinemas have already done and found unprofitable. They were glad to return to the human orchestra in preference to mechanical music.

"Between 30 and 40 new cinemas will be opening in London and the provinces shortly, and all of them will employ orchestras."

Sept 12 1930

SPARE THE ROD

The Turkish republic, not content with substituting the derby, stove-pipe and soft hat for the romantic fez and the western characters for the Turkish in printing and writing, has now abolished the correcting of school children by blows. It is forbidden to use either the long stock or the short stick, and this in spite of many Turkish proverbs in support of thrashing the young to secure beneficent results. Probably the bastinado was reserved for grown offenders, nor is there any record of impalement for an incorrigible urchin who deserved death.

Are flogging, birching still practised in English schools? Famous teachers in the old days were famous wielders of the birch. In many cases the boy was compelled to go out and cut the instrument of torture. Dr. Parr found the most interesting tie which could connect with him a prominent citizen the fact that years before he had flogged him. There was Busby, who used the rod on successive generations. Sir Roger de Coverley said of him: "A great man, Sir, a very great man! He flogged my grandfather." Then there was Bowyer, master of Christ's Hospital, who saw talent in some small boy and encouraged him by the laying on of many stripes. It was said of him that the words "Sirrah, I'll flog you," were so familiar to him that once, when a woman, a friend of a boy, lingered at the door, after her entreaties for mercy were in vain, and was told to go, Boyer exclaimed: "Bring that woman here and I'll flog her."

Many New Englanders who were at school in the sixties no doubt remember that the favorite weapon of punishment was a ruler. No matter how delicate and weak the "schoolmarm," the ruler descended on the little wretch's outstretched palm with the force of a pile driver. Who does not recall the baleful words "Come here this instant. Hold out your hand"? Too often the boy was punished at home as well as at school. There were in some households a set of whips, riding whip, rawhide, and, for exercise in the barn, the carriage whip, with which the father, saying, "It hurts me more than it does you," would make the boy execute a frantic pas seul. For naughty Jane there was the slipper or the hand.

Solomon, or whoever compiled the Proverbs, was largely responsible for the whipping of children: "He that spareth the rod, hateth his son, but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." "A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass; and a rod for the fool's back"—and children in and out of school were thought to be foolish. "Foolishness is found in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." "Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die." There are proverbs to the same effect among the Turks. "The serpent's head is crushed while young." "Beating came out of Paradise." "The one who does not beat his daughter, beats his knees."

in the struggle that follows Connie kills him by accident. There is a great commotion back stage and an examination by a detective, who, for once, is not a blustering bully. The ending has a neat little twist which need not be revealed here.

Dorothy MacKaill presents an attractive Louanne and dances a hula with abandon and considerable grace. Her singing voice, too, is quite pleasing. Frank Fay wanders sentimentally through the part of the lovesick Wally Deane and contributes some song numbers. Good work in smaller roles is done by James Murray as the engaging Connie Lamont, by Noah Beery as the evil-minded Parada, by Inez Courtenay as a pert little actress, and by Frank McHugh as an inebriated but observant reporter.—E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Soup to Nuts"

An all-talking farce comedy adapted by Howard J. Green from the story by Rube Goldberg; dialogue by Mr. Goldberg, directed by Benjamin Stoloff and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Ted	Ted Healy
Queenie	Frances McCoy
Carlson	Stanley Smith
Louise	Lucile Browne
Schmidt	Charles Winninger
Throckmorton	Hallam Cooley
Klein	George Bickel
Ferguson	William H. Tooker

Rube Goldberg may turn out to be the Mack Sennett of the screen's talking travesties. In this, his first contribution, he has had the enthusiastic aid of Mr. Stoloff, who doubtless welcomed an opportunity to share in something which should have neither beginning nor ending, its purpose being solely to create laughter through the most harmless sort of foolery. That foolery Mr. Goldberg supplies without stint. The cast and Mr. Stoloff do the rest. The result is an hour and a quarter of mirth for all concerned. Those of the audience who enter, fortified by determination to see nothing funny in "Soup to Nuts" will surrender after the first 15 minutes. Thereafter they will smother their sense of dignity and decorum. The spirit of levity will possess them, to the very end of the film.

The scenes of "Soup to Nuts" are set in a costume shop run by an eccentric old German, Otto Schmidt, who likes to play the slide trombone and to invent burglar traps, automatic hat lifters and other impractical gadgets; in a fire station used by Ted Healey and his Racketeers, a quartet of burlesque firemen; and Klein's restaurant. When old Schmidt goes bankrupt young Carlson, representing his father as chief creditor, steps in to take charge, only to fall in love with Louise, old Otto's niece. So we have romance set against rough repartee between Ted and Queenie, Otto's assistants, who are supposed to be fond of each other. The closing scenes show a costume ball at Klein's remodelled cafe and a fire in the Schmidt store and apartment, which serves young Carlson's cause admirably, in that he had had the place insured in Otto's name.

It was good to see Mr. Winninger and Mr. Bickel in two old-fashioned German roles, rolling their r's in traditional Weber and Fields style. Mr. Healey, representing the new generation, was crisply comic. He has a faculty for making many of his best lines seem quite impromptu. The three juvenile parts matter little. The caricatures of firemen, with their clanging truck, their close harmonies and other bungling efforts as fire-fighters, were far more important in the processes of mirth-making. If Mr. Goldberg, best known as a cartoonist, can hold the pace he should prove a welcome addition to the screen's roster of humorous authors.

W. E. G.

Oct 14 1930

MAJESTIC

"Abraham Lincoln"

An all-talking biographical drama adapted to the screen with continuity and dialogue by Stephen Vincent Benet and Gerrit Lloyd; photographed by William Cameron Menzies, story and production adviser, John W. Considine, Jr.; directed by D. W. Griffith and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Mid-wife	Lucille La Verne
Tom Lincoln	W. L. Thorne
Nancy Hanks Lincoln	Helen Freeman
Offut	Otto Hoffman
Abraham Lincoln	Walter Huston
Armstrong	Edgar Deering
Ann Rutledge	Una Merkle
Lincoln's Employer	Russell Simpson
Mary Todd Lincoln	Kay Hammond
Sheriff	Charles Crockett
Stephen A. Douglas	E. Alyn Warren
Herndon	Jason Robards
Tad Lincoln	Gordon Thorpe
John Wilkes Booth	Ian Keith
John Hay	Cameron Prudhomme
Gen. Scott	James Bradbury, Sr.
Gen. Grant	Fred Warren
Young Soldier	Jimmie Eagle
Secretary Stanton	Oscar Apfel
Gen. Sheridan	Frank Campeau
Gen. Lee	Hobart Bosworth
Col. Marshall	Henry B. Walthall

Unless an artist, be he actor, painter or film director, have his heart in his work, that work cannot stand human scrutiny or time's erosion. The actor's conception of a character will lack vitality and verity; the painter's colors will not glow; the film director's product will not possess that fine fusion, that dramatic quality which a picture must have to stir the emotions while it appeases the intelligence. There are those who may question if film directors may be classed as artists. David Wark Griffith, who for more than a score of years has been directing and producing photoplays of varying degrees of magnitude, certainly is an artist; and as certainly his heart was in this latest achievement, "Abraham Lincoln." To his subject he has brought the best of his silent-school technique plus a poetic, reverent and steadily sympathetic mood which is evident in nearly every scene. If he has not wholly succeeded in presenting a narrative of fluid dramatic perfection the fault is less in the craftsman and his tools than in his material. That he has created something which will live, something which should be set before the view of young America of today, tomorrow and beyond, is indisputable fact.

The Lincolniana of biographists mounts into endless tomes. To reduce the saliences of these volumes to a pictorial digest of less than two hours' duration, and to do it in such fashion that at the end one is satisfied that he has witnessed the reincarnation of one of the greatest figures in American history, is a feat to be termed distinctive. Mr. Griffith, and of course, Mr. Benet, have done this. They show Lincoln, the student, the wrestler, the woodsman, the lawyer, the dreamer, the lover, romantic and humorous, the statesman, the husband of a shrewish woman, the father who permits the son Tad to interrupt a cabinet conference; the chief executive of a union about to be rent in civil war; the patient, tolerant, homely leader of men who lacked his God-given vision and strength and courage. If these various stages in Lincoln's career are episodic, often blindly co-related as to time's passage, they are none the less effective as filmed literature. The sturdy, lovable character of the man is there always.

Mr. Griffith has used his camera with extraordinary skill. The prologue in swift strokes paints the hideous traffic in slaves back in 1809. Annihilation of slavery thus becomes the keynote of the picture. Later, one is stirred by the tenderness of the love scenes between Lincoln and Ann Rutledge, by her death, by his devotion which takes him to her newly made grave one stormy night, that he might throw himself across that pathetic mound to protect her from the rain. The forced gaiety of the crowds as Union and Confederate soldiers depart for the front; and the stirring reproduction of Sheridan's ride are done with all of Mr. Griffith's shrewdness in staging militant tableaux. Was "let's go" part of the soldiers' argot in 1863-4? The incidents preceding and immediately following the assassination take on tragic colors imperceptibly. And through all there is an immensity of detail in characterization and scene which must be seen more than once to be fully comprehended.

Mr. Huston's Lincoln is a triumph of make-up and of intellect. Physically far from a prototype of the man, he creates the wanted physical illusion by high arched and heeled boots, by arrangement of the hair, by studied uncouthness. He is nearest to accepted portraits when caught in profile. His voice is uneven, lacking possibly something of vibrancy and magnetism. All other traits of his subject he indicates clearly. Miss Merkel as Ann Rutledge and Miss Hammond as Mary Todd are admirable. Mr. Warren's Gen. Grant and Mr. Bosworth's Gen. Lee seemed particularly true. Mr. Keith's Booth was a restrained bit, indicative of the m

LOEW'S STATE

"Those Three French Girls"

A comedy adapted to the screen by Sylvi Thalberg and Frank Butler from the origina story by Dale van Every and Arthur Fried music and dialogue by Joseph Meyer an P. G. Wodehouse; directed by Harry Beau mont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Maye with the following cast:

Charmaine	Fifi Dorsa
Larry	Reginald Denn
Owley	Cliff Edward
Diane	Yola d'Avri
Madelon	Sandra Rave
Earl of Ippleton	George Grossmit
Yank	Edward Broph
Parker	Peter Gawthorn

The best portions of "Those Three French Girls," current feature film a Loew's State Theatre, are not contributed by the young ladies in question but by Cliff Edwards, Edward Brophy and George Grossmith, who are neither French nor feminine. The humor of the film bears a distinctly English tinge, owing, no doubt, to the fact that P. G. Wodehouse wrote the dialogue, which is frequently amusing and closely connected with similar passages in his nonsensical novels. Admittedly the whole thing is a bit too long and Fifi Dorsay should never have attempted to be serious. Otherwise the picture offers a good deal of hilarity and is not hard to watch.

Larry, a debonair young Englishman roaming France in evening clothes and a very diminutive car, encounters three French girls—Charmaine, Diane and Madelon. He eggs them on in their altercation with their landlord and all four are promptly jailed. A pair of ex-doughboys, Owley and Yank, join them and, after a song or two, they betake themselves to the chateau of Larry's uncle, the Earl of Ippleton. This well-meaning and susceptible nobleman tries to buy off Charmaine, who has caught Larry's volatile fancy, and ends by setting up her and her friends in their own modiste shop. Larry and Charmaine quarrel and in a fit of pique she accepts the earl's proposal of marriage. In the end things are straightened out, when the earl decides that matrimony would be too strenuous for him and gives way to Larry.

Cliff Edwards, with his remarkably realistic imitation of a monkey and his familiar line of tricks with a ukelele, is ably assisted by Edward Brophy in upholding the traditions of American humor. Mr. Brophy is new to the screen, though not to the studios, and it looks very much as though he had a new career all mapped out for him. On the English side of the balance are George Grossmith, a peer who seems to have stepped right out of a Wodehouse novel, Reginald Denny, the amiably bewildered and attractive hero, and Peter Gawthorne, an unquenchabl nified butler. The three heroin played with varying degrees of s by Fifi Dorsay, Yola d'Avril and s Ravel. Since Fifi rather spoils h by trying to be emotional, the go to Yola d'Avril, a vivacious strangely reminiscent of Renee E. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATR

COPLEY—"Shooting Shadows," play; final week (Commuters' night): LYRIC—Lew Leslie's "Blackbird edition; 8:15.

PLYMOUTH—"Death Takes a Holi play, with Philip Merivale; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Earl Carroll Sketch revue, with Will Mahoney; 8:15.

WILBUR — "Uncle Vanya," drama, with Lillian Gish; final wee

(The Colonial and Hollis Street are dark this week.)

Oct 16 1930

EDWARD MacHUGH

At Jordan hall last evening and responsive audience attende cital given by Edward MacHugh tone, who was assisted by Mari ray, contralto; Einar Hansen, and Shari DeLys, George Per Sylvester, accompanists. Mr. M offered the following songs as h of the program—A Man's a Ma That (arr. by David Stephen Road to the Isles (arr. by Kennedy Fraser); The Battle ling (Chisholme); Afton (Hume); Bonnie Dundee (anon The Princess (Greig); Selve (Caldara); Moorings (Sanderso away, Awake, Beloved (Cowen Murray's list was as follows—T (Schubert); My Love is Like Red Rose (Burns); Glimpses sian); Prayer to Our Lady (Fo Lagan Love (Harty); Londond (traditional). Mr. Hansen pla following pieces— Fugue from Sonata (Bach); Poem (Fibich of the Nightingale (Sarasat from the ballet Raymonda (Gl La Capricieuse (Elgar); Polona lante in D (Wieniawsky).

The vocal part of this concer predominantly Scottish flavor, MacHugh recognized this fact the same time lent a picturesq to the proceedings by appeari the platform in kilts and the the traditional costume of t lander. It may be that som have considered the proprie more fully served had the si rowed the aid of the pipes, rat that of the grand piano, fo mental support.

Mr. MacHugh sang his so hearty sonority, a vigorous rh a sincerity of style that cha hearers and drew their en applause. The majority and successful of his songs dema these qualities, leavened per an ocasional admixture of t pathos that the Scottish fol effectively exploits. The democracy of "A Man's a M that"—strange and sad, by to see a Scotsman finding it to read these lines, of all line known to Burns's worshipper slip of paper— the warlike "The Battle of Sterling," the and stirring rhythm of "Bon dee," the amusing Southern d Noah's Ark which was one additions to the program, we the things which displayed MacHugh's qualities. The stylistic refinements of the o air, "Selve Amiche," and th of Grieg's "Princess"—which note described as "Griegish"— clearly within his grasp. In s as these, too, his voice gave ence of the ringing quality w vigorous handling permitted play.

Miss Murray's rich voice vincing style were heard wit in the songs—Scottish and I tional songs among them— had chosen to sing. It was a Schubert's "An die Musik" a an unsatisfactory translation the accompanist truncated measures, but this was not abend. Harty's "My Lagan a more than usually successf at pseudo-Gaelic composition

Mr. Hansen drew much a the sparkling agility, the virtuosity, and the case of in the display pieces of Sara iawsky, and others, by the s trapuntal playing he show Bach Fugue, and by the war and pure beauty of tone he displayed.

All three artists were rew cordial and vigorous applaus

Oct. 17 1930

RD TELLS STORY OF FLIGHT TO POLE

mphony Hall Filled at Illustrated Lecture

ear Admiral Richard Evelyn Byrd last night to an audience that comlely filled Symphony hall his story he flight to the south pole, a story was fully illustrated by remarkable ion pictures. The lecture was in aid he Industrial School for Crippled Deformed Children. The good work by this school was told simply by of its officers, who reminded his ers of its need of financial support then introduced the hero of the t, who receiving modestly the hom- of the audience, introduced some is gallant companions. Throughout lecture he lost no opportunity of sing and by name, the companions shared dangers and made the famflight possible.

is story was naturally of great inst. Unfortunately his voice did not y at all times. Many, even those paratively near him, lost sentences were eager to hear. When he e to comment and explain the pics, he was better understood by all, it semed as if the sight of the pics perhaps gave him greater confie; as if he were bound to make the ence realize the hardships and the s undergone.

e might suppose that there would certain monotony in pictures of snow and storm; but this was not case. The pictures were greatly va-. whether they showed the outdoor he indoor life of those in the darkof an Antarctic month. There were amusing pictures, as those of the guins curious about the invasion; of seals and the whales bobbing up nely through the ice holes; of the ks played by imprisoned men. There thrilling pitcures, as those of the ng-off and the flight of airplanes n any accident might have resulted omplete disaster to the expedition. here was a humorous picture of a ick dog, there was also a pathetic of the dog so tired, unable to go his courage daunted by illness, that as merciful to shoot him. The pupborn during the expedition were shown.

isha Kent Kane was nobly praised eroic verse by Fitz James O'Brien. rew Watrous muorned in verse the h of George De Long and his comions. The pictures shown last night more effective than verse, even nyson's tribue to Franklin. They preserve for years to come the ism of Rear-Admiral Byrd and his rfully enduring comrades. P. H.

METROPOLITAN

arlet Pages"

n all-talking screen drama adapted by ter Anthony from the stage play of the e name by Samuel Shipman and John B. ner; directed by Ray Enright and pred by First National with the following

y Bancroft	Elsie Ferguson
a Mason	Marion Nixon
n Remington	John Halliday
Lawrence	Grant Withers
er Beatrice	Daisy Belmore
ahan	Donald McKenzie
otta	Jean Bary
Mason	Wilbur Mack
Mason	Charlotte Walker
nes	Neely Edwards
Hutchison	Helen Ferguson
phy	Fred Kelsey
ce	DeWitt Jennings

, is Elsie Ferguson alone who makes arlet Pages" worth while. When she efore the camera it is easy enough njoy this somewhat creaky version play that wasn't much in the being. It served her passably well he stage last year, but it was rather he staste of her time then and is even e so now. Why something more attive could not have been chosen Miss Ferguson's debut in talking pics is hard to fathom. The subject unpleasant, the treatment melonatic and the photography oldioned and unimaginative. Yet, ite all this, the actress is so pleasin appearance and so melodious of e, so well poised and delightfully ral that it is no hardship to sit the picture.

carlet Pages" is a courtroom drama, hich a cabaret dancer, Nora Mason, sed of murdering her father, is ded by a woman lawyer, Mary Ban. The girl admits the killing, but refuses, shuddering, to tell why. All sorts of motives are attributed to her by the prosecuting attorney, but neither bullying nor pleading can make her speak, until an unexpected witness testifies that the murdered man was not her father. After that she confesses, and the results of that confession, somewhat arbitarily brought about, are her own acquittal and the ruin of Mary Bancroft's career. Since this marks the climax of the picture, it would hardly be fair to reveal it here. On the whole, the story suffers in its transference from stage to screen.

The acting, aside from that of Miss Ferguson as the unbelievably charming lady lawyer, Mary Bancroft, isn't of much importance. John Halliday does the ungrateful role of the district attorney with a certain amount of finesse, and Marion Nixon is appropriately sullen and distressed as Nora Mason. An amusing bit is contributed by Jean Bary in the role of a gossipy girl about town.

The real treat of the show is provided by the appearance of Mr. Charles Ruggles in a brief skit of his own invention. His humor, familiar to thousands of motion picture fans and to those who remember his comparatively recent appearances on the stage, is highly individual, slightly cock-eyed and invariably delightful. Yesterday afternoon he presented a burlesque radio report of a gladiatorial combat in ancient Rome with all the familiar flourishes, and then sang a song from "Queen High." The great size of the theatre made it difficult to hear him at times, but he will soon become adjusted to that. He promises to vary his entertainment during the week of his visit, and no one should need any urging to go and hear him. E. L. H.

Oct 18 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the concert given by the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall was as follows: Bach-Pick-Mangiagalli, two preludes; Adagio and Vivace, for string orcheestra (first performance). Beethoven, symphony No. 7. Hill, An Ode (Robert Hillyer's poem) for the 50th Anniversary of the Orchestra (first performance. Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures tures at an exhibition."

They will not let Bach alone; they think he stands in need of transcriptions for orchestra to make his name more illustrious. In London we heard a few months ago a thunderous orchestral version by Respighi of the Passacaglia, which was written originally for a species of pedal piano. Mr. Pick-Mangiagalli was more modest in his homage as a transcriber. He took the slow movement of an organ prelude to a fugue in D minor, music that suggests the treatment he gave it. For the quick movement he chose a prelude in Bach's Partita No. 3, which, utilized by Bach for other purposes, has been made familiar by organists as well as violinists. For the latter prelude he kept the original first violin part, and under it wrote other parts in the "strict contrapuntal manner of Bach."

In saying this he was not presumptuous. His own Fugue played here a year ago proved that he had a mastery of counterpoint and not merely in the pedant's sense, for his music had vitality and when grace and beauty were needed they were not missing. The first prelude played yesterday might have been transcribed by Bach himself for strings; it was so ingenious, at the same time so serene, so lovely in its tenderness. The Fugue, taken at a most rapid pace, was exciting. The parts written by the transcriber added to the musical excitement and seemed a necessary integral part; there was no hint at modernization. The expressive euphony of performance in the first prelude, the dazzling brilliance of the strings in the second were at once appreciated, warmly appreciated by the audience. Seldom is a new, unknown work so cordially received.

Mr. Koussevitzky was heartily welcomed when he came on the platform. Orchestra and audience stood to greet him. The welcome was spontaneous on the part of the audience, hearty and sincere. Having conducted the transcriptions with gusto, admiring the work of the composer as he does, he with his valiant artists gave an incomparable interpretation of Beethoven's symphony. Not that he endeavored to make all things new, but as is his way with Beethoven's music, familiarity with it does not in him breed indifference, the willingness to "let the music speak for itself," an excuse given by uninspired or lazy conductors for tame, perfunctory performance. That of yesterday was charged with the composer's Dionysiac spirit; there was the wildness of joy in the lively movements, the poetic frenzy, Bacchic revelry, while the famous Allegretto was free from the lethargic sentimentalism that some conductors find necessary for contrast. Here the great Beethoven was revealed in a manner that made the epithet "titanic" bestowed on him by biographers fond of purple phrases and the swollen style, seem not extravagant.

Before the performance of Mr. Hill's "Ode," the poet spoke his verses; then they were sung by the combined chorus of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. They were also printed in the program book. All this, so that there might be no possible excuse for those present not dilating with the right emotions, music or no music.

The poetic sentiments served well the musician, who made of his work a little cantata, conspicuous for clear effective writing for the chorus; and for an instrumental prelude and interludes that, while they displayed tasteful instrumentation, anticipated and then sustained the poet's various declarations. In writing for the chorus, Mr. Hill treated the singers as human beings with vocal limitations, not as orchestral instruments. He shrewdly used female voices for a stanza that seemed to require them. The maidens from Radcliffe clad in a Fascist uniform but with white collars came on the stage in solemn procession. A dash of red, or even of heliotrope, would better have suited the occasion. They did not, lifting up their voices, lament with a great lamentation, as one would have expected from their garb. They sang sweetly and smoothly of "Windy," not waterlogged, flute, harp, and "violins of graver phrase," while the more heroic spirit of the third stanza filled the breasts of the Harvard men and was expelled in their characteristically broken, syllabic sentences with the staccato that often was like unto a bark. Mr. Hill's accompaniment preserved due proportion; there was no attempt to outvie in strength and stress the vocal forces; the accompaniment supported and embellished. Poet and composer were duly applauded.

There was a compelling performance of Ravel's idea of Moussorgsky's Suite for piano, a performance of marked virtuosity. One might justly ask, whether the original version for the piano is not nearer to the Russian's impression of Hartmann's pictures than is Ravel's elaborate transcription, if the title might not well be "Study in Orchestration by Ravel with Helpful Hints by Moussorgsky." The two names are not easily associated.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Berlioz's overture to "Benvenuto Cellini," Roussel's new symphony, G minor (first performance); Debussy's "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse."

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Moby Dick"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by J. Grubb Alexander from the novel of the same name by Herman Melville; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Brothers and Vitaphone with the following cast:

Ahab	John Barrymore
Faith	Joan Bennett
Derek	Lloyd Hughes
Whale Oil Rosie	May Boley
Stubbs	Walter Long
Starbuck	Tom O'Brien
Elijah	Nigel de Brulier
Queequeg	Nobel Johnson
Blacksmith	William Walling
Old Maid	Virginia Sale
First Mate	Jack Curtis
Rev. Mapple	John Ince

The next part for John Barrymore to play is Mephistopheles. In that grand old warhorse of magnificent mummers he could work off all his yearnings for sardonic smiles, grandiloquent gestures and picturesque poses, as well as exhibit his shapely nether limbs in scarlet tights. Sometimes we wonder why he hasn't tried it before. In all his films, saving the mischievous "Man from Blankley's" he always takes time to exhibit Satanic leers and scowling deviltry. Perhaps as his majesty of the lower regions, he could get it all out of his system for good and all. All these favorite melodramatic tricks are to be found in "Moby Dick," current feature film at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, along with some sly humor and picturesque nautical photography.

This is not the first time that Mr. Barrymore has essayed the part of Ahab, Herman Melville's mad sea captain, who spent his life trailing the evil monster that had deprived him of his leg. "The Sea Beast," an earlier effort, was silent, while "Moby Dick" has all the advantages of sound and conversation, thus permitting Mr. Barrymore to yell instead of just making faces, when he is having the stump of his leg seared with a hot iron. "Moby Dick" is only for those who like their drama raw and rough—it is not for those who admire Mr. Barrymore as a matinee idol. It is interesting most of the time, although the sub-plot dragging in the love story which Melville did not write, seems singularly unnecessary. The shots taken at sea are frequently effective, as is the famous whale, until it comes to closeups. Then it is only too apparent that the monster is artificial and all Mr. Barrymore's gnashing of teeth and furious excitement becomes rather silly.

The plot tells how Ahab, a devil-may-care young New Bedford whaler, engaged to marry the lovely Faith, who is coveted by his younger brother, Derek, goes off on a whaling voyage, has his leg bitten off by Moby Dick, the white whale, and becomes a madman, obsessed with the idea of pursuing and killing it. In the end he achieves his purpose and comes home to find Faith still wating for him. Mr. Barrymore struts all over the set, poses endlessly and does some really excellent acting as the carefree, humorous young sailor of the beginning. He takes the centre of the stage throughout, but his audience does not always take him seriously. If only he were allowed to exercise his sense of humor instead of his theatrical qualities, he might get better results. Heroics or no, he rather extinguished the rest of the cast, but there were good bits contributed by Nobel Johnson as the savage Queequeg, the only friend left to Ahab in his years of insane wandering; by Jack Curtin as the bullying First Mate, and by Joan Bennett as Faith, although all she had to do was to look pretty and occasionally tearful. There is also a bright St. Bernard puppy, but he isn't mentioned in the cast. E. L. H.

PARK

"The Eyes of the World"

A screen melodrama, adapted by Clarke Silvernail and N. Brewster Morse from a novel of the same title by Harold Bell Wright; directed by Henry King and presented by Inspiration Pictures and Sol Lesser with the following cast:

Sybil LaGrange	Una Merkel
Myra	Nance O'Neill
Aaron King	John Holland
Mrs. Gertrude Taine	Fern Andra
James Rutledge	Hugh Huntley
Conrad LaGrange	Frederic Burt
Mr. Taine	Brandon Hurst
Bryan Oakley	William Jeffrey

Melodrama often creates strange relationships. It is doubtful if any play of stage or screen, however, presents such a jumble of characters as strive to make themselves intelligible in the screen version of "The Eyes of the World," now at the Park Theatre. A Chinese puzzle become a light and gladsome task compared with the enervating ordeal confronting any and all of the audience who try to tell who's who from what they see and are told by the un-distinguished adapters and by a director who has done some good work and some not so good. Of course, in a less important way, there is the author of the story to be considered; but nowadays, by the time an original story gets to the screen its maker's reputation has shriveled to nothingness. Though we never may have deemed Mr. Wright a great author we cannot blame him for the current crime against clarity.

Those who have read the novel are familiar with the characters of the prologue, really a flash-back. They are James Rutledge, a rich rascal of a bigamist who had a son by one woman and a daughter by another. When the two women, Mrs. Rutledge the first, played by Eulalie Jensen, and Myra, played by Nance O'Neill, meet, the former throws acid which disfigures Myra for life. The infant daughter gets a drop or two, also. The first confusion arises when, as time passes, Myra's child looks exactly like Mrs. Rutledge, while the son resembles no one in particular. When the picture opens Aaron King, a stalwart artist, meets Sybil LaGrange, daughter of a novelist, in the customary wooded glen, falls in love and remains steadfast despite the jealous machinations of Gertrude Rutledge, now become Mrs. Taine, wife of an ugly old millionaire. Succeeding incidents are so obviously artificial, so childishly dull and simple as to cause snickers more than once from a hard-boiled audience rightfully entitled to more and livelier action. There is no clear progression, there is no climax, nothing but glimpses of mountain scenery and studio sets, and a jumble of words. In such a formless affair Miss Merkle is the solitary bright star, a little bit of a star but still capable of casting a soft radiance through a murky gloom. Miss O'Neill, noted these many years for her rich stage voice, still struggles with the malevolent microphone, yet contrives to present a moody figure of remorse and vengeance. The sincerity of the other players is not questioned. It is the wastage of their labors which is deplorable. W. E. G.

WINIFRED MACBRIDE

Winifred MacBride, pianist, gave a recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, playing the following program: Preludes and Fugues in C minor, C sharp, E, and B flat, from Volume 1 of "The Well-Tempered Clavichord" (Bach); Intermezzos in C, Op. 119, and B flat, Op. 117, and Rhapsody in E flat (Brahms); Fantasy in C (Schumann); Gavotte in G minor and Suggestion Diabolique (Prokofieff); Summer Val-

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"Berkeley Square," a play in three acts, by John L. Balderston and J. C. Squire, will be performed for the first time in Boston tomorrow night at the Wilbur Theatre.

The printed play bears this quotation from Maeterlinck: "It is almost certain that, in itself, there is only an immense Present, eternal, immovable, in which all that has been and all that will take place has place unchangeably, without distinction of yesterday or today, except in the ephemeral minds of men."

When the play was produced at St. Martin's Theatre, London, it was stated that the plot was taken from Henry James's posthumous fragment, "The Sense of the Past." "One knows instinctively," wrote the critic of the Sunday Times, "what James could, would, and must have made of an American swapping identities with an Englishman living 140 years earlier. One senses the hesitant delicacy with which James's centuries would kiss and commingle; and the sly chicanery of writing bent on keeping the reader's attention to this or that value."

In 1926 the cast in London was as follows: The Lady Anne Pettigrew, Beatrice Wilson; Tom Pettigrew, Brian Gilmour; Miss Pettigrew, Valerie Taylor; Mr. Throstle, Ivor Bernard; Helen Pettigrew, Jean Forbes-Robertson; Mrs. Barwick, Frances Ruttledge; the Ambassador, J. Fisher White; Peter Standish, Lawrence Anderson; Marjorie Frant, Grizelda Hervey.

The play was elaborately revised; new scenes and new characters were introduced; the order of development was changed for the revival at the Lyric Theatre, London, on March 6, 1929. The cast was then as follows: Tom Pettigrew, Mr. Gilmour; Kate Pettigrew, Valerie Taylor; the Lady Ann, Marjorie Gardin; Mr. Throstle, Tarver Penn; Helen Pettigrew, Jean Forbes-Robertson; the Ambassador, H. O. Nicholson; Mrs. Barwick, Frances Ruttledge; Peter Standish, Leslie Howard; Marjorie Frant, Gladys Rogers; Maj. Clinton, Elliott Seabrooke; Miss Barrymore, Juliet Mansel; the Duchess of Devonshire, Marie Lohr; Lord Stanley, J. Smith-Wright; Lady Sinclair, Frances Ruttledge; Miss Sinclair, Irene Howard; Sir Joshua Reynolds, S. Lewis-Ransome; Duke of Cumberland, Tom Woods.

The idea of the play is that "time does not proceed in rigid sequence, like a two-foot rule, but in folds like a tape measure, so that it is possible for a man to change places with his ancestor and to drop back, retaining his own individuality, into the life of the 18th century." If one thrusts a pin into a tape measure, the same pin may pierce the 6th and 60th inch on the measure, and so one individuality may exist in the 18th and the 20th centuries.

Peter Standish walked out of a room in London, where he was having tea with his betrothed. He was Peter, but the Peter who had been painted by Sir Joshua. He met his ancestors, and occasionally talked with them as though they thought of themselves as ancestors. Naturally they could not understand him. Only Helen was not disturbed because he was "different." She could look forward into the future, as Peter had longed to live in the 18th century. According to the diary of the 18th century Peter, the 20th century Peter should have wed Kate Pettigrew, but he loved Helen even against his will. He was at last disillusioned, for those people of the 18th century finally appeared to him as he told Mr. Throstle a mass of insolence, ignorance and dirt. "What a period! Dirt, disease, cruelty, smells, . . . God, how the 18th century stinks. . . . You're all dead—you're all rotted in your graves—you're all ghosts, that's what you are—ghosts. . . . And I was in love with the past!"

The play had a long run in London. Those, if there were any, who were perplexed by the "sense of the past" were moved by the story of the aesthete's hopeless love for the girl he loses in the past. The late William Bolitho wrote: "I, who feel with difficulty the illusion of the theatre, had the authentic shudder of the supernatural, the readjustment to the deeper reality of the mystery of life, death and love that, however the street roars and burns in our days, still and forever surround us."

When the play was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Nov. 4, 1929, several of the London company took part; among them Miss Taylor, Miss Howard (now the maid), Messrs. Gilmour and Mr. Penn. Leslie Howard played Peter; Margolo Gillmore, Helen; Fritz Williams, the ambassador.

We read that when Mary McCormic, opera singer, heard that Pola Negri had filed suit for divorce from her husband, Prince Serge Mdivani, her sister in art, she exclaimed: "He's perfectly grand. Two years ago I met him on the boat. You see, I saw him first." In heavenly minds can such resentment dwell? But Miss McCormic should heed the counsel of the Psalmist: "It is better to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."

The title of Percy Robinson's play "To What Red Hell," which will be produced at the Copley theatre tomorrow night, is taken from Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol."

"So with curious eyes and sick surmise
We watched him day by day,
And wondered if each one of us
Would end the self-same way,
For none can tell to what red Hell
His sightless soul may stray."

This play was first produced at the "Q" theatre, London, on June 7, 1926, when the title was "For None Can Tell." The present title was given to the play when it was produced at Wyndham's theatre, London, on Oct. 30, 1928.

A girl is found dead in her lodgings. She was murdered. Circumstantial evidence is against a man who had loved the girl. She had confessed to him on the night of the murder that she earned her living on the streets. He admitted that he had said "terrible things to her," and he could not prove that he left the house before the murder. He is condemned. The real murderer was an epileptic, unconscious of the fact that he was liable to fits of mania. He had strangled the girl who had never harmed him. He made this confession to his father and uncle who endeavored to shield him and save the innocent man.

The Daily Telegraph, commending the play and the performance in 1926, said: "We do not remember to have been present at a more enthusiastic reception of a new play in this theatre." Even the cool-headed James Agate in 1928 wrote: "'To What Red Hell' is a thundering good play," a recommendation that reminds one of Mr. William Lyon Phelps's praise of this or that novel for publisher's advertisements. Mr. Agate also said: "The play is excellent of its kind, always exciting and often harrowing."

In 1926 the leading parts were thus distributed: Harold Fairfield, Frederick Paisley; Tim Nolan, Wallace Geoffrey; Mrs. Nolan, Mary Yorke.

In 1928 Mr. Paisley again played Fairfield; Mr. Geoffrey, Nolan; but the part of Mrs. Nolan was taken by Sara Allgood. In the 1926 performances the dramatist played George Hope. Among Mr. Robinson's good qualities as enumerated by the Daily Telegraph is a "great" quality: "He gives his cast something to act." There are 16 characters in the play.

"Should a Doctor Tell?" is the title of a "talkie" that has been presented privately at the Palace Theatre in London. Basil Gill, a medical specialist, "self-possessed, with a stern sense of duty, yet tolerant of human frailty," refuses to violate the sanctity of the consulting-room even at the bidding of the judge. What is the present rule in England?

James Fitzames Stephen Q. C. in his "Digest of the Law of Evidence"—a second edition was published at St. Louis in 1876—laid down this rule: "Medical men and (probably) clergymen may be compelled to disclose communications made to them in professional confidence." In a note in which many cases are cited, the author wrote: "The question whether clergymen, and particularly whether Roman Catholic priests, can be compelled to disclose confessions made to them professionally has never been solemnly decided in England, though it is stated by the text writers that they can." There is nothing about medical men in the note.

Not many years ago we read in the Daily Chronicle: "Doctors are seriously disturbed by the legal ruling that they have no right to withhold from a court of law secrets entrusted to them by their patients. It has been supposed that confidence reposed in a doctor was as inviolable as a confession made to a priest. Indeed, the ministry of health has stated that the doctors were privileged and that they need not disclose what has been told them in the sanctity of the consulting room, the hospital ward, or the sick chamber. Unless the judge's declaration to the contrary can be reversed, doctors will be put in a very difficult position, and patients will be very much less ready to tell them all that they ought to know. The ministry of health is considering the matter and is hoping to find a satisfactory way out."

In Shakespeare's "Tempest" as played recently at the Old Vic in London, the island was Eastern in character. The "conflict between Art (as typified by the inhabitants of the island) and Philistinism (as typified by the shipwrecked people) with Ariel as the artist's inspiration" was emphasized! Miss Kate Coates played a Celtic harp for the "magic" interludes. Was a comic song provided for Caliban, who relished the ditty sung by his drunken visitor?

The Observer (London) gave this advice to young dramatists:

I would make it a penal offence for any man to write a play without being able to declaim two or three of Shakespeare's plays by heart.—Mr. O'Casey in today's Observer.

I have never read nor seen a play of Shakespear's.—Mr. R. C. Sheriff (author of "Journey's End") in Observer, Sept. 15.

Concerts

Mr. W. J. Henderson writes that the early musical season in New York is barren. He asks if this is due to the general depression. "There is not much money to spend on making musicians known to the public." Mr. Henderson is not inclined to regret this barrenness. "Usually at this time reviewers are engaged in listening to much that might better have been left unheard even in periods of prosperity."

Seldom have so few concerts been announced in Boston for this month. Is it not possible that the radio satisfies many who, if the machine had not been invented, would go to concert halls? Is it not possible that the price of admission is not often thought too high?

Of course, some teachers will in any month put pupils on the stage who are unprepared. Nor is this always the fault of the teachers. There are pupils whose ambition is greater than their good sense; pupils who are restive, unwilling to undergo the necessary labor of adequate preparation.

Mr. Henderson, considering the case of Erich Kleiber, the new conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra until Mr. Toscanini returns, writes words that are as true in Boston as in New York:

"It is our misfortune that we have come to demand that every orchestral reading should ravish us or stir us to violent demonstrations. A good performance is not enough; it must be a thunderbolt or a rainbow. It is perhaps not quite just to attribute this appetite for sensationalism wholly to the musical public. It is general. That is a self-evident fact. But the desire for something exciting is not healthy, if only for the reason that excitement cannot be produced on order fresh every day. * * *

"If the local musical public ever finds out that there is no sound reason for excitement about Mr. Toscanini, who is bent entirely on subjective presentations of masterpieces, there will be a depression in the atmosphere of Carnegie Hall. There would be what is irreverently called a 'slump.' Conditions were infinitely better in those far off days when Theodore Thomas conducted concert after concert without creating any excitement and yet without lessening the belief that he was a great conductor."

Who was the author of that pathetic ballad, "She Was Poor, But She Was Honest"? The author of the original version, we mean. It is a pre-war poem, though it was sung by English soldiers, with variants, and with Cockney pathos in the world war.

One verse recalls an amusing short story by Maupassant:

"See the little country cottage
Where her sorrowing parents live;
Though they drink the fizz she sends them,
Yet they never can forgive."

Miss Mary Garden, arriving in New York, said she owes her present ellent health to swimming without even a loin cloth. "I earn my own ng and I'm too busy to think of marriage." She will appear "on the dio'" "If Al Smith says 'raddio,' he's right." The palpitating reporter o met her found her dressed in red, "both hair and clothes."

Harriet Cohen, an English pianist, who is addicted to the music of the cellent Arnold Bax, is now in this country for the first time. Mrs. Eliza- h Sprague Coolidge brought her over to play at the Festival of Modern sic in Chicago last Monday. Miss Cohen will give recitals in Washing- (at the Congressional Library) and at Yale, Princeton and Harvard versities. The Queen of Spain recently pinned a diamond brooch on her er a recital at Madrid. Miss Cohen wore the brooch when she landed New York on Oct. 7. "Rich and rare were the jewels she wore," but she also said to be a comely person who needs no precious stones to make a orable impression.

Antonio Scotti is now in New York ready to begin his 32d season at the tropolitan Opera House. "He denied reports from Italy hinting that he ght marry a wealthy widow." His old friend Scarpia was not in the habit marrying.

Not many of the innumerable admirers of Mr. Robert Hichens—who s just published a new novel a few days in advance of his 65th birthday— y remember that as a youth he wrote song lyrics which were as popular his early novels. One of his songs, "A Kiss and Good-bye," was a favor- with Madame Patti, and one day at the Albert Hall he was much up- ed by the enthusiastic applause her rendering of it evoked. His delight s marred, however, as he records, by immediately afterwards hearing a ly behind him remark: "What a lovely song," and receive the answer: es, but what awful tosh the words of such songs always are."—Sunday nes (London).

George Copeland played with the Philadelphia Orchestra on Oct. 10th d 11th De Falla's Jardins d'Espagne and Debussy's Danses Sacree et Pro- ne. The orchestra's program book of the week before made this aston- ing statement about him:

"This American-born pianist who left home at the age of seven to study Spain, etc."

Ernest Newman listened recently in London for 20 minutes to Frank idge's orchestral piece "Enter Spring" and was so moved that he wrote the Sunday Times: "If this is how Mr. Bridge feels in the Spring I won- r what he has to go through in the Autumn."

Dame Clara Butt, having returned from India—she is about to leave gland for the Far East—says that Ghandi asked her to sing his favorite mn "Abide with Me." Just the hymn tune, or the cantata-like version e once sang in Boston with the aid of a cabinet organ and piano— d sang "with great expression"?

Emanuel Moor, whose double keyboard piano will be played by his wife, inifred Christie, next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall, was born in ngary in 1862. It is said that his father was a rabbi. Emanuel was edu- ted musically at Budapest and Vienna. He came to the United States out 1885. In the season of '85-'86 he was musical director of a concert mpany, "Concerts Artistiques": Lilli Lehmann, soprano; Ovide Musin, olinist; Franz Rummel, pianist. This company gave three concerts in the usic Hall, Boston, on March 10, 12, 13, 1886. Moor gave concerts in New rk; at the one on Nov. 24, 1886, he played two of his piano pieces and len Dudley Campbell sang two of his songs. (Some of his songs had been ng in New York before that.) On Feb. 24, 1887, he played a group of his no pieces and on April 1 his piano concerto in D minor with orchestra. oor was first made known in Boston as a composer when W. H. Sherwood yed his "Humoresque."

When Moor lived in New York he was described as "poor and ambitious." married a rich woman, Miss Burke, and went to England, where he made s home in the country; but in 1894 he played his piano concerto in D ajor at a London symphony concert. This concerto had already been yed in Scotland by Benno Schonberger. On March 14, 1895, at a London nphony concert conducted by George Henschel, his symphony No. 3, n Memory of Kossuth Lajos," was played. The concerto had a Hungarian aracter but a critic wrote that while the symphony was well received, "curiously enough, although written in honor of the great patriot, was iefly remarkable for the absence of the Hungarian element—'Hamlet' thout Hamlet." In 1895 Mr. Moor went to Budapest to hear a performance his "Kossuth" symphony.

Little was said about him until in 1899 Rettich, the violinist, played two olin sonatas and other pieces in Berlin. In 1902 two of Moor's operas re produced at Cologne, "Andreas Hofer" and "La Pompadour." Another era by him is "Der Goldschmied von Paris."

For some years he lived at Lausanne. His home is now high up on ont Pelerin, Vevey. Ysaye made his acquaintance early in this century d became interested in his music. He, Thibaud, Marteau, Casals and Mme. iggia were instrumental in making his works known.

His piano concerto op. 57 was played by Harold Bauer at a concert of e Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston on April 18, 1908.

Moor is a voluminous composer: three operas at least; seven sym- nonies; four violin concertos; two concertos for 'cello; triple concerto for ano, violin and 'cello; a concerto for two 'cellos; sonatas for violin and ano, and for 'cello and piano; a piano sonata; and, Mr. Bauer told us in 08 that Moor had written about 500 songs. Mr. Bauer played the Prelude D flat at a recital in Boston on Jan. 2, 1908.

Winifred Christie, who will play the double keyboard piano next Sun- ay, made her first appearance in Boston on Jan. 19, 1916. Her program cluded Florent Schmitt's remarkable piece: "The Passing Bell." We be- ve that this was Schmitt's introduction to a Boston audience. On April , 1917, she played Beethoven's concerto No. 4 at a concert of the Boston mphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor.

"This double-keyed piano has two manuals. The lower one is a nor- al piano keyboard, while the upper one is an octave higher. With the aid a middle pedal the two manuals can be coupled together. As soon as is is done, each key of the lower one struck sounds in octaves. The upper anual remains independent. The white keys of the lower manual on the d where they touch those of the upper are raised to bring them at this point on a level with the black keys, so that glissandi can be played on this part of the keyboard through the entire chromatic scale."

Moor's endeavor to enlarge the resources of the piano, or to lighten the task of the pianist, is not the first. There is Bosanquet's "Symmetrical" keyboard; Lunn's "sequential" keyboard; K. B. Schumann's "new chromatic." The Janko keyboard has been played in Boston at one public recital at least.

A dispatch from Hollywood to the New York Herald-Tribune says that Belle Chamberlin, who died there, 57 years old, was once a "grand opera star," who "made her first appearance with the Boston grand opera at the age of seventeen." Boston Grand Opera Company? Can anyone give further—and possibly correct—information about this singer, who left the stage "at the age of thirty-eight and established a dancing school at Detroit"?

'DREAM PICTURES' SHOWN BY DE COU

Branson De Cou gave the first of a series of his "Dream Pictures" last night in Symphony hall. The subject was "Beautiful Switzerland." The hall was almost completely filled with an audience deeply interested in his comments, delightfully free from stock, shopworn descriptions, and most appreciative of the many beautiful pictures. These portrayed scenes on Lake Leman, Interlaken and the Jungbrau Lucerne. The many charming spots on the lake and near it, the William Tell country, Zermatt, with many views of the Matterhorn, the Simplon route, the Rhone valley, the San Bernard, Lugano, glimpses at the Engadine, Chalets, views from mountains, dizzy climbing railways. Perhaps the pictures that excited the heartiest applause in the first part of the lecture were the moonlight scenes and the wild flowers of the Alps. The concluding portion of the lecture was "The Swiss Cycle of the Seasons."

There was little about Geneva, for as Mr. De Cou said, while the city has historical interest, the city, as far as scenery is concerned, is simply a city, with a far off sight of Mt. Blanc if the weather permits. Berne and Lucerne are far more interesting. Zurich is again—a city, shown by Mr. De Cou, as he remarked, because if there were no picture of it some one would probably write to him, complaining of its absence, and add "I was born there."

Mr. De Cou enjoys talking about the pictures as he had enjoyed being in the valleys and on the mountains portrayed. He has the gift of introducing his own personality without seeming to be egostistical, and so his own enjoyment is shared by those who hear and see. He does not advertise railway routes and hotels; he is a traveller with trained eyes for whats is beautiful or majestic in nature; what is quaint in villages and towns.

The illustrative music was by Chopin, Ornstein, Rossini, Debussy, Jensen, Sinding, Sibelius and others. The music itself was usually appropriate to what was on the screen, but the records did not always do justice to the composers. The performance of Chopin's Nocturne, and the opening of the "William Tell" overture was especially unworthy. The subject next Sunday evening will be "Our National Parks."

—P. H.

ley and Bank Holiday (E. J. Moeran); "Trabel On," Burlesque March from American Negro Suite (Th. Otterstrom); Rabbit Hill (Roy E. Agnew); Toccata (Ravel).

The manner in which Miss MacBride played her not-too-hackneyed program proved that she has made notable progress since her last appearance here—progress toward the development of a more varied and interesting style and a surer musical insight than have hitherto been hers. Even now, she too frequently perpetrates phrases of dubious shape and rubatos of more than dubious wisdom; even now her considerable technical powers fail at times to produce the effect desired through the absence of well-judged accentuation, through over-pedalling, or through ill-planned gradation in climax.

But there was much that was pleasing in yesterday's concert. Except for the sentimental and languishing distortion of the C minor Fugue, Miss MacBride's Bach had a pleasant, graceful fluency of line, and a commendable transparency of texture. Brahms's C major Intermezzo was lightly and pointedly done, the B flat minor less well—for over-delicacy resulted in the complete omission of the essential notes and bad phrasing and the over-stressing of sufficiently obvious inner parts spoiled the beautiful middle section. The E flat rhapsody was sufficiently vigorous and brilliant.

Less than satisfactory in Schumann's Fantasy, where it is so easy to be too vehement in the desire to be rhapsodic and romantic, the pianist was more successful in her final group, devoted to moderns. Prokofieff, flirting lightly with banality in his G minor Gavotte or with an outmoded and slightly comic diabolism in his "Suggestion Diabolique," had full justice done him..

The Englishman Moeran, not uninterestingly over-harmonizing some pleasant tunes of bucolic flavor; Otterstrom's Negro march, steadily increasing and diminishing in sonority as it approached and passed on, according to the time-honored device; the scuttling little tunes of Agnew's "Rabbit Hill"; all were excellently done, and to the obvious pleasure of the audience. A more than competent performance—marred by occasional deficiency in the incisive articulation that Ravel here demands—of the brilliant and melodious Toccata closed the recital, but for the usual additions to the program demanded by an appreciative audience.

S. S.

FRITZ KREISLER

Appearing at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon for his first concert of the season, Fritz Kreisler played the following program: La Folia (Corelli); Sarabande, Double, and Bourree from the B minor Partita for violin alone (Bach); Concerto in E minor (Mendelssohn); Romance in A major (Schumann); Rondo in G major (Mozart); Three Caprices: Study on a Choral for violin alone (Johann Stamitz, 1717-1759); La Chasse (J. B. Cartier, 1765-1841); Caprice in A minor (Paganini-Kreisler).

The current depletion of concert audiences—variously ascribed to the invincible advance and deadly competition of the radio and to the far-reaching financial depression—has left Mr. Kreisler happily and conspicuously untouched. This popular violinist found himself faced and flanked yesterday by an audience which filled every available part of the hall—an audience, moreover, as loudly and spontaneously enthusiastic as any that may be conceived, within the fairly generous limits imposed by decorum upon the conduct of concert audiences.

Mr. Kreisler's program was not one calculated to arouse much interest on its own account. There has been much complaint of the lack of musical enterprise and missionary fervor evinced by the more celebrated concert artists, who, to the advantage of their audiences and (one would think) to their own greater satisfaction, might be expected to offer programs a little more varied, and occasionally more daring, than those to which they have accustomed us. Yet there are the compensating joys of tranquil reminiscence, and the delight of hearing minor or miniature masterpieces superbly performed by a virtuoso who is also a sensitive musician. Such were the pleasures that Mr. Kreisler offered his hearers once more yesterday afternoon.

He made masterly play with the famous "Folia" variations, without ever obscuring their relation to the nobly poised theme, and disclosed anew the warm perfection of his double stopping and chord-playing in the unaccompanied pieces from a Bach Partita. In the hackneyed but lyrically charming delicacy and flexibility of tone and phrasing, the intelligence and vitality that avoided the ever-present danger of lapsing into mawkish sweetness, the irresistibly sparkling exuberance of his performance of the final movement, put new youth into the veins and sinews of this somewhat jaded war-horse of the virtuosi.

Schumann's pretty Romance drew forth all the characteristic Kreislerian suavity; Mozart's Rondo evoked his lightest, most playful touch, and a dancing rhythm. Of the three "Caprices" the first, though consummately done, demanded a little more, in the way of chordal and contrapuntal elaboration of a chorale theme, than the violin can ever convincingly give; the second, Cartier's "La Chasse," was an extremely effective and admirably-played little fantasy on a hunting-call motive; the third, Paganini's well-known A-minor Caprice, was brilliantly performed.

Mr. Kreisler's occasional though unobtrusive lapses from absolute truth of intonation should be mentioned gently on the debit side of his account; the liberties he takes with his composers' scores are usually of small moment;

distractingly foreign to the character or the period of the music "arranged." The piano part of at least one of the "Folia" variations recalled Chopin rather than Corelli, though it is possible that we are mistaken in supposing Mr. Kreisler to be its perpetrator. And above all his fussy and over-elaborate, pseudo-modern harmonization of the "Londonderry Air" should be scrapped.

As already hinted, the audience was rightly and overwhelmingly appreciative; Mr. Kreisler responded generously with encores. S. S.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"East Is West"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Winifred Eaton Reeve from the play of the same name by Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer; directed by E. M. Asher and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Ming Toy	Lupe Velez
Billy Benson	Lewis Ayres
Charlie Yong	Edward G. Robinson
Lo Sang Kee	E. Allyn Warren
Hop Toy	Tetsu Komai
Mr. Benson	Henry Kolker
Mrs. Benson	Mary Forbes
Thomas	Edgar Norton

There is something about China which makes it attractive material for the screen. It is not its odors, of course, about which the wise old Lo Sang Kee makes disparaging comparisons. Perhaps it is its furtive aspect, its bedizened front concealing something sinister or squalid. It makes picturesque setting for romance or for tragedy. Thus the Shipman-Hymer stage play in which Fay Bainter triumphed 12 seasons ago was certain to hold certain advantages over other transplanted plays at the outset. Add to these advantages good acting, competent camera work and a story which carries a pretty little love theme, a constant hint or threat of reprisals and violence and, above all, a happy ending, and "East Is West" becomes, or should become, one of the screen's best-sellers of the year.

The picture opens with shots of Chinese street scenes, which lead in time to Charlie Yong's Love Boat and a sale of Chinese girls to the highest bidders. Here Billy Benson encounters Ming Toy for the first time, has his wise old Chinese ally, Lo Sang Kee, purchase her and take her to San Francisco. There Ming Toy, aping other girls of the quarter, flirts from Lo Sang Kee's balcony with men on the street, arrests attention of a bigoted clergyman and is threatened with deportation. Charlie Wong, self-admitted wise-guy, "Fifty-fifty Charlie," with American clothes and a Chinese heart, owner of a string of chop suey houses, sees her, wants her as a new plaything. Just as he has paid for her, Billy Benson re-appears, rolls Ming Toy in a rug and kidnaps her before Charlie's eyes. Established in the Benson mansion, Ming Toy endears herself to all. With her and Billy it is love; but when marriage is proposed, both Billy's parents and his friends demur. Just as Charlie Yong is about to have Billy knifed, we find that Ming Toy has American blood and thus is fit and legal mate for the loyal Billy.

Miss Velez, whose Mexican facial contours lend themselves curiously enough to Chinese lines, makes Ming Toy mischievous, ingenious, charming, with her soft voice, her broken English. Frequently she sings the serenade long identified with the play. Yet not to her, but to Mr. Robinson fall chief acting honors. His Charlie Yong is a masterpiece in perfection of detail. He indicates his conceit, his cheapness, his poisonous mind behind a mask of smirking affability. His gait is reptilian; his voice can purr ingratiatingly, or crackle with venom. Add another to the Robinson series of amazing character studies! Mr. Ayres is manly in a role exacting little. Mr. Warren repeats a previous unctuous performance which he gave in "Son of the Gods," with Richard Barthelmess. The others are shrewdly cast, and therefore competent. W. E. G.

MODERN—BEACON

"Maybe It's Love"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Joseph Jackson from a story by Mark Canfield; directed by William Wellman and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Nan Sheffield	Joan Beonett
Speed Hanson	Joe E. Brown
Tnmmy Nelson	James Hall
Betty	Laura Lee
Mr. Nelson	Anders Randolph
Whiskers	Sumner Getchell
President Sheffield	George Irving
Professor	George Bickel
Coach Bob Brown	Howard Jones
Brown of Harvard	Stuart Erwin

The autumn season, so far as temperature is concerned, is about the nicest of the year, but it is hard to reconcile these seasonal pleasures with the annual rush of football movies. They are all cut to one pattern, without the faintest spark of originality or excitement, and each one ends with a scene in a stadium so immense that it dwarfs the Yale bowl into the merest saucer. The fact that "Maybe It's Love," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres is less objectionable than most is due to two things—the presence of Joan Bennett as the beguiling heroine and the bonf-fide football contributed by a first-ciass team of nonmotion picture actors. Otherwise it is about as usual.

The trustees of Upton College, a very peculiar bunch, decide that uniess their college wins the annual game from Parsons, after 12 consecutive defeats, the president will have to leave. Into the breach comes the president's daughter, Nan Sheffield, and she manages to vamp an all-American football team into coming to Upton instead of to Parsons. This done, she turns her wiles to the conquest of Tommy Nelson, son of a millionaire, who is working his way through college for the sake of being near her. Tommy and the rest of the team discover her little game and decide to give her a lesson by pretending to be drunk the night before the game. Of course, it was just in fun and a big lark, so after lecturing Nan severely for her dishonest practices they all go out and wipe up the ground with Parsons. Nan does her bit to save the day by locking up Tommy's irate father in the cellar when he threatens to take his son out of the game.

The whole thing is mildly humorous, and Joe E. Brown as a hopeful aspirant who never does play, not even in the final minute of the big game, is more restrained and funnier than usual. Joan Bennett is very charming and James Hall makes a satisfactory football hero. The team does nice work, too, with special mention for a handsome blond youth with a southerrn accent and an ingratiating way.

Also on the bill is "Extravagance," with June Collyer and Lloyd Hughes. This is a gentle little preachment against the foolishness of young wives who dress far beyond their income and make exorbitant demands on the earning power of their husbands. Miss Collyer is decorative and wears lovely clothes. E. L. H.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Leathernecking"

An all-talking and singing comedy adapted to the screen by Alfred Jackson from the musical comedy, "Present Arms," by Herbert Fields, Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart. Directed by Eddie Cline and presented by Radio Pictures, with the following cast:

Delphine	Irene Dunne
Frank	Ken Murray
Hortense	Louise Fazenda
Ned Sparks	Ned Sparks
Edna	Lilyan Tashman
Chick	Eddie Foy, Jr.
Stein	Bennie Rubin
Fortune Teller	Rita La Roy
Douglas	Fred Stanley
Richter	Baron von Brincken
The Colonel	Carl Gerrard

It's a wonder that the entire marine corps hasn't risen in a body to protest against "Leathernecking," current feature film at the Keith-Albee Theatre. According to this musical masterpiece, all that a marine has to do after enlistment is to sit around on his cot singing theme songs, go off on palatial yachts, get wrecked on desert islands inhabited by several score technicolor chorus girls. He will be promoted to a captaincy and receive a medal for valor. To make sure that all this will happen, his first step of all is to steal his captain's uniform and decorations and impersonate him at an evening party. This, roughly, is about what happens in "Leathernecking," apart from a few love songs, mutual misunderstandings and clowning by Louise Fazenda.

The plot, as may be gathered, is singularly unimportant, and the same may be said for most of the acting. Louise Fazenda, impersonating a burlesque southern belle, became so unbearable in her coy squeaking that it was difficult to refrain from throwing bricks at the screen every time she appeared. Ken Murray and Bennie Rubin clowned to the best of their ability, which, considering the nature of the lines given them, was pretty good. Irene Dunne, out of her element in this sort of entertainment, did what she could with the role of the sentimental heroine, while Eddie Foy, Jr., was likable and reasonably natural as the unlucky private who dressed up in his captain's uniform.

Ned Sparks, cast as a frolicsome marine, wandered through his part with an expression of abysmal contempt for everything and everybody in sight. Under the circumstances he was in no way to blame, and he did provide some humor that was elsewhere sadly lacking. "Leathernecking" is derived from the one-time stage success, "Present Arms," but it's a wise play that knows its own picture. E. L. H.

FENWAY

"Heads Up"

An all-talking and singing screeo comedy adapted by John McGowan and Jack Kirkland from the musical play of the same name by John McGowan, Paul Gerard Smith, Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart; directed by Victor Schertzinger and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Jack Mason	Charles Rogers
Betty Trumbell	Helene Kane
"Skippy" Dugan	Victor Moore
Mary Trumbell	Margaret Breen
Rex Cutting	Gene Gowing
Mrs. Trumbell	Helen Carrington
Georgie Martin	Billy Taylor
Capt. Denny	Harry Shannon
Larry White	C. Anthony Hughes
Capt. Whitney	John Hamilton

Again it is proven futile to recall a mediocre musical comedy from the limbo to which it has been relegated reluctantly but justifiably by a discerning Broadway audience. The music is still inconsequential—no tunes of distinction. The phonetics and photography have not contributed their adequate share to the effort on the screen. The recording is often faulty and the scenic effects are no great shakes. True, it is still the same story but it has been embellished—fortunately and agreeably so—by farcical situations which garner deserving chuckles.

Victor Moore is funny. But there; are many who are familiar with his grotesque and foriorn comedy of dialogue who will regret his over-emphasized comedy of antics and Wynnesque contraptions. He is the sole survivor of the Broadway principals in the play. Furthermore, it seems very natural to see Victor Moore once again in the company of Harry Shannon, that elongatede and stentorian bootlegger of their halcyon days together in the original production of "Oh, Kay!"

More comedy—yes, lots more—is provided by the scintillations of that blackbobbed Bimbo of Boop—lit-tul Helen Kane. Margaret Breen, as the heroine relinquishes all honors to the devastating Rogers boy. It seems too bad because this was her first "big chance." But, the faithful legion of flappers did not seem the least bit concerned. They mutely indicated that she was lucky enough to get that close to their sweetheart.

Thwarted at every point of the compass, true love sails a perilous course. It is shipwrecked, literally and figuratively, but finally rescued. Rum-running, romance and ructions motivate the action which takes place variously at the United States Coast Guard Academy (in person), aboard a real, live yacht—inside and outside the 12-mile limit—and within a very unreal Newport club. At the end Buddy is killed by the horrid bootleggers and his luscious sweetheart marries the oily villain—like fun they do! The picture's chief contribution to anybody or anything is incarnate in the ecstatic Buddy Rogers. For he provides much glamorous and propitious publicity for a much-harassed branch of our military service—the coast guard. R. S.

COPLEY—"To What Red Hell," drama; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"Death Takes a Holiday," a play, with Philip Merivale; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Earl Carroll Sketch Book," revue, last week; 8:15.

WILBUR—"Berkeley Square," a play, with Leslie Howard, Margalo Gillmore; 8:20.

(The Colonial, Hollis Street and Lyric theatres are dark this week).

Oct 21 1930

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Berkeley Square," a play in three acts and seven scenes by John L. Balderston. Produced in the first version at St. Martin's Theatre, London, on Oct. 6, 1926. Lawrence Anderson, Peter Standish, Miss Pettigrew, Valerie Taylor; Helen Pettigrew, Jean Forbes-Robertson. The play revised, enlarged and "improved" was produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, on March 6, 1929. Peter, Leslie Howard; Kate Pettigrew, Valerie Taylor; Helen, Miss Forbes-Robertson. Produced in New York on Nov. 4, 1929; Peter, Mr. Howard; Kate, Miss Taylor; Helen, Margalo Gillmore. Presented by Gilbert Murray and Leslie Howard.

The cast last night was as follows:

Maid	Irene Howard
Tom Pettigrew	Charles Romano
Kate Pettigrew	Louise Prussing
The Lady Aone Pettigrew	Alice John
Mr. Throstle	Tarver Penna
Heleo Pettigrew	Margalo Gillmore
The Ambassador	Frank Andrews
Mrs. Barwick	Lucy Beaumont
Peter Standish	Leslie Howard
Marjorie Frant	Willa Grey
Major Clinton	Henry Mowbray
Miss Barrymore	Beryll Wylly
The Duchess of Devonshire	Dorothy Blackburn
Lord Staoley	Henry Warwick
H. R. H. The Duke of Cumberland	Robert Williamson

It is not necessary to inquire into M. Maeterlinck's and Prof. Einstein's theories concerning the relativity of time, for whether the battles of Marathon and Waterloo occurred in the same year, nor is it necessary to ask how much Mr. Balderston was indebted to Henry James's posthumous fragment "The Sense of the Past." Let it be accepted that the Peter of 1928 couid be in London—the Peter of 1784 who was painted by Sir Joshua, and according to his diary was supposed to be in love with Kate. On the stage the fantastic is not necessarily impossible, absurd. The question is: Are the characters human in their speech and behavior? Are the situations probable? Is the dialogue natural, entertaining and explanatory of character? Is the spectator now amused, now moved?

Many have wished that they had been born in a bygone century in Rome, Paris, Athens, London. It is natural that Peter would have wished to meet his relatives and the people known to his namesake; to live in what he had been taught to believe was a more romantic century. It was natural that the Pettigrews of 1784 looked upon Peter arriving from the United States as the man to wed Kate and restore their vanished fortune. It was natural that the Peter of 1928, being disgusted with the men and women of 1784, and with the life and manners of the 18th century should turn to Helen. He loved her when she had been dead for nearly 150 years. Could Marjorie console him? She had gone to him in London to care for him when others thought him crazed. No, he would live in the old house cherishing the memory of Helen, loving her through eternity.

And what a mess the London men of 1784 were in Peter's eyes when he met them as they lived, gamed, drank pottle-deep, went to the public burning of a woman. The mother was a matchmaker, eager to sell either daughter. Kate, high spirited, ambitious, he could understand and tolerate; but there was Helen, who knew by instinct that he was of another and wonderful century. She was not afraid of him. She knew him and loved him at first sight.

A man sent back nearly 200 years, however carefully he had primed himself by the reading of the old diary and letters, would inevitabiy betray himself at times in speech, knowing all that had happened to the Pettigrew family. He was thought to have second sight. Kate and Mr. Throstle believed he was the devil. No wonder the latter tried to exorcise him. They all, except Helen, disliked him, because they feared him.

Out of the anachronistic breaks of Peter, Mr. Balderston has woven an amusing dialogue, as when Peter is thought a wit because he quotes Oscar Wilde's epigrams; thought to be eloquent because he speaks of the sun never setting on England. To be sure the Duchess of Devonshire resented Peter's flowery compliments, because he spoke as if he were eulogizing the dead. The talk of the Pettigrew family anticipating Peter's arrival portrays their character. Tom might have stepped out of a novel by Fielding, or with Kate and her mother from an old comedy. The guests of the house, from Maj. Clinton to the Duke of Cumberland, add a picturesque element, and the scene in which the Duchess of Devonshire shines even when she is pleased, then angered is not the least entertaining feature of the play.

It would be impertinent to ask just how Peter associated so vividly with the dcad and gone; how the delusion finally mastered him; or whether after all it was a delusion—perhaps he actually saw them and lived with them. Even if it were only a delusion, it was a happy one in that he met Helen.

This fantastical, humorous, fascinating play with its charming story of love that defied time and space was admirably acted. Mr. Howard's portrayal of Peter, the dreamy Peter, spellbound by the house and its associations, hardly at ease in the society with which he had longed to mingle, finally disgusted, a stranger, knowing he was out of place, his heart given to the one person that did not look on him with curiosity, fear, aversion, was masterly in the spirit of the conception and in the wealth of supporting, never disturbing detail, from the moment he looked on the portrait of the older Peter. Nor in the love scenes with Helen was there the taint of sentimentalism. The other male characters were shrewdly characterized, though it is easy to think of the American ambassador as different in carriage, voice, and behavior than the one on the stage. The women, too, were gracious creatures of flesh and blood, the Laly Anne and Kate, the latter excellent in love, fear and hate, a brilliant beauty. And Miss Gillmore's Helen? Her impersonation was purity, was trusting fidelity itself—yet there was something lacking—a woman to be admired, respected, trusted, but loved as Peter loved her? We hesitate to say. And at times, perhaps in her endeavor to be "natural," her speech was so low that it was almost unintelligibie. There were moments when she employed the singing speech of Miss Ethel Barrymore.

The large audience was greatly impressed—for it was singularly quiet and receptive. At the end there was hearty applause.

COPLEY THEATRE

"To What Red Hell"

"To What Red Hell," a play in a prologue and three acts by Percy Robinson. First produced at the "O" Theatre in London, June 7, 1926. Now given its first American production with the following cast:

Mrs. Ellis	Elspeth Dudgenn
Inspector Jacksnn	Mark Kent
Constable Hicks	Nat C. Foss
Mrs. Nnlao	Bertha Belmore
Tim Nolan	Robert Hobbs
Michael Allen	Gerald Rnsers
Harold Fairfield	Edmund George
Nichols	Harold De Becker
Dr. Barton	Langdnn Bruce
George Hope	Francis Compttnn
Thomas Fairfield	E. E. Clive
Madge Barton	Lena Anderson
Sergeant Brwun	Herbert Belmone
Father Collins	Mark Kent
Mrs. Driscoll	Elspeth Dudgeon
Old Ryan	Harnld De Becker

The Copley audience was spared noth-

last night as Mr. Robinson dragged families through the agonies of ense in his somewhat Dreiserian na of murder and retribution. In prologue we have the body of a in a rooming house, with the police eant seeking clues as to her mur- r. Then we are shown the parlor he dwelling of Mrs. Nolan, whose represented as a dutiful and well- ved youth, was so unfortunate as isit the young lady on the night n she met her death. Next we see ell-to-do English abode, in which scion of the family, disheveled and ard, appears unexpectedly. He re- and makes a scene as the men of quiet household calmly discuss the and cons of capital punishment. truth comes out, and his father and e conspire to save him. He has addicted to seizures in his youth, learns, and when under the influ- of liquor he sought the company he girl to assuage a disappointment ove, again lost control of himself. o we have the innocent Tim Nolan d for murder, while the Fairfield sehold struggle mightily to retain r calm, meanwhile supplying funds the defence of the scapegoat.

is evident that all the requirements good theatre are present. It is a of suspense—the suspense of a her waiting in the court anteroom the verdict, and later for the hands the clock to reach the fatal hour xecution; suspense of a self-tortured inal waiting at liberty in the com- able surroundings of his home to n whether another will pay for his e, and suspense of waiting for an stage shot. The play moves steadily surely from the prologue with its ful seed of travail and suffering ugh the inevitable consequences. spoke of Dreiser, and one is re- ded of the author of "An American gedy" by treatment as well as by e. Nothing is merely suggested; icularly all the soul-writhings of the her are set forth on the boards with ompleteness little short of sadistic. the play carries the illusion of bit- reality, and scenes which one has ned to look on as melodrama lose r staginess and merge realistically the grim story.

r. Clive and his players have per- ed their task for the most part llently. Little fault can be found the frantic, guilt-pursued youth dmund George, and he is well off- by the harrowed restraint of srs. Compton and Clive. Bertha ore as Tim's mother does about well as one could with the long, cult and intensely demonstrative t. Her part cannot be toned down, if we were Mr. Clive, it would be considerably. When the officer es to whisper to the priest that son must die, it would seem that pectator's imagination would supply mother's moans and exclamations. that nothing would be lost by end- the scene.

is not a pleasant play to see. For mother there is strong coffee for nerves; when the Fairfield men are come by the tragedy of the situa- they pour a whiskey and soda. this respect the audience is at a dvantage. H. F. M.

LOEW'S STATE

Barry, Woman of Passion"

all-talking screen drama adapted by Taylor from the play entitled "Du y," by David Belasco; originally pre- d by him at the Criterion Theatre, N. on Dec. 25, 1901, with Mrs. Leslie er in the title role; directed by Sam or and presented by United Artists with following cast:

ette Vaubernier (Mme. Du Barry) Norma Talmadge
s XV ..... William Farnum
e de Brissac ..... Conrad Nagel
de Brissac ..... Hobart Bosworth
du Barry ..... Ullrich Haupt
ourdan ..... Allison Skipworth
s ..... E. Allyn Warren
l ..... Edgar Norton
peou ..... Edwin Maxwell
guillon ..... Henry Kolker

is somewhat doubtful whether ma Talmadge did wisely in choos- to remake David Belasco's "Du ry" for her second talking picture, current at Loew's State under the of "Du Barry, Woman of Passion." s Talmadge is very lovely and a rming actress, but she is fatally un- ed to the stilted attitudes of a story ch distorts history at every point turns the famous courtesan into a r little girl who just couldn't resist desire for beautiful clothes while aining sweet and good all the time. uckily the film itself, while hand- ely decorated and reasonably well cted, recalls devastating memories "Passion," the great German film, ch told the same story with such ealth of color and genuine emotion noble or otherwise—that the pres- effort sinks, by comparison, into nectable oblivion. For those who sed the earlier film, the present Barry" offers a beautifully mount- somewhat lethargic entertainment, ing excitement, realism or the atest fidelity to facts.

anette Vaubernier, vivacious little iner's apprentice with a great fond- for luxury, falls in love with a handsome young officer in the King's guards, Cosse de Brissac. Their love-idyll is rudely halted when Jeanette catches the eye of Jean Du Barry, an impoverished nobleman whose task it is to find pretty decoys for a fashionable gambling house. Tricked into accepting a position there, Jeanette is miserable without Cosse, for he, with true loverly pighcadedness, refuses to listen to her perfectly reasonable excuses. Eventually she becomes the mistress of Louis XV, but still, amid all her grandeur, she longs for Cosse, now banished, by the King's orders, to a distant fortress. From Cosse's father she learns how she is hated by the people of Paris who are starving while their infatuated monarch lavishes jewels on her.

The overstretched arm of coincidence brings Cosse, badly wounded, to Jeanette's room, where he is discovered by the King. His subsequent execution is averted by the slightly premature eruption of the French revolution—20-odd years ahead of time—which Jeannette lets into the palace gardens. The last scene shows Jeannette and Cosse on the way to the guillotine in each other's arms. Norma Talmadge, arrayed in a breathtaking assortment of beautiful dresses and diaphanous negligees, did her best to sustain the reputation of the Du Barry of history by alternating fits of temper with wild caprices and most unlikely bursts of sentimental regrets. We noticed a good deal of unnecessary soft focus photography in many of her scenes. As the heroic and desperately unintelligent Cosse de Brissac, the usually satisfactory Conrad Nagel floundered badly, presenting a totally unconvincing figure. The appearance of William Farnum in the role of Louis XV showed that this veteran has little to learn in talking films. His fine voice and regal bearing added greatly to the scenes in which he appeared. Ullrich Haupt did excellently in the role of the sinister, slimy Jean Du Barry. E. L. H.

SOPHIE BRASLAU

By PHILIP HALE

Mme. Sophie Braslau sang yesterday afternoon at the Hotel Statler in aid of the New England Home for Little Wanderers. The program was as follows: Gluck, Aria from "Orleo." Handel, Halleluia. Schubert, Aufenthalt, Die Post, Der Doppelgaenger, Die Forelle, Gretchen am Spinnrade, Hark, Hark, the Lark. Ravel, Vocalise Etude. Debussy, Fantoches, Sadero, Amuri amuri, Comu quanno tiru ventu il mazzetto, In meso dal mar. Spirituals, "Ev'ry Time I Feel de Spirit," "All God's Chillun Got Wings." K. Manning, In the Luxembourg Gardens. Gilberte, Ah! Love, but a Day.

That Mme. Braslau has by nature a rich and passionate voice of liberal compass is known to all concert goers. That she sings with an apparent spontaneity and an evident gusto which endear her to an audience, even when her vocal performance is not free from faults, is also known. No wonder, then, that she and the charity for which she sang, drew a large audience to the ballroom of the Hotel Statler.

The program was well varied. Some of the songs were unfamiliar. It is a pity that translations of the songs by Sadero were not printed on the program which had room for necessary information about the worthy charity cards of modest advertisers and a long list of patrons and patronesses.

The elasticity of Mme. Braslau's voice was shown in "Halleluia," which was taken at a remarkably rapid pace, and in Ravel's "Vocalise Etude," in which there was a pleasing display on the part of the singer, who also fell into one of her marked faults i. e., in her lower tones giving an imitation of a man gargling. Another fault, too common with many singers, was shown in the course of the concert, especially in Schubert's "Forelle," the ending of a light musical sentence with a heavy emphasis on the final note, without excuse from the poetical thought. A striking feature of the concert was the interpretation of "Der Doppelgaenger." The mystery was there, the horror, but all this was expressed without undue dramatic force. The song remained a song.

In "Gretchen am Spinnrade" the singer suffered from a lapse of memory, an unusual occurrence with her. She apologized for it prettily, and tried again, with such an artistic result that the applause of the audience was well deserved. Throughout the concert the hearers showed their pleasure.

Miss Inna Rublova played sympathetic and helpful accompaniments, and also showed technical proficiency.

LA ARGENTINA

La Argentina brought the Spanish dance again to Boston last night at Symphony hall. With her castanets, that are as expressive and sensitive in her fingers as a violin, her big eyes, knowing, shy, or provocative, her dresses like brilliant flowers, she evokes an atmosphere perennially romantic and fascinating. She is Spain, and while there are some who come to her recitals in order to see the new dances she brings, most of her audiences come because they want to see her. There were no empty seats.

La Argentina brought five new dances last night, but the audiences still love best the exuberant maja of of "Corrida," and the artless, awkward country lass of "Lagarterana," two dances that have been on all her programs, since she first taught America that the Spanish dance is not merely fiery stamping and swaying and continual eye-rolling.

Last night's audience did not thunder and scream with enthusiasm as it always had before, when first she floated out on the stage, like a bright blossom on a dark stream. It did not demand repetitions of every dance, as heretofore. The dignified reserve and grace of her first offering, an effortless drifting, accompanied by the slow whirling of violet skirts and the lace of a mantilla, and by the soft purring and trilling of her castanets, was momentarily dampening. Nordic dreams of Spain are notoriously gaudy; Spain itself is monotonously dust-brown, rust-red and gray—a proud country, not hoydenish.

When she dances, with downcast eyes, her swift fingers only talking to the audience, it is not enough. They want her wide red smile, her flashing teeth, her flirting eyes. But, her art is deeper than her beauty. The musical phrasing, the actual melodic line of her castanets is phenomenal; it is not mere mechanical rhythm that she has, but a command of rallentandos, crescendos, and inner rhythmic beats that is a gift not often met with. She points the rhythm, gives it vitality and flexibility, with her castanets. And her feet, that beat so many tattoos of varying patterns, carry her so lightly, and delicately across the floor that she really seems to float.

"The dancer never steps down; she springs upward," is a motto that La Argentina announces and lives up to. Then her face, with the hidalgo lines of Castile, hawk-like, long and slender, as well as the rich shadow and dark voluptuousness of the Moors, is the trained face of an actress. . . The abject terror of the demon-frightened girl in "La Vida Breve"; the excruciating primness and coyness of the Mexican provincial; the devastating but delicate charm of the lady from a Goya convas; the deliberate seduction and amorousness of the flouted damsel in "Iberia"; the rough ingenuousness of Legarterana . . . these are portrayals that prove the valor of the actress.

The most interesting of the newer dances, "Iberia," was called a "choreographic drama in three acts." The music, intricate and colorful, was written for La Argentina by Joaguin Nin. The dramat itself represented a feminine and Hispanic version of "love 'em and leave 'em," if such coarse expressions may be used to describe the nice characterizations she limns so neatly with eyebrow, flickering skirt hem and talkative castanets.

Loveliest of all the dances seemed to be the dance done to Granados's Dance No. 5. To that Moorish tune, with its suggestion of haunting "canto hondo," and its accompanying beat of bass in designs as intricate as iron grilling, the dancer brought a dance that was like a bit of counterpoint or an inner melody in its variation and reversal of rhythmic design. It was a triumph of the pure art of dancing as she does it—an art composed of the melodic lines of arms and body plus the percussive harmony of heels and castanets.

Miguel Berdion, excellent accompanist, provided some delightful piano soli, while the dancer rested or changed costume.

The recital was given for the benefit of the South Boston Neighborhood House. E. B.

OCT 23 1930

ALBERT ROUSSEL

By PHILIP HALE

Albert Roussel is in town. He will hear his new symphony played by the Boston Symphony orchestra tomorrow afternoon, the symphony written expressly for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra. He came to this country, invited by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge to attend her Chicago Festival of Chamber Music at which his Trio for flute, viola and piano was performed. Mr. Loeffler's Partita for violin and piano was played at the same concert on Oct. 15.

The name of Roussel is by no means unknown here. His orchestral pieces have been performed by at least three orchestras—one the scratch orchestra, brought here by Mr. Toscanini, when he first visited Boston. Some of his songs have also been heard. He was born at Tourcoing, department of the north, France, in 1869. His people were manufacturers, but the ocean had its lure; he entered the French navy and as a passed midshipman went on the gunboat Styx to the east. Impressions of the Orient led to certain compositions, as his "Evocations," and later a ballet-opera. He resigned from the navy to devote himself to music. On his return to Paris he spent some years as pupil, also teacher, at the Schola Cantorum. One or two writers about him hint at differences of opinion between him and Vincent d'Indy. Others say that Roussel looks on d'Indy as his great and only teacher. As a matter of fact, he studied with Gigout and others. Within the last years Roussel's music has been much played at Paris. There was a Roussel festival of three concerts at Paris and a fourth at Fontainebleau in 1929. (We note in Paris journals that on Sunday, Oct. 12, 1930, his "Festival of the Spider" was performed at the Colonne concert, and on the same day his piano concerto was played at the Lamoureux concert by Mme. Caffaret.) Leading critics in Paris have written more or less elaborate essays in the peculiar character of his music. The Revue Musicale has published a whole number in his honor.

At the symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening Roussel's Symphony will follow a Suite formed by Felix Mott from two ballets of Rameau. The overture to "Benvenuto Cellini had been announced but it was withdrawn at the last moment for the Ballet Suite. The second part of the program will comprise Debussy's Three Sketches, "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse."

The program of the concerts of Oct. 31, Nov. 1, as now planned, is as follows: An overture by an anonymous composer; a symphony written for the 50th anniversary by Nabokov, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4.

Next Sunday afternoon Winifred Christie (Mrs. Emanuel Moor) will play the Moor double keyboard piano in Symphony hall. When she was here some years ago she played delightfully at a symphony concert and in recitals. She and her husband have their home, in summer at least, on romantic Mont Pelerin, Vevey. Moor, composer and pianist, first came to Boston as musical director of a concert company that included Lilli Lehmann, Ovide Musin and Franz Rummell. Harold Bauer played one of Moor's concertos here at a symphony concert in 1908. Mr. Paderewski, wishing to hear it, sat on the stage, unseen by the audience, but visible to the pianist.

And on next Sunday afternoon Giovanni Cerullo, tenor, who lost his sight in chemical work, will sing at Jordan hall with the assistance of Mr. Martino's orchestra in accompaniments and orchestral pieces. Mr. Cerullo will sing several operatic arias, also groups of songs.

Bronson de Cou's second "Dream Picture," "Our National Parks" will show next Sunday evening in Symphony hall Crater lake, the Yosemite valley, the new Zion Carmel road across the desert, the Grand Canyon from the North Rim, Studies of Bryce, the new National Park, and Bryce Canyon.

OCT 24 1930

METROPOLITAN

"The Playboy of Paris"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Percy Heath from the play by Tristan Bernard entitled "The Little Cafe"; directed by Ludwig Berger and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Albert ..... Maurice Chevalier
Yvonne ..... Frances Dee
Philibert ..... O. P. Heggie
Paul ..... Stuart Erwin
Pierre ..... Eugene Pallette
Berengere ..... Dorothy Christy
Hedwige ..... Cecil Cunningham
Cadeaux ..... Tyler Brooke
Mr. Jabert ..... Frank Elliott
Mr. Bannock ..... William B. Davidson
Jacqueline ..... Erin La Bissoniere
Castonette ..... Charles Gliblyn
Pionvier ..... Fred Lee
The General ..... Edmund Breese
The Doctor ..... Olaf Hytten

A frothy, engaging, lightly humorous and—were it not for Maurice Chevalier—totally unimportant picture is "The Playboy of Paris," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre. Under the circumstances, however, you are advised to see it. M. Chevalier is almost the only player now on the screen, saving George Arliss, who can monopolize the camera for an entire picture and still have his audience asking for more. It is a rare gift and one that one would like to meet more frequently. What Chavalier does is of minor importance compared to how he does it; his expansive good nature, his overflowing friendship for all the world and his hurt surprise when deceived by some one whom he had trusted, are irresistible. There are three songs for him to sing in "The Playboy of Paris," the best of which is "It's a Great Life If You Don't Weaken."

Albert, waiter in the Little Cafe, falls heir to a fortune, but before he is informed of his good luck, his manager, Philibert, makes him sign a 20-year contract by which Albert will forfeit a large sum should he resign his position. Annoyed at the trick, Albert decides that two can play that little game and sets out to make Philibert so angry that he will discharge him. Meanwhile, with the assistance of the not particularly intelligent dishwasher, Paul, he sets out

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to paint Paris red by night. This burning the candle at both ends soon reduces him to a state of happy exhaustion, in which he is as wax in the hands of a blonde gold-digger, Berengere.

One night while dining at a fashionable restaurant, he quarrels with a gentleman and is forced to undertake a duel. Meantime, Yvonne, Philibert's charming daughter, finds out about it and decides to prevent it by telling Albert's opponent that Albert is merely a waiter. Angered by the insults that follow, Albert resigns his position on the spot and the duel starts all over again. The only thing left for Yvonne to do is faint, which she promptly does, with gratifying results. Chevalier carries the picture on his shoulders, but the work of Stuart Erwin as the inarticulate Paul and of Eugene Pallette as the belligerent chef, Pierre, deserves much praise. Frances Dee, Chevalier's new leading lady, is charming in a brief role.

E. L. H.

Oct 25 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It had been announced that the opening number would be the overture to Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini." At the last moment it was put aside, to the regret of many. A Ballet Suite arranged by Felix Mottl, from Rameau's "Platee" (menuet) and "Les Fetes d'Hebe" (Musette and Tambourin) was substituted. There was a certain fitness in the selection, for Debussy's fondness for Rameau is well known—he was never weary of urging young composers to hark back to that French composer—and he would have been pleased to see his name associated with Rameau on a program.

Then followed Albert Roussel's new Symphony in G Minor composed expressly for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra; Debussy's "La Mer" and Ravel's "La Valse." Mr. Roussel was present. He acknowledged modestly the hearty applause of orchestra and audience that followed the performance of his symphony. This applause was by no means only courtesy: the composer richly deserved it. The symphony, it is true, is a "piece d'occasion," but it bids fair to be a piece of many occasions. Eight of his more important symphonic works had been performed in Boston since 1912, six of them at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; no one of them excited such genuine admiration on the part of the general public or even among musicians, who, gladly acknowledging the technical skill of Roussel, his contrapuntal and harmonic mastery, his knowledge of orchestration, his high ideals, yet found much of his music purely cerebral, lacking warmth, emotional inspiration, sensuous color and ravishing tints.

But the Roussel of the symphony seems to be another man. This symphony has frankly a festival character. More than one page, especially in the Scherzo and the Finale, is a triumphant, exultant hymn, chanting sonorously the glorious life of the orchestra now in its full and splendid maturity; but as a Festival Symphony, it is as free from bombast as it is from that which by its obviousness would appeal to those delighting chiefly in the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

Again Mr. Roussel displays, as he has displayed before, his admirable musicianship. Note the fugue in the slow movement—an unusual place to find a fugue—a fugue that is not merely a perfunctory scholastic section to serve by way of contrast to the contemplative pages—but one that is dramatic in its evolution and in its contrapuntal treatment. The opening movement by its themes and their development does more than to arouse favorable expectations of what is to follow. Here is warmth as well as dignity. Mark also the conciseness of the work, how firmly knit it is. The Scherzo dazzles by its brilliance. And in this symphony there is an elasticity, a spontaneity of musical thought that many had not been able to find in the composer's previous compositions.

The performance was of the finest quality as was that of Debussy's Three Sketches. It is a curious fact that Mr. Roussel though for some years an officer in the French navy has never looked to the ocean for musical suggestion, while Debussy merely crossed the English channel. (And so deep-sea sailors of Cape Cod when they retired to their villages often dwelt in houses inland far from salt winds.) Perhaps some find Debussy's ocean too gentle; they miss the "spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea." But each composer, each poet has his own ocean. To Bryant it was a gray and melancholy waste: to Aeschylus and Milton it laughed; Laforgue was impressed because it had no other name. Now Debussy loved the ocean, even as he saw it from seaside resorts, where he found that men and women did not sufficiently respect it. He knew it could be savage—witness the ending of the second Sketch—he also knew that its sunlit gaiety was beautiful. He had his own ocean and he expressed vividly what it had said to him. Some who are pleased to think that Ravel is always an ironist, in music as in speech, say that in "La Valse" he was ironical at the expense of the Viennese masters, especially Johann Strauss. Tush! Likewise piffle! Likewise, go to! He certainly would not have taken the trouble to "parody" Metra or Waldteufel, demigods at the Parisian Opera balls. The Viennese dance forms naturally made the greater appeal to him. It should be remembered that when he sketched the music he thought of a production on the stage.

A most interesting concert; one that was not too long. Mr. Roussel, for example, knew what he had to say, and having said it well, did not fritter away its force.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for next week will be—i.e., is announced as, Overture by an anonymous composer (first performance); Symphony by Nobokov (first time in the United States; Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Life of the Party"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Arthur Caesar from the original story by Melville Crossman; directed by Roy Del Ruth and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Flo	Winnie Lightner
Dot	Irene Delroy
A. J. Smith	Jack Whiting
Col. Joy	Charles Butterworth
M. Le Maire	Charles Judels
Mr. Smith	John Davidson
Secretary	Arthur Hoyt

Speed, a rich and racy assortment of humors, and a prodigality in production seldom approached by the most reckless of movie magnates, mark "The Life of the Party." From the opening scene in the song shop, where Miss Lightner and Miss Delroy are demonstrating their failure as song-pluggers, to the final fade-out, with Mr. Butterworth making solemn proposal of marriage to a crushed Winnie, the action is furiously paced. From song shop to fashion shop, to one of Havana's most luxurious hostelries, to the race track, which happens to be not in a Cuban purlieu but at the Mexican resort, Agua Caliente—scenes shift with lightning-like rapidity. Everywhere there is bustle and color, Technicolor in this instance—and comedy of varied hues, with a bit of unadorned romance for good measure.

The familiar gold-digger theme is utilized, with Miss Delroy's brunette beauty as the bait dangled before several wealthy prospects by Miss Lightner as the schemer of this dual alliance. Discharged from the song shop, they accept the hospitality of Mr. Judels, as the volatile M. Le Maire, fashion shop owner. After looting his closets of costly apparel they steal away to Havana, pose as rich tourists, and seek to trap a millionaire. Such a person is Mr. Whiting, as A. J. Smith, unhappy inventor of an innocent beverage. Unfortunately the girls play for the wrong Smith, an adventurer of their own indigent kind. Subsequent complications are breezily amusing; often rising to gale force.

Miss Lightner sings the only musical number in the picture, about the girl who was poison ivy rather than a clinging vine. Thereafter she exchanges repartee with all and sundry, yet with most urbane air and inoffensive effect. She reaches the heights of ludicrous performance as a volunteer jockey, riding Mr. Butterworth's horse the wrong way of the track and landing in a big puddle of water after hurdling half a dozen fences. In contrast is the lugubrious countenance and the dry wit of Mr. Butterworth, making his first and, it is to be hoped not his last, screen appearance. A third brand of comicality is that of Mr. Judels. The butt of Miss Lightner's cold calculations, he smashes a tremendous total of furniture, decorations, mirrors and shop windows each time he becomes enraged. The Warner Brothers must have footed a pretty bill for his temperamental sprees.

Miss Delroy and Mr. Whiting, like the three named above out of musical comedy, play in minor keys. Miss Delroy must feign fainting spells frequently. She finally complains that she has been on her back on every floor of the hotel. No subtle humor this, but telling nevertheless. Of such is "The Life of the Party," a picture for all who are not ashamed to laugh in public. W. E. G.

AN EARLIER UNDERWORLD

Glimpses of London in the Golden Age of Good Queen Bess

THE ELIZABETHAN UNDERWORLD, a collection of Tudor and early Stuart Tracts and Ballads telling about vagabonds, thieves, rogues, and cozeners, with some account of the operation of the criminal law, edited with an introduction and notes by A. V. Judges. Twenty illustrations. E. P. Dutton & Co. 543 pp. $6.

By PHILIP HALE

These tracts and ballads show the reader who bewails the prevalence of crime in this country, that there was a similar lamentation in the "spacious days" that have been so glorified. The old writers represented are Copland, Walker (?), Awdeley, Harman, Robert Greene (five tracts) Hutton, tracts published in the 16th century; Middleton, Dekker, Rid, Fennor, Gyffon of the 17th century, though it is not certain that Middleton wrote "The Testament of Laurence Lucifer," or Rid, the answer to Dekker's "Bellman of London." "The Bellman of London" with Dekker's "Lantern and Candlelight" was published with his "Gule's Horn Book" in J. M. Dent's series of Temple Classics in 1904 with valuable notes by Oliphant Smeaton to whom Mr. Judges gives due credit. Tracts by Greene edited by N. B. Grosart, were published in the Huth Library, as were tracts by Dekker.

The present volume is interesting and valuable in many ways: For the wealth of information concerning the everyday life of Englishmen, the knavish practices, the slang of those early years, and the sturdy, sometimes eloquent language in which foolish, innocent men and those willing to be tempted, are warned or castigated. Mr. Judges speaks of the "easy, forthright" style of Harman, Greene's "economically worded pen paintings," Dekker's "golden sentences." The book abounds in curious information concerning laws and punishments; the condition of the poor; the management of jails; the professional beggars, many of them discharged sailors and soldiers left penniless; the wandering friars and pardoners, good and bad; the appearance of gypsies, "commonly called Egyptians," against whom there was legislation as early as 1530, gypsy men and women, light fingered, who as Borde described them in 1547, had "little manner and evil lodging yet they be pleasant dancers"; they danced for the villagers, "dressed like princes of Egypt, with wonderful head coverings embroidered with gold"; and Dekker tells us the women wore "rags and patched filthy mantels uppermost, when the undergarments are handsome and in fashion.

Vagabonds had the letter V fastened on their breasts; they were beaten at the cart's tail and flung out of the gates; or they were branded, an ear was cut off; they were enslaved. Dangerous rogues were sent to the galleys; they were put to death, hanged or at Halifax were guillotined. There is a description of this "engine" put to use before good Dr. Guillotin invented his. If the rogue had stolen a live beast, the beast was tied to the pin that released the falling axe keyed with iron into a wooden block.

Countrymen were warned against the tricks of knavas. The panel-game, the green good's man, confidence-men, the seller of gold bricks, false dice, marked cards—all were known in the streets and taverns of London. Uncle Amos is accosted as he walks about by the "taker." "Sir, God save you, you are welcome to London, how do all our good friends in the country? I hope they be well." "I know you not," answered the innocent. "I know your face and am sure we have been merry together. I pray (if I may beg it without offence) bestow your name upon me, and your dwelling place." The innocent, "Suspecting no poison in the gilded cup," tells him his name and where he lodges. The "taker" goes to the "Verser," who in turn accosts and calls the gull by name. Then the tavern, too much wine; a third accomplice; a game of cards and the purse is stripped. How familiar all this sounds! Or a "gorgeous damsel" speaks to a farmer. "If the fellow have any bold spirit, perhaps he will offer her wine." He goes with her. Then she sends for her "husband." The farmer is robbed, or else the "crossbiters" fall upon him and threaten him with the law. For fear he gives them all in his purse; also a note to pay a sum of money at a certain day. There are the men who drop a very fair gilded ring in the street and insist on "half-part." The gull, thinking the ring of great value, gives the "ring-faller" 40 shillings.

All these tricks—and those with cards—marked or cunningly dealt—and the tricks with prepared dice—were used in "coney-catching," the coney being a gull, an innocent one easily snared, for even the Psalmist said: "The conies are a feeble folk." The notes to "A Manifest Detection of Dice-Play" abound in entertaining information concerning the dicing sharp's technic. Cards were pinched secretly with the nails, pricked with a pin, inked, the surface of some slightly raised, or trimmed or necked at the edges. There were "horse-coursers'" wicked dodges.

There is a full glossary that is rich reading: "demanders for glimmer," beggars who ask relief on the plea that their houses and goods have been burnt; "faker of loges," one who makes or begs with false papers; "garbage," stolen goods; "nip a bung," to cut a purse. There are 11 quarto pages, double columns of these "footpads and loafers of speech" as the late Charles Whibley called slang and cant terms.

Of course, house breakers and highway robbers are not unnoticed; passports were forged, as were commissions and licenses. Modern ingenuity has not improved on the old practices, although the motor car is now a first aid to criminals. Our fathers were no better than we, and we are no better than our fathers in certain ways of knavery. Mr. Judges in his introduction wishes a revision of the whole history of English criminal law and procedure in relation to social development. Luke Hutton in 1596 described his poem, "Black Dog of Newgate," as "both pithy, pleasant and profitable for all readers." This may be said of "The Elizabethan Underworld," which though it might be thrown aside by Tony Lumpkin and his friends—"damn anything that's low"—abounds in stories racily told and gives an amazing picture of low life in England. There is a full index. Some of the illustrations are the original title pages to tracts; others are amusing, as those of card and dice boxes, of Nicholas Jennings in the pillory; of a pedlar. One should put this handsomely printed volume on the shelf that holds Capt. Alexander Smith's "Lives of Highwaymen" and Charles Johnson's "Robberies and Murders of Notorious Pirates."

The Theatre

Oct 26 By PHILIP HALE 1930

oris Arthur Jones has written the life of her father, Henry Arthur . The book, a handsome large octavo volume of nearly 400 pages, 25 illustrations—portraits, scenes from his plays, etc.—with an excel- ndex, is entitled "Taking the Curtain Call: The Life and Letters of y Arthur Jones"; it is published by the Macmillan company.

ax Beerbohm, in his introduction written in the form of a delightful to Miss Jones, begins by saying: "I gather that you want to be al as well as filial. Assuredly that is what Henry Arthur would have you to be." Miss Jones is, indeed, judicial; having no illusions about father's faults as a man, faults arising from his impatience with s, snobbery, hypocrisy in and out of the theatre; his irascibility; even iolence as when the attitude of Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells during orld war excited him to epistolary violence and rudeness, for he loved nd, he loved humanity and he held pacifists when a righteous war was waged—righteous in his eyes—as traitors to the world. His indignation no bounds, but when he referred to his two victims in after years he ys said "I've no personal malice against Wells or Shaw." Who can t the letters addressed "My dear Wells,"? or the long indictment of . S.—a sentence of 602 words: "The Nag Sedition was your mother, and ersity begot you; Mischief was your midwife, and Misrule your nurse, Unreason brought you up at her feet—no other ancestry and rearing you." Shaw was amused. After the death of Jones he referred to this nce with a laughing, good-tempered remark. And Jones enjoyed many ells's books.

As a child, Henry Arthur had a hard life. He began to earn his own g when he was 12. He hated the draper's shop at Ramsgate; loathed uncle who kept it. His working hours were 14 a day, 17 on Saturdays a salary of £20 a year, and he hated the monotony. The father s wife whom he married in 1875 when he was a commercial traveller an extremely mean man, but she, a "most devoted, unselfish, loving tender helpmate," adored her father—"her only failing." Although s sprang from the lower middle classes he disliked them on account he narrowness and prejudices from which he had suffered. To the end is life he dropped his aitches "very occasionally"—a legacy of his Buck- amshire origin—but beginning in 1882 he mixed wih well-bred, cultured ons, and "easily acquired the small graces of good society." He dreaded ocratic legislation. Shortly before his death he said vehemently, "I the name of Labor." Yet he liked to talk with laboring men, and ll tradespeople and his servants were fond of him.

He made a note: "I cannot bother about money." There were so many e important things. "I must bother about money or the children whom ve will have a dreadful fight in this hard world." His plays brought in over £150,000 in fees; he left £15,000. He could not save.

He wrote about 80 plays, among them one of the best melodramas in literature of the English stage, "The Silver King," and three or four edies that are among the best. "The Silver King" (1882) was the first ive him a great reputation. He was at once freed from financial anxiety. line is still often quoted: "O God! put back Thy universe and give me erday," but Wilson Barrett at the time obejcted to it. Matthew Arnold not. His notice of the play in the Pall Mall Gazette was eulogistic. found a sensational drama in which the diction and sentiments did not rstep the modesty of nature. Yet the play was not Jones's favorite ng the many. Years of almost unbroken success followed: "The Mid- nan," "Judah," "The Dancing Girl," "The Masqueraders," "The Case Rebellious Susan," "The Liars," "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Yet the press often hostile. When it praised, it was grudgingly. The critics resented writing in reviews and lecturing about the State of the British Drama. Mr. Beerbohm puts it: "Dramatic critics in those days were, with but e or four exceptions, very simple souls, very slightly educated, and not ginative; and the state of the British drama was quite good enough them. Yet here was this Henry Arthur Jones fussing around and try- to teach them what to think."

Mr. Beerbohm in his letter to Miss Jones pays her father a glowing ute as a playwright—no one, he says, "had a keener sense of what the atre is for and isn't for—none had in greater measure the gift for easy, k, pointed dialogue. None had humor so robust and genial. And e, I think, knew nearly so much about hearts and minds of human gs."

We have seldom met with a biography that constantly tempts quota- n. Miss Jones does not waste time in analyzing at length the plays: extracts from her father's breezy letters, the wealth of anecdote, the y of his friendships with leading men of England, poets, novelists, matists—make a book eminently readable, one that also throws light on English stage during her father's lifetime. Let us record some of his ings, criticisms:

Spurgeon, who had a beautiful voice and could produce wonderful otional effects had a good deal of the low comedian about him.

Of General Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army: "I came to the nclusion that even if he was sincere he was damned stupid." He ad- red the late Bishop Ripon, and that "spiritual genius," the Unitarian rgyman, T. W. Chignall, an intimate friend.

He used to see Henry James in the Reform Club. "It would take him minutes to say 'Good morning' and then he wouldn't say it without alification. He coudn't say two and two made four, he could only go into e whole question of the multiplication table."

Nora in "The Doll's House," was "the first of the tiresome hussies— ndida was another." He said "The Doll's House" should have ended ith the husband helping himself to a whiskey-and-soda and saying, hank God, she's gone'."

"It is rumored that at the end of 'Iolanthe' Mr. Gilbert will cease to rsuade people to nourish their brains by standing on their heads."

He tried to persuade Thomas Hardy to write a play. "Novel writing is skilled labor. Play writing is in itself a higher and finer art, because limitations are so many and so severe." Miss Jones has known her ther give a whole morning to the writing of one sentence.

"A dramatist will never draw characters of vital force and lastingness except they belong to the actual life that he has known and studied and loved—his own village, his own city, his own country." Otherwise his characters "will never be more than bloodless phantoms of his fancy, or at best stage-puppets, recking of the theatre."

Jones enjoyed his visits to the United States and the friends he made in this country. It will be recalled that he lectured at Yale and Columbia. He was proud of the honorary degree conferred on him by Harvard in 1907 when President Eliot greeted him "for twenty years a leader in the revival of the English drama and its reunion with English literature." Degrees at the same time were given to President Wilson, the Duke of the Abruzzi, Am- bassador Jusserand, Lord Bryce and Elihu Root—a goodly company.

In New York John Drew found him high up in a hotel looking out of the window. He asked Drew if he knew why his play, "The Evangelist," had failed, although either Klaw or Erlanger had said to him when he read it to them, "My God, this 'll raise unshirted hell." "It was because of the total lack of reverence among the New Yorkers." Drew replied: "Everywhere you gaze you are looking down on church spires." "That's just it," said Henry Arthur. "Everywhere in this city you look down on churches, and that's why there isn't a damn bit of reverence in America."

He was a constant reader. "Any clear thinking I've done I owe to Her- bert Spencer." He found Milton a greater musician than Wagner or Beethoven. Milton was his favorite poet, but he was a friend of Matthew Arnold and Swinburne, and he was familiar with Keats, Shelley, Words- worth, Flaubert, Conrad, Stevenson, Hardy, Rabelais, Darwin, Huxley; as well as the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists.

One anecdote about his wooing. His future wife's magnificent thick brown hair that even in old age reached to her knees, fascinated him. "One day he begged her to let it down, and with charming grace and modesty, she complied with a somewhat unusual request for those far-off Victorian days." And this is only one anecdote of Henry Arthur's private life that makes one forget the savage controversialist.

And one night after the death of his wife in 1924, when an incident vividly reminded him of her presence, "the old man sat in his chair, with his hand over his eyes, crying quietly, helplessly, hopelessly for her."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

At Mr. Cerullo's concert this afternoon this tenor, who lost his sight will sing an aria by a composer who is seldom represented in local recitals—Galuppi, whose name is familiar to many who are deaf to music, for there is the poem by Browning. The aria is from the opera "Il Filosofo di Cam- pagna," which was produced at Venice in 1754. Among the instrumental pieces to be played by Mr. Martino's orchestra are De Flagny's "Muses in the Forest" for flute, bassoon and piano, and Couperin's "The Little Windmills" for flute, clarinet and bassoon. Is this last a transcription of the clavecin piece? Couperin, when he was living, did not object to transcriptions; on the contrary, he was flattered by the homage.

Mr. Marino's 18th century orchestra will give a "Candlelight" concert on Monday evening, Nov. 24.

Sybil Webb, a soprano, who will sing in Jordan hall next Wednesday night, studied here, in various European cities and at Fontainebleau, where M. Pillois, the composer, was teaching at the time. She plans a tour with him in the United States. On Wednesday she will sing some of his songs and hc will accompanay her.

Jacques Pillois, born in 1877, a pupil of Widor, has taught at the Amer- ican Academy at Fontainebleau. He has written a rhapsody for orchestra, a prelude to a lyric drama; a scene, "L'Anemone et la Rose," for solo voices, chorus and orchestra; motets, choruses, a sonatina for flute and piano, other chamber music. Little is known about Prudent, who lived at Paris in the latter half of the 18th century. His opera, "Les Jardiniers," was pro- duced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1771. The piece to be played at Mme. Webb's concert by Messrs. Laurent, B. Zighera and A. Zighera was not published. The manuscript "Les Bouquets de Chasseray" is in the National Library of Paris.

Another composition written expressly for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be performed at its concerts this week: a new overture by one who does not wish his name to be mentioned—the good old formula. A symphony by Nabokov will be performed. He is one of the Russian composers now living in Paris, where they are perhaps less miserable than they would be in their native land. Nabokov has an easier name for English ears than those of his colleagues, which recall Byron's lines:

"There was Strongenoff, and Strokonoff,
Meknop, Serge Low, Arsniew of modern Greece.
And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff
And others of twelve consonants apiece.

* * * *

Scherematoff, and Chromatoff, Koklophti,
Koclobski, Konrakin, and Mouskin Poushkin."

Contrast them with these heroes at the Siege:

"Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,
Sixteen call'd Thomson and nineteen named Smith."

Nobokov's symphony was performed at Paris Feb. 11, 1930.

Edward MacDowell once said to us that any Russian composer whose name ended with "sky" or "off" had a great advantage over Jones, Brown and Robinson, when their compositions were brought to a hearing.

The question inevitably comes up, how many of these 50th anniversary pieces will be performed 20, even 10 years from now? The life of a piece d'occasion is usually short.

The artistic director of the Stockholm Opera has been ordering the singers to reduce their weight; and it can be said that the counsel, as a general principle, is sound. Too often have the boards of Covent Garden groaned under the tread of a budding Marguerite or a consumptive Violetta; too often has the gallant lover modelled himself upon the hero of "The Merry Wives." Too often has the disinherited Bruennhilde, stretched upon her fiery couch, presented to the audience the spectacle of a daughter of

the gods who, if divinely tall, was more than divinely proportioned about the waist.—The Observer (London).

There was Materna, for example, the last time she sang here in "The Valkyrie."

Henry Hadley appeared in Tokio on Sept. 24 as guest conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra of that city. The program was printed in Japanese and English, chiefly in Japanese. He gave this program: Wagner, Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg"; Respighi's "Pines of Rome"; his own "Street of Peking," written this year and in manuscript, and Strauss's "Don Juan." His wife, Inez Barbour, sang Ravel's "Asie." The suite "Street of Peking," thoughtfully dedicated to Viscount Hidemaro Konoye, is in seven episodes: Great Stone Man's Street, Sweet Rain Street, Ricksha Boy No. 509, Jade Street (Moon Light) Shoemaker Street, Sleeping Lotuses, Forbidden City.

Henry Eichheim must look out. Here is another "Orientalist" in the musical vineyard. Is it possible that the laurels of Eichheim will not let Hadley sleep?

LONDON—The latest case of hardship recorded by street musicians is that of the man who stood on Waterloo bridge playing a cornet.

He was quite respectably dressed and bore around his neck a notice which declared:

"Brought to This Through the Talkies."

Few people could resist this pathetic plea, and he gathered a pile of coppers in a few minutes.—N. Y. World.

Our old friend Montemezzi has written the music for an opera in one act, to be brought out at La Scala this season. Entitled "La Notte di Zoraida," the operetta tells a story of the Incas. The Princess Zoraida, craving liberty, is a strong-minded woman. A conquering, invading chieftain has a meek and gentle wife. The old story of two women and a man.

The last time we saw the Incas on the stage it was in a film play representing them as worshipping today in a temple reared in California. In the cellar of this temple was a striped and hungry tiger, burning bright, anxious to eat a young woman reporter who left New York in search of "copy." Will the Italian libretto give as exciting scenes?

A passionate reporter in New York, calling on the excellent Mr. Iturbi, saw Spinoza's "Ethics" lying on the piano. He told her he would play this season a little known Toccata by Bach, "derangee by me," and music by Lazar, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Infante and Tansman. He finds that the United States presents a paradox. "It has the finest orchestras in the world, the Boston, New York and the Philadelphia, to name but a few here, and at the same time is a mass of contradiction in its materialistic economic environment." In Paris the conditions for the orchestral player and conductor are pitiful. He said of himself: "I am not the greatest pianist in the world nor by any means the worst." "The piano is in reality an instrument of sonority, also an instrument of technic. For me it is first and last an instrument of percussian." That being so why did he chose the piano to display his prowess instead of the bass drum or the cymbals?

Basil Maine in his "Reflected Music," a collection of articles contributed to various London periodicals, wisely says that music should be conceived by and addressed to the ear, not to the eye, and he accuses modern music of excessive self-consciousness.

Speaking of amateurs and professionals, Mr. Fox-Strangways of London asks how infant prodigies should be trained. "The advice to give him a wise father as Menuhin has, is good; but it usually comes too late, and the plan of the rising generation to train their parents, so that they should not make any more mistakes, has hardly as yet gone beyond the experimental stage. The plan with us is to make the abnormal boy into a man, first by giving him a normal education (so that he doesn't die of consumption like George Aspull, at 19, or of early starvation like Schubert, at 31, or of nerves racked in youth like Mozart, at 35), and a musician afterwards. We hope that his musicality will survive it, but it usually doesn't. Then come the wiseacres, who blame it all on to the public school system, forgetting that the English could have made quite different schools if they had been so minded—but they weren't. They may be quite wrong, but they decided to cover the ground with a carpet of snow and let the crocuses push up through that if they could. They, therefore, produced a nation of amateurs. We had better make the best of them."

LESLIE HOWARD

English Actor in "Berkeley Square" Would Do a French Farce — and "Hamlet"

By ELIZABETH BORTON

"I love the intangible," says Leslie Howard. "Oh, not just ghosts—after all, ghosts can be just as boring as we who live—but the things that cannot be seen or touched. The plays that give us something more than a neat cogging of scenes from life, appeal to our rarest-exercised, and most precious possession—imagination. Imagination is all we've got that makes us men instead of animals—except, perhaps, sympathy."

Leslie Howard's hair is very fair in the yellowish glare of his dressing room lights; his deep-set eyes, with the lids weighted down by thick blonde lashes, blink boyishly, and squint. When he stands, he curves his length into a shy semi-circle, avoiding the low ceiling; when he sits he slouches and sprawls comfortably. His long hands, with curiously up-curved fingers, toy endlessly with something . . . a bunch of keys, or a little lighter "only thirty-five cents in Canada, and it really works," and he shoots his words up suddenly, with a lift of the head from where it was drooping over his busy fingers. His conversation trails off into embarassed silences, or explodes into a sudden boyish laugh. And accompanying his rushes of eager words, and his silences, that swift upward look and lift of the head, and the quick, friendly smile.

"'Berkeley Square' was a play I felt I must do," he said. "Not just for the part of Standish, but because the play seized and held me. Of course, I don't believe there can be a good play without a good part, or a good part without a good play. But, supposing for a moment that there were a choice between a good role and a good play—I'd take the play. And 'Berkeley Square' had an idea that was so fresh and fascinating, with such possibilities for wit, humor, tragedy, that I simply moved heaven and earth to get it. The strange treatment of Time in it thrilled me—and the ghosts from the future.

"My gods are proportion and naturalness. Whenever I have a role to play, I use only one test on myself as I work it out—'How would I react in this situation?' To be convincing, you must be yourself. The skilled actor is just an intelligent person who has trained himself to react quickly and sensitively to given persons and situations. I don't much like the word 'act.' It takes the reality out of what we do. The actor practices with emotions; in time he learns to have an emotion when he needs to. Most of our ills in life come because we have such a lot of trouble getting emotions when we should . . .

"Because proportion seems to me to be the paramount virtue in acting, I don't like melodrama. Oh, I'm not saying I don't like realism on the stage . . . but I like it to be imaginative realism . . . not just photographic realism . . .

"My ambition is to be able to vary my plays. I'd like to do a French farce after 'Berkeley Square,' and then Richard II, and then something of Barrie, and then Hamlet . . . never Romeo, he is such an ass. I always despised him. I'd love to do Hamlet because it's a great play, and because Hamlet is a great fellow. He is a modern . . . a philosopher . . . living out of his century. He lives in an age when all difficulties are solved by violence, and yet violence cannot solve his difficulties. Hamlet is just a sensitive fellow who is in an awful jam, and can't do anything about it. I'd like to do Richard II, too. There's a nice chap. I like him. He has humor.

"And it would be nice to find some way to achieve a happy medium between running a play a year and more, and running it a week. A play is never at its best until it has been rehearsed a month, and worked a month. When the actor has to play much longer than that, he loses his ability to meet the situations of the play as surprises—as they would be in life—diminishes. He knows too well what is coming . . . to live knowing what is going to happen next is awful . . . it is the tragedy of Peter in 'Berkeley Square.'

"I'd rather do comedies than anything else. Tragedy is said to be the greatest form of play . . . the eternal thing. I disagree. I think comedy is greater. Tragedies too often concern merely death. But death isn't the sum total of tragedy. Loss and heartbreak are all mixed up with everything. But comedy is eternal. Comedy that is real comedy, I mean . . . wit and philosophy and understanding and gaiety. Great comedies are greater than great tragedies. . ."

Leslie Howard came to the stage only a few years ago. He has the background of so many young Englishmen in their thirties. . . college and the war. After the war he took to the stage. . . "I had been in a club where we did all kinds of plays, terribly and wonderfully . . . " and to writing. Writing is his dearest love. He hopes to retire and do nothing else some day. Just writing, and riding, and tennis, and living in the country. He has a house in Surrey, an hour from London, where he looks forward to many rides with his small daughter, who learned to ride at the age of four. She lives in a frame on his dressing table when he travels, and looks out at him with the solemn gaze of childhood.

"I suppose I write because I am English," he said, laughing suddenly. When he laughs his face gets longer instead of wider, as most people's do. His eyebrows arch upward, his eyes screw up, his mouth lifts upward from his close, long teeth. "Isn't it appalling the way everyone's writing? All of England, and most of America." He writes articles for Vanity Fair frequently, and has had several plays produced. But he does all kinds of writing.

His worst bogy is getting bored. He gets bored with things very quickly, and then, if he has to continue on with them, it taxes his ingenuity in devising ways of keeping up his interest . . . in plays especially. He has never played in a costume play before "Berkeley Square," and he enjoys it. He likes the clothes because they are beautiful, and because men have little chance to wear beautiful things.

He has never played a villain, but he thinks it would be nice, especially if it were a villain he admired; he is English all through, from home in Surry, forward-springing walk, and Dunhill tobacco, to accent, and shape of face; he adores the country and wants to live there, but he is also a pal of the Algonquin group in New York—that coterie of the most metropolitan souls that every slung ink and wrote laudatory reviews for each other's books; he likes ghosts, if they have a sense of humor; he likes to laugh and he likes to dream; he likes Hollywood, but not for long. He played in "Outward Bound," a talkie, out there this summer. "It was like charades—rather fun," he chuckled.

TONY SARG'S MARIONETTES

Alice, the well-meaning and blundering; the White Rabbit, the Mad Hatter, the Duchess, the Dormouse, even the philosophical Walrus, and the lugubrious Mock Turtle (very graphically bovine), came to life for children and "grownups" yesterday morning and afternoon at Tremont Temple. The marionettes of Tony Sarg, operated and given voice by a company of six skilled artists, played out a delightful little version of Carroll's nonsense fairy tale. The story was changed in some respects in order to give it more unity, and in order to metamorphose some bits of English humor into American pleasantries more natural to childish ears in these United States. For instance, the lion and the unicorn fought their famous battle in a one-round bout, and the referee, with Floyd-Gibbons voice, was none other than the White Rabbit. Delighted giggles, and piercing childish whispers interrupted the playing out of the scenes occasionally, but no one minded. The hall was filled downstairs and the applause was ecstatic.

Perhaps the most charming marionette was Alice, herself; Alice was played in some of the scenes by four-foot-six Elise Dvorak (she doesn't think she is any relation to the composer, but she might be). Miss Dvorak's Alice was delightful; especially in the scene where she went (as marionette) into the White Rabbit's house, and there ate a cake which made her grow large. Her huge face and long arm hanging out of the window frightened the poor rabbit into a terrific series of jumps. He was touchy and hysterical throughout, any way, the White Rabbit, and fussy as he could be. Though he was the villain of the piece, many a soul felt sympathy with his poor frustrated attempts to please the savage queen, though, to be sure, the childish cheers when he was led off to jail must have made him sorry he had stolen the tarts. The Mad Hatter vied for hero honors with the White Knight, a kindly person who couldn't stay on his horse.

Settings, lights and incidental music were well designed and arranged.

The Tony Sarg marionettes will give "Alice in Wonderland" at Tremont Temple again on Saturday, Nov. 1.

Oct-27 E. T.

'DREAM PICTURES' SHOWN BY DE COU

Bronson De Cou showed in Symphony hall last night the second (th season) of his "Dream Pictures"—pictures of "Our National Parks"—Mt. Rainier, Crater lake, the Yosemite, Sequoia, Utah's Wonderlands, the Arrowhead Trail—Los Angeles to Zion Canyon National park, Cedar Breaks, the new Zion Carmel road, Zion Canyon, the Kaibab Forest and North Rim, the Grand Canyon, Red Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Bryce park. The accompanying music was by Rubinstein, Mozart, Rachmaninov, Brahms, Wagner.

Again there was a very large audience, not perhaps solely actuated by the desire to "see America first," for Mr. De Cou's "Switzerland" was enjoyed the Sunday before, and there is eager expectation of his "Japan" next Sunday, but knowing that whatever scenes were to be portrayed, there would not be disappointment.

In his informal talk before the many views of Mt. Rainier, Mr. De Cou said that he hoped the time would come when Europeans, especially Englishmen would rush to see the wonders of the West as now Americans throng the steamers bound to Europe. He expatiated on the natural glories of our country, and said he could not help being enthusiastic. He might well be enthusiastic over his pictures. Is Mt. Rainier

most beautiful single mountain in world? It seemed so last night. Is re any lake like unto Crater lake h its indigo blue? These views were s familiar to the majority in the dience than those of the Yosemite lley, while those of Zion Canyon with new Carmel road, the Kalbab For-, the Grand Canyon and the Bryce nyon brought to mind the outburst the gushing and ungrammatical lden lady: "Ain't nature wonder-!" As Mr. De Cou said, the Zion nyon Park is to see—perhaps once, n twice—but not as a dwelling place. ere one is reminded of volcanic phe-nena in the moon, of fantastic pic-es by Gustave Dore, of Salvator a's wild landscapes.

Mr. De Cou had many interesting gs to talk about. The age and size glant trees; the entrance into the ld of bear cubs in the period of hi-nation; of the great increase in the nber of deer, so that there is a rcity of food for them, since mount-lions have been killed; of his own entures in this region in former rs; of the strange desire of at least woman, Mrs. De Cou to sit or d on hanging rocks o'erlooking an ul abyss—there were many enter-ing remarks beside those intimate-associated with the remarkable pic-es shown. P. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

OPLEY—"To What Red Hell," drama, four nights; 8:30.

YRIC—"Light Wines and Beer," comedy; .

LYMOUTH—"Death Takes a Holiday," ay, with Philip Merivale; 8:30.

ILBUR—"Berkeley Square," a play, with ic Howard, Margalo Gillmore; 8:30.

ote—(The Colonial reopens tomorrow ning with "Smiles," Florenz Ziegfeld's musical comedy, with Marilyn Miller; Hollis Street and Shubert theatres are .

WINIFRED CHRISTIE

Winifred Christie, Scotch pianist, yed yesterday afternoon at Sym-ony hall, using one of the new dou-keyboard pianos invented by her sband, Emanuel Moor. The follow-was her program: Toccata and gue in D minor (Bach); Le Tic-c-Choc (Couperin); Sonata in A jor (Scarlatti); Chaconne (Hand-; Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue (Ce-Franck); Carnaval (Schumann); aconne (Bach).

Miss Christie, whose playing is very easantly remembered by those who rd her here more than 10 years ago soloist with the Boston Symphony chestra and as recital giver, made terday's reappearance the occasion introduce to an interested audience e instrument to whose mastery she s of late years been devoting herself. e Moor double-keyboard piano has cited much interest and won high aise in Europe; yesterday, Boston-ns were enabled to hear it and form eir own opinion of its merits.

Obviously, a piano having two key-ards—the upper sounding an octave gher than the lower—and provided h a coupling device affecting the wer keyboard only—is an instrument pable both of removing some of the re formidable difficulties of piano-ying and of adding to its resources and perhaps its terrors. Rapid octave aying becomes ridiculously easy; rilous jumps and excruciating retches shrink to nearly nothing; nority may be doubled without the e of almost maniacal violence; con-puntal melodies may cross and re-ss (if one hand take the high road d one the low road) without entang-g the fingers of the player. All these ings were known, or could be fore-d, in advance; it remained to be n what artistic end they would serve practice, how these advantages uld pass the test of a hearing.

Miss Christie's first group—Bach, uperin, Scarlatti, Handel—was onc show the Moor piano to the best vantage. The transcription of an can work of Bach—the same D minor gan Toccata and Fugue which Bu-, attending with greater difficulties d achieving smaller success, had at-mpted to transcribe for the ordinary no—was a triumph of clarity, of rled tone quality, of brilliance, and majestic sonority in climax. The licate harpsichord pieces of Couperin d Scarlatti sounded charmingly on this instrument possessing the harp-hord's own most characteristic re-urces. The music was indeed written men who expected that the per-rmer would use his discretion in en-ncing the written music by the dicious employment of contrasting gisters and of the octave coupler. The me advantages served Handel's Cha-nne and lent further variety to its rlations. Let it not be thought that e triumph was a purely mechanical e. The player's own delightful ar-stry of phrasing and nuance, her ad-irably sure technique, deserved all aise.

When, with Franck and Schuman, odern composers were essayed, the w mechanisms still obviously served the pianist by removing difficulties, but when these same mechanisms were applied to the retouching of the music itself, doubts began to insinuate themselves as to the wisdom of the procedure, or at least as to the tact with which it had been carried out. After all, Schumann and Franck both knew pretty well the resources of the instrument for which they were writing and, even though Franck was an organist, we may judge that both were pretty well satisfied with its effect as it was written. They—after the modern fashion—did not intend that performers should add their own embellishments and augmentations. And in fact, while the greater ease of performance certainly added to the musical effect, the occasional liberties taken, whether for the enhancement of climax or for the purpose of completing the composer's fancied intent did not always justify themselves, and sometimes even detracted—as in the climax of the Prelude chorale and Fugue—from the beauty of the original score. Mr. Moor's transcription of Bach's famous Chaconne is one beside which Busoni's well-known effort becomes a model of timid discretion. Its exploitation of the full resources of the instrument was all that commended it.

In response to applause, Miss Christie played also, and very prettily, Cropin's Etude in E flat, Op. 10, No. 11.—S S.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Check and Double Cheek"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from an original story by J. Walter Ruben, with music and lyrics by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby; directed by Melville Brown and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Amos.....Freeman F. Gosden
Andy.....Charles V. Correll
Jean Blair.....Sue Carol
Richard Williams.....Charles Morton
Ralph Crawford.....Ralf Harolde
John Blair.....Edward Martindel
Mrs. Blair.....Irene Rich
Elinor Crawford.....Rita La Roy
Kingfish.....Russell Powell

Amos and Andy, who have become the most famous blackface comedians of our time, thanks to the radio, are now visible and audible on the enlarged screen at Keith's. They are quite likely to remain there beyond the customary period allotted to pictures great and near-great, if the throngs which have beset the theatre since late Friday night are any criterion. It is safe to say that of these thousands, 999 were anxious to see how Amos and Andy looked, to learn at first hand if they behave as comically as they talk. Perhaps there were hopes of seeing also Mme. Queen, Ruby Taylor, "Lightnin'," even the madame's brother-in-law and his family. Here lies disappointment. Aside from the two stars only the Kingfish, portly and sonorous, is in evidence. The other principal characters are white folk. Probably they are saving the madame and Ruby for a second production.

The picture gets away to a glorious start. Fifth avenue, New York, on a sunny noontime; traffic halted, a vociferous protest from a thousand horns. Down the line moves the searching camera, coming to rest on the cause of the trouble, the decrepit, dingy contraption representing almost the sole assets of the Fresh Air Taxi Company, Incorpulated. Amos, a slight figure, in checkered shirt, overalls and mechanic's cap, is trying to start the car. Andy, elephantine, with battered black derby canted unevenly on his head, chewing a frayed cigar, is giving orders. An amused crowd observes them. Finally a traffic cop quietly turns a little knob, and off they go, into the story. That phase of the picture is pleasing enough, but far from intricate. You have heard the boys wish sometimes that they were back in Georgia, under the kindly protection of "Mr. Williams." Well, their patron is dead, it seems, but Richard, his son, has come north. If he can find a mysterious deed of sale to some valuable property in New York he will feel himself worthy of Jean Blair. Otherwise he must return home, alone. The part Amos and Andy play in the finding of this paper is one of the funniest in a series of ludicrous incidents. They are the agencies who thwart the villain, Ralph Crawford, and who make possible the joyous union of unhappy lovers.

The interior of the taxi office is just as we had pictured it. Andy monopolizes the one chair, Amos or visitors hold down the box. Andy takes the telephone away from Amos and proclaims to all "I is the president." His voice is not so deep as that of the radio; his countenance hints at humor suppressed. Amos's voice squeaks, he grins constantly. Twice at least we hear, "I ain't gwine to do it!"; once the wailing "A-wa, a-wa, a-wa," sure sign of his great mental distress. There is a highly comic scene in the hall of the Mystic Knights of the Sea, with the Kingfish presiding, resplendent in his gaudy trappings. The Knights choose Amos and Andy for annual adventure in a house supposed to be haunted and where they find the paper which saves the plot. The faithful taxi appears again, to bear Duke Ellington and his band to the Blair mansion for a dance. It breaks down, and Amos slips on a new tire by an expedient which is convulsingly funny. And once more the taxi figures as Amos and Andy career madly through Gotham highways to the Pennsylvania station, to head off the discouraged Richard. Their acts of chivalry concluded, Amos and Andy set out for a tryst with Mme. Queen and Ruby. Even in this misfortune dogs them, for Andy drops a big frosted cake, donated by the appreciative Blairs, and a passing car flattens it. On that scene the picture ends, comic and characteristic to the last. W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

"Women Everywhere"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harlan Thompson and Lajos Biro from the story by George Grossmith and Zolton Korda; directed by Alexander Korda and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Charles Jackson.....J. Harold Murray
Lili La Fleur.....Fifi Dorsay
Aristide Brown.....George Grossmith
Zephyrine.....Rose Dione
Sam Jones.....Clyde Cook
Michel Kopulos.....Ralph Kellard

A pleasant little romance, with a great deal of song and a fair amount of comedy may be seen in "Women Everywhere," current feature film at the Keith-Albee Theatre. It sounds like another Flagg and Quirt effort, but such is not the case. The hero, impersonated by the handsome and thoroughly likable J. Harold Murray, is fond of the ladies, but his language is proper enough to bring no blushes. Indeed, Mr. Murray is kept so busy singing or getting into and out of scrapes that his conversation is distinctly limited. He should receive credit here and now for being one of the very few actors—we can't think of any other at the moment—who can raise his voice in melody half a dozen times in an hour and a half and still remain attractive. Not only is his voice of exceptionally fine and melodious quality, but he sings without a single contortion and as though he really enjoyed it.

Charlie Jackson, daredevil American gun-runner, is arrested by the French on his arrival in Morocco, through information given by his treacherous first mate, Michel Kopulos. Sentenced to die, he escapes on the way to prison and takes refuge in the dressing room of Fifi La Fleur, singer in the Squinting Cat cafe. Much attracted to the handsome Charlie, Fifi disguises him temporarily as her singing partner and later hides him in the cellar. The evil Kopulos, extremely desirous of marrying Fifi, discovers Jackson's hiding place, but before the latter can be captured he assumes the uniform of a murdered soldier of the French Legion and is hauled, willy-nilly, into the service. Ignorant of what has really happened and anxious to give Jackson time to make a getaway, Fifi confesses to having killed the soldier and is accordingly jailed.

The buoyant Jackson finds life in the Legion not so bad; at least he sings about it very cheerfully and makes out to be a thoroughly good sort of a soldier. Finally, when his company is marching to the relief of a fort in the desert that is being beseiged by the Arabs, he stays behind with two other men and a machine gun to hold up the pursuing enemy. Wounded and decorated for valor, he returns to the Squinting Cat in time to save Fifi from marriage with the detested Kopulos. Mr. Murray, handsome and debonair, makes an engaging hero and sings his several songs, particularly "Beware of Love" and "C'est la Guerre," with spirit and expression. Fifi Dorsay is a vivacious and tuneful heroine and George Grossmith contributes some excellent fun as the proprietor of the Squinting Cat. E. L. H.

FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Up the River"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from a story by Maurice Watkins; screen direction by John Ford, stage direction by William Collier, Jr., presented by Fox with the following cast:

"St. Louis".....Spencer Tracy
"Dannemora Dan".....Warren Hymer
Judy.....Claire Luce
Steve Jordan.....Humphrey Bogart
"Pop".....William Collier, Sr.
Joan.....Joan Lawes
Jessup.....George MacFarlane
The warden.....Robert E. O'Connor
Frosby.....Morgan Wallace
Mrs. Massey.....Louise Mackintosh
Mrs. Jordan.....Edythe Chapman

If "Up the River" had been permitted to run the course originally planned for it as a screen replica in spirit and treatment of the stage play "The Last Mile," John Ford would have garnered fresh laurels as a dramatic director. The prior appearance of "The Big House" altered cinematic history, and the Great Thinkers of the Fox unit were forced to quick action. They set Mr. Collier, an old hand at farce, onto the script, with instructions to turn "Up the River" into a harmless, amusing satire, with no blood-letting, no prison riots, no unseemly violence.

Instead there should be frequent visits by social workers to an institution ruled by a genial warden, there should be an annual show with inmates as performers, a ball game with a rival nine from another prison, and for good measure, a very simple little romance between a New England youth sent up for homicide and a girl who "took the rap" for an unscrupulous vendor of worthless securities. This particular prison should house the flower of both sexes in the criminal world. How well the Messrs. Ford and Collier accomplished this about-face is revealed in the present film. It is very improbable, but it also is very funny, and that is something in these days of over-emphasis on the tragedies which occur in our best penal retreats.

The cast is a saving factor. Spencer Tracy, who played "Killer" Mears in "The Last Mile," makes his screen debut as "St. Louis," a suave, quick-witted burglar, paired with Mr. Hymer as "Dannemora Dan," proud of his mark as a 100 per cent. moron in the prison intelligence test. These two are splendid throughout, whether plotting escapes, threatening each other with instant extermination, aiding the love affair between Steve and Judy, or recovering for Steve and his mother the money she had entrusted to the swindler Frosby. To do this they take French leave, riding by freight from Kansas to some New England town unspecified. Their task of loyalty completed, they return gladly to their "hotel," in time to win the ball game. Mr. Collier, as "Pop," an inmate of 40 years' standing and manager of the ball team, is capital. Miss Luce, also in her screen debut, is handicapped by a striking resemblance to Alice White; otherwise there are tokens of dramatic possibilities. The other principals and the scores of "types" are invariably adequate. Praise for the men behind the cameras is also due. The prison scenes and the pictures of the restful New England home are exceptionally graphic. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Scotland Yard"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Garrett Fort from the play of the same name by Denison Clift produced at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, N. Y., on Sept. 28, 1929, with Paul Cavanagh in the leading role; directed by William K. Howard and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Dakin Barrolles.....Edmund Lowe
Sir John Lasher.....Edmund Lowe
Xandra Lasher.....Joan Bennett
Nurse Cecilia.....Barbara Leonard
Charles Fox.....Donald Crisp
Sir Clive Heathcote.....Lumsden Hare
Dr Deon.....Georges Renavent
Capt. Graves.....David Torrence
Lord St. Arran.....Halliwell Hobbes

Edmund Lowe has a true actor's paradise in "Scotland Yard," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, for it provides him with the delightful opportunity of playing a double role, even of insulting himself and being terribly tough, ugly and generally hard-boiled. It is only fair to say that he is much better as the crook turned gentleman and as the gentleman himself than as the hideously ugly criminal of the first two reels. Essentially a gentlemanly performer, his assumption of wickedness, combined with what used to be known as a "whiskey voice," is a bit lacking in conviction, though it is apparent that he enjoys the masquerade considerably.

"Scotland Yard" hails from England and was shown in New York in play form last year. The plot, somewhat altered from the original, tells of the adventures of Dakin Barrolles, safe-cracker and thief, who joins the British army in company with his crony, Charles Fox, to escape arrest, is badly wounded in the head and comes to himself in the hospital of a plastic surgeon to find that his face has been remodeled in the likeness of a photograph found in a locket among his effects. The lacket was the property of Sir John Lasher, from whom Barrolles had stolen it one night on his houseboat. Lasher had been reported missing and was later proved to be dead, but this was not known outside of Scotland Yard. Meanwhile, Barrolles has been claimed as her husband by Xandra Lasher and finds that he is only too willing to undertake the job. Xandra had not cared much for Lasher in the past, but finds him so altered, as she thinks, that she is soon in love with him.

Barrolles, accepted without question as Sir John Lasher and in the comfortable position of president of a prosperous bank, arranges a robbery and a getaway with Fox, who has popped up once more, but at the last moment, finding himself under the very close and suspicious surveillance of Sir Clive Heathcote of Scotland Yard, gives up the idea. This is not quite the end, but just what happens after that need not be described here. Mr. Lowe handles his dual role with ease and apparent pleasure and is charmingly assisted by Joan Bennett as Xandra. Lumsden Hare is an unusually convincing and agreeable detective, and good work is offered by Georges Renavent as Dr. Deon and by Donald Crisp as Charles Fox. Direction and photography are well above the average. E. L. H.

MARION GRANT IN "THE MIDDLE WATCH"

Marion Grant, formerly of the St. James stock company, will assume the

role of Mary Carlton in E. E. Clive's revival of "The Middle Watch" at the Copley Theatre, starting Friday night of this week. This is the farce-comedy by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall which entertained Copley patrons for six weeks in December and January last. Mr. Clive will appear again in the comic role of Priv. Ogg. The piece has nautical flavor, with the unusual introduction of several of the feminine sex in action which takes place aboard a British warship.

Oct-28 1930

By PHILIP HALE

LYRIC THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Light Wines and Beer," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by Aaron Hoffman. Presented by the Stanhope Productions Company.

The cast last night was as follows:

John Miller	Charles Horn
Gus Rausch	Ralph Hertz
The Bum	McLain Gates
Fritzie Zimmer	Helene Salinger
Tim	George Sullivan
Ted Schloss	Frederick Herrick
Nick Schloss	Sam Bernard, 2d
Jim Knowles	David Andrada
Rudolph Zimmer	Al Shean
Mrs. Mahoney	Sarah Camp
Katie Zimmer	Louise Kirtland
William J. Parker	Herbert Warren
Sweeney	George Gilday
Jack	James Spelvin
Doyle	Oscar Ames
Officer Kelly	Ralph Hudson

This play is what Augustin Daly might justly have called, as he billed his own dramas, "A comedy of contemporaneous interest."

When the curtain rose and showed the "cafe" of Messrs. Schloss and Zimmer, the great audience on floor and in galleries applauded enthusiastically, for there was the bar, with the rail, a rest for the weary; with the brave show of brilliantly polished glass. Beer was drawn; a good woman came in rushing the growler; two or three citizens were playing their customary evening game of cards. There was no disorder, no drunkenness. Peace reigned. This was in 1916.

In the second scene sadness ruled. 'Twas the night of Jan. 16, 1920. In an evil hour, Mr. Schloss had heard Billy Sunday shout; had approved a fanatical speech from one William J. Parker, and come to the conclusion that his business was disreputable. He would and did dissolve partnership with Zimmer. There was a war of words. The guests of many years were insulted. Zimmer was left alone at midnight, sorrowful but still philosophical. As he turned off the last light, he exclaimed—not theatrically, but with genuine pathos, "Good Night, Liberty."

The old partners are next seen in 1930. Schloss is a snooper, one of Parker's band smelling out liquor as pigs in France hunt truffles. He knows that Zimmer has enriched himself as a bootlegger of pre-war stuff, the remains of the partners' old stock. Neither he nor Parker knows the hiding place. Zimmer's daughter has fallen for Parker's smooth talk. He will marry her if she betrays her father.

Then comes a series of incidents showing the absurd workings of the Volstead law; the abuse of personal liberty; the hypocrisy; the tricks and bargains; the entrance of hi-jackers—and line after line rising from the situations was applauded to the echo. The satirical thrusts were put so humorously by Messrs. Bernard and Shean, that even staunch prohibitionists in the house could not help laughing uproariously. They perhaps began to consider the error of their ways.

For the two comedians were without bitterness; they presented their case—for Schloss repented at last after those near and dear to him were arrested—a hi-jacker's device—with such humor that their attack on the law was more effective than stinging invective or soap-box appeal.

Many of us remember when many baffling questions were put to "Mr. She-an, Mr. She-an." Last night he answered as neatly as when Mr. Gallagher propounded his queries in lilting rhythm.

At the end the two thanked the audience and hoped that the engagement would be long—surely till election day and after.

Of course there is a love story—an absent lover and a beguiling Johnny-on-the-spot; there is also a scene of departure for the war, and here Mr. Bernard did not o'erstep the bounds of nature by drawing the pathetic step

LOEW'S STATE

"Billy the Kid"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Wanda Tuchock from the story entitled "The Saga of Billy the Kid," by Walter Noble Burns; additional dialogue by Lawrence Stallings and Charles McArthur; directed by King Vidor and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Billy	John Mack Brown
Garrett	Wallace Beery
Claire	Kay Johnson
Swenson	Karl Dane
Tunston	Wyndham Standing
McSween	Russell Simpson
Mrs. McSween	Blanche Friederici
Old Stuff	Roscoe Ates
Ballinger	Warner P. Richmond
Donovan	James Marcus
Hatfield	Nelson McDowell
Brewer	Jack Carlyle
Butterworth	John Beck

It seems incredible that the name of King Vidor could be attached to so choppy and episodic a work as "Billy the Kid," current feature film at Loew's State Theatre. There is practically no plot and all the frantic efforts to drag one in by the heels are only a waste of time and footage. There are a fair number of effective sequences, but moments do not make a good picture. The central figure, Billy himself, is so whitewashed and so softened by the barefaced distortions of the scenario and the much too sweet acting of John Mack Brown that he evokes but a transient gleam of interest. All the acting honors go to Wallace Beery, as Garrett, the honest, kindly and incorruptible sheriff. Indeed, it is possible to go further and say that the film comes alive only when Mr. Beery is present. The rest of the time it is a well-watered western, with the requisite number of shootings to keep the tough looking bunch of extras busy and happy.

Of the real Billy the Kid, the handsome, coldblooded young desperado who left so bloody a trail behind him during his brief and desperate career, no trace remains. John Mack Brown is good looking, gentle and innocuous, lacking even the suggestion of hardness under the deceptively soft exterior that could make the character plausible. He is further handicapped in his effort to achieve a plausible characterization by the insistence of the script that all his killings were done out of a sense of justice. The picture ends with the escape of Billy, whom Garrett misses in a jocose fashion as he rides for the border, hotly pursued by the decorative heroine. Garrett adds the misleading suggestion that henceforth Billy will lead a peaceable and law abiding married life instead of, as was really the case, going down before Garrett's gun.

The story is very rambling and incoherent, treating somewhat vaguely of the efforts of Billy the Kid to avenge the killing of his beloved master, Tunston, on his wedding day. Tunston out of the way, Billy and Tunston's fiancee, Claire, fall in love. Billy is captured by Garrett, but escapes after killing his deadly enemy, Ballinger. There is some real excitement when Billy and his friends are trapped in Tunston's house and forced to shoot their way out when the building is set on fire. Praise is due also to the beautiful natural backgrounds, with majestic mountains in the background and rolling plains dotted with trees. The acting is fair to middling, with a trifle too much insistence on the would-be quaint and bewhiskered humor of motion picture pioneers. Kay Johnson, usually a capable and interesting actress, is cold, trivial and totally unconvincing as the unnecessary Claire. Wyndham Standing is likable and gentlemanly as the murdered Tunston, while good work in brief roles is contributed by Russell Simpson and Blanche Friederici as McSween, Tunston's Scotch partner, and his wife.

E. L. H.

Oct-29 '930

COLONIAL

"Smiles"

"Smiles," a musical comedy in a prologue and two acts, with seven scenes; book by William Anthony McGuire, music by Vincent Youmans, lyrics by Clifford Grey and Harold Adamson; dances and ensembles staged by Sammy Lee, scenes by Joseph Urban; produced last evening at the Colonial Theatre for the first time on any stage by Florenz Ziegfeld, with the following cast:

Holy Joe	Tom Howard
Pierre	Edward Raquello
Tony	Adrian Rosley
Dick	Paul Gregory
Madelon	Lorraine Jarllet
Arline	Arline Aber
Charline	Charline Aber
Officer Dennis O'Brien	Harry Tighe
Glory	Harriette Lake
Doughface	Bernard Jukes
Bob Hastings	Fred Astaire
Larry	Larry Adler
Smiles	Marilyn Miller
Dot Hastings	Adele Astaire
Lillian	Jean Ackerman
Clara	Clare Dodd
Mrs. Hastings	Georgia Caine
Gilbert Stone	Eddie Foy, Jr.
Pat	Kathryn Hereford
Chang Lang Foo	C. Czaja
Miss Parker	Ruth Morgan
Kiki	Hilda Moreno
Betty	Ruth Patterson

Mr. Ziegfeld has freighted his latest golden argosy perilously close to the gunwales. Not so much with rich merchandise, though he brings a veritable fortune in such commodities, as with talented passengers sufficient to honor three separate glorified ships were they to be distributed thus. Moreover, to but the situation more bluntly and perhaps more honestly, this new musical comedy is burdened with too much story. This may seem odd in view of Mr. McGuire's frequent demonstrations of ability to say much without telling any story at all; but the fact remains that in "Smiles" he embellishes the simplest idea so tirelessly that one marvels at his sudden enthusiasm for the spoken word. He leaves too little time for so many things, dance and spectacle notably.

Mr. Ziegfeld's advertised prompt curtain fell short of its promise by a quarter-hour. Thereafter, until shortly before 10 o'clock, the stage was set for prologue, the place, outskirts of a deserted village in France in 1918; an East side corner of New York, with the elevated curving overhead, a cosmopolitan cafe on the left, a Salvation Army barracks on the right; and a cheery white bar in the Hastings residence at Southampton. In these scenes it had become more than obvious that Madelon, a frail blond French girl orphaned by the war, had been adopted by four soldiers of various nationalities; and that in an intervening 10 years, being brought to America by her foster parents, she had become a shining light in the midst of evil, was expert in saving and redeeming sinners. She reminded us of the Salvation Army lass in "The Belle of New York." Incidentally there had been hint of romance between Madelon, now known as Smiles, and young Bob Hastings, a rich rounder. There had been tunes by Mr. Youmans, sensitively contrived and scored, most for the feet, seldom for the heart "Down Where the East River Flows," a sly parody in ballad style, "Carry On, Keep Smiling," with its mystifying 6-4 tempo, "I'm Glad I Waited," a lively number for Miss Miller and Mr. Astaire.

At this point Mr. Ziegfeld, who need not have been identified with anything gone before, took possession in his right as expositor of spectacle sublime. He swept aside and backward routine trappings, to show a Chinese garden, with green hedges and terraces, flanked on either side by immense glass lanterns swinging in rose-colored frames and adorned back centre by a tall Japanese screen ornately designed and folding back its doors to release Miss Miller for a dance, staged by Kosloff, and appropriately termed, "The Crystal Lady." Here were Mr. Urban and Mr. Harkrider, the artists, and Mr. Ziegfeld, the lavish producer, in their own realm, superior, even superb. Again, for the opening of the second act, did these masters of stage settings, astound us with a street scene n Paris, on the anniversary of armistice night. Here were substance and color and beauty of line and perspective. Add a boudoir set in pale green and rose, and a roof garden lush with flowers; add costumes, rich and attractive, and often novel, and consider that Mr. Ziegfeld again has done well by his public, decoratively.

Ovations were in order at the outset; for the Astaires, brother and sister, making their first appearance since their London triumphs, the deftest, most finished exponents of pedal capering on today's stage; for Miss Miller, radiant with her blonde tresses, her twinkling eyes, not only a dancer but a singer and something of an actress as well. Others were remembered: Mr. Foy, with his slouching gait, his terse wit; Mr. Howard, once valued associate of Joe Cook, with his drier humors; Mr. Gregory, heroic tenor of several successful musical comedies; Miss Caine, Mr. Tighe, Miss Hereford. Several minor incidents were worthy of commendation, such as Mr. Hager's delineation of a street fakir with his patent potato parer, Larry Adler's earnest mouthings of the harmonica, the Aber sisters' duo dances and patter.

Miss Miller and the Astaires, of the "B" Three" of "Smiles." There are moments when two of the trio threaten inocently enough to dance their ways to leadership; yet the third, with her more varied talents as prima donna, chief ballerina and comedienne, bravely holds her sway over an admiring audience. There are things to be done speedily, to keep "Smiles" on even keel, to persuade the craft to move more speedily, more gracefully. Last evening saw such a wealth of material displayed as may not be seen again. Much of this material will be thrown overboard, however precious it may seem. Such are the cruel processes of "first night" revisions.

W. E. G.

HOWARD GODING

Howard Goding gave his annual piano recital at Jordan hall last night. A large audience applauded him roundly. The following was his program: Sonata in C major (Mozart); Two Intermezzi, E flat minor and C major, op 118 (Brahms); Sonata in F Fsharp major, Op. 30, (Scriabin); Reflets dans l'eau (Debussy); Mouvements perpetuels (Poulenc); Nocturne in F sharp major, Op. 15, No. 2; Polonaise in F sharp minor, Op. 44 (Chopin).

Mr. Goding's performance of Mozart, except for some moments of blurred and hurried rhythm, was marked by a meticulous attention to the minute graces of phrase and nuance, to the neat alternations of legato and staccato, to the dynamic restraint, which are generally regarded as the hall-marks of the Mozartean style. A little less care, less obvious, at any rate, might indeed have produced an effect of greater spontaneity, a pleasing naturalness that the performance rather lacked. To be sure, its quick movements went trippingly enough, but with a gait somewhat more mincing than even the current idea of the 18th century style might regard as appropriate.

His Brahms was both careful and expressive, if it did not wholly suggest the irresistible inner necessity that should seem to govern the performance of music so romantic as this. The popular and melodious F sharp sonata of Scriabin, almost devoid of the subtleties and asperities of the composer's later work, yet characteristically ecstatic, received very adequate treatment at the pianist's hands—the yearningly romantic principal theme, tenderly announced, was brilliantly repeated at its final recapitulation; the complicated prestissimo was successfully, if not quite comfortably, tackled. Mr. Goding's interpretation of Debussy's "Reflets" was very poetic, unhackneyed, and delicately varied. The mood of the amusingly fatuous Poulenc pieces was not quite captured. It was good to hear the magnificent and neglected F sharp minor Polonaise with its powerful main themes and its delicious Mazurka-like interlude. It was very well played. Energetic applause encouraged Mr. Goding to add to his program.

S. S.

Oct-30 1930

SYBIL WEBB

A concert was given at Jordan hall last night by Sybil Webb, soprano, with the assistance of the "Trio Instrumental de Paris" (George Laurent, flute; Bernard Zighera, harp, and Alfred Zighera, viola da gamba—all three being members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) and by Jacques Pillois, French composer now resident in New York, who played the piano accompaniments of those of his songs that were performed last night. The following was the program: Instrumental music—Sonate a trois (Leclair); four unpublished pieces from "Les Bouqets de Chassenay" (Prudent); vocal music—There in Myrtle Shades Reclined (Handel); An die Geliebte (Beethoven); Non so piu, from "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart); Chansons de "Roseve," Le Roseau, Six Proses Lyriques, Chanson de Yaminte (Jacques Pillois); Song of the Nile (Palmer); The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes (Carpenter); When I am Alone (Buzzi-Peccia).

Flute, harp and viola da gamba proved themselves a pleasantly soothing combination last night, and the music that the three excellent artists chose to perform might also be best described as pleasant—neatly compounded out of 18th century clichés, the allegros exhilarating through their very pace and the deft interplay of dancing figures, the slow movements a trifle dull. The movements from an unpublished MS by Prudent in the Bibliotheque Nationale, entitled rather cryptically in the program "From La Monique, from 'Les Bouquets de Chassenay'," seemed to need a little judicious editing as to their harmonization; they were a rather naive and rustic music.

Mr. Pillois's songs—settings of vers libres and lyric prose of unspecified authorship—show him to be a faithful Debussian, offering many a reminiscence of the more obvious and imitable harmonic procedures of his illustrious model, particularly in the "Chansons de Roseve." Elsewhere the resemblance, though less close, was constantly suggested by his impressionistic style, his addiction to a rhapsodic flute obligato, by his choice of delicately voluptuous poems.

Miss Webb brought to the songs she sang a voice of light calibre and—within its most effective range—of fresh quality, but tremulous and lacking in variety of color, constricted, and inclined to be forced off pitch in its upper reaches. She was thus unable to give the needed variety to her treatment of this program otherwise than by sensitive phrasing, enunciation of the words, occasional rhythmic finesse and by sensitive phrasing.

She was warmly applauded, however, by a large audience and received the added tribute of several embarrassingly large bouquets of flowers. Mr. Pillois and her other coadjutors received equally cordial applause.

S. S.

CONCERT NOTES

Another composition written expressly for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra will be performed at the concerts next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This time it is on overture by an undoubtedly Greek Unknown; by a gentleman—presumably a man, though in these days a female composer is like Voitaire's characterization of Habakkuk "Capable de tout"—who, wishing to have an unprejudiced judgment on his musical achievement does not wish his name to be mentioned. (It is barely possible that on Saturday night after the hoped for "roaring at the wreaths," he will step gaily on the stage, and look around him: "Yes, I did it. I'm the man." The main theme of the overture is taken adapted from a tune in Glinka's "Lu

"The Tsar," a time when an anonymous thinks most appropriate the occasion, the second theme is own.

symphony by Nicolas Nabokov will performed for the first tune in this ntry. The composer is a young man, o, born at Leningrad, went to Berlin er the revolution, and studied there the Hochschule fuer Musik. It is that he also studied at Stuttgart. some years he has lived at Paris, e his curious "Ode," a ballet-ora- was produced by Diaghilev's Bal- Russe and excited no end of com- t. "Ode" was afterward performed London. The symphony to be heard week was produced at Paris by Orchestre Symphonique de Paris, ducted by Mr. Monteux on Feb. 16 this year. It is said to be melodious d short. Tchaikovsky's Fourth Sym- ony is also on the program, the sym- ony for which he supplied an elabor- e description for the benefit of Mme. eck who had befriended him by grant- g a handsome yearly allowance when was in debt and discouraged.

The program of the concert for Nov. 8 comprises Handel's Concerto for rings No. 12 (B minor), the seventh mphony of Sibelius; Mozart's clarinet ncerto to be played by the excellent w clarinetist of the orchestra, Mr. latschek, and "Metamorphoson"— eme and 12 variations written this ar by Mr. Respighi for the 50th an- versary. The performance will be e first.

Next Saturday afternoon Bruce Si- onds, pianist, of New Haven (Yale iversity), who is getting to be a rdy annual, will play music by Mo- rt, Bach, Debussy, De Falla, Schu- ann.

Sunday next Josef Hofmann will y in Symphony hall (3:30 P. M.) usic by Bach-d'Albert, Schumann, opin, Dvorsky (i. e. Hofmann) and rauss-Godowsky. Isn't it about time Mr. Hofmann to give himself edit for his own compositions? In rdan hall at the same hour the Peo- 's Symphony orchestra will play. n Smeterlin, a Polish pianist, tour- this country for the first time will y at the Repertory Theatre (8:15 P.). a sonata by Schubert, the 24 Prel- es of Chopin—"there aren't any re"—and pieces by Szymanowski, Falla and Strauss-Godowksy.

Agna Enters will give a recital tonight Jordan hall—but is "recital" the per word for her entertainment? W. J. Henderson wrote a year ago t "Miss Enters's additions to the sat-

ions of life might fittingly be called veries'." In these "discoveries" he d some of the essentials of musical osition and some of those of paint- "What Miss Enters has fashioned vehicle for the visual projection of wn fertile imagination is distinctly m of animated pictures, in action, an underlying current of subtle captivating rhythms. . . . Her ex- e humor keeps her evenings from ning heavy, while her occasional sions into the realm of tragedy st remote and intriguing possi- s." And Mr. Henderson is a critic g experience and keen discrimina- who is not to be cajoled or fooled.

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anson De Cou will give the third last of his "Dream Pictures" this next Sunday night in Symphony The subject will be "Japan"— capes, cherry blossoms, Kyoto, ns and flowers, types and Geishas, and gorgeous temples, Fujiyama.

P. H.

Oct 31, 1930

METROPOLITAN

ghter"

all-talking screen drama adapted from iginal story by Douglas Doty and H. adie D'Arrast, with dialogue by Donald Stewart; directed by H. D'Abbadie st and presented by Paramount with llowing cast:

Gibson	Nancy Carroll
ockridge	Frederic March
timer Gibson	Frank Morgan
Le Sainte	Glenn Anders
e Gibson	Diane Ellis
n	Leonard Carey
	Ollie Burgoyne

great a success was Nancy Carroll e Devil's Holiday," a film written irected by the same man, that ount has tried the same experi- again in "Laughter," current fea- cture at the Metropolitan Theatre. esults are interesting, but unfor- ly H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast is not Edmund Goulding. He has a dea but he fails to work it out fullest possibilities. There is comedy, tragedy and humor but rious ingredients are not well ed. Caricature hardly belongs a story as this, but it is hard any other interpetation on the a successful banker portrayed nk Morgan.

y Gibson, an ex-chorus girl d to C. Mortimer Gibson, one of reet's wealthiest, is fond enough husband, but finds herself unable to forget Paul Lockridge, an exuberant, penniless young composer. A year after the marriage Paul returns, bursting into the Gibson apartment like a refreshing March breeze. He outrages C. Mortimer's dignity and causes Peggy to wonder just how wise she had been in choosing luxury in place of love and laughter. Things are further complicated by a moody young sculptor, Ralph Le Sainte, who loves her despite her indifference and is continually threatening to commit suicide. Peggy's step-daughter, Marjorie, a girl of her own age, returns from Europe and falls in love with Ralph.

All this is very displeasing to C. Mortimer who is fond of his pretty young wife, even though more concerned about his money. He is further annoyed when Peggy and Paul, caught in the rain while driving in the country, break into a house and are arrested. At the same time he makes a killing on the market and unbends to the extent of giving his secretary a cigar and a glass of champagne. Peggy, meanwhile, is falling more and more in love with Paul, but is dismayed to find Marjorie trying to marry Ralph. She exposes him for a fortune-hunter and he kills himself. The last scene shows Peggy and Paul in Paris.

Nancy Carroll gives a fine performance as the charming, puzzled and desirable Peggy. The story does not permit her to sound any great dramatic depths but she makes Peggy a vivid, natural young person with plenty of character. To Frederic March, however, go the stellar acting honors. We have never seen this usually retiring and gentlemanly young player give such a high-spirited, engaging and lively performance. Even though his speeches grazed the kitttenish at times and his actions were somewhat along the lines of William Haines, he never ceased to be sincere, manly and thoroughly convincing. In a disagreeable role Glenn Anders makes his screen debut and does excellent work. Diane Ellis is a believable Marjorie. Settings and photography are handsome and imaginative —E. L. H.

ANGNA ENTERS

The delicate and individual art of Angna Enters delighted an audience that filled Jordan Hall last night. Her "Episodes" and "Compositions in Dance Form," are etched little caricatures, of a gently sympathetic or somberly intense character, that demand nothing of the usual feminine wiles to make them fascinating. Her gift is that of the critic, sure of her material, witty, and at ease in her medium.

From the stiff-gowned, tenderly gesturing madonnas of the middle ages, turning naive and broodingly deep eyes on the rose or the napkin, to the mosquito-bitten, sullen girl at a field day, tired and hot, but waving the American flag with a methodical and callous efficiency, she presented reality to the audience. Into her mimed and danced characterizations goes all the ripeness of a student of history, the arts, and the social customs of many ages and many peoples. And she limns her studies in emotion and gesture by pure line almost entierly. She does not scorn to use her beauty of face and figure to tweak the easily aroused admiration of audiences; she simply is not interested in herself. Her costuming is again amazingly authentic rather than merely effective, though it is artistically suited to her characterization in every case. And her face, painted into an almost expessrionless mask, speaks only from the eyes . . . long dark eyes, capable of revealing adolescent yearning, the evil, knowing, scarred heart of a cocotte, the beatific sadness of the Queen of Heaven, the coy and self-conscious artificiality of a French neo-classic lady, the purring, dangerous content of a cat, the scowling, murderous hatred of a cruel and degenerate Spanish lady of the Borgias.

For the appreciation of everything she does, the audience must yield up a little of its ordinarily carefully-buried social criticism. She is an artist who demands an understanding and a tolerant mind; if you have no delight in irony, she will leave you cold and puzzled. But because she is an intellectual dancer, crediting her audience with more than a mere liking for pretty-prettles, she takes them into her clear and interesting mind, and she makes them feel a stirring of something besides entertainment.

She has not the warm and magnetic personality of the joyous creator, and she will never reap a purely personal, adulation. But she has the many-faceted, bright, and penetrating and intelligence of a real spectator and critic of life. As such, she may always count on a loyal and admiring public. E. B.

COPLEY

"The Middle Watch"

Even though last night was Hallowe'en, Mr. Clive forswore ghosts, goblins and skeleton hands, and presented for the second time within a twelvemonth "The Middle Watch," lively and amusing nautical comedy by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall. Last night's audience appeared to relish greatly the comic happenings that result when two of the handsome young captain's lady guests are left behind on H. M. S. Falcon after the last launch has left for shore. One is the fiancee of a younger officer, the other, Mary Carlton, is a breezy American girl, unattached for the moment but greatly taken with the girl-shy Capt. Randall. They are presented with adjoining cabins and allotted a highly respectable sentry, Priv. Ogg, to pace up and down outside. What promises to be a quiet evening is interrupted by the arrival on board of the admiral, and from then on no one gets much sleep. It is excellent fun, not to be taken seriously but to be thoroughly enjoyed.

In the role of the engaging and invincibly serious-minded Priv. Ogg, Mr. Clive does excellent work. Indeed, his is the most amusing and original character in the play. To see him carefully pacing his beat, with his shoes off and one toe coming through his stocking, vastly uncomfortable but determined to do his duty, is most diverting. Almost equally funny is Ralph Roberts as the fussy, hen-pecked little Admiral Sir Hercules Hewett. Lena Anderson makes a charming Fay Eaton, Marion Grant was ingratiating as Mary, and Elspeth Dudgeon provokes great mirth as Charlotte Hopkinson, the desperately respectable chaperone who is accidentally locked up with the ship's compass.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS THEATRE

"All God's Chillun Got Wings"

Play by Eugene O'Neill, given last night by the Boston Players, with an all colored cast, as follows:

Jim Harris	Ralf Coleman
Hattie	Dorothea Archie
Mrs. Harris	Marie Browne
Ella Downey	Osbeth Henry
Shorty	Frederick Yancey
Joe	Cornelius Crosson
Mickey	J. Arthur Powell

To the enterprising group of amateur actors who call themselves "The Boston Players" should go a great deal of credit for the courage and brilliance of their undertaking last night. It took courage to do Eugene O'Neill's moving play (perhaps his greatest play), because audiences are often a regrettably stupid and hysterical lot; they are ever so likely to laugh in places where a laugh is sacrilege, and to refuse to let their souls be harried by thoughts and ideas that hurt. It took genuine courage for the actors to play through scenes that called for the deepest feeling, when silly titters testified to the unwilling tension of some members of the audience. But the young players should feel that their work was appreciated deeply by many, because it was unusually sincere and forceful, and because they brought to the stage one of the finest and most real of contemporary plays, and one that is played all too seldom and too timidly.

Ralf Coleman, as Jim Harris, did a piece of acting that would take honors on any professional stage, for he brought to the role not only a fine presence and splendid enunciation, but a compelling sincerity, and a gift for tragedy and climax that is not often met with. His characterization was very real and touching, unmannered, but deft and sharply drawn. His intensity, gathering momentum until the tremendous climax in the last scene, added to his beauty and effectiveness of his playing of Jim, one of the most honest and noble of roles.

Dorothea Archie brought vigor and sincerity to her part, and added a counter current of intensity to that of Coleman's. Together they carried the play dramatically. Both have voices of unusual richness and beauty.

Splendid work was done by Osbeth Henry as the pathetic, drab, weak and unhappy Ella. Her gestures, her weary voice, with its childish whine, her spasmodic and simple-hearted attempts to reach a nobility she was incapable of sustaining, there were admirably suggested by Miss Henry.

Whoever directed the play did a very earnest and worthwhile piece of work. It would be a pleasure to see these gifted amateurs in other plays. Few groups, even of professionals, sense the reality and mystery of the people whose lives they live for us on the stage. To those who have the touch of reality, let many opportunities be given.

E. B.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, given in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Anonymous, Overture. (Written for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra. First performance.) Nabokov, symphonie lyrique (first time in the United States). Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 4, F minor.

A good many years ago a German prince was addicted to musical composition. Of course some of his works were performed. There was discussion of them among musicians. One said: "It is never prudent to speak lightly of music by a prince, for no one knows who wrote it." This remark has been attributed to Brahms, who had a faculty of saying disagreeable, bitter words. It has also been attributed to Hans von Buelow, who like Mr. Brown in Bret Harte's poem, "was a most sarcastic man."

It was not necessary to speak thus about the overture performed yesterday. The identity of the composer was not revealed by the management of Symphony hall. There were rumors; there was natural curiosity. It was known that the composer had made a graceful "gesture," to use the jargon of the newspapers, by thus paying homage to the orchestra. A short account of the work was sent out from Symphony hall, in which it was stated that the author of the overture seldom composes; that the chief theme was taken from Glinka's opera "A Life for the Tsar," because to the composer this theme "one of the most solemn and glorifying themes existing in musical literature," responded to the idea he had of a stately overture for this orchestra's jubilee; that the second theme was original.

The overture, for the most part following conventional form, begins quietly with the chief theme announced by the organ. This theme is worked with ever increasing intensity. The second theme, one of a sentimental nature, is slightly developed. A figure of an exciting nature takes the place of the repetition section and rushes into a long, sonorous coda in which the first theme is used for the apotheosis.

The overture was enthusiastically received. The allusion to Glinka's opera and the wording of the statement made by the composer aroused suspicion as to his identity. When the orchestra stood, during the long continued applause, and joined in it, suspicion was turned to certainty. Dr. Koussevitzky acknowledged modestly the tribute paid him.

Nicholas Nabokov, born at Leningrad in 1903, was driven out of Russia by the revolution. With other musicians, victims of the revolution, he lives in Paris, where some of them attempt to be revolutionary in composition. It is said that he is of a high-born family, some members of which held honrobale positions before the upsetting storm; that he studied at the Hoch Schule in Berlin, and also at Stuttgart. He became prominent in Paris and in London by his music for an extraordinary, spectacular ballet-oratorio entitled "Ode," produced by the Ballet Russe in 1928.

The symphony heard yesterday is in three movements, not irritatingly contemporaneous in its harmonic scheme; not orchestrally far fetched. The first allegro has more or less of the wildness expected from a member of the young Russian school, but the movement has vitality, also individuality, although it has been said in Paris that he is strongly influenced by Stravinsky and Prokotieff. This influence is not too apparent, if it is felt to be at all. The slow movement contains passages of genuine beauty, with touches of the melancholy, or the wistfulness that is not displeasing. The finale has much of a scherzo character. It is to us the most maturely wrought, the most definitely planned and executed, the most constantly interesting of the three movements. The impetuous rhythm, the headlong rush ends with a long pause, after which a few impressive chords for the full orchestra bring an unexpectedly dramatic ending. The symphony was well received; a reception unusual for a work by a composer of whom little or nothing was known.

Dr. Koussevitzky with the orchestra gave an amazingly effective interpretation of Tchaikovsky's symphony for which the composer wrote an extended program to aid Mme. Meck in full appreciation of the musical contents. This symphony may be called a "human document," to use the phrase dear to Zola and the Goncourts; the autographic music of a self-torturer. There have been of late explanations, perhaps unnecessary, of early circumstances that gave this composer a sad and troubled outlook on life; that as a young man he fell in with Nihilists who had no belief in humanity or God. (But has not the Russian for years been constitutionally melancholy; now superstitiously religious, now exercised, as Dostoievsky's heroes, about the possibility of individual survival and the existence of an all-knowing God?) And in the later years of Tchaikovsky there was a reason for his self-torturing. Modest Tchaikovsky, a devoted brother, did not in writing Peter's life tell all that he might have told. It was reserved for Richard Specht in his life of Johannes Brahms, recently translated into English, to give a personal reason for Brahms's dislike of Tchaikovsky and his music.

But how could Brahms appreciate Peter? How could Peter enjoy the music of Johannes? Peter in his sadness, in his mental agony sometimes shrieks; but Brahms in his pessimistic mood, even in his forced gaiety, often whines.

It was an experience to hear the fourth symphony performed as it was yesterday; interpreted with understand-

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Big Trail"

An all talking screen drama adapted to the film from an original story by Hal G. Evarts directed by Raoul Walsh and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Breck Coleman	John Wayne
Ruth Cameron	Marguerite Churchill
Dusie	El Brendel
Zeke	Tully Marshall
Red Flack	Tyrone Power
Dave Cameron	David Rollins
Pa Bascom	Frederick Burton
Windy Bill	Russ Powell
Lopez	Charles Stevens
Thorpe	Ian Keith
Gussie's mother-in-law	Louise Carver
Wellmore	William V. Mong
Abigail	Dodo Newton
Sid Bascom	Ward Bond
Mrs. Riggs	Marcia Harris
Mary Riggs	Marjorie Leet
Sarcy	Emslie Emerson
Honey Girl	Helen Parrish

Comparisons between "The Covered Wagon" and "The Big Trail" are inevitable. James Cruze directed the former for Paramount several years ago. It was a silent picture, of course, and as such was noteworthy for its progress. Mr. Walsh in "The Big photography, its splendid generalship in the handling of massed humanity. Its story was no better than such a picture needed to give excuse for its Trail," has had all the fresher advantages, speech, sound, sharper photography, larger screen, possibly better players. Fox gave him unlimited funds, ample time. The result is a combination of impressive magnitude, and of mild monotony.

Just 100 years ago, according to "The Big Trail," a courageous army of men and women, assembled somewhere in Missouri from many of the other states in the union, set forth as pioneers to extend the western line of civilization. Then as now, this motley band had its virtuous citizens, and its evil ones. Preachers, farmers, small-town merchants, rubbed elbows with gamblers, thieves, even a murderer or two. Such commingling should provide a narrative of sorts, so we have as hero, Breck Coleman, young, virile, rangey of figure, adept with gun, pistol and knife, as a lone scout of the plains, friendly with the Indians, respected by the trappers. We have as heroine Ruth Cameron, who with her younger brother, Dave, feels the urge of western migration. For stolid rectitude we have the Bascoms and the Riggses, and for villany, either brutish or subtle, the machinations of Red Flack, bestial muleteer, his Mexican ally, Lopez, and Thorpe, a river-boat gambler living under constant threat of the noose because of his cheap crookedness. To Ruth he boasts of his mythical plantations in Louisiana; his attentions annoy her less than they do young Coleman, torn between his devotion to her and his vow to avenge his murdered trapper friend. He suspects Flack and Lopez. In the end he kills Flack with his knife. Lopez perishes in a blizzard. Thorpe is killed by Coleman's loyal friend, Zeke, a grizzled old trapper. By this time the pioneers have reached Oregon, their destination. With all the bad men exterminated, true love emerges triumphant, a new life begins for all.

That is the secondary element in "The Big Trail." The main theme is the journey of those innumerable covered wagons with their toiling horses and oxen and their precious freight. Through days and nights of privation and danger Mr. Walsh leads his courageous explorers. Across treacherous streams of arid deserts he guides them. They stagger and wallow through blinding blizzards; they are drenched by torrential rains, menaced by dazzling lightning. These scenes are particularly fine and graphic; never before have director and cameraman obtained such convincing demonstrations of nature's tremendous power to crush frail humanity. When the pioneers come to a towering plateau edging a precipitous drop to a valley below, men and women lower their wagons and themselves by ropes. They suffer searring losses in fording rivers; they are further decimated when exhaustion and starvation overwhelm them in the desert, when Indians, encircling their corral, kill off young and old. Yet they push on. And here is where monotony enters. That ceaseless rumble of wheels and clanking of iron, persists in one's ears, not wholly relieved by startling incidents or flashes of story or streaks of comedy. For, bear in mind, "The Big Trail" runs for two hours and five minutes. He is herculean and resourceful indeed who can carry any picture so that length, and avoid all pitfalls.

In the way of acting, the "heavies" excel the juveniles. Mr. Power, with marvellous make-up, portrays perfectly the bestial, craven Flack; Mr. Keith makes Thorpe eloquent, even in his depravity; Mr. Stevens is the malignant Mexican. Mr. Marshall is again the garrulous old trapper, as he was in "The Covered Wagon." Mr. Powell is comic as Windy, with his odd imitations of wild animals, and Mr. Brendel does his best to inject plausible buffoonery into the narrative. Mr. Wayne, lifted from obscurity as a property boy to become a fearless Lochinvar, is natural, unaffected, promising. Miss Churchill seems miscast, though the fault may be in the colorless characterization written for her. There are many other speaking parts, hundreds of extras and Indians, tons on tons of livestock, not least of these being the herd of buffalo. Here again the camera triumphs as it catches these lumbering creatures at close range. In truth, "The Big Trail" is chiefly a mighty monument to the skill and the daring of its photographers.

W. E. G.

LIFE IN AN "ALBUM"

By PHILIP HALE

"The Third New Yorker Album"—a collection of pictures from that sprightly weekly—has just been published. Will it be of value to future historians of manners and customs during the years '28-'30 in the United States? Or does it reflect New York only? And what will future historians have to say of American life as thus represented?

Looking over the volumes of Punch from the days of Doyle and Leech, Keene and Du Maurier down to the present day, one obtains a vivid knowledge of England's social life. The men and women are at heart the same, however their dress and coiffures may vary; the would be sportsman, the timid curate, the cynical cabman and busman—now the chauffeur—the heavy swell, the gusher about art, the freak painter, the silly aesthete, the loungers in the "pub" were all unchanged in pictorial England for many years. Punch is England, sturdy, courageous, humorous, both in the old and present meaning of the word. There is no need to speak of Punch as a political power.

The New Yorker is first of all a mirror of that city's life; without lively interest in politics or civil betterment; thus it is faithful to the character of the men and women portrayed. Vanity Fair, the first comic weekly worthy the name in this country—the civil war killed it—was conspicuous for its brilliant articles and the political cartoons of Stephens, but its pictures of social life were seldom worthy of attention, though the drawings by Mullen showed a fantastical imagination and genuine individuality. Vedder pays him a tribute in his memoirs, but the contributors, Leland, George Arnold, Shanley, "Artemus Ward," and those who drank beer in Pfaff's cellar, gave Vanity Fair a distinction that was recognized even by the Atlantic Monthly. There were successors that gave promise but soon died, as Punchinello.

Puck, when the great Joseph Kepler drew the cartoons and H. C. Bunner was the editor had a policy: fighting against shams in politics, society and the blatant forms of so-called religion—Puck was respected; it was feared by greedy, unscrupulous politicians. It took an amusing view of everyday life as seen by the extravagant Opper and the artistic eyes of Taylor.

Judge was first of all political; Life in its better days was both a political and society organ, clever, amusing, with due attention paid to fine drawing and literary expression. What idea would the "intelligent foreigner," not predisposed against the United States, let alone the future historian, gain of life in the metropolis as portrayed in the New Yorker's Albums?

He would applaud the full page drawings by Gluyas Williams; he would laugh with John Held, Jr., remembering scenes, men and women in years gone by, now held up to ridicule; he would be amused by Peter Arno and others; find some of the pictures decidedly in the futuristic manner, others boldly and effectively drawn. Would he not also say that New York life as thus portrayed was on the whole tainted by vulgarity, the vulgarity of the suddenly rich, of the snobs in art and in society; of aesthetic pretenders; while the pictures illustrating the pathetic simplicity and bravery of the poor would be an agreeable relief? Would he not also find cheap allusions to sexual obsession?

If he should turn to the Album picturing some years ago the "Gay Nineties," would he not be justified in exclaiming: "Life in city and country was simpler, better more wholesome in those days"?

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The work written for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symph orchestra is this week Respighi's "Metamorphoseon: Modi XII," a title equivalent to "Theme and 12 Variations." Where did Sig. Respighi find the "Metomorphoseon"? Is not this use of "Modi" unusual? There is no ence here to Ovid's poem, yet a composer might use the variation form to give a musical impression of various tales with mythological subjects.

Mr. Polatschek, the new first clarinet of the orchestra, will play M concerto, which, under the reign of Dr. Muck, was played by Albert There is a curious statement in Fowler's "Dictionary of Modern E Usage:" "Clarionet. The two forms denote the same instrument, b 'onet' form is in more general use (and therefore preferable in liter while musicians and musical connoisseurs affect the other." "Affect" form "clarionet" came from a mistaken view of the derivation of the ment, "clarion." The first quotation for "clarinet" in the great Oxford tionary is from Morse's "American Geography" (1796).

Another Polish pianist, Jan Smeterlin, will be heard tonight at the ertory Theatre. There is an old saying in Germany that when a Cz born the parents are in doubt whether to bring him up as a thief or dler. It would seem that in Poland a child is nursed, possibly born, piano. Mr. Smeterlin will play 24 preludes by Chopin; count them plays. A good many years ago a pianist living in Boston made a sp of playing all Chopin's Etudes at one sitting. When he went to Ber flourished a huge visiting card on which a few measures from each were engraved.

There should be interest in the violinist Frank Kneisel, for he son of his father, who was admired and loved here as a musician and Like his father, the son is addicted to the music of Brahms, for a and a Hungarian dance by Johannes are on the program. Report say young Mr. Kneisel is something more than the son of his father.

Royal Dadmun, who will sing here next Thursday, spells Handel del." He is not the only offender in this respect. Handel left out the fication of "a" soon after he arrived in London to make that city his ing place.

Newcomers in our concert halls are Hortense Husserl, pianist (N David Barnett, pianist (Nov. 13).

Harold Bauer, having changed the piano he plays, will give a re the 15th. He speaks warmly of the instrument, as he did of other ments he has played. Thus he gives impartial encouragement to art.

Mr. Simmons, born in Missouri, "wanted to know," so he came ton to study at the New England Conservatory of Music and Bosto versity. It is said that he also studied several years in the "musica tres" of Europe, so he now plays "on an average of three times a we fore the microphone."

The program of the concert in memory of Georges Longy in hall tomorrow night (8:30 o'clock) will be as follows:

Sonata for 'cello and piano.....I
(Mr. Miquelle and Mme. Renee Longy)

Two Rhapsodies I
(Mr. Loeffler, viola; Mr. Speyer, oboe; Mme. Renee Longy, piano

Concerto for piano, violin and string quartet (2d movement).....Ch
(Mr. Sanroma, piano; Miss Ippolito, violin; the Durrell String qua

Trittico Botticelliano: No. 3. The Birth of Venus.....R
(Orchestra composed of Longy's colleagues in the Boston Sympho chestra. Mr. Piston, conductor. First performance in Boston)

Third movement of String Quartet (First stands of the Boston Sy phony orchestra) I

Introduction and Allegro for harp and other instruments .....
(Messrs. Salzedo, harp; Laurent, flute; Mimart, clarinet; the An String Quartet. Mr. Salzedo has arranged a double bass part)

"Panis Angelicus," arranged by Mr. Piston .....
(Marie Sundelius, soprano; Mr. Robison, tenor; members of the Symphony orchestra; Mr. Miquelle of the Detroit Symphony orc violoncello solo passages)

"Hayden Coffin's Book" is published by Alston Rivers, London. tains many anecdotes—some about "Dorothy," in which Marie Tempest in Boston, the same season she gave an interesting portrayal of C Some of us remember no doubt his singing "Queen of My Heart," h song, which was introduced in "Dorothy." By the way, he took part performances of that pretty operetta. At one time Lucy Carr-Shaw ter of G. B. S., played the title role.

Marie Tempest! Who can forget her in "The Red Hussar," "The P Master," "The Algerian"? It was not till 1899 that she left the operett for straight comedy. It should be remembered that she took singing in Paris, under Manuel Garcia at the Royal Academy of Music she was awarded several medals.

Let us add to the texts that should suggest music to America posers. The following verses are part of the confession of the murder husband by a Mississippi woman, Mrs. Pearl Drew:

Down in a lonely graveyard,
Where the flowers bloom and fade,
There lies my darling sleeping,
In a cold and silent grave.

He died not brokenhearted,
Nor by a disease he fell,
But in an instant parted
From the ones he loved so well.

Down on my knees before him
I pleaded for his life,
But deep into his bosom
Had plunged a forty-five.

But, O, how sad the ending
To sit beside my dear,
For I have often told him,
"My darling, don't you fear."

Then he said, "No, my darling,
Your words can never be,
For I soon will be sleeping,
In hell away from thee.

"I know I've been a rambler,
I know I've done you wrong,
But don't forget me, darling,
When you sing this song.

"The time has come, my darling,
When you and I must part,
The bullet of that forty-five
Has surely plunged my heart.

"But kiss our little children
And tell them I am gone,
Don't let them follow my footsteps
For I have led them wrong."

Mr. Charles Marshall of the Chicago Civic Opera Company is reported as believing that Othello was coal black. Now if to enter fully into the part Mr. Marshall should black himself all over, would it improve the quality of his vocal performance?

Here is a fine example of Englishmen's loyalty to their composers at the expense of their critical judgment. Elgar's "Enigma Variations" were performed recently at a Folkestone Festival. The Daily Telegraph made this comment: "One should be very careful what music one chooses to hear after such a work of Elgar's masterpiece, and, to be frank, Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony would certainly not be my personal choice."

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Would that the band of ardent prohibitionists headed by Mrs. Tilton and the Rev. Arcturus Zodiac Conrad would see "Light Wines and Beer" now playing at the Lyric Theatre! They would surely take a kindlier view of the beer saloon when it was often run by such excellent men as Nich Schloss and Rudolph Zimmer. They would look approvingly on Mrs. Mahoney who comes in for a "bucket of suds" for family consumption—motherly Mrs. Mahoney, a devoted wife, anxious for her tired husband's welfare—the day no doubt had been a hard one. If our prohibitionists would only take a lesson from the distressing conduct of Mr. Zimmer, after he had listened to Billy Sunday and the tricky, treacherous, sneaking William J. Parker, they might, still firm in their convictions, nevertheless hold certain disgraceful practices of snoopers and self-appointed detectives in abhorrence.

Mr. Leslie Howard, the excellent Peter in "Berkeley House," was reported by Miss Elizabeth Borton in her interesting article published in the Herald of last Sunday, as saying that he would never play Romeo. "He's such an ass. I always despised him"; but he admitted that like 1001 other actors he would like to play Hamlet, who's a regular fellow, as well as a philosopher.

Was Romeo an ass, and if he was, how did he show it? Hazlitt said he was Hamlet in love. Maginn in his brilliantly paradoxical "Shakespeare Papers" considers him to be meant as the character of an unlucky man—"a man who, with the best views and fairest intentions, is perpetually so unfortunate as to fail in every aspiration, and, while exerting himself to the utmost in their behalf, to involve all whom he holds dearest in misery and ruin." Maginn opposes Romeo to Bottom the lucky. Even John Jay Chapman in his "Glance Toward Shakespeare"—a singularly original, sane, witty, illuminative contribution to Shakespearean literature—says: "Mercutio is the phantasm that leaps from the brain of Shakespeare when his mind has been fatigued and a little disgusted with the monotonous egotism of his lovesick, over-romantic hero." In another place Mr. Chapman classes Romeo with Hamlet, Orlando, Bertram, the two Claudios, Ferdinand and Posthumus—"What an array of unheroic youths!" What would one not give in a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" to meet Rosaline, Romeo's first love, on the stage, if only to see if she answers the luscious description of her given by Mercutio. But the woman of Arles is not seen in Daudet's "L'Arlesienne," and the woman that wrecked a husband's happiness in "The Prisoner" works her spell off stage.

At an afternoon cocktail-tea given day before yesterday in honor of a visiting picture star, the movie critic of a Jewish daily was presented to the screen scream by the hostess.

"Oh, yes, I know," lied the film star. "I read her criticisms every day. They are excellent."

"But I didn't know you read Yiddish," protested the astonished critic.—Mr. Kitchen in the N. Y. Sun.

The Boston Professional Players have chosen for their second production at the Plymouth Theatre, A. A. Milne's play, "Michael and Mary." The first performance will be tomorrow night.

The play was produced at the Charles Hopkins Theatre, New York, on Dec. 13, 1929. Michael, Henry Hull; Mary, Edith Barrett; the Rev. Simon Rowe, David Glassford; "P. C." Cuff, Harry Beresford; Mrs. Tullivant, Alice Belmore Cliffe.

When the play was produced in London, Feb. 1, 1930, Herbert Marshall played Michael; Edna Best, Mary. While Mr. Milne was at work on this play, he wrote several times to Mr. Hopkins in praise of it; when he sent the final act, he remarked: "If this isn't the best play I've ever written, I'm a fool." He gave it the title "The Flower." As the play was originally planned, it was to be in two acts with five scenes, and it was to be in the nature of a flashback. The first scene was to be in 1929 instead of 1905. David, the son of Michael and Mary, had got into a love scrape. Michael was trying to help the boy out of it, but David grew angry, and said that men would be men: even his father might have brought illegitimate children into the world. He was at once ashamed of his speech. He was forgiven. Michael and Mary looked back at their own lives. The action then reverted to the meeting of Mary, poor, needing help, not knowing whether her rascally husband was alive or dead, with Michael, a struggling author. They fell in love and would marry; but how about the absent husband? There's been no divorce. Rather than run the risk of bigamy, they live together as man and wife. But Michael's Victorian father is shocked. He insists they should marry. And so as a London critic put it, Michael, "quite dishonestly, makes Mary a precariously honest woman." Thirteen years or so later, the first husband turns up, bent on blackmail. Michael shoves him out of the flat so vigorously that No. 1 falls dead ("Don't be rough, I have a weak heart.") Here's a pretty ado. If the truth is told, Mary may have to serve time for bigamy. An ingenious story in explanation is rehearsed. The police are sympathetic (Michael had forgotten to take important papers from the dead man's pocket). Ten years later Michael and Mary are still more prosperous. Their son has grown up and has married a "little lady after a brief acquaintance at a studio dance." The curtain falls on an irritating question: The police have found out the identity of Mary's first husband. Will she do time? The police sergeant is a friend of the family; a fellow-author; fond of Michael's company.

The play has met with great success in this country and in London. The Manchester Guardian had this to say: "An excellent evening's entertainment. Mr. Milne brings to it his unfailing skill in the writing of dialogue whose polish and grace continually suggest perspectives of thought and observation in the background and glittering action. There is in 'Michael and Mary' a serious philosophy of life, like an accompaniment in the bass to a sentimental yet vivacious tune."

"Street Scene," a play "built on a doorstep," by Elmer Rice, will at last be seen here tomorrow night at the Wilbur Theatre. It was produced at the Playhouse, New York on Jan. 10, 1929. There were more than 50 persons in the cast. Mr. Lockridge wrote that "never a one of them to hit brazenly on a false note." He mentioned by name, however, Erin O'Brien Moore's Rose Maurrant; Beulah Bondi's Emma Jones; Leo Bulgakoy's Abraham Kaplan. (Miss Moore went to London for the production at the Globe Theatre on Sept. 9, 1930.) Mr. Lockridge adds: "And one might go on to name them all."

The story is that of the people who live in one tenement. It's a hot summer evening. There is talking, there is the never ceasing coming and going. "It is casual, unventful, every-day." Kaplan is haranguing about the social revolution. Mrs. Maurrant, not having kind words from her husband, the stage hand, has begun to carry on with the milk collector. A woman on the third floor is about to have her first baby. It looks as if Rose Maurrant, a clerk, were to carry on an affair with a married man. A family will be dispossessed. Frank Maurrant, jealous and suspicious, shoots his wife. A crowd gathers; one woman says: "It all goes to show that you never know when you get up in the morning what the day holds." Maurrant, finally captured, tells his daughter, he must have been out of his head. Every one tries to help her. Sam Kaplan wishes to marry her, to protect her. "She feels somehow that everything that has happened is due to the fact that every one has tried too hard to 'belong' to some one else." Later, perhaps. A couple is looking for an apartment in the brownstone house when the final curtain falls.

"Made of the simplest human ingredients," says Mr. Littell, the play is "strikingly original, amusing, moving, and exciting."

Mr. Rice, five or six years ago wrote largely for his own amusement a play without words, "The Sidewalks of New York."

"One episode represented the awakening of a brownstone front in the early morning hours. There was neither plot nor situation. One merely saw the house shaking off its sleep and beginning to go about the business of the day. The late home comers, the janitor, the trades people, the weary doctor, the passers by, the workmen, the music people—all were there: the substance, in short, of the first 10 minutes of the second act of 'Street Scene.' It seemed to me at the time I wrote this scene that it contained the germ of a full length play. In the fall of 1927 I returned to America after nearly three years' residence in Europe, and so vividly did the New York scene impress itself upon me after my long absence abroad, that almost without thinking about it I began the development of the long-dormant idea." Mr. Rice speaks of the technical difficulties. The play was completed about the middle of February, 1928. It was promptly rejected by at least a dozen of the best known producers in New York. At last, he asked William A. Brady, who had accepted the play—the director abruptly disappeared—if he would let him, Rice, undertake the direction. "To my astonishment he agreed at once."

The people of Vienna have been offended by the portrayal of manners in their city as portrayed in "Measure for Measure," so there is now a new adaptation by Dr. Flatter, a lawyer. He had tried to modernize its dialogue by using every day German and Viennese idioms. It is said that in spite of this, and of alterations and transpositions of scenes, the play goes well on the boards, although one critic wrote: "The Burgtheatre had a beautiful night, but Shakespeare a bad one."

Giovanni Grasso, who first became known in England by his association with the Sicilian Players, including Mimi Aguglia, died recently. In 1908, Grasso by his acting in "Morte Civile" became the talk of London. In 1910 as the only star of his company, his Othello crowded the Lyric theatre with enthusiastic audiences. "No such passion had been seen in the part in London since Salvini. The Othellos of Irving and Edwin Booth had many beauties, but they were pale compared with those of the two Italians."

Grasso and Mimi had a falling out. They both visited the United States, but they came and acted separately.

Second Sight

By W. E. GREENOUGH

The presence of Marilyn Miller in the title role of "Smiles," Mr. Ziegfeld's nascent musical comedy at the Colonial Theatre, provokes the questions—How long may a dancer hold her public? What are the tell-tale signs of waning powers? What is her ultimate status in the theatre which she may have known since childhood? Here is a gloriously endowed young woman who has danced since she was 5 years old, if one is to believe certain records. For 10 years, as one of "The Columbia Trio" or of "The Five Columbians" she toured the world, tapping lightly on numerous first-

class vaudeville and music hall stages. Until 1914 she was unknown to American patrons of musical comedy or revue. Then the Shuberts "discovered" her and set her on the immense Winter Garden stage in New York, where she remained to grace with her fairy, feathery dancing a succession of "Passing Shows." Then, in 1918, Mr. Ziegfeld decided that she needed glorification, and he established her in his "Follies" of that year. In time came "Sally," "Sunny" and Rosalie, and stardom.

Not without hard work. Probably none save Miss Miller ever will know what price had to be paid for that high place in the sun; daily lessons in elocution, stage deportment, singing; old steps to be polished, new steps to be mastered. Tap dancing, soft-shoe dancing, ballet dancing —all to be so perfected that no other virtuoso in her time should be able to approach that perfection. Rigid dieting to be observed, properly balanced hours of rest and exercise and performance; keen watchfulness for that slightest excess of flesh, with its threat to defeat or to humiliate her. That, and the passing of time.

Last Tuesday evening Miss Miller seemed to be possessed by varying emotions. She was greeted handsomely, yet as the performance went on little shadows, flickering across her features, indications of chagrin, bewilderment, perhaps envy, would erase for the instant the twinkles in her eyes, the ready smile on her lips. Those of the audience who are quicker than others in observation and analysis thought they knew the cause. While Marilyn was dancing well enough, two others were dancing better. While she was repeating steps as familiar to spectators as to herself, those others were creating something newer and fresher; doing something more difficult with a greater ease. In short, they were "stealing the show."

How could this happen? Because the Marilyn Miller of today is not the Marilyn Miller of "Sally" or "Sunny." These few intervening years have brought that first superfluous poundage which presages woe to tapping feet. The old sense of rhythm was there, the will and the knowledge were there, but also evident was that difference of a split second in execution. The ballet specialty was mercifully abbreviated. Meantime the Astaires, Fred and Adele, were piling up applause, as they capered singly or paired. A lean horse for a race, runs the adage. Here are two lean youngsters—though Miss Miller is their senior by a scant two years—trained to the minute. Neither, it is true, can sing; but Fred has an earnest demeanor in speech, and his sister has become a comedienne of odd facility. Each complements the other; each is a dancer born; and neither has sojourned in Hollywood.

Mr. Ziegfeld's name should be added to those of other civic leaders solicitous about the unemployed. For "Smiles" he has assembled a mighty cast of past, present and future celebrities. He has clothed them and his stage lavishly and with accustomed artistry. He will pay commissions and royalties to the cream of professional craftsmen. Mr. McGuire's book when abridged will serve. Mr. Youman's score will need no tinkering; it is abidingly strong in dance tunes, whose gracefulness is accentuated by the Astaire's flying feet. Doubtless even now Mr. Ziegfeld is planning his next achievement. Here is one producer who is most restless when idle.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday, Symphony Hall 3:30 P. M. Josef Hofmann, pianist, Bach d'Albert prelude and fugue D major; Schumann Sonata F minor, Chopin, Scherzo, B major, Nocturne, C sharp minor, Mazourka, F sharp minor, Ballade F minor; Dvorsky, East and West, Penguine, The Sanctuary; Strauss-Godowsky, "Fledermans" Waltzes.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Berlioz: overture "Roman Carnival"; Schubert, "Unfinished Symphony"; Tchaikovsky, piano concerto, B flat minor (Raymond Havena, pianist); Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Boston Public Library 8 P. M. Songs and legends of the Hebrides, Ciara Lias-Davis; Francis Standerwick, accompanist.

Ford Hall: 7:30 P. M. The Evelyn Borofsky Trio.

Monday: Jordan Hall 8:30 P. M. Longy Memorial Concert. Music by Pizzetti, Loeffler, Chausson, Respighi, Debussy, Ravel, Franck.

Wednesday: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., Franz Kneisel, violinist; Carol Hollister, pianist. Tartini-Kreisler, Fugue in A major. Bach-Kreisler, prelude in E major. Brahms, Sonata, A major, op. 100. Mendelssohn, Concerto. Heuberger-Kreisler, Midnight Bells. Brahms, Hungarian Dance, G minor. Elman, Tango. Ries, La Capricciosa. Sarasate Zigeunerweisen.

Thursday: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Royal Dadmun, baritone. Handel, Leave Me. Loathsome Light (from "Semele"). Schubert, Der Lindenbaum, Wohin? Brahms, Die Mainacht, Von ewige Liebe. Verdi, Credo (from "Othello"). Old Irish, the Gentle Maiden and the Leprehaun. Hebridean: The Sea Gull, Sea-Reivers' Song. Duparc. L'Invitation au Voyage. Wider, Contemplation. Vidal, Airette. Griffes, An Old Song Resung. Ross, The Round-up Lullaby. Quilter, O Mistress Mine. Kern, Ol' Man River.

Friday: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Saturday: Jordan Hall 3 P. M. Mischa Levitzki, pianist, Bach-Liszt, organ prelude d Fugue, A minor, Gluck-Sgambati; Dohnanyi, Music of the Spheres, and A Mad Party; Liszt, Etude de Concert and Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12.

Symphony Hall 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor.

BRUCE SIMONDS

A recital was given by Bruce Simonds, pianist, in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon. A large and extremely appreciative audience was present. The program was as follows: Fantasia in C minor (Mozart); Three Preludes and Fugues from book 2 of the "Well-Tempered Clavichord," in D major, F major and A flat major (Bach); Ondine, La Puerta del Vino, Les Fees sont d'exquises danseuses (Debussy); Fantasia Baetica (De Falla); Etudes Symphoniques (Schumann).

Mr. Simonds has for some years been known as a young pianist of exquisite sensibility, admirable intelligence and fine taste, endowed with a nimble and delicately responsive technique. For these virtues he has been warmly and justly praised; but there have been a few of his hearers who, while rejoicing in the poetic grace, the subtly varied nuances, the charm of atmospheric suggestion in which his programs abounded, grew to feel a somewhat enervating excess of these qualities. It has, therefore, been pleasant to notice in Mr Simonds during the past two seasons a steady growth toward a healthier balance of style. He has lost nothing in poetry and the power of evoking atmosphere, but he has added an element of boldness and brilliance—even, where needed, as in De Falla's "Fantasia Baetica," of harshness—by virtue of which Mr. Simonds becomes a more satisfying, even, at times, an exciting, pianist.

His performance of Mozart's C minor Fantasia had a fine breadth, beautifully modulated phrasing; the sections were intelligently linked and contrasted, sonorities cleverly and judiciously varied. To Bach he brought vivacity and humor as well as a rare and unobtrusive skill in making both clear and musical the interwoven voices of the fugue and in giving them form, a mood, vitality and climax. An imaginative and interpretive gift out of the ordinary caused his treatment of three preludes of Debussy to be invested with an exquisite appropriateness that no mere literal reading of the notes could approach. In "Ondine" the fragments of melancholy song mingling with the gleaming play of water; in "La Puerta del vino" the moody savagery of southern Spain; in "Les Fees" an enchanting impression of the inexorably elusive and capricious fairies at revelry. These things linger in the memory.

The "Fantasia Baetica" both permitted a brilliant display of the newer virtuosity, marred only by the submergence of rhythmic point and clarity at a moment or two of great speed and stress, and gave a vivid tonal panorama of the Spanish dance. In the Etudes Symphoniques, by giving a less stolid, even a somewhat restless, pace to the exposition of the theme, and by investing the successive variations, contrasted though they were, with a similar nervous vitality, he rescued an overplayed masterpiece from being once more the burdensome experience it has of late so often become. Especially in the endless finale did he deserve the gratitude of his hearers for the rhythmic energy, the unflagging continuity and the brilliant conclusion that he gave it. Enthusiastically applauded, Mr. Simonds began a succession of "encores" with Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet."

S. S.

Clive to Close Copley Theatre Next Saturday

At about 11 o'clock next Saturday night, the curtain will ring down for the last time on E. E. Clive and his Copley Theatre players, and for the first time since Clive first played here, 13 years ago, his house will be dark in the theatre season.

Clive's decision to close the show was made known yesterday afternoon when a group of actors, actresses and stage hands, many of whom have followed Clive's fortunes since he reorganized the Jewett players in 1924, read the brief announcement on the theatre bulletin board that the last pay-off will come next week.

OFFERS NO ALIBIS

Characteristically, Clive declined to offer any alibis when newsmen quizzed him in the dressing room he has occupied since 1917, although he was quite willing to analyze the factors which have made it hard for the legitimate theatre in the last two years. He merely stated that the show has played in red for 21 consecutive weeks and in hard cash has cost him $38,000 since April. He said:

"I believe it is caused by a combination of circumstances—the trade depression, which we don't like to talk about but can't be denied; miniature golf, which has gained a tremendous if freakish popularity, and the tercentenary.

"That may sound funny, but the free fireworks, the free symphony and other entertainment which has been so wonderful a thing for Boston this year, hasn't pushed people into the theatres. As yet, I don't believe the talkies have meant a thing to the stage because they're not yet up to the quality of the old silent movies.

"But there's one big reason for my failure and that is myself. I haven't been able to get the kind of plays I want to put on. There haven't been any good plays written for the last two years. Shaw, of course, is tied up with the Theatre Guild, and I couldn't get him. And I absolutely refuse to put on the suggestive, sex plays which are making money for some of the other fellows.

PROUD OF REPUTATION

"I think the Copley has built up a reputation for being a place to which a man may safely send his wife or daughter. I am proud of it, and rather than place it in jeopardy I'll give the thing up. It's taken everything I've got, anyway.

"There's nothing wrong with the public. It's only that I can't find what it wants. I've tried things which seemed to work out well one week only to prove useless the next. I have never considered the theatre an educational institution, but a medium for providing entertainment. I've given everything I could in the way of comedy, drama and mystery and now they just don't seem to want it. I can't account for it, but I know I'm through."

Discussing the theatre situation in general in Boston, Clive paid a genuine tribute to the work of John Casey, city censor, and Mayor Curley in keeping the stage up to decent standards in Boston, especially approving their attacks on filth in the downtown houses and leaving the burlesque alone.

"When a young man comes to take your daughter to a show he'll pick a house like the Colonial, Wilbur, Plymouth or Shubert. He won't take her to a burlesque. Those places cater only to a stag clientele and many people wouldn't be seen in them. If Casey turned on the burlesque he'd close them over night."

NO PLANS FOR FUTURE

Asked about his plans for the future, Clive declared that he has absolutely none.

"What am I going to do? God knows. But I still have my health and a little courage and I'm going to do anything I can to make money. Frankly, I have plenty of debts and I'm not ashamed of them. All I want to do now is to pay them back.

"Boston has been good to me. I was an Englishman when I came here but I'm a Bostonian now. My boy goes to school here and he'll stay here with his mother. Even if I go touring, they'll remain in Boston and this will be my headquarters.

"I can't express the blow it has been to close up shop. I feel that the name of Clive means something here and I'd like to stay on, but Boston won't let me. A few minutes ago I had to call Mrs. Robert Lincoln O'Brien and tell her that we won't be able to give the matinee performance for the disabled veterans here Nov. 24, but the show will be put on if I have to come from Chicago to direct it. It will be played on some Boston stage."

PRISON PERFORMANCES

Here Clive referred to the work which has added much to his popularity with theatergoers of the city. Long ago he inaugurated the practice of playing once each year at the Charlestown prison and lending his company for charitable performances. Sadly, but without bitterness, he expressed his regret that he will no longer be able to carry on with that work.

In the corridors outside the dressing rooms yesterday, subdued knots of players gathered to discuss what has proved a bombshell to their long and happy associations with the director of their company. Many have played several seasons and two, Francis Compton and Elspeth Dudgeon, have been with Clive since the reorganization.

Backstage, hands who have set the scenery and raised the curtains for some 2000 performances in the 266 playing weeks of the last seven years, went about their tasks in solemn silence.

But out front, a Saturday matinee audience of less than 300 persons rocked with glee at the humorous passages of "The Middle Watch," unaware that hearts were nigh to the breaking point just past the footlights.

And for the first time in many a season, Clive, who had chosen for himself a minor part in the English seagoing comedy, was not equal to taking his final curtain call.

Nov 2 1930

'BEAUTIFUL JAPAN' IS DE COU'S SUBJECT

Branson De Cou gave the third and last of the present series of his "Dream Pictures" last night in Symphony hall. The subject was "Beautiful Japan." Japanese landscapes, cherry blossoms, Kyoto with shooting the Hozu rapids, Japan's inland sea, its gardens and flowers, types (among them geishas), Nikko and its gorgeous temples, and, of course, Fujiyama, a mountain which in a former lecture Mr. De Cou compared with Mt. Rainier, rather to the former's disadvantage. The music chosen to accompany the dissolving views was by Eichheim, Brahms, Schubert, Puccini, Ketelbey; there was also native Japanese music (Samisen, flute, etc., with one old song, "Kojo-no Tsuki).

Mr. De Cou in his introductory remarks spoke of Tokyo and Yokohama as being so modern since the great earthquake that the tourist bound to go round the earth in 80 days would be disappointed stopping for a day at these cities or merely seeing them from the ship's deck. Where is romantic Japan? The cities might well be in the United States. The tourist that wishes to see old Japan should go inland, especially to Kyoto, the ancient capital. In the larger cities the Japanese had worked with feverish haste to "westernize" the architecture, costumes, life. Mr. De Cou in a rapid sketch spoke of Japan's George Washington who united the feudal lords and ordered the splendid tomb, for himself, as the bishop in Browning's poem. Then with the ruler's son came the long period of isolation—the happiest years in Japan's history as some of the Japanese think today.

The pictures shown revealed the beauty of landscapes, rivers and lakes; they also showed the life and occupations of inhabitants. There were many pictures of temples, gardens; the outside and inside of house; the ceremonial tea parties; statues of Buddha, a

Buddha's priests; there were many tures of geisha girls. (It has been said by recent travellers in Japan that the geisha has no longer the importance she once had in the two great cities.) The gardens with their tortured trees and charming views; the blossoms from the cherry trees that in Japan bear no fruit; the variety of flowers—the arrangement of which by women is one of the Japanese arts,—all these were highly appreciated by an audience that filled the hall, and if their ears were tortured by Japanese music, they were reminded that western music is to the Japanese equally obnoxious. Mr. De Cou purposes to give a series of three "Dream Pictures" next February, and the subjects he announced should again draw large audiences. P. H.

JOSEF HOFMANN

The company who came to hear Josef Hofmann at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon did not fill the hall, but there were many distinguished musicians among them. A rather considerable number of Boston's most outstanding pianists, singers, and violinists applauded his playing of an interesting and demanding program. The program was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in D major (Bach-D'Albert), Sonata in F minor concerto without orchestra) (Schumann), Scherzo in E major (Chopin), Nocturne in C-sharp minor (Chopin), Mazurka in F-sharp minor (Chopin), Ballade in F minor (Chopin), East and West (Dvorsky), Penguine (Dvorsky), The Sanctuary (Dvorsky), Die Fledermaus (Strauss-Godowsky).

Mr. Hofmann's playing defies analysis, for its efficiency, intelligence, and extraordinary effectiveness impresses hearers differently. He gives the impression of presiding, with an extraordinary musical intelligence over his almost perfect technique, with a curiously impersonal interest; like a gifted operator of a very good mechanical piano. Almost never does one feel around him a flame of passion when intelligence and technique are fused into pure music. And yet, many times one could not change a single tone or phrase of his interpretation, so perfectly balanced, delicately and deeply musical it seems. His music is to some what sculpture is to painting—beautiful, strong and powerful—perfect, and yet lacking in the tender intimacy and warmth of color of painting. However, to others the trim modeling, sharp cut shadows and perfection of craftmanship of sculpture means more than painting. So some really get complete satisfaction from the solid, clean-cut, sharp and perfectly proportioned music of Josef Hofmann.

His playing of a D Major Prelude and Fugue of Bach (beautifully amplified and decorated by d'Albert) was superb, except for the impersonality above noted. However, impersonality is less to be regretted in Bach than in the romantics. But Mr. Hofmann's Schumann was well-cut, masculine, richly contrasted and beautifully built up—a fine performance. The sonata was envisioned in its entirety, and played with masterly and symphonic sweep. The Chopin selections had moments of ravishing beauty, as in the Scherzo, where lightness and delicacy, combined with unusual grace, lent it a fairy-like charm. But the Ballade seemed too heavily forced into individuality; it was like hearing it experimented on in a mood of perversity, for emphasized voices not usually emphasized, set rhythms not ordinarily taken, wrenched from it a harshness and frenzy not usually so forced and devastating.

Three well-knit and pleasant little vignettes by Dvorsky were played with consummate skill, as was Godowsky's feverish arrangement of Strauss's Fledermaus. The latter sounds as if the Strauss waltz were heard being played in the innermost room of a conservatory with 80 rooms, and in each other room an ardent student practicing scales, arpeggios, Scriabin, Beethoven, and Bach. With perhaps a truck going by outside. However, it takes terrific playing for one man to do what 80 concurrent pupils do, and Mr. Hofmann received tumultuous applause for having accomplished it all by himself.

Many encores were demanded and granted. E. B.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

In this age of machine-made music of every species, when he who wishes to sooth his nerves and saturate his being with pleasant senations through the medium of his ears, need only turn a screw to achieve his purpose, we cannot but admire the courage and optimism of the People's Symphony orchestra in giving an opportunity to those who prefer the music of the concert hall to that of the radio to hear symphonic music at a price within reach of the general public. The efforts of this audience had come to the concert simply because they wished to hear music. They heard a classic program played by an able band if not one of virtuosi.

The program consisted of Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain"; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony; Tchaikovsky's piano concerto in B flat minor with Raymond Havens pianist, and Wagner's overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Quality, solidity and balance of tone the orchestra possesses, though flexibility and nuance they have yet to develop; however, one knows that these subtler qualities come only with years of work together. Each man is vitally bent on what he is doing and one cannot help but feel that this sincerity, on the part of the men as well as the conductor, will do a great deal to bring good results.

As soloist in the Tchaikovsky concerto, Mr. Havens showed an adequate technique. His playing has a fine singing quality, and he is particularly happy in light, delicate finger work. His tone is not as rich as we might wish, nor did he give to the chords at the opening the sonority and breadth that make the great dramatic force of this work. He showed a fine conception of what he was doing and played with a great deal of taste. Mr. Stone accompanied sympathetically; though sometimes the orchestra seemed a little too prominent, these moments did not occur too often. The rest of the program was conducted with intelligent regard to tempi and interpretation.

It is to be hoped that this organization will receive the support it well deserves. The fine endeavor should be met with sympathy and co-operation.

L. B. D.

KEITH-ALBEE

"The Bad Man"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the play of the same name by Porter Emerson Brown; directed by Clarence Badger and presented by First National with the following cast:

Pancho Lopez, the Bad Man	Walter Huston
Ruth Pell	Dorothy Revier
Morgan Pell	Sidney Blackmer
Gilbert Jones	James Rennie
Henry Smith	O. P. Heggie
Angela Hardy	Marion Byron
Red Giddings	Guinn Williams
Pedro	Arthur Stone
Flatbroke	Johnny Arthur
Bradley	Edward Lynch
Jose	Harry Semels
Hardy	Erville Anderson

Versatility is a wonderful gift, but not always is it successful. Walter Huston demonstrates this sad fact in his impersonation of Pancho Lopez, the sardonically humorous Mexican bandit of Porter Emerson Brown's satirical comedy, so distinctively created by the late Holbrook Blinn 10 years ago. None who ever saw Mr. Blinn in that role will forget the picture he developed for us. His Pancho Lopez was a big brute of a man, handsome, suave, subtle, deliberate. He had an air about him when he rolled a cigarette. His eyes read and translated every thought of those who faced him. When he tried to swear in English, we loved him. Mr. Huston, skilled in the art of make-up, cannot don enough grease paint to erase our memory of Mr. Blinn. For those to whom "The Bad Man" comes as something new, he will suffice; for in his own way he gives an adequate delineation.

When the play was written Mr. Brown had that elusive Mexican outlaw, Francisco Villa, in mind for his hero. Villa had a very bad name in this country but Mr. Brown endowed him with a fine sense of gratitude, the logical mind of a county-seat justice, the saving grace of a quick wit. In the space of one day and evening he introduced Lopez to a group of Americans in Arizona, setting his stage in a ranch house on the Mexican border. Lopez, reckless of his own neck, stays on long enough to regain for Gilbert Jones the ranch he had mortgaged to a loan shark, to remove an obstacle to human happiness in the person of Morgan Pell, a cruel husband and an unscrupulous financier, and to unite Jones and Pell's widow, Lucia, a worthy deed since the two always had loved each other anyway. Jones once had given first aid to a wounded peon who proved to be Lopez. It was a busy day for Lopez, but he enjoyed it, and at the end, like a kindly priest uttering a benediction, he rode away, satisfied.

The picture follows the play with a fair degree of fidelity once it has started. There is a prologue of sorts, in which the audience is asked to believe that Lopez actually is Villa, and the picture closes with the death of Lopez at the hands of the Rangers, a far less satisfying or dramatic conclusion. In the play the action was confined to one room in the ranch. In the picture it roams all over the place. Lucia Pell has become Ruth. Uncle Henry, an invalid from Bangor, Me., once a minor character, becomes a more compelling figure, thanks to Mr. Heggle. Mr. Rennie and Mr. Blackmer are conventional hero and villain, Miss Revier is a pallid heroine, still foolishly fond of annoying close-ups. Mr. Huston, sartorially perfect as the chivalrous Pancho, was almost too voluble. He seemed always in haste, whereas his performance would have been twice as impressive had it been more deadly deliberate. We missed that great line when Pancho tells of his visit to New York. "I got plenty dronk. I 'ave 'ell of a good time. Sure. I break the whole 10 commandments in one day without muss the hair." W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Liliom"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Samuel N. Behrman from the play of the same name, originally presented by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on April 20, 1921, with Joseph Schildkraut and Eva Le Gallienne in the leading roles; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Liliom	Charles Farrell
Julie	Rose Hobart
The Buzzard	Lee Tracy
Mme. Muskat	Estelle Taylor
Chief magistrate	H. B. Warner
Linzman	Nat Pendleton
Marie	Mildred Van Dorn
The carpenter	Walter Abel
Hollinger	Guinn Williams
Aunt Hulda	Lillian Elliott
Wolf	Bert Roach
Louise	Dawn O'Day

What unlucky chance prompted the choice of Charles Farrell for the role of Liliom in the screen version of Molnar's play now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres, remains a mystery, but the result is little short of disastrous. Liliom is the Hungarian slang term for "roughneck," and it takes more than a little moustache and rumpled hair to change Mr. Farrell into a second Joseph Schildkraut. When "Liliom" was on the stage, Mr. Schildkraut gave a truly revealing and satisfying characterization. He was Molnar's handsome, conceited, bullying and lovable roughneck to the life, where Mr. Farrell is only a nice boy, out of his histronic depth, making a valiant and only occasionally successful effort.

While in this fundamental respect the picture falls short of what might have been hoped for, it is a matter of real gratitude that it has reached the screen at all. Even with the regrettable mutilations of Molnar's text the story remains a rueful, witty, tender and moving drama, as far removed from the usual run of film fare as the moon from the earth. Liliom, handsome, selfish and lovable barker in Mme. Muskat's carnival in Budapest, takes pity on a little servant girl, Julie, who loses her job because of him. She loves him and he, her, but he beats her because she is always right and also because he cannot bear to see her unhappy. Learning that she is to have a child, he undertakes at the urgings of the Buzzard, a quizzical loafer and thief, to rob the factory paymaster. The hold-up fails and rather than be captured, he stabs himself to the heart.

Death is not the end, however, for a ghostly train bears him away to the hereafter. There he is sentenced to 10 years in the flames, after which he will be allowed to return to earth to perform some kind deed toward Julie and his daughter. All who saw the play will remember that pitiful, ironic return. It need not be described here. Charles Farrell does his best to swagger through his part, but only in the moment of his death, briefly during his conversation with the chief magistrate and in the instant when he slaps his daughter's face, does he visualize the character. His is a brave attempt that must be classed as a failure.

The Julie of Rose Hobart, on the other hand, is a most beautiful and sympathetic performance. She missed none of the simplicity and devotion of the faithful little servant girl, who so worshipped Liliom that even when he beat her she could not feel it. Her face is singularly expressive, a veritable mirror of thought and emotion. Enough of an artist to wear shabby clothes and assume ungraceful postures when the character demands it, she can illuminate Julie from within until she is all spirit. Her scene with the dying Liliom was most touching and drew many tears. In subordinate roles, Lee Tracy, as the persuasive Buzzard; Estelle Taylor, as the smouldering Mme. Muskat, and H. B. Warner, as the chief magistrate, do spendid work. Most of the photography is beautiful and entirely appropriate, but Frank Borzage's direction can only be characterized as spotty. E. L. H.

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Michael and Mary," a play in three acts and four scenes by A. A. Milne. Produced by Charles Hopkins at his theatre in New York on Dec. 13, 1929. Michael, Henry Hull; Mary, Edith Barrett; Mrs. Tullivant, Alice Belmore Cliffe; the Rev. Simon Rowe, David Glassford; "P. C." Cuff, Harry Beresford. Produced in London at the St. James's Theatre on Feb. 1, 1930. Michael, Herbert Marshall; Mary, Edna Best; Mrs. Tullevant, Margaret Scudamore; the Rev. Simon Rowe, J. Fisher White; "P. C." Cuff, Reginald Bach. Produced in Boston, by the Professional Players of Boston by arrangement with Charles Hopkins. The cast was as follows:

Mary	Madge Kennedy
An Attendant	George Spelvin
Michael	Terence Neill
Violet Cunliffe	Virginia Wallace
Mrs. Tullivant	Gertrude Rivers Alison
Rev. Simon Rowe	George Alison
Mary's Uncle	John Spacey
Inspector Enderly	Donald Randolph
Dr. Roberts	Harry Dornton
"P. C." Cuff	Maurice Greet
A Policeman	George Johnson
David	Clinton Sundberg
Miss Welby	May Ediss
Romo	Fay Ball

(The Professional Players of Boston secured Mr. Milne's play but not one member of the original cast.)

This is not the first time that Mr. Milne passing by incest and perversities as agreeable themes for a play, has chosen bigamy as a subject, for in "Mr. Pim Passes By," he showed the effect on a matter-of-fact, orthodox Englishman of the report that his wife's first husband was alive. Encouraged by the deserved success of that play, Mr. Milne again put his faith in bigamy as the theme of "Michael and Mary" and added as an attraction the suggestion of innocent adultery; a suggestion without sufficient cause. For Mary's first husband, a disreputable, brutal, every way objectionable person, was alive when Michael married her, forced into it by his prig of a father. Michael and Mary were living without the blessing of the church and apparently in "fragrant delight" as we once heard "flagrante delicto" translated by a book shop clerk. But the two were reported by their landlady as platonic lovers, or really only friends.

Michael, a writer, a cheerful young man, but having only £200 met Mary in 1905 at the British museum. Whether she had gone there to the Elgin marbles or the Assyrian gods is not stated. She was poor, deserted by her husband, unhappy. Michael offered her half of his money. She accepted sensibly having first been reluctant.

In 1906, Michael's father, a clergyman called at the rooms in Islington. He learned from the landlady that Mary lived on the floor below and the purse was in common. Shocked, he asked if they were in love. If they were, they must marry. Michael thought a marriage ceremony would be highly proper. Mary reminded him it would be bigamy. He persuaded her. While they would not be married legally; their children would not be legitimatised; he merely said bigamy is only a word. In 1919 when the home was in Chelsea the first husband appeared bent on blackmail. Michael grappled with him.

The intruder fell dead behind a sofa. It was then necessary to invent a story to account for the corpse. They lied like a gentleman and a lady.

In the year 1929 Michael was a successful author, with a likely son, David. The boy heard one day someone talk of marriage, illegitimate children, and his father. David thereupon married a girl whom he had met, known as Romo. The parents decided that their son must be told the whole story, adding that after the blackmailer's death, they could have married and legitimatized him. David did not care, and went gaily on his honeymoon.

But a well-disposed policeman, who had an inkling of the truth came in. Must Mary serve time? The policeman was friendly. Was he not a fellow-author?

Now it is not necessary to exclaim, this story is preposterous. Why be fussy about probability on the stage? Especially when a play is by the whimsical Mr. Milne? If Michael and Mary had married after the husband was cold and stiff behind the sofa, there would have been only a play with a conventional happy ending. Yet some might wish that Mr. Milne had stopped after his admirably constructed and dramatic second act, written a first act portraying Mary's life with No. 1, and made his present second act the third, with an additional scene, for the third act as it stands today is full of pretty shop-keeping talk in praise of virtue. It will be remembered that in the first draft of the play it began in 1929 with the father trying to get David out of a love scrape. The boy said it was possible that his father had brought illegitimate children into the

world. After he left his parents, they went back to their first meeting, and the action reverted to the earlier days.

As the play now stands there is inconsequential chatter in the last act. Much of the talk between David and his father before the former confesses his marriage to Romo might be cut out. David as portrayed last night is an insufferable bounder when he is not a smart Aleck in his moralizing. This act for dramatic effect should end with Cuff's exit. The marital billing and cooing, the self complacency of Michael and Mary over their deeds and misdeeds fritters away the effect of leaving the audience in doubt as to Cuff's further proceedings.

But how delightful is the dialogue in the first act in which the performance was pleasingly and lightly emotional, not equalled afterwards, with the exception of Mr. Neill's rehearsal of the tale he was to tell the policeman of the first husband's entrance and death. The play is ingenious; sometimes the ingenuity is too evident. Mr. Milne often sparkles in his dialogue; now humorous, now downright witty. When he is most whimsical, he shines brilliantly. His whims and fancies often reveal the inner nature of his characters. Miss Kennedy was at her best in the first act. One does not expect from her a scene of compelling emotion. Mr. Alison began well as the clergyman open to suspicion. The performance as a whole while it gave pleasure to the large audience, was not conspicuous for brilliance.

The plays to come were announced from the stage: "Purity," a translation from the French not yet put on the Parisian stage; Pirandello's latest play; and "Topaze."

WILBUR

"Street Scene"

"Street Scene," a play in three acts by Elmer Rice; originally directed by the author, with settings by Jo Mielziner, and produced by William A. Brady at The Playhouse, New York, Jan. 10, 1929; the cast then included Robert Kelly, Mary Servoss and Erio O'Brien-Moore as Frank, Anna and Rose Maurrant, Beulah Bondi as Emma Jones, Horace Braham as Sam Kaplan; at the Wilbur Theatre last evening the cast was as follows.

Abraham Kaplan	M. B. Samuylow
Greta Fiorentino	Sadie Banks
Emma Jones	Ida Moore
Ogla Olsen	Sarah Arnes
Willie Maurrant	John Johnstone
Anna Maurrant	Florence Fair
Daniel Buchanan	Huntley Weston
Frank Maurrant	Arthur Behren
George Jones	Tom Manning
Steve Sanky	Gordon Hicks
Agnes Cushing	Ann Weston
George Jones	Tom Manning
Shirley Kaplan	June Webster
Filippo Fiorentino	Frank S. Marino
Alice Simpson	Edith Normand
Laura Hildebrand	Frederica Going
Mary Hildebrand	Nancy Mack
Charlie Hildebrand	Alex Lewis
Samuel Kaplan	Robert White
Rose Maurrant	Barbara Willison
Harry Easter	Glenn Coulter
Mae Jones	Lucia Laska
Dick McGann	James Fallon
Vincent Jones	Matt McHugh
Dr. John Wilson	Sam Byrd
Officer Harry Murphy	Hugh Carel
A Milkman	Gordon Leonard
A Letter Carrier	Herbert Lindholm
An Iceman	Tony Pinto
Two College Girls —	
Estelle Murray,	Jeanne Garland
A Music Student	Olive Stanton
Marshall James Henry	Roy La Rue
Fred Cullen	Harry Wallace
An Old Clothes Man	Sidney Selwyn
An Interne	Sam Byrd
An Ambulance Driver	Leo Brunswick
A Furniture Mover	Charles Hill
Two Nursemaids —	
Arline Francis,	Patricia Bryant
Policemen	Harry Rowan, Sidney Selwyn
Grocery Boy	Sam Byrd
Two Apartment Hunters —	
Pearl White,	Herbert Lindholm

Mr. Brady has been quoted as declaring that "youn can play 'Street Scene' on a platform without the usual theatrical paraphernalia, no foots, no galleries, wings or proscenium are necessary." That rings true enough. One exterior will serve. From its open windows, its entrance door, its abutting sidewalk Mr. Rice has learned and set down all that is essential to know of a group of middle class men and women who might be found in any tenement district in any large city boasting cosmopolitan citizenry. He never takes one into any of those drab rooms behind that "ugly brownstone front in a mean quarter of New York." He never sequesters any one character, to dissect it, and to reveal its mental processes. His is entirely and properly superficial treatment. The mere fact that Mr. Rice could show with such clarification the best and the worst in each of his two score subjects, that he could so dissolve and shape them to steadily, truthful and engrossing dramatic narrative confined to three acts explains in a measure why this play was awarded the Pulitzer prize of 1929.

We borrow parts of the playwright's admirable description of his one stage setting: The exterior of a "walk-up" apartment house, built in the '90s; at the right, a steep flight or rotting wooden steps leading down to the cellar and to the janitor's apartment; a stoop of four shallow, stone steps flanked by curved stone balustrades; double wooden outer doors, the vestibule, another entrance door; on either side of the stoop the two narrow windows of the ground floor apartments; above, the six narrow windows of the first floor apartments, above them the stone sills of the second floor windows just visible; to the right of the house, the motor entrance to a storage warehouse, with an excavation in progress; to the left, scaffoldings to indicate demolition of the building next door; in the close foreground, below the level of the curb, a mere suggestion of the street. The action takes place on a night in June, and on the morning and afternoon of the next day. Throughout the play the noises of the city rise and fall; the distant rumble of "L" trains, automobile sirens, river boats' whistles; the rattle of trucks, fire engines and ambulances; a radio's squawking, dogs barking; all in the background yet never wholly ceasing. Last evening these sounds were reduced to pianissimo.

The tenants are typical of their stations in life, of their sordid, hopeless environment. Old Kaplan, with his venomous tirades about "de kepitalist klesses"; Filippo Florentino, the jolly Italian fiddler and his ample bosomed spouse, Greta, sad because denied motherhood; Mrs. Jones, a spiteful scandalmonger, her cheap husband, their sluttish daughter and course-grained son, old Kaplan's offspring; the unattractive, self-sacrificing Shirley; Sam the dreamer, not averse to suicidal thoughts; Miss Simpson, the prim social worker; Laura Hildebrand, a weak woman, deserted by her husband and left with two children to be sustained by cold charity; Steve Sankey, collector of ice money, husband and father, doomed to sudden death for his furtive attentions to Anna Maurrant, unhappily yoked, pitifully eager for a little kindliness, love; Frank, her husband, a stage hand, of ugly moods, brooding over domestic wrongs real or fancied; Rose, the daughter, who didn't want to belong to anybody and didn't want anybody to belong to her, though Sam Kaplan worshipped her and Harry Easter, the real estate man, would have set her up in her own apartment, though he had a wife somewhere up in the Bronx.

The first act is cumulative. Each window is informative; each arriving or departing tenant indicates in detached utterances his or her traits. The dialogue becomes a mosaic of many tongues, seldom in harmony, chiefly dissonant. The first act, despite its frequent digressions to such minor incidents as the approaching birth of the Buchanans' baby, the controversy between the Swedish janitor and Folrentino as to Lief Erickson and Christopher Columbus as discoverer of America, or Rose's encounters with Sam, Vincent Jones or Easter, presages the tragedy to come. Rough humor, second-hand philosophy and matters of sex are mingled interestingly. The second act, bringing the dawn, the milkman, the eviction agents, the excavation workers, takes on swifter movement. Maurrant, pretending to depart for a show try-out in Stamford, no longer veils to Rose his suspicions of Anna. He drinks from a flask, portentous act at sunrise. Then comes the last rendezvous of Sankey and Anna, Maurrant's swift return, the shots, the uproar, the escape for the moment. The final act gathers up the pieces, hastens to an end. Maurrant is caught, Rose bids farewell to Sam, trudges off with her brand new suitcase. Two flat hunters disregard the tell-tale door-crepe, see only the sign of vacancy, ring for the janitor. Mrs. Jones utters one last acid implication, and the curtain falls. Life goes on, but nothing much has been settled. We are told that it is going to be another hot day.

Such a play, so written, exacts subtlety of performance from none. The play almost acts itself. Yet Miss Moore, as Mrs. Jones, reminiscent of Miss Hazy of "Cabbage Patch" fame, struck nearest to type, with her nasal speech, her homely gestures, even her wrinkled stockings, indicative of a slatternly mind. Miss Willison was properly enigmatic as Rose, Mr. Behrens was passable as the sullen Maurrant, Mr. Harino was an amusing Filippo. The many others were uniformly adequate, no more. There seemed too much clamor over the shooting. The performance last evening was coursed at unusual speed. With a final curtain at 10:35, commuters particularly should find this a play to fit their schedules nicely.

W. E. G.

LONGY MEMORIAL CONCERT

Jordan hall was filled last night by a distinguished audience which included most of the men and women who have achieved prominence in Boston's musical life. The occasion was a concert arranged as a tribute to Georges Longy, the celebrated oboist of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who died at Mareuil, France, on March 29. Not only as a performer of rare ability, but also for the services he rendered to music in Boston as director and conductor of the Boston Orchestral Club, and as founder of the Longy Club for wind instruments and the Boston Musical Association, Longy had won for himself an exceptionally honored place in the esteem of those who knew him and worked with him. From among the many musicians who, having been thus associated with him, were eager to participate in this tribute to his memory were chosen those who performed at this concert. An honorary committee comprised the names of Adolfo Betti, Pablo Casals, Alfredo Casella, Alfred Cortot, Walter Damrosch, Georges Enesco, Povla Frish, Philippe Gaubert, Eva Gautier, Eugene Goossens, Vincent d'Indy, Fritz Kreisler, Pierre Monteux, Ildebrando Pizzetti, Henri Rabaud, Maurice Ravel, Ottorino Respighi, Albert Roussel, Ernest Schelling, Jacques Thibaud, and Ignace Jan Paderewski. A goodly and varied company!

The admirably chosen program opened with the first movement of Debussy's string quartet, excellently played by the Burgin string quartet (MM. Burgin, Gundersen, Lefranc, Bedetti). The second of Charles Martin Loeffler's deux rapsodies, for oboe, viola and piano, entitled "Le Cornemuse," ("The Bagpipe"), delightfully rendered by MM. Louis Speyer and Jean Lefranc and Mme. Renee-Longy Miquelle (daughter of Mr. Longy), proved a charming and evocative piece of music, worthy of more frequent hearing. A small body of members of the Boston Symphony orchestra, skillfully conducted by Walter Piston, gave a first Boston performance of a portion of Respighi's "Trittico Botticelliano." This, the third part of the work, bears the title "La Nascita di Venere" ("The Birth of Venue"), and exhibits as much pictorial ingenuity in the handling of the small orchestra as its composer has so abundantly manifested in writing for the large. The elegiac second movement of Pizetti's cello sonata found worthy interpreters in Mme. Renee-Longy and Georges Miquelle. Ravel's introduction and allegro for harp, flute, clarinet, string quartet and double-bass was performed by Carlos Salzedo, Georges Laurent, Paul Mimart and the American string quartet (Gertrude Marshall Wit, Ruth Collinbourne, Adeline Packard, Hazel L'Africain and Max Kunze). The first movement of Chausson's concerto for piano, violin and string quartet received a beautiful performance at the hands of Jesus Maria Sanroma, Carmela Ippolito and the Durrell string quartet (Josephine Durrell, Edith Roubound, Anna Golden, Mildred Ridley). The concert ended with Franck's "Panis Angelicus," from the Mess Solennelle, arranged by Walter Piston for two solo voices, cello solo, orchestra and organ. The participants were Marie Sundelius, Rulon Y. Robinson, Georges Miquelle, Dr. Archibald Davison and members of the Boston Symphony orchestra; Mr. Piston conducted.

During the intermission, Olin Downes, music critic of the New York Times, paid eloquent tribute to Mr. Longy's qualities as musician and as factor in the development of Boston as a musical centre. His address, couched in informal terms and filled with personal reminiscences, was warmly applauded.

The organizers of the concert are to be congratulated upon its intrinsic excellence as well as upon its appropriateness to the occasion.

S. S.

JAN SMETERLIN

Jan Smeterlin, a Polish pianist hitherto unknown to America, made his appearance at the Repertory Theatre Sunday night with the following program: Schubert, Sonata, Op. 143, in A minor; Chopin, 24 Preludes, Op. 28; Szymanowsky, Three Etudes, Op. 33; Strauss-Godowsky, Kunstlerleben. A large audience was present, curious to learn whether the exceptionally high praise lavished upon Mr. Smeterlin in Europe had been merited. The warmth of its applause made the answer fairly obvious.

It is more than a little unexpected to be able to say that the best thing in Mr. Smeterlin's concert was his performance of a Schubert sonata. A Polish pianist might have been safely expected to give a superlative reading—alternately elegant and stormily romantic—of the music of his compatriot Chopin, and a rather superficial one of the sonata of the great Viennese. But if the newcomer possesses any of the attributes of greatness, it is in Schubert that he showed it most unmistakably last night—admirable and unusual though his Chopin-playing was. A fine, measured beauty and solemnity of mood and phrase established itself with his enunciation of the opening theme of the first movement; an exquisitely tender sensitiveness to the native charm of the Schubertian phrase saved it from austerity. A gentle yet infinitely varied sonority of tone, shaded down at times to the ultimate pianissimo, was his; it held his hearers breathlessly attentive—a tribute to the compelling logic of his thought and the beauty of its expression. A firm, strong, clean percussive touch provided contrast where the character of the music demanded it; boldness and breadth without bombast were their. To the charming melody of the andante he brought a delightful grace and limpidity of style; the allegro was airily light, cleanly articulated, deftly phrased. It is difficult to imagine a performance of this sonata more thoroughly convincing and movingly beautiful than was Mr. Smeterlin's.

With the 24 Preludes of Chopin, too, he showed himself an unusually intelligent and individual pianist. In general there was little of the usual attempt to produce an impeccably polished surface, to transform, by means of the pedal, successions of percussive sounds into waves of honeyed sound. Rapid passage work was incredibly light but perfectly articulated. In varying degrees this uncompromising honesty of means permeated the series. Excellently contrasted one from the other, sensitively performed, with many an original and illuminating touch, prelude succeeded prelude, with only a failure to achieve the fierily passionate mood of that in B flat minor to be recorded on the debit side.

The clean, agile elacticity of touch which Mr. Smeterlin commands so readily served well Szymanowsky's whimsical and interesting etudes and De Falla's Andaluza. Abundant virtuosity and an unflagging sense of the underlying waltz made an unexpectedly delicate delight of Godowsky's version of Strauss's "Artists' Life."

Several additional pieces were played in response to exceptionally vigorous applause.

S. S.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

The program of the Boston Symphony concerts of this week has been changed. As it now stands, it is as follows—Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, B minor, No. 12. Respighi Metamorphoseon (theme and 12 Variations; Brahms Symphony No. 2. Mozart's Concerto for flute will be performed at the sixth pair of concerts.

THE SCREEN

LOEW'S STATE

"Way for a Sailor"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lawrence Stallings, W. L. River and Charles MacArthur from the story by Alberto Richard Wetjen; directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer within the following cast:

Jack	John Gilbert
Tripod	Wallace Beery
Joan	Leila Hyams
Ginger	Jim Tully
Polly	Polly Moran
Flossy	Doris Lloyd

It is doubtful whether there has ever been so scrappy a picture as "Way for a Sailor," current feature film at Loew's State Theatre, and the centre of all these scraps is the usually well tailored and immaculate John Gilbert. To say that Mr. Gilbert seems entirely at home as a roughneck sailor with extremely fresh manners and a couple of ready fists would not be entirely true, but he does much better than might be expected. His troublesome voice is coming under control: he pitches it lower and has practically ceased his excursions into falsetto. There seems no valid reason why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer shouldn't set to work to find Mr. Gilbert some suitable stories and get a new contract ready. No more things like "Way for a Sailor" should be tried, for John's public doesn't quite know what to make of the present offering.

The film is woefully lacking in any sort of coherency. It is a picturesque yarn describing the adventures of three sailors, Jack, Tripod and Ginger, as they cruise the seven seas and pick up girls in every port. Jack lays protracted seige to Joan, a pretty clerk in a London shipping office. After every voyage he comes back and tries to soften her indifference. Finally she gives way and they are married, but when Joan learns that Jack is planning to go to sea again she takes the next boat for Montreal. Jack quits his friends and his own boat to go with her, but she won't have anything to do with him. In the midst of a terrific storm at sea a tanker in distress is sighted which proves to be the ship on which he should have sailed. He volunteers to go with the lifeboat which carries a line to the stricken vessel. Most of the crew are removed to safety, but the lifeboat capsizes in the heavy seas. He and his pals are picked up by a whaler, however, and six months later he is reunited with Joan.

Mr. Gilbert makes a reasonably engaging Jack, likable in spite of his impudent behavior. He is somewhat

swamped, however, by the hearty ...ils and abounding humor of Wallace Beery as the burly, childlike Tripod. Some one had the mistaken idea of putting Jim Tully into the picture as the third sailor, Ginger. Whether you like Mr. Tully's books or not, you won't care much for his acting. Leila Hyams is a pretty Joan and there are some effective synthetic storm scenes.

E. L. H.

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SYMPHONY HALL

"The Adventures of Prince Ach..ed"

An oriental film fantasy in silhouette realized by the German artist, Lotte Reiniger; released by the University Film Foundation, presented by the Elizabeth Peabody House with special musical score by Wolfgang Zeller played by 30 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Arthur Fiedler.

A film of great beauty, imagination and individuality was shown last night at Symphony Hall before a warmly appreciative audience of generous size. For fantastic charm and truly remarkable artistry it is doubtful whether the screen has yet produced anything to compare with "The Adventures of Prince Achmed." The work of a German artist, Lotte Reiniger, who spent three years in perfecting the delicate silhouettes and is said to have photographed 250,000 of them in all, it stands as a monument not only of industry but also of art in miniature. The tiny figures move with grace and ease or with grotesque stiffness according to the demands of the story. Palaces rise and sail through the air—winged monsters appear from nowhere and vanish—genii materialize out of the air and flying horses are a mere commonplace.

The story is one to delight the young, filled with tales of the Arabian Nights; no less than their elders who can only marvel and rejoice that anyone had the patience and ingenuity to perfect so exquisitely and unusual a picture. The story mingles the adventures of Prince Achmed and the fairy Peri Banou with those of Aladdin, the African magician, the Princess Dinarzade and the wonderful lamp. They journey through the heavens, under the ocean, to lands east of the sun and west of the moon where spirits dwell. There is an evil sorcerer with the most nightmareish hands and gaping maw all the uglier by one hungry fang. Theer is a kind-hearted ogress who aids the distressed Achmed and kills the sorcerer. Hordes of black and white spirits battle in the air, mountains open and swallow them up or cast them forth in clouds of fire. In this brief space it is impossible to do anything like justice to a work of such imagination and skill.

"The Adventures of Prince Achmed" has no sound effects or conversation and makes but sparing use of subtitles. The special musical score by Wolfgang Zeller, entirely appropriate to the mood of the film, was played by an orchestra of Boston Symphony players under Arthur Fiedler. The film will be given again on Saturday morning, Nov. 15, at 10:30 in Symphony hall.—E. L. H.

Nov 6, 1930

FRANK KNEISEL

At Jordan hall, last night, the Boston ...out of Frank Kneisel, violinist, took ...ce. A large audience had gathered ...hear the son of one of the men most ...stinguished in the history of music ...America—Frank Kneisel. Favorable ...tices, moreover, had preceded his ...ming, and promised a violinist in need ...no such distinguished ancestry to ...lster his claim to be heard. Mr. ...neisel had chosen for his introduction ...a Boston audience the following pro...am: Brahms, Sonata in A major, op ...0; Mendelssohn, Concerto in E minor; ...euberger-Kreisler, Midnight Bells; ...rahm's Hungarian Dance in G minor; ...man, Tango; Franz Ries, La Capric...osa; Sarasate, Zigeunerweisen.

It became evident at once that the ...ung man was no novice. From his in...rument—his father's Stradivarius, he ...ew a large, full tone; upon it he ...owed himself able to execute with ...nfidence the full repertoire of violin...tic sleight of hand—the octaves and ...her double-stopping, the harmonies, ...e various tricks of the bow, seeming ...arouse in him no anxiety. All this ...spoke the violinist born and bred to ...e trade. But it would be well to point ...it also—and since Mr. Kneisel is young ...e ill may still be remediable—that his ...one as its best warm and flexible, was ...o often forced and of somewhat char...cterless and coarse quality, and that ...is intonation was frequently of dubious ...ccuracy.

In the interpretation of his larger ...orks—the Brahms A major Sonata and ...Mendelssohn's concerto—his style, if not ...ubtle, was at any rate intelligent and pleasingly natural, free from sentimental distortion and rhapsodic exaggeration.

Upon the shorter pieces he showered the little violinistic graces that there belong, and with success. In the elaborated gipsy tunes of Sarasate "Zigunerweisen" his command of the style and his agility brought such warm commendation from his audience that Mr. Kneisel added to his program. His reception as a whole was of such warmth that he should feel encouraged to work toward the eradication of the shortcomings that have been noted.

S. S.

CONCERT NOTES

Royal Dadmun, baritone, will sing tonight in Jordan hall an air from Handel's "Semele"; the "Credo" from Verdi's "Othello" and songs by Schubert, Brahms, Duparc, Widor, Vidal, Griffes, Ross, Quilter, Kern, two old Irish airs and two songs from the Hebrides.

We regret to find Mr. Dadmun, especially as it is shouted from the housetops that he is an American, spelling Handel, "Haendel." The "Credo," Iago's monologue, was Boito's idea. Verdi accepted it though he feared that critics, especially the English, would resent it. The opera at first was to have been entitled "Iago." Mr. Bonavia says in his excellent life of Verdi: "In any case the monologue is so little the pivot of Verdi's 'Othello' that it could be omitted without any loss to the action."

The program of the symphony concerts this week, unless it is changed today, is as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, B minor, No. 12; Respighi's "Metamorphoseon" (theme and 12 variations); Brahms, Symphony, D major, No. 2. Respighi's music, written for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra, will be heard for the first time tomorrow afternoon. The work is reported to be brilliant in its orchestration and difficult in performance. Next week, Prokofieff's new symphony written for the orchestra's jubilee; Mozart's Clarinet Concerto; Rimsky-Korsakov's Caprice on Spanish themes, and either the overture to "The Magic Flute" or four of Mozart's many dances. The dances to be played, if at all, are edited by Steinbach.

Gertrude McCarron, assisted by Martino's concert orchestra will give a piano recital in Huntington Chambers hall, 30 Huntington avenue, tomorrow night at 8:15 o'clock. Liszt's Concerto No. 2 and pieces by Mendelssohn, Field, Chopin, Mirovitch and MacDowell. George P. Maxim will conduct the orchestra.

Next Saturday afternoon Mischa Levitzki, pianist, will play pieces by Bach-Liszt, Gluck-Sgambati, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Rachmoninoff, Dohnanyi, Liszt. His manager says that Mr. Levitzki is "leaving on a world tour;" also that he has toured the "entire world even in distant Java, Singapore, China, Japan and Australia." Nothing is said about Jerusalem and Madagascar. "He is now making his 13th tour of the United States." This pianist of indisputable gifts bids fair to be the leading commis-voyageur of music.

Next Sunday afternoon in Symphony hall Mme. Clare Clairbert, a Belgian soprano, will sing for the benefit of Ellis Memorial House. There are good reports about her. She is good-looking (if her photographs do not flatter her), and this in the case of a singer is half the battle.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M., Aubrey Pankey, baritone.

And next Sunday night in Symphony hall Mme. Schumann-Heink, contralto, and Felix Fox, pianist, will give a concert. Let's see, did not Mme. Schumann-Heink give a series of tear-compelling farewell recitals a season or two ago.

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Mr. Dadmun is one of these singers—none too numerous a band—who may usually be relied on for a performance which has been as carefully and thoughtfully planned as it is confidently executed. Whether the hearer will or will not approve the result must depend on whether or not he sees eye to eye with the singer on the interpretation of a given song. But he will either applaud loudly or (if he be brave enough) hiss savagely. He cannot remain merely bored or indifferent, for there is nothing indifferent about Mr. Dadmun's singing. Each song is a positive and wilful creation, sharply differentiated in style and mood from its neighbor's. Even his faults of taste seem no mere inadvertencies; they are flaunted. So much the more exuberantly may he be blamed for them.

It was not often, last night, that hissing seemed the appropriate response to the singer's efforts. Two such occasions were his performances of "Die Mainacht" and "Von ewige Liebe." We need not dwell upon such unexpected negligences as his failure to ascertain the correct pronunciation of the "ch" in such words as "Nacht" and the "g" in "girret" (perhaps he had been misled) but it was impossible to endure calmly the splitting up of these songs into infinitely small phrase-lengths through over-frequent breathing, and their consequent reduction to incoherence, the melodramatic exaggeration, the portamentos and slurrings, the excessively dragged-out endings, the way in which the maiden in "Von ewige Liebe" was made to bellow her confident trust in the enduring quality of love. On the other hand, but for two slightly exaggerated rubatos, "Wohin" was delightfuly right—light and tripping and with just the needed injection of delicately rollicking humor. If Mr. Dadmun's rendering of the famous "Credo" from "Otello" was eminently hissable, it may be partly because only about one singer out of a thousand can ever make Iago's ravings sound anything but ludicrous. The more vehement the "interpretation," the more the singer needs to be an Italian, able to enunciate the words convincingly. Mr. Dadmun's was one of the most vehement of attempts, and of the words only about four could be understood, namely, those which were not sung, but spoken.

But Mr. Dadmun gave almost unalloyed pleasure, however, in the smoothly flowing, beautifully modulated phrases of Handel's air, in the exquisitely simple and gently charming old Irish air "The Gentle Maiden," in the daintily humorous "Leprechaun," in the more remote and elusive beauty of the Gaelic airs collected in the Hebrides by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser—tunes which Mr. Dadmun handled with faultless good taste. With no less delicacy, and with a sentimental or melancholy touch, or a touch of gallantry that belonged to them, he sang the songs of his French group. He made generous use of his very pleasing mezza-voce and falsetto, which he employs much more gracefully and evenly than his full voice; for the latter, warmly sonorous in its middle and lower registers, is inclined to be nasal above. One of the several encores which an enthusiastic audience elicited was Brahms's "Sonntag" sung in an English translation, which confirmed our suspicion that many songs sound best if their words are not understood too easily. In other words, if that which is too silly to be said may be sung, that which is too silly to be sung in English may be sung in a foreign tongue.

S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"The Virtuous Sin"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Martin Brown from the play by Lajos Zilahy entitled "The General"; directed by George Cukor and Louis Gasnier and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Gen. Gregori Platoff ..... Walter Huston
Marya Ivanova ..... Kay Francis
Lieut. Victor Sablin .....Kenneth McKenna
Alexandra Stroganov .....Jobyna Howland
Capt. Orloff ..... Paul Cavanagh
Lieut. Glinka ..... Eric Kalkhurst
Major Ivanoff ..... Oscar Apfel
Col. Nikitin ..... Gordon McLeod
Capt. Sobakin ..... Youcca Troubetskoy
Sentry ..... Victor Potel

Were it not for a scene in which Kay Francis and Walter Huston, devoted wife and domineering general, play at see-saw in a distressingly artificial moonlit garden, "The Virtuous Sin," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, might be taken for a heavy, earnestly acted and more than slightly improbable melodrama. This sequence, however, plunges the whole play into a mood of travesty from which it never quite escapes. The farcical bent is increased by the strange antics of Jobyna Howland as the proprietress of an improper night club. She alternates the latest Broadway banter with French phrases and is about as far from suggesting anything Russian as is possible to imagine.

"The Virtuous Sin" is very talky and given to considerable preaching, especially on the folly of taking a scientist away from his test-tubes and trying to make him a leader, not to mention a great deal of platitudinizing about such familiar melodramatic props as love, honor and loyalty. Lieut. Victor Sablin, gifted young medical scientist, is forced to give up his work and enter the Russian army. His outspoken denunciations of militarism bring him to the unfavorable attention of Gen. Gregori Platoff, familiarly known as "Iron Face," who condemns him to be shot for sedition. Sablin's wife, Marya, out of loyalty not love—theirs had been a marriage of friendship and affection, not of passion—endeavors to save him by appealing to Platoff. Acting as entertainer in a disreputable cafe, she attracts his attention and before long intimacy ripens into love on both sides. Torn between her loyalty to Sablin and awakening passion for Platoff, Marya yields to the latter and then begs for her husband's pardon.

Bitterly angry at what he believes her trickery, Platoff refuses but his sense of justice later makes him alter his opinion. The story ends with Sablin backing gracefully out of the picture so that Marya may marry Platoff. Kay Francis works heroically in a difficult and contradictory role and succeeds, by sheer force of good acting and attractive personality, in turning it into something well worth seeing. Walter Huston, acutely conscious of his uniform and the absurdity of his lines, is less happy as "Iron Face" Platoff. Kenneth McKenna makes the high-minded, slightly hysterical young officer the most believable character of all.

—E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the fifth concert of the present, the 50th season, yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, B minor No. 12; Respighi, "Metamorphoseon, Modi XII," which being interpreted means "Theme and 12 Variations"—first performance, written for the orchestra jubilee. Brahms, Symphony, D major, No. 2.

Respighi's "Metamorphoseon" is a perfunctory work, interesting only by the brilliance of the orchestration. The musical ideas are negligible when they are not wholly lacking. The theme is neither impressive in stateliness nor charming by reason of beauty. This Italian gentleman who has given pleasure by his arrangements of old airs for the lute; by his "Fountains" and his "Pines" of Rome; by the dramatic fury of his "Ballade of the Gnomides" accepted a task. He could not therefore write spontaneously. There was a forced draught. Already by his "Roman Festivals" he showed that his inventive flow was checked; that he was obliged to rely chiefly on gorgeous clothing for his anaemic musical body; on gorgeous clothing and on thunderous sonority. Is it not possible that he has been writing too much and without critical thought?

This latest composition is first of all monotonous by reason of an apparently persistent tonality, also by scholastic and hard labor in the variation form. It evidently occurred to him that this orchestra was blessed with skilful solo players of instruments; so he said to himself: "Come now, I will write cadenzas for these gifted players, so that they may show their dexterity, and men of the harp, horn, flute, violin, oboe, clarinet, etc., rejoicing in an opportunity of exhibiting their skill, will rise up and call me blessed." The various artists thus called on did their prettiest, but the cadenza variation reminded one of examination-day at a music school. It is surprising that Respighi did not introduce a cadenza for the organ pedals. The organ was there; the organist was capable and the organ helped swell the din in the expected apotheosis designed to excite applause.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the players did all that could be done to give distinction to this music. For once their labor was in vain; there could be no glorification of what was inherently without true strength or beauty, for splendor of orchestration will not cover paucity of musical ideas.

The latest biographers of Johannes Brahms differ curiously concerning the character of the second symphony. The excellent Walter Niemann finds a tragic undercurrent; ghostly elements "glimmering in a supernatural uncanny way"; even "mysterious Wagnerian visions." The equally excellent Richard Specht finds sunshine, fair days, warm winds, clarity and tenderness. The performance yesterday was pleasing, effective in that Dr. Koussevitzky found music in this symphony and shared his enjoyment with the audience.

Brahms can on occasion be gloomy and crabbed enough. Why cannot Mr. Niemann, a devoted admirer of Johannes, allow him to be cheerful once in a while, as in this second symphony?

Handel's concerto in B minor is nearly 200 years old. The vitality of the allegri; the eloquent simplicity, the serenity of the slow movement; the calm olympian authority displayed throughout—these put the rhythmic frenzy, the melodic sterility, the search after "originality" characterizing so much contemporaneous music to shame and confusion.

"Beauty lives not for the self-glorification of the priests of any art, but for the enjoyment of priests and laity alike. He is the best art-priest who brings most beauty most home to the hearts of most men," wrote Samuel Butler in a note book. For his idolatrous worship of Handel one can forgive Butler for attempting to compose in the Handelian manner, as one has a warmer liking for Stravinsky because he too endeavored in his "Oedipus Rex," to pay "the most superb personage one meets in the history of music" a similar homage.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is announced as comprising these works: Mozart's Overture to "The Major Flute"; also his Clarinet Concerto (Mr. Polatschek, clarinetist); Prokofieff's Symphony No. 4 (composed for the orchestra's jubilee); Rimsky-Korsakov's Caprice on Spanish themes.

PARK

"For the Love o' Lil"

An all-talking comedy adapted by Bella Cohen from the Liberty magazine cover serial and story by J. Leslie Thrasher; screen play by Dorothy Howell; directed by James Tinling and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Wyn Huntley.....Jack Mulhall
Sandy Jenkins.....Elliott Nugent
Lil.....Sally Starr
Eleanor Cartwright.....Margaret Livingston
Mr. Walker.....Charles Sellon
Mrs. Walker.....Julia Swayne Gordon
Edward O. Brooks.....Billy Bevan
Mrs. Gardner.....Claire du Brey
Chambermaid.....Joan Standing

A very pleasant and amusing little comedy dealing with the difficulties of the first year of married life is to be found at the Park Theatre under the title of "For the Love o' Lil." Somewhat loosely derived from J. Leslie Thrasher's popular Liberty magazine covers, it tells a plausible story in a light-hearted manner, and its principal characters are the sort of young people that wouldn't be at all hard to know. The settings are well contrived, with particular mention for a satirically designed modernistic apartment from which the kitchen is removed for the installation of a bar.

Sandy Jenkins, a likable and promising young lawyer, marries Lil Gardner and would be very happy were it not for the blithe interference of Wyn Huntley, a debonair and wealthy young man about town, so fond of other men's wives that he hasn't time to get one of his own. It is he who continually drops in to see the young couple. The arty furniture and the private bar are his ideas, and he complains constantly to Lil that he can never see her alone—Sandy always tags along. Lil loves her husband, but she likes Wyn and finds him a most enjoyable companion. Sandy, a gentle soul without much backbone so far as Lil is concerned, endures all things patiently until Wyn worms out of Lil an important business secret just as his boss arrives on the scene to hear it. At that the worm turns: Wyn is forcibly ejected from the apartment, the modernistic furnishings are broken up, and Lil, in a great huff, returns to her mother.

Comedies can't end like that, of course. In the end, after lots of arguments about divorce—which neither one wants—Sandy and Lil are reconciled and Sandy puts over a big business deal and is made a junior partner. It is pleasant foolery and well enough acted to make one forget to pick flaws. Elliott Nugent—Leslie Thrasher's Sandy to the life—and Sally Starr are eminently well chosen for the leading parts. Jack Mulhall makes an engaging Wyn and Charles Sellon has a good bit as the senior partner of Sandy's firm.

E. L. H.

MISCHA LEVITZKI

At Jordan Hall, yesterday afternoon, Mischa Levitzki, pianist, gave his annual recital. The following was his program: Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor (Back-Liszt); Gavotte (Gluck-Brahms); Sonata quasi una Fantasia, Op. 27, No. 2 (Beethoven); Fantasy in F minor, Op. 49 (Chopin); Des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum?, Traumeswirren (Schumann); Andante and Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn); Prelude in G minor (Rachmaninoff); Music of the Spheres, Mad Party (Dohnanyi); Etude de Concert, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12 (Liszt).

As usual, the large audience that had assembled to hear and applaud Mr. Levitzki's virtuosity included a large proportion of pianists and piano students. What attracted them was doubtless in large measure the desire to hear pianistic difficulties tackled and defeated with the slightly contemptuous nonchalance that is so characteristic a feature of Mr. Levitzki's playing. Also, no doubt, the presence in the program of several of those pieces of piano music over which every conservatory student is sooner or later compelled to perspire had drawn many anxious to hear "how they should go." If so, it is not certain that they were well advised, for while Mr. Levitzki's performance of the "Moonlight" sonata (for example) was excellent as a model of clear-cut articulation of the printed notes, and of perfect time-keeping, it was misleading in so far as it conveyed the impression that the work was a protracted technical exercise. Of his rendering of Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso"—once the shining aim and goal of every young lady's piano studies—much the same warning may be expressed. The undoubted beauty of the Andante could hardly be guessed from Mr. Levitzki's square and studied exposition; the Rondo was played at such excessive speed as to grow muddied and breathless rather than dainty and, at last, brilliant.

Too often, indeed, does Mr. Levitzki appear to be so thoroughly satisfied with the mere victory over technical difficulties that it does not occur to him to look for musical significance in the passages mastered. This was so in some portions of the Chopin Fantasy, for instance, which should have been graceful but were merely hurried and perfunctory.

But where opportunities for facile brilliance are not to hand, Mr. Levitzki can play beautifully and impressively. There was transparent clarity, intelligent unfolding of the fugue rising to sonorous magnificence, in Liszt's transcription of Bach. A fine vigor enlivened Rachmaninoff's G minor Prelude—though the melancholy, nostalgic charm of its middle section was marred by excessive restlessness. He played imaginatively and with suggestive force and beauty of tone Dohnanyi's interesting and impressive "Music of the Spheres" and with appropriate rowdiness his "Mad Party." He was at his best musically, achieving a style so absolutely and unmistakeably right that, for once, it did not seem imposed from without, in Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 12. Its beginning, especially, had sombre beauty, a true gipsy flavor; its conclusion a prodigious, orchestral magnificence of climax.

And ever and anon, here as elsewhere in the course of the concert, the listener was compelled to marvel at Mr. Levitzki's easy, placid virtuosity.

Among several pieces added to the program in response to the hearty applause, the best was the delightfully played "Jeux d'Eaux" of Ravel. S. S.

Nov 10 1930

SCHUMANN-HEINK AND FELIX FOX

Despite the fact that her last appearance in Symphony Hall had been announced as a farewell concert, Mme. Schumann-Heink made a welcome reappearance there last evening in a charitable cause—to aid The Durant (women's health promotion and recreation centre). She sang the following program: Handel, Lascia ch'io pianga (Armida); Schubert, Du bist die Ruh, Wohin, Die Allmacht; Beethoven, Ich liebe dich; Liszt, Es muss ein Wunderbares sein; Wagner, Traeume; Hildach, Im Lenz; Huerter, Pirate Dreams; Ross, Dawn in the Desert; O'Hara, There is no Death; Rasbach, Trees; Chadwick, Danza. Mr. Felix Fox, pianist, who was lending his services to the same cause, played the following pieces: Chopin, Four Preludes. C, F, B flat, E flat; Ballade in A flat; Rachmaninoff, Prelude in B flat; Brahms, Capriccio in B minor; Philipp, Valse-Caprice (on themes of J. Strauss).

Recalled to the platform by prolonged applause after her second group, Mme. Schumann-Heink asked her audience, "Do you still like me?" and a storm of hand-clapping signalled in reply an unmistakable "Yes!" Even if the famous contralto's powers had completely faded, this splendid woman would still be one of the most likeable people before the public. But she can still sing a Lied program in a manner that gives the keenest pleasure to an audience and sets a useful and difficult example to many younger singers. The firmness and breadth of her phrasing, its elegiac pathos in the Handel air, its majestic splendor in "Die Allmacht," the delicacy and humor she commanded in "Wohin" and "Haidenroeslein" (an encore), the beautifully shaped melodic line she so frequently achieved, the confident skill with which she managed her voice, were a delight and a wonder. She was raptuously applauded, and presented with a bouquet of roses.

Mr. Fox was also enthusiastically applauded for his share in the program.

S. S.

The Theatre

Nov 9 1930

PHILIP HALE

At a luncheon of the Critic's Circle in London, Mr. Milne, whose "Michael and Mary" is now playing at the Plymouth, answered for the drama. He said he was very glad to see the critics in the daytime; it was so nice to know that they had that other suit.

Mr. Ainley at this luncheon suggested some reforms. One was the "shipping to a deserted isle some 2000 incompetent actors and actresses who block the path to the abundant ability" which he believes exists.

To go back to Mr. Milne. Some object to the story of "Michael and Mary," as some objected in London; refusing to believe in "a bigamous marriage contracted apparently without motive, and with nothing for the contracting parties to gain by it in heaven and earth." This led Mr. Sydney W. Carroll to write about the credibility of the play, which he praised for its "grace, charm, sincerity and power." Reading the objections, he asked whether his own powers of reasoning were at fault.

"Why do people ever commit bigamy? Is bigamy never committed without a motive? Is it not possible, given a certain type of imaginative adventurous human person, to credit him with indulging in bigamy just for bigamy's sake?"

In Milne's play, as Mr. Carroll points out, the bigamous marriage is contracted by Michael and Mary chiefly for the sake of others. She has no relatives, no friends. She herself is the only one to be affected if she is guilty of a criminal act. Michael, on the contrary, has his father and his father's friends and relatives. Michael and Mary wish to have children. While the marriage will not legitimatize them, it is ten to one that the bigamous act will not be discovered."

(Let it here be remarked that when the play was produced in New York and Boston the first husband appeared on the bill as "Mary's Uncle"; in London he was "George Weston" on the bill. The performance in New York was before the one in London. "Mary's Uncle"? But she had told Michael she was alone in the world.)

Mr. Carroll supports his belief in the credibility of the story by declaring that to his own knowledge Mr. Milne's story has had its counterpart in actual fact. "I have at least two instances within my own ken where bigamy has been committed with no stronger motive than is shown to exist in this play—in fact, with not so strong a motive or so moving a defence."

One must congratulate Mr. Carroll on his wide circle of interesting acquaintances, as one must applaud his conclusion: "The moment we begin to concern ourselves in the theatre too strictly and sternly with our regard for what we think is probable in a story, we shall deprive ourselves of the most enjoyable moments ever passed in the company of players. We must bear in mind always when watching a play that what may seem incredible to us may be perfectly believable to others. Life is far more extraordinary in its results than the inventive fertility of the dramatist can make it. I think Mr. Milne has written in 'Michael and Mary' his best play. I think the story not only possible but highly probable."

Unfortunately for Michael and Mary, her first huband, returning to London, had not heard of Enoch Arden.

And so Mr. John Jay Chapman, apropos of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" which "expounds itself like a tragedy," remarks: "Perhaps the sophisticated modern person can best approach Shakespeare's comedies by thinking of them as child's plays, things beneath his serious notice and therefore to be humored. Otherwise the casket scene in 'The Merchant of Venice' will disgust him. It is, indeed, probable that the folk lore and fairy tales of the world are kept alive by the infant population of the world, and that no man who first discovers these things after he is grown up will be apt to find much meaning in them."

We are to see the comedy this week at the Tremont with Maurice Moscovitch as our old friend Shylock, a part that has been played by adventurous women: Charlotte Crampton, Mrs. Henry Lewis—she played many male parts—Mrs Macready. And in London last September Lucille La Verne played Shylock at The Little Theatre.

Mr. Moscovitch was born in 1871 at Odessa and there made his first appearance on the stage. Having toured in European countries he came to New York and was first seen there in 1893, playing Samson in "Samson and Delilah." He then, with his own company, toured this country, going to London in 1908.

It was not till 1919 that he played in English. It was as Shylock at the Gaiety, Manchester, England on Sept. 15. When he was seen as Shylock in London at the Court Theatre on Oct. 9 he was eminently successful. There was a run of 11 months. He was equally successful in other plays. It was about 1923 that he toured in South Africa.

When he played Shylock in 1919 Mary Grey was the Portia; Edith Evans, Nerissa; Kathleen Nesbitt, Jessica; Alfred Brydone, Antonio; George Hayes, Gratiano; Naylor Grimson, Tubal; Old Gobbo, Brember Wills; Young Gobbo, Miles Malleson; Lorenzo, Murray Kinnell.

Twice in three years he toured Australia with a varied repertoire, ranging from "The Merchant of Venice" to Edgar Wallace's "The Ringer" and "The Terror."

It was after playing in this country on Jacob P. Adler's stage—he then did not speak English—that Mr. Moscovitsch without definite plans except to play there on the Jewish stage met James Bernard Fagan, who had just seen Moscovitsch in "Uriel Acosta." "How would you like to act in 'The Merchant of Venice?"—but the actor knew no English he demurred. "A man with your chin can do anything." Moscovitsch went to Wales and mastered the part and the language. At the theatre in London the company was bound by tradition, but he said it was his show and Mr. Fagan backed him. The audience on the first night saw a different Shylock, so young, so realistic that one critic wrote it was a case "of going back to Shakespeare." Moscovitsch obtained the rights to the late Leo Ditrichstein's "Great Lover" and played in it for two years. On one night the King of England and the King of Spain sitting in opposite boxes applauded him.

At the old Bowery young Moscovitsch had played on a percentage basis bringing him in five or six dollars a week, but "there was much to be learned from Adler, David Kessler, Mme. Lipszin, Mogulesco and Bertha Kalich."

When he returned to New York this year he portrayed (Jan. 20) Jose Suss in Ashley Duke's adaptation of Feuchtwanger's novel "Power," and wa

sed enthusiastically by the leading critics for "rare artistry" and intense tional outbursts. "He was never for a moment wrong," wrote Mr. Lock-e, who noted that after one "magnificent scene" he was recalled to the e again and again by applause and cheers.

Mr. St. John Ervine showed fine form in the Observer of Oct. 19. aking of Gordon Craig's life of Henry Irving, he remarks: "There are es, indeed, in reading this book, when the impatient reader feels that Craig is more impatient to bury Mr. Shaw than to praise Henry ing." Quoting Craig's foolish statement that "The Bells" is much better in a play by Shaw, Mr. Ervine replies: "One can almost hear the pert d insufficiently spanked boy, new from school, saucing his betters in those ntences." While Mr. Ervine praises what is worth while in the biography wishes that "the plaintive passages, the little, niggling, complaining assages could be deleted."

And Mr. Ervine in his account of a recent journey to Vienna exclaims: Of all the cities I have visited, Vienna is by far the finest, and if I were ompelled to leave England, which Heaven forbid, I would gladly settle in . I like Paris well enough, despite its air of being a calculating female, ut I would rather live in Rouen or Tours, in the first because of the place, the second because of the people. New York is a place in which to ve for a month, no more, but I could contentedly spend the rest of my fe in Baltimore, Boston, or Chicago. Chicago is about to become the andsomest city in the world, handsomer even than Vienna, and when it as achieved its destiny, New York will merely be its port—the Calais or Dover of the Middle West."

Max Reinhardt has produced "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Berlin s a very broad and humorous low comedy. Thisbe, looking very serious, mitates Salome dancing, with skirts held high enough "to display the ysical music hall idea of female underwear." Nearly all the players are udents of Rheinhardt dramatic schools. "Many young reputations have een made, many thousands of marks in salaries saved."

At Vienna there was talk early in October of producing a new operetta, Beautiful Blue Danube," with some unknown music by Johann Strauss. nd with Strauss as the hero. His heirs and publishers protested and hreatened to get the production forbidden by the authorities.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky has called on prominent or less known but worthy posers to write for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Or-stra. Some of these compositions have already been performed. A new phony by Prokofieff is announced for this week; not the savage Proko-f of the Scythian suite and "They are Seven," splendid in barbarity; but amiable and graceful Prokofieff of the "Classic" symphony—at least is the report. Symphonies by Stravinsky, Honegger and Howard Han-will soon be heard. Music by young Lambert of London and by the nchman Ferroud is promised. The former's "Rio Grande," which has with great success in London, will be performed at New York in Jan-y by the Schola Cantorum. It should be heard in Boston). Messrs. Hill Hanson are the only Americans yet mentioned in connection with 50th anniversary, but it is said that Aaron Copland has a symphony in d; that Messrs. Loeffler and Carpenter were invited to compose, but they lined, giving an excellent reason, viz., that they could not write as they ld like to write, under the conditions. This may be merely rumor.

It may be remembered that Miss Mary Garden was peeved when Mr. e Howe apropos of her singing at Amarillo, Texas, described her as being old she teetered." Well, on Nov. 2 they took tea together at Amarillo. d in this cup we bury all unkindness." It was a joyous occasion. Mr. we, we read, wore a frock coat, but Mayor Thompson donned a dinner ket. Mr. Howe admitted that, as a boy, he had spent three months in ope studying grand opera. He also said that he was Miss Garden's voted admirer for life." Others have made this declaration—but for e"?

The Austrian Broadcasting Society at Vienna purposes to produce Wag-'s operas as spoken plays without music, "so as to give an idea of the mposer's importance as a dramatist." Wotan will be a deadlier bore than r.

Ernest Newman, listening to "The Love of Three Kings," writes: "By the way, the psychology of Fiora raises an interesting musical nt. In the scenes with her husband we are to suppose that she is cold wards him, the marriage having been merely one of convenience. Can usic, which is an art of emotion, express convincingly the absence of otion? Are there not things that lie outside its range, or is it merely at for certain inherently difficult phases of psychology the right man s not yet come forward? Ruskin laid it down that the girl can sing her lost love, but the miser cannot sing of his lost money bags. That emed true enough at one time, but Wagner's treatment of Alberich rather ocked the bottom out of the thesis; Alberich's heart hunger for his lost ld is as moving as anything in the 'Ring.' Perhaps another Wagner ll be able to do what Montemezzi has failed to do—write music that all truthfully express the coldness of an unloving woman's heart."

"Put a very estimable person with a nice voice into the limelight and e usually ceases to be a normal human being and becomes a prima donna. greatly affects the work of the composer, for instead of his being able to rite the music he thinks, he has to write for the prima donna and what e general public wants."—Dr. George Dyson, at Oxford, Eng.

"We are not prepared merely to accept a group of notes which sound mething like a pussy cat walking down the piano just because they sound ce. There must be sense in them, too. The ear is not the same today as it as ten years ago. It accepts now what ten years ago it would have re-rded as chaotic nonsense. Nowadays there is often a feeling of irritation perienced when one knows exactly what the next chord is going to be, and e can feel a keen delight when that chord does not go to the accustomed ace, but instead nearly lifts one out of one's seat by an unexpected turn. he main thing that we musicians have to get out of our heads is what usic looks like. We have got into the habit of learning it entirely by the es instead of learning it by sound. The fortunate children of today are starting to learn music by sound, and are beginning where we older musicians are about to leave off. We have got to think musically."—Basil Allchin at Oxford, Eng.

We read a card from Walter Gieseking in a London newspaper in which he ended a eulogy by saying: "I hold the Grotrian-Steinweg pianoforte to be the most perfect product of the present day pianoforte industry in every respect." Then why does he prefer an American piano for his recitals in the United States?

"Descendants of Bellini were so touched by Dino Borgioli's singing in 'I Puritani' that they gave him the original manuscript of the score." Was Bellini ever married? No, but he left at least two brothers when he died. They were anxious to receive what money he had received for his operas.

Important for singers: John Mewburn Levien in his short life of Sir Charles Santley recently published by Novello & Co. says that Santley's method of breathing was not abdominal, "but rather the inflation of the back and sides of the waistcoat than the protrusion of the lower part in front." Modest Santley! Yet, there is a certain pleasure—or amusement—in watching those addicted to abdominal breathing, unless the singer is as fat as the old-time German heroic tenor or passionately roaring prima donna.

Mr. W. J. Henderson in the N. Y. Sun:

"The state of mind of the modernist is at least forward looking. He can orate with the campaign speakers who reverberate continually, 'The Republican party is the party of progress.' When they took me out of the cradle and put a virgin notebook into my hands and sent me over to Brooklyn to report a campaign rally, that was the first thing I heard rolling sonorously from the mouth of Gen. Stewart L. Woodford. Well, the modernist party in music is the party of progress.

"I believe in the new harmonies, in atonality, polytonality, any tonality, eternal dissonance, shattering of the old melodic lines, whole armies of instruments of percussion, and all the rest of it—provided any or all of these things are used to fashion musical art form. Of course, it not infrequently happens that the modernist who creates a genuine art work is condemned by his fellows as a reactionary. Probably Louis Gruenberg has heard something of this kind. But we have had some demonstrations of ability—comparatively feeble, to be sure—to make real music with the new materials.

"And it is indisputable that no one is turning out anything significant with the old materials. It is not the modernist machinery that is at fault; the old wheels do not go around either. What we need is composers, not mere music makers."

Sheridan Russell, a son of Henry Russell, director of the Boston Opera Co. while it lived, recently gave a violoncello recital in London. Mr. Bonavia, a critic not easily pleased, wrote that Sheridan is gifted with "a severe sense of style; he is the kind of performer who inspires confidence, and one listens to him with pleasure." As a little boy, he once took part in a children's concert at the Boston Opera House.

Percy Grainger, the excellent pianist and entertaining composer, married very publicly at Hollywood—was it not in the Bowl?—Miss Ella Stroem. She is now giving an exhibition of decorative tile portraits and tile designs in New York. The sixth of these portraits is one of herself and husband. "Here the sun is the symbol of fame, shining down upon the successful artist. The man looks eagerly towards success and fame, while the woman lowers her head for fear of being dazzled by it."

David Barnett, who will give a piano recital, is not only a pianist, he has lectured at Emporia on "The piano as a means of diffusing music," and lectured in New York. He writes articles about music, annotates his programs and is said to be blessed with an "intense concentration" and "firmness of purpose." He also makes a "vigorous and searching inquiry into all aspects of musical learning." In Boston he will only play the piano, having studied with Berthe Bert, Messrs. Brockway and Cortot and played with orchestras in Berlin and Paris. This versatile man is only 23 years old, having displayed "perfect pitch" at the age of 3.

Alfredo Warsaw, tenor, recently celebrated the 60th anniversary of his debut in public at New York. He lost his singing voice some years ago, but thinks he has recovered it. He should be at the Metropolitan Opera House with Scotti and some of his associates.

Second Sight

By W. E. GREENOUGH

Mr. and Mrs. Average Playgoer seldom take their evenings in the theatre too seriously. If the author has demonstrated to his own satisfaction some theory concerning divorce or crime or other social relations and problems, those who have sat through the proceedings are quite content to let it go at that. They hasten home, look in the ice box for a snack, and call it a night. There come times, however, when one's curiosity is piqued, when the playwright, either purposely or unwittingly, tells too little, stops when his audience would have him go on a bit further. Such a playwright is Elmer Rice, such a play is "Street Scene," now at the Wilbur Theatre.

Mr. Rice has admitted that he built "Street Scene" from a wordless play which he called "The Sidewalks of New York." It "consisted of about 15 scenes—some realistic, some stylized, some fantastic, some symbolic—dealing with various aspects of New York life, and attempting, in sum, to present a sort of metropolitan panorama." One scene, representing the awakening of a "brownstone front" in the early morning hours, remained in his mind. He felt that it contained the germ of a full-length play. When, in 1927, he started work on this idea, he discovered technical difficulties, the physical problem of manipulating so many characters, with more than 75 entrances and exits in the first act alone; the second problem of introducing these characters in terms of action, without danger of confusion or boredom to the audience; and the third problem, to make the playing of intimate scenes upon the sidewalk seem plausible. Those obstacles mounted, Mr. Rice states that the play almost wrote itself.

But there was, and is, a fourth element in "Street Scene" which, while it in no way endangers the solidity of text and performance, seems certain to leave an audience slightly dissatisfied. Having told us all he can within

a fixed period of time, Mr. Rice perforce rings down his curtain on an unfinished play. We know that Frank Maurrant, in drunken rage, has killed his wife and the man for whose furtive caresses she had risked scandal and had invited tragedy. We assume that Maurrant went to the electric chair; but we do not know what became of the daughter Rose. An attractive girl, with peculiar ideas, she simply walks off the stage, her sole possessions a new wicker suitcase and her secret ideas as to her future. She had wanted to get away from all this sordidness, out into open, clean country. She liked young Kaplan, the Jewish youth, but did not love him. Yet she allowed him to kiss her, as she did Harry Easter, the real estate operator whom she knew to be married.

Apparently she had strange conceptions of life. "I don't think people ought to belong to anybody but themselves. I was thinking, that if my mother had really belonged to herself, and that if my father had really belonged to himself, it never would have happened. It was only because they were always depending on somebody else, for what they ought to have had inside themselves. That's why I don't want to belong to anybody, and why I don't want anybody to belong to me." Well, did Rose grow old in spinsterhood; did she take love lightly, and leave it; or did she find her ideal mate and home? And what of little Willie, the "kid brother," giving every promise of developing into a gutter tough? Did she put him in an institution, or did she devote her life to his regeneration?

There is Sam Kaplan, whose sister taught school without enthusiasm that Sam might have funds to finish a law course. Sam cried when Rose left. Did he use that 10 cents' worth of carbolic acid which he had urged Rose to share with him, or did he brace up and marry a plump Jewish girl and acquire a substantial progeny? To what evil end did Vincent, porcine son of the Jonesos, arrive? Under that taxi driver's cap he carries all the makings of a thug. And his sister Mae, working in a shop days and drinking erosive gin and sleeping out nights. Reformation in her case seems impossible. She might rise to the ranks of a "Vanities" chorus. These are characters whose future leaves us in speculative mood. Not that it really matters much, but one cannot help wondering. Perhaps some day Mr. Rice will enlarge his setting and narrate the sequel to "Street Scene." If he does not do it, the movies will.

Nov 10 1930

CLARE CLAIRBERT

At Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, Clare Clairbert, Belgian coloratura soprano, gave a recital with the assistance of Francis de Bourguignon, pianist, and Eugene de Lion, flutist. Mme. Clairbert's part of the program was as follows: Proch, Variations (with flute obbligato); De Bourguignon, Mandoline; Alabieff-Liebling, Russian Nightingale; Mozart, Air from "The Abduction from the Seraglio"; Giordano, Caro mio Ben; Brumagne, Serenade; Verdi, Ah, fors e lui (from "La Traviata"). Mr. de Bourguignon played an Allegro Appassionate by Saint-Saens; MM. Lion and De Bourguignon together performed a Polonaise and a "Badinerle" of Bach.

Mme. Clairbert, who has already sung in the West, but has not previously been heard in these regions, is said to have attained high repute in Europe as operatic and concert singer. After hearing her yesterday, it was not difficult to credit this report. Mme. Clairbert's coloratura has a brilliance, an agility, an appearance of effortless ease, that we have rarely heard surpassed, combined with a musical intelligence that one does not expect to find in the singing of a coloratura soprano. So sensitively did she sing those songs on her program (as well as others added in response to applause) whose primary purpose was not the display of technique, that it seemed certain that she could do ample justice to, for example, a Debussy program.

Mme. Clairbert's voice has not, particularly in its middle register, the honeyed smoothness that is characteristic of the best Italian sopranos. There is in it a hint of the "wiriness," the suggestion of friction, that the mind associates (not wholly without justification) with the singing of French sopranos. But this quality is hardly perceptible in the higher registers, where the voice has both a ringing clarity and a flexibility which, skilfully used as it is, enable it to be varied in quality, to be diminished and increased in volume, to an unusual degree.

Coloratura programs are seldom musical feasts. Mme. Clairbert's was perhaps a shade better than most. At least it did not contain Bishop's "Lo, hear the Gentle Lark," for which thanks are hereby proffered. Proch's "Variations" on a theme of classic flavor were pleasant enough; they were sung both with agility and with a certain elegance of style. One felt that she would have done better justice both to Mozart and to herself in the air from "The Abduction from the Seraglio" if her accompanist had not galloped quite so exuberantly. Even as it was, though as a whole the piece was too hurried, there were moments that were delightfully graceful. Her singing of "Ah, fors e lui" was a musically interesting and expressive piece of work that would have had greater dramatic force if the words had been more clearly enunciated. It lost nothing by differing slightly from the traditional Italian interpretation of the air.

Mr. de Bourguignon's setting of Verlaine's "Mandoline" will hardly supplant those of Debussy and Faure, not to mention a host of others, but, modern in its idiom, it gave Mme. Clairbert an opportunity to show her unusual gifts as a singer of songs that make demands upon the musicianship of the singer. Estelle Liebling's version of Alabieff's "Nightingale" was charmingly, delicately sung; a mellifluous and graceful cantilena made her rendering of Giordani's "Caro mio Ben" very pleasing.

Mme. Clairbert's concert proved her a singer possessing all the coloratura virtues—the agility, the almost instrumental accuracy of intonation, the extreme upper range,—with an added sensitiveness to music, and an added force of personality that make her an unusually interesting singer. She was accorded an exceedingly enthusiastic reception.

S. S.

AUBREY PANKEY, BARITONE

Aubrey Pankey, baritone, sang to a fairly large audience yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Where e're you walk (Handel); Invocazione di Orfeo (Peri); Occhietti Amati (Falconieri); Presto, Presto lo M'innamoro (Mazzaferrata); Inter Nos, (MacFaydyen); The Day is Done (Spross); A Caravan from China Comes (Storey-Smith); An Old Song Resung (Griffes); Sonntag, Die Mainacht, Von ewiger Liebe, and O wusst' ich doch den Weg zuruck (Brahms). Poor me, Wade in de water, Way up heaven, Sometimes I feel like a motherless child, and I know de Lord's laid his hands on me (Negro spirituals).

Mr. Pankey's rich and warm voice has received good training, though the young singer is not yet fully in command of its possibilities, nor entirely at ease throughout its register. But he is careful and painstaking, not content just to sing out happily, making no use of phrasing or nuance, as some young singers do; he has studied each song he sings to bring out its flavor and meaning, and he conveys, in many cases, a real distillation of its spirit. But he must learn to sing at the extreme ends of his voice—highest as well as lowest tones as not yet freely produced; his enunciation in foreign tongues is not accurate; his voice is rather stiff in quick light rhythms—does not follow his will.

But Mr. Pankey has many positive virtues. He is musical—his phrasing is instinctively good; he is not an imitator,—for he did some of his songs deliberately, and yet musically, with an individual touch; he has a healthy idea of the importance of breath control. He evokes a mood delicately and surely; his sense of tempi is very good; he has a modest and charming presence.

Most enjoyable of the songs he sang were "The Day is Done," which revealed his ability to sing long spun-out, slow phrases with grace and simplicity, and "Von Ewige Leibe," which he sang with a fine sense of style, and with a lilt and feeling for the German lied that is not very often met with. His singing of a varied group of Negro spirituals gave much pleasure to the audience, and extra songs were demanded and granted.

E.B.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"The Cat Creeps"

An all-talking mystery comedy, adapted by Gladys Lehman and William Hurlburt from a play by John Willard, entitled, "The Cat and the Canary"; directed by Rupert Julian and produced by Universal with the following cast:

Annabelle West	Helen Twelvetrees
Paul Jones	Raymond Hackett
Charles Wilder	Neil Hamilton
Cicely Young	Lilyan Tashman
Susan Sillsby	Elizabeth Patterson
Roger Crosby	Lawrence Grant
Dr. Patterson	Jean Hersholt
Harry Blytha	Theodore von Eltz
Hendricks	Montague Love
"Mam" Pleasant	Blanche Frideric

Eight years have passed since Mr. Willard's mystery play was a current success on American and London stages. Of its type it was considered one of the best written and mostly effective specimens of that period; its vogue was substantial. The story briefly was that the heirs of Ambrose West had been summoned at 12 o'clock midnight in the family home, Clifton Castle, on the Hudson, on the 20th anniversary of his passing. Old West, being of eccentric mind, feared a strain of insanity in the family, so he devised a will which should meet any such exigency. With his attorney, Roger Crosby, he left a series of envelopes. One named the heir of his estate, a pretty girl named Annabelle West, his niece. Another named an alternate heir in case Annabelle revealed any signs of shattered intellect.

This alternate, who had expected all those years to be the lucky inheritor, plotted to drive Annabelle crazy over night. Familiar with various trick panels and doors in the castle, disguised by a mask, and concealed in great part by a long black cloak, this disappointed individual proceeded to make the night hideous, not only for Annabelle but for the other guests. Murder of the attorney, though not down on the books, became a necessity to the plot. In the play, at the end of the fourth and final act, came the denouement, the unmasking as it were. The police removed the conspirator, now a murderer as well, and Annabelle fell relievedly into the arms of her young lover, Paul Jones.

The screen version is a sluggish affair. Obviously it has been cut and hacked by so many hands that all semblance of coherency has been obliterated. Lackadaisical performance and distorted photography have not helped any. There are moments when gasps, shrieks and exclamation of horror may be expected from those in the audience who delight in such manifestations, but these moments are quickly squelched by inept direction. In other words the sequences are stupidly or clumsily arranged, the continuity of suspense and the sense of impending horrors are lost. A good mystery piece has degenerated into dull travesty. Blanche Frideric, in the role of "Mammy" Pleasant, the swarthy servitor who had lived alone in the castle for 20 years, created the part back in 1922. She alone was able to impart something of the cryptic atmosphere of the piece. A charitable veil may be drawn over the performances of the others.

W. E. G.

KEITH-ALBEE

"The Last of the Lone Wolf"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John T. Neville and Dorothy Howell from the story by Louis Joseph Vance; directed by Richard Boleslavsky and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Michael Lanyard	Bert Lytell
Stefanie	Patsy Ruth Miller
Varril	Lucien Prival
Prime minister	Otto Matieson
King	Alfred Hickman
Queen	Maryland Morne
Camilla	Haley Sullivan
Master of ceremonies	Pietro Sosso
Count von Rimpau	Henry Daniel
Hoffman	James Liddy

Shades of Dumas and Anthony Hope, how romance has degenerated! "The Last of the Lone Wolf," current feature film at the Keith-Albee Theatre, is a pathetic example of everything a Graustarkian tale ought not to be, despite its liberal borrowings from numbers of adventure stories, particularly "The Three Musketeers." The dialogue is so old-fashioned that the heroine in a moment of stress actually calls the hero "contemptible cur!" The rest of the time she talks about her undying devotion to her queen and strikes attitudes whenever she sees the particularly odious villain. As for the noble hero, impersonated by th harde-working Bert Lytell, he is forever breaking in and out of embassies and safes and carrying enormous rings in his pocket when he is not impersonating several military officers of some obscure European country. The entire film is lacking in any sort of coherence or even of interest. From the very beginning, the outcome is so obvious that it is hardly worth waiting to see. The program credits the direction to Richard Boleslavsky, but it doesn't bare much trace of his handiwork. He must have been having an off-day.

Michael Lanyard, otherwise the Lone Wolf, tries to rob the treasury of Saxonia, is caught and sentenced to 10 years in the salt mines. The prime minister reprieves him on condition that he retrieve a ring, injudiciously bestowed by the queen upon a handsome admirer. It is the old Dumas touch of Cardinal Richelieu and Milady de Winter. Lanyard departs on his mission, but aboard the train he rescues the beautiful Stefanie from the officious Varril, also in the prime minister's pay. Of course, he does not know that Stefanie is the Queen's lady-in-waiting, doing her best to regain the same ring for her mistress. The plot becomes deeply involved, with Michael and Stefanie continually misunderstanding one another, but in the end the queen has her jewel and Michael has Stefanie and a pardon. Just how he did it is too involved to explain.

Bert Lytell as the noble hero-criminal managed to utter his speeches as though he meant them, but Patsy Ruth Miller had difficulty in keeping a straight face. Lucien Prival and Otto Matieson contributed some conventional villainy and the others did their best.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Sinners' Holiday"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harry Thew from the play by Marie Baumer entitled "Penny Arcade"; directed by John Adolfi and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Angel Harrigan	Grant Withers
Jennie Delano	Evalyn Knapp
Harry Delano	James Cagney
Ma Delano	Lucille La Verne
Myrtle	Joan Blondell
Buck	Noel Madison
George	Otto Hoffman
Mitch McKane	Warren Hymer
Sikes	Purnell B. Pratt
Joe	Ray Gallagher
Happy	Hank Mann

A stage play that fails is usually equally unsuccessful in motion pictures, but "Sinners' Holiday," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, is the exception that proves the rule. Adapted from "Penny Arcade," which lasted on Broadway about a week, it proves good screen entertainment, well-acted and forefully directed. The atmosphere of the cheap, shoddy amusement park, with its penny booths, hot-dog stands and speakeasys is admirably conveyed, and makes a fairly novel background for a story of crime, young love in difficulties and the adoration of a strong-willed woman for her worthless son.

Ma Delano, proprietress of the penny arcade, has three children, Joe, a steady-going honest youth, Jennie, pretty despite the hardness sprung from her different life, and Harry, the youngest, a weakling and a liar, in whom all her affection is centred. Jennie falls in love with Angel Harrigan, breezy barker with a prison record, and Ma threatens to throw her out if she marries him. Harry gets into a jam, double-crosses Mitch McKane, the bootlegger for whom he had been working, and kills to save his skin. Jennie chances to see the crime from her window, but keeps her mouth shut, trusting that guilt can be fastened on some one else. The park is closed pending police investigation, and Ma Delano, suspicious of Harry's extreme nervousness, forces a confession from him. Moved in spite of herself by his abject terror, she plants the gun in Angel's bag, proposing to let him bear the blame.

Torn between her love for Angel and her loyalty to her brother, Jennie cannot at first bring herself to tell the truth, but in the end she blurts out what she saw. Harry is taken away by the police, showing at last an unexpected streak of courage that enables him to face the consequences without flinching, and the penny arcade reopens, with Ma Delano in her usual place. The story is enhanced by the good acting of most of the cast. Particular praise is due to James Cagney, a newcomer, for his realistic portrayal of the weak snivelling Harry. He promises well for the future. Lucille La Verne drew Ma Delano with broad, sometime melodramtic strokes and sure sense of dramatic effect. Warren Hymer is excelent as the sinister Mitch McKane, Evalyn Knapp makes an appealing Jenny, and Grant Withers is unusually good as the wisecracking Angel Harrigan.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Smiles," musical comedy with Marilyn Miller, the Astaires; Ziegfeld production, final week; 8:10.

MAJESTIC—"The Blue Ghost," mystery comedy-drama, with Seena Owen; 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"Michael and Mary," A. A. Milne's comedy, with Madge Kennedy, Terence Neill; 8:30.

TREMONT—"The Merchant of Venice," with Maurice Moscovitch as Shylock; starting Tuesday evening; 8:15.

WILBUR—"Street Scene," Pulitzer prize play; 8:30.

NOTE—The Hollis Street, Lyric and Shubert Theatres are dark this week.

JOSE ITURBI

By PHILIP HALE

ose Iturbi, pianist, gave a recital erday afternoon in the ball room he Hotel Statler. His program was follows: Mozart, Sonata, F major. ck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and ation. Balakirev, Islamey, Bach, rice on the Departure of his Be- d Brother. Albeniz, El Albaicin m "Iberia"). Tansman, Spiritual . Blues (from the "Transatlantique" atine). Infante, El Vito (Spanish me and variations; dedicated to rbi).

Bach's brother Johann Jakob, three rs older than Sebastian, in 1704, posed as an oboe player to enter the vice of Charles XII of Sweden, who s then campaigning in Poland. On way the oboist called at Arnstadt to e leave of Sebastian who then pre- ted him with the Caprice played terday. As program music, modeled er Kuhnau's Sonatas on Biblical jects, it portrays first friends dis- ding the oboist from his adventure. ugal movement following is thought some to be "humorous." The third vement is a lamentation. Then the llion's horn is heard and the coach es to a fugue on the post-horn air. ck's Prelude, Fugue and variation. inally an organ piece written about 0, was arranged by Franck himself ozen years later for piano and har- nium. This arrangement has been ed in Boston.

The "Albaicin" of Albeniz is said to the portion of "Iberia" preferred Debussy and De Falla. The title hat of Grenada's suburb, "the suburb those from Balza" when that Moor- city was taken and sacked by the istians in 1239. The town is famous the birthplace of the 11,000 Virgins monly called of Cologne, but they are lmed by the Spanish. The scoffing hard Ford wrote in his "Handbook Travellers in Spain"; "These ladies lly born in Cornwall about the year , were daughters of one Nothus, a eat lord, and the Bastard family is ll among the best in the West of gland." Henri Collet in his "Alben- et Granados" says that Albeniz uld not have written as he wrote he had lived in the Alhambra; if had not been a "deracine"; and so gained in spontaneity and verve hat he lost in "documental truth." was not in his nature to be an rudite" composer; but his heart re- ained Spanish, the Spain of the imitive jongleurs. The music of the paniard Manuel Infante was intro- uced in Paris, where he now lives, by r. Iturbi about 1921; in Boston by r. Copeland.

What Hazlitt said of Drouet, the flute ayer, may be said of Mr. Iturbi: "his rs are at their finger's ends," for Mr. rbi realizes that tone should in it- l be beautiful. He is thus peculiarly ited to play the music of Mozart, on count of this endowment, and by ason of his technical proficiency, for ozart's music is more taxing than that the thunder and guns, the heaven de- ding school. Yesterday the Sonata was lightfully performed, though Saint- hens, who wrote an interesting preface his edition of the Sonatas, would ave found the pace of the finale too pid. Delightful also was the interpre- tion of Franck's music, in which, ven in the transcription, one hears t times the organ of Sainte-Clotilde. t was to be expected that there would e a brilliant rendering of "Islamey," hich 40 or 50 years ago was thought mpossible on account of its difficulties. n Bach's Caprice the treatment of the ugal passages was the most interesting, o clearly was the walk of the re- pective parts defined. "Islamey" now eems as old as this Caprice, which may ave hurried the departure of the loved rother if Sebastian played this music o him. With all due respect to the pinion of Debussy and De Falla, "Le lbaicin" is surpassed by other pages n "Iberia." One is always expecting omething to come, and the return of ne "Copla" does not console one for uch inconsequential chatter.

It is plain that Tansman, sojourning n the United States, was impressed as vere Ravel and others by jazz, especially he "blues." His own homage to this nusic is charming in its comparative obriety and by the suggestion of a axophone, now wailing, now impu- ently claiming prominence. It should e recorded as a significant fact that after Tansman's music died away, stop- ping abruptly, and in an unexpected manner, the large audience present in id of Dennison House broke out in the eartiest, spontaneous, long continued pplause of the afternoon.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Monday Symphony Series opened last night with the following program: Two Preludes of Bach arranged for String Orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli; Metamorphoseon, Modi XIII (Theme and Variations), composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Ottorino Respighi; Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, in A Major.

Dr. Koussevitsky was given a warm reception by the audience, most of whom were in their seats before the concert began, ready and eager for music.

The orchestra's playing of the two Bach preludes, arranged beautifully by Pick-Mangiagalli, was exceedingly brilliant; the violins played with wonderful unity and flexibility the one of the preludes which is often heard as a violin solo in concert halls, so difficult and dazzling it is. The slower of the two preludes was played with a great richness of tone and beauty of phrasing. Respighi's Metamorphoseon sounds best when heard from the part of the hall nearest the stage, for they gather glamor from constantly-renewed percussive waves of color from the instruments. From some distance, when the deceptive vibrations have been dissipated, the music seems a trifle thin and repetitious. Beethoven's Seventh was given the vigorous and sensitive reading Dr. Koussevitsky has taught his audiences to expect—a strong, well-molded, moving interpretation. E. B.

HORTENSE HUSSERL

Hortense Husserl, a young American pianist who has studied in New York and Berlin, made her Boston debut at Jordan hall last night, playing the following somewhat austere program: Beethoven, 32 Variations; Schubert, Sonata Op. 79; Krenek, Two Suites for Piano, Op. 26; Debussy, General Lavine, excentrique, Les sons et les parfums tournent dans l'air du soir; Etude pour les cinq doigts.

Miss Husserl's playing is of the kind sometimes called "masculine." Technically well developed though not impeccably accurate, it has as identifying characteristics chiefly a vigorous alertness, energy in tone-production, and an uncompromising forward march. The latter quality manifested itself most successfully in the monumental C minor Variations of Beethoven; the former perhaps in the rhythmically interesting, harmonically atonal, melodically dull pieces by Krenek.

She played earnestly but unconvincingly the Schubert sonata. A rhythm strangely indeterminate despite her vigor of attack, a failure to make the structure of the music reasonably clear and to achieve any marked differentiation (or, for that matter, any impressive unity) of style and mood, contributed to this result. Of her Debussy group, the "Five-Finger Study," whose crisp style suited her admirably, and the humorous "General Lavine" were played best. The atmospherics of "Les sons et les parfums" eluded her. Warmly applauded by an enthusiastic audience, she added some pieces to her program.—S. S.

MAJESTIC

"The Blue Ghost"

"The Blue Ghost," a mystery play in ree acts by Bernard J. McOwen and J. P. ewerts; produced by Jimmie Cooner at the rrest Theatre, New York, March 10, 30; performed last evening at the Majestic Theatre with the following cast:

. De Former .....Bernard J. McOwen
r. Gray .....Leslie King
sper .....Nate Busby
spector Wise .....Douglas Cosgrove
ank Host .....Allen Franklin
orence Waller .....Seena Owen
e stranger .....Frank Du Frane

Mr. Cooper, tiring temporarily at ast of retailing the fleshly candors that phase of the Theatrical Arts, nown as high-class burlesque, has rned for his own amusement and that his fellow-beings to the more or less alfing aspects of necromancy Being astute exhibitor, and one experienced in the traffics of the stage, he nows that there are in this highly telligent nation thousands of men and omen who are eager to be fooled. To his gullible element Mr. Cooper dedicates "The Blue Ghost." Judging by he rapture displayed by last evening's audience, his reasoning is accurate. In such a situation it is the audience and not the play which holds the stage. The narrative may be wildly improbable, the artifices and tricks as old as the hills, the acting crude and clamorous. If what is said and if what happens on that stage chances to hit the funny bones of those out in front, all is well. The more preposterous the antics, the more successful is the evening.

To attempt to outline the plot of "The Blue Ghost" would be to entangle the wavering reason of the reviewer and to enmesh the reader in a hopeless maze. Suffice that the action calls for frequently darkened stages, for secret panels, for strange and abrupt disappearances. One gathers that Dr. De-Former, a very nervous recluse in his castle on Harlan Cliffs, Calif., and Frank Host, apparently a bootlegger out on parole, are interested in the same woman, the only woman in the cast. She is known as Florence Waller, a news-writer who, arrayed in a pale blue evening gown, has come to the doctor's home to run down stories she has heard about the evil meanderings of a blue ghost. Inspector Wise also has come from police headquarters. There is a Negro servitor, Jasper, who wears a white jacket, rolls his eyes, shows a cavernous mouth, and emits more noises and more inane comments than have ever been heard before in any one performance. A hideous figure of a man called Mr. Gray is introduced late in the play, as a drug addict who voices hatred for everyone with such vehemence as to cause wonder that he can so maltreat his vocal organs eight times a week, and live to the ninth time. When the last pistol shot has been fired, the last accusation hurled, and the last instance of vanishing recorded, there emerges from the smoking ruins the suspicion that some one of the participants in this chaotic fantasy has been drinking wood alcohol. More than that we cannot say, and keep faith.

The acting matches the material with unfaltering consistency. Mr. Busby, out of minstrelsy and vaudeville, plays slyly on the moods of his auditors. As their laughter encourages him, his extravagances mount. Miss Owen gave a strikingly misleading conception of what a leading lady should be. Mr. McOwen evinced remarkable agility as Dr. De-Former, Mr. Cosgrove as the police inspector came and went, to little purpose. Mr. King's make-up as the crazed addict was fittingly shocking. Through it all, the audience laughed, as do children at a puppet show. Which proves, as we hinted at the beginning, that Mr. Cooper is a wise showman. W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Remote Control"

An all-talking comedy drama by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler from the stage play of the same name by Clyde North. Albert C. Fuller and Jack T. Nelson, directed by Malcolm St. Clair and Nick Grinde and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

William Judd Brennan ..... William Haines
Sam Ferguson ..... Charles King
Marion Ferguson ..... Mary Doran
Prof. Kruger ..... John Miljan
Polly ..... Polly Moran
Smedley ..... J. C. Nugent
Radio Engineer ..... Edward Nugent
Chief of Police ..... Wilbur Mack
Blodgett ..... James Donlan
Al ..... Edward Brophy
Max ..... Warner P. Richmond
Frank ..... Russell Hopton

Every so often, an optimistic press-agent or underling working for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will get out a cheerful announcement to the effect that some forthcoming film presents an entirely new and different William Haines. We regret to state that "Remote Control," current feature picture at Loew's State Theatre fails to attain this much to be desired consummation. Mr. Haines is up to all his old tricks, without one omission or variation. He is as insufferably conceited, as impertinent and as generally obnoxious as usual. If it is the fault of the director, Mal St. Clair, he should be taken into a quiet corner and gently admonished, but if it is Mr. Haines's, there is no sufficiently drastic remedy on hand.

"Remote Control" is taken from a rather clever murder-mystery play that attained considerable success in New York last season. The present version is so generally mauled about that there doesn't seem to be anything left of the original source saving the title. The scene is no longer confined to the radio broadcasting studio, but wanders up and down town into police stations, restaurants, cheap rooming-houses and even the vaults of a bank. There is no murder, only a too long drawn out unmasking of a gang of mysterious robbers, known as the "ghost gang." There is a really effective climax, however, that is worth seeing, provided you can wait through what goes before. The hero uses the novel device of a string of paper dolls to tell of a forthcoming robbery, but just how it was all worked out, we leave to you to discover.

Most of the stray comedians in Hollywood were dragged in for the sake of a few laughs, and indeed the best fun of the picture was provided by Benny Rubin in a travesty on melodramatic recitation. Polly Moran wanders around, completely at a loss and with nothing to do, while the stuttering Edward Brophy serves, somewhat surprisingly, as deus ex machina. Mr. Haines, as the fresh but ingenious radio announcer, is his usual self. Charles King sings one song rather nicely and pertty little Mary Doran is a sprightly though unimportant heroine. John Miljan makes a sleek and acceptable villain.

—E. L. H.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

By PHILIP HALE

Tremont Theatre: "The Merchant of Venice," a comedy by William Shakespeare, as played last night in three acts and 11 scenes. Presented by Charles Dillingham in association with Erlanger Productions, Inc.

The Duke of Venice ..... Frank Howson
Prince of Morocco ..... Louis Polan
Antonio ..... Hugh Buckler
Bassanio ..... Geoffrey Wardwell
Salanio ..... Geoffrey Harwood
Salarino ..... Philip Robinson
Gratiano ..... Albert Hayes
Lorenzo ..... John Halloran
Shylock ..... Maurice Moscovitch
Tubal ..... Henry Alexander
Launcelot Gobbo ..... Maury Tuckerman
Old Gobbo ..... Noel Ainley
Leonardo ..... Sylvia Ware
Balthazar ..... Charles Hanna
Stephano ..... Lucille Lisle
A Page ..... Vera Krug
Portia ..... Selena Royle
Nerissa ..... Judith Elder
Jessica ..... Dorothy Tree

It is not necessary to ask whether Mr. Moscovitch's Shylock, like Macklin's years ago is

"The Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

Nor is it necessary to inquire curiously whether Shylock in Shakespeare's time was regarded as a comic character. In the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth and the years immediately following Jews and maniacs on the stage were expected to excite laughter. Through the last century Shylock was played in various ways: in tragic vein, in a melodramatic manner with a mixture of tragic intensity relieved by comedy expressed by gesture, grimace, and inflections of voice. And so one audience would loathe the Jew and his fell purpose; another set of spectators would pity him as a much abused, deeply wronged person and almost forgive him his insistence on a pound of flesh.

Mr. Moscovitch revealed forcibly Shylock's hatred of Antonio the man, chiefly from some personal reason at which he hints, but not in his famous reply to the would-be borrower at their first meeting in the play. Nor was his hatred merely a religious one. Antonio stood, it is true, for the Christians in Venice who insulted and persecuted the Jews, but that was not the sole cause for Shylock's hatred.

This excellent actor emphasized the sardonic humor of Shylock, who by it and by his force of logical reasoning stood on a higher plane than Antonio and his friends when it came to any argument. When Mr. Moscovitch was truly tragical, it was in quiet moments without speech, as when, returning home, he found that Jessica had fled with a Christian. His sitting before the door, with bent head and broken heart was more eloquent than any frantic gesturing, tearing of hair, upraised arms in agony or imprecation, or any stormy tirade.

His great scene was his questioning of Tubal with the rapid changes of mood; his grief over the lost ducats and jewels alternating with his demoniacal joy at hearing of Antonio's misfortunes. In this scene he rose above other portrayals of the role that have visited Boston in many years. While his conception of the character and the physical expression of it was consistent and striking throughout; while he was dramatic in the trial scene by changes of temper, by his serious appeals for justice, his hideous appetite for revenge; his exultation over the learned judge's decisions, it was the scene with Tubal that set him above and apart from other actors in this role.

More may be said about Mr. Moscovitch and the play itself, its fascination, its absurdities, its poetry next Sunday.

The supporting company may be dismissed in a few words. Too many of the members showed lack of sound training in the delivery of Shakesperian lines. The noteworthy exceptions were Mr. Polan, whose Prince of Morocco was impressive in carriage and diction; and Mr. Buckler who showed as Antonio an intelligent use of traditional and appropriate speech, though he nor any other actor can give force to the character itself. Mr. Howson also as the Duke showed the fitting ducal dignity.

One might wish that in performances of "The Merchant of Venice" the Gobbos, father and son, were thrown into the canal. Their "humor" as represented in these days is dreary.

The stage settings were wholly adequate; the pace of the performance brought the end of the play at a reasonable hour. A very large audience applauded Mr. Moscovitch enthusiastically. He should be seen by all lovers of fine acting.

MARIE EVA WRIGHT

Marie Eva Wright, organist, made her Boston debut last night with a recital at Jordan Hall. The following was her program: Bach, Passacaglia and Thema Fugatum; Couperin, Soeur Monique; Franck, Piece Heroique; Bach, Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue; Marie Eva Wright, Le Matin; Clokey, Wind in the Trees; Widor, Allegro and Finale from Symphony V.

The organ of Jordan Hall, so generally reduced to the humiliatingly passive role of decorative background, burst into unwonted activity last night under the hands (and feet) of a visiting player. Miss Wrgiht offered, among other less momentous delights, the opportunity to hear some of the organ music of Bach singing with its own voice rather than transferred—through the charitable services of Liszt, Busoni, and others—to the ubiquitous pianoforte. Ie cannot sincerely be said, however, that Bach gained greatly. The Passacaglia and Fugue were competently if not illuminatingly done. But the Toccata in C, with the Adagio and Fugue, revealed some dissonances that would have interested and surprised the

composer. A piquant effect was produced in the Adagio by the device of making the melody almost inaudibly remote and the subordinate notes of the accompanying harmonies very loud; and frequently throughout her program the recitalist introduced an element of rhythmic freedom by the lengthy pauses that accompanied the turning of pages or the manipulation of stops, holding firmly the while whatever note or chord might chance at that moment to be beneath her fingers.

Miss Wright's own "Le Matin" and Clokey's "Wind in the Trees" proved to be a pair of harmlessly meandering little pieces; the former was the less coherent, the latter the less suggestive of its title. The movements from a Widor Symphony were well chosen to provide an impressive close to the concert, though Miss Wright's performance of them had hardly the technical security and brilliance that could give them their sole excuse for being heard.

S. S.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

'Feet First"

An all-talking screen comedy from the original story by John Grey. Alfred A. Cohn and Clyde Bruckman; directed by Clyde Bruckman and Harold Lloyd and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Harold Horne	Harold Lloyd
Mary	Barbara Kent
John Tanner	Robert McWade
Mrs. Tanner	Lillianne Leighton
Old Timer	Alec Francis
Ship's Officer	Noah Young

Harold Lloyd has even more opportunities for defying death than usual in "Feet First," feature film at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia theatres. Yesterday's audience greeted it with the customary shrieks and howls that are Mr. Lloyd's natural tribute when he hangs suspended 40 stories above the ground with only one finger between himself and instant death. If the material in "Feet First" is not strikingly original, it is extremely funny, even hysterical at times, and should suit the public down to the ground. Mr. Lloyd himself continues to be more amusing silent than in conversation, and the hair-raising climax of the picture gains by being almost exclusively in pantomime. The sight of him clutching wildly at a disappearing rope, clinging to a writhing fire hose as it twists and turns in mid-air, endeavoring to extricate himself from a mail sack as it is hauled up the side of a building on a flimsy painter's tackle and, finally, yelling for help with his feet five inches from the ground, is quite enough to make up for some of the duller passages that go before.

Harold Horne, earnest young shoe clerk in Honolulu, tries to pass himself off as a wealthy business man at one of the city's most exclusive clubs, where he falls in love with Mary, secretary to his employer, Mr. Tanner. Delivering shoes to Mrs. Tanner, a stout lady with a passion for flattery—just as she is sailing for the United States, he is delayed and forced to go with the boat when it leaves. Then follow his desperate efforts to get something to eat and some place to sleep. A small dog gobbles up a cherished morsel as it falls from his pocket, while a quiet snooze in a lifeboat is interrupted by the insane chatter of a sentimental couple. In a desperate effort to get Mr. Tanner's contract to its destination in time, Harold gets into a mail sack which is carried ashore by a plane long before the ship gets in, and then his troubles, already referred to, begin. In the end he wins promotion and Mary.

Mr. Lloyd is his usual helpless, well-meaning and ingratiating self, and Barbara Kent is a pretty and vivacious heroine. The two subsidiary comedians are Noah Young, as a long-faced sailor with a vacant expression, and "Sleep and Eat," a languid Negro youth, who bears a striking resemblance to Stepin Fetchit.

E. L. H.

Nov 15 1930

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Richard Burgin divided the honors at the Young People's concert yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Bach-Pick-Mangiagalli, prelude for string orchestra; Beethoven, allegretto from the Seventh Symphony; Mozart, adagio from the Concerto for Clarinet with Victor Polatschek, soloist; Moussorgsky-Ravel, "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Bowdin, Polovetzkian dances from the opera "Prince Igor." There were explanations with stereopticon slides by Mr. Alfred H. Meyer. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the first three numbers; Mr. Burgin the other two.

The conductors as well as the orchestra were very fortunate in having an audience sufficiently unsophisticated to react naturally to the music they heard. The silence while the music was played was wonderful to behold in children. Some even dared to assist Dr. Koussevitzky in conducting, but unfortunately were quickly suppressed by their escorts, who really were vandals at this concert and only admitted if a child brought them along.

The program was attentively and respectfully listened to through the Mozart, but enthusiasm did not break loose until the Moussorgsky suite was played. The gnome was received as a kindred spirit; the rumbling and creaking of the Polish cart brought forth a heartfelt burst of applause. Over the Ballet of the Chicks in their shells one felt a slight controversy. To some this ballet seemed quite the proper thing; others were a little skeptical over it, yet not enough so to prevent smiling. Needless to say the instruments of percussion were considered the most fascinating in the orchestra. Though Mr. Polatschek's exquisite phrasing was appreciated, it was the roll of a drum that brought excitement to its zenith.

Mr. Meyer's apt remarks and interesting pictures added much to the enjoyment of the audience, though a more personal and imaginative attitude might have aroused his young listeners to a more attentive response. His mere mention of Dr. Koussevitzky's name was met with a spontaneous outburst.

The program will be repeated this afternoon.

L. B. D.

ROBERT SIMMONS

At Jordan Hall, last night, before a very large audience, Robert Simmons, tenor, gave a song recital, his accompanist was Frank La Forge. The following program was performed: Caccini, Amarilli; Bassani, Posate, dormite; Respighi, Stornellatrice; Sibella, Girometta; Schumann, Intermezzo, Auftrage; Strauss, Die Nacht, Morgen, Heimliche Aufforderung; Debussy, Voici que le printemps, Romance, Green, Mandoline; Chadwick, Before the Dawn; Morgan, Clorinda; La Forge, Retreat, Far Away.

Mr. Simmons has sung for radio audiences and, although no concert hall audience could easily exhibit more unmistakeable symptoms of enthusiastic delight than did last night's, yet the feeling was unavoidable that the microphone, with its well-known hospitality to small voices and its horror of loud noises, must be kinder to Mr. Simmons than is the frank, empty, unassisted air. His is a pleasant, light tenor of limited range above and below, most grateful to the ear in its middle register and when used gently. He lacks the skill, however, to translate heightened emotion into tone that is strong, clear and resonant. Then—as when he attempts to reach the upper notes of his range without the use of falsetto—a voice "open" and toneless, even hoarse, results most often; nor, by the same token, is it within his present power to vary markedly the quality and color of his voice.

Such limitations spell, of course, monotony. Confined as he largely was to a program of light and airy lyricism, Mr. Simmons was saved from boring his hearers partly by a certain ingratiating charm of manner, but also, and more legitimately, by the care with which he attempted to enter into the spirit of each sonf, to enunciate its words accurately, clearly and intelligently, to establish its mood, to recreate the appropriate style. Not often in these regards do the recitals of young singers offer evidence of such thorough and conscientious preparation. Within the narrow limits imposed by voice, temperament and technical skill, he achieved in this way a commendable degree of success in differentiating his songs. The broad legato style of Amarilli, the delicately erotic languors of Debussy in Green, the ecstatic exuberance of Heimliche Aufforderung, were beyond him, for different reasons. In other songs, sung accurately enough as far as instructions might be obeyed or intentions fulfilled, the lack of tonal resources was fatal. But now and then a phrase pleasingly turned or expressively modulated, here and there a tripping rhythm neatly thrown off, occasionally an entire song—Schumann's Intermezzo or Debussy's Voici que le Printempts, rather than the superficially charming Clorinda of Morgan, gave evidence of a musical gift that might, with increased command of the vocal resources at hand, eventuallp produce a singer of more significant caliber and more varied power to please.

The applause with which Mr. Simmons's audience rewarded his efforts, and with which it expressed its approval of Mr. La Forge's songs, was of exceptional warmth.

S. S.

DAVID BARNETT

David Barnett, a pianist who is moreover, as we are informed, a composer, a lecturer on musical subjects, and a member of the faculties of two educational institutions, was, at Jordan hall last night, introduced to a Boston audience through the medium of a pianoforte recital, relying upon a series of elaborate program notes for a sample of his ability to discourse illuminatingly upon music. Mr. Barnett played the following program: Bach-Liszt, Prelude and Fugue in A minor; Cesar Franck, Prelude, Choral and Fugue; Brahms, Two Intermezzi; Schmann, Papillons; Chopin, Three Etudes, Nocturne in F sharp minor, Ballade in F minor.

The new pianist made an exceptionally favorable impression, surprising pleasantly those listeners—there must have been more than a few—in whom somewhat extravagant advance notices had engendered skepticism. Strongly individual in the manner of his playing, yet not mannered, Mr. Barnett played wel-known and much-performed pieces of music in his own way—confidently, intelligently, interestingly, sensitively. Endowed with technical skill more than adequate to the tasks he set himself, he used this security to permit undivided attention to the music in hand rather than to the player's prowess.

Mr. Barnett plays boldly, assertively pitching his scale ofdynamic values several degrees higher than that of most other pianists: his piano is equivalent to another pianist's mezzo-forte; his forte to another's fortissimo. A disadvantage of this is that when he wishes to attain a really large climax neither the sonority of the normal concert grand pianoforte nor his own not inconsiderable physical strength is equal to the demands put upon it, and his audience is treated to the spectacle of some strenuous but futile pounding.

But this painful extremity is reached rearely—it occurred last night in Bach—and since Mr. Barnett's tone, though large, is musical and since he varies and contrasts it with great skill and with excellent taste, the ear soon grows accustomed to the unusual scale of his effects. While he commands also a very delicate pianissimo, he saves it for special occasions (such as the accompanying harmonies at the beginning of Cesar Franck's prelude, choral and fugue) and its effectiveness is increased by this restraint.

His playing of the Bach-Liszt prelude, full of nervous energy, was a little rough and slightly confused to the ear; the fugue, on the contrary, while much too stormily vigorous to suggest the pastoral character which Mr. Barnett had ascribed to it in his program notes, had a fine logic and clarity of exposition combined with a movement and a climactic force (driven a little too far, has as been suggested) that made it exciting. He offered a version of Franck's great work that was refreshingly remote from the rather mincing, perfumed, timid impression of it that is standardized in the concert halls. If religious emotion may be held to animate the music, it became under Mr. Barnett's hands a strong, warm, virile faith, rather than, as usual, a rather sickly, poetizing religiosity. Shaping the musical phrases finely but firmly, differentiating boldly between main voices, subordinate voices, and accompanying figures, achieving an admirable consecutiveness of thought, letting its melodies sing but not whine, daring, where the music suggested it, to be vigorous or rhapsodic, he carried the music memorably to a brilliant conclusion.

An intelligent, if perhaps a slightly too emphatic performance of two Intermezzi of Brahms (in B flat minor and E major), an admirably varied, yet unified, rendering of Schumann's Papillons, sensitive and thoughtful readings—unmarred by the fashionable distortion of rubato—of a Chopin group (most successful in the greatest of these pieces, the F minor ballade), completed a concert which had brought an individual and significant artist to the notice of Boston. The aplause was warm and sincere.

S. S.

NOV 14 1930

METROPOLITAN

"The Office Wife"

An all talking drama adapted to the screen by Charles Kenyon from the novel of the same name by Faith Baldwin directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by First National with the following cast:

Anne Murdock	Dorothy Mackaill
Lawrence Fellows	Lewis Stone
Mr McGowan	Robert Ensworth
Kate Halsey	Blanche Friderici
Catherine Murdock	Joan Blondell
Linda Fellows	Natalie Moorhead
Mr. Jameson	Brooks Benedict
Miss Andrews	Dale Fuller
Ted O'Hara	Walter Merry

It is fortunate for the peace of mind of most wives of busy business men that all secretaries are not as fetching as Dorothy Mackaill. Otherwise the divorce which brings about the happy ending in "The Office Wife," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, would be an every day occurrence while the market for pretty stenographers would become extremely bullish. Faith Baldwin's novel, from which "The Office Wife" was adapted, purported to tell all the details of what happens behind closed doors after hours. Something tells us that the lady was working her imagination overtime, but the picture provides fair entertainment, despite its frequent absurdities, and is further redeemed by some excellent performances.

Anne Murdock, pretty and unattached, becomes secretary to the middle-aged but prepossessing Lawrence Fellows when his former secretary resigns on learning of his forthcoming marriage. Anne has her own ideas about falling in love, but she sets out to make herself as pleasing as possible. She attends to her boss's meals, has fresh flowers on the desk and continually displays a very shapely pair of knees. Ere long Mr. Fellows finds himself falling, while Anne becomes far more deeply involved than she had intended. Linda Fellows, in the meantime, too proud to complain to her husband of his neglect, takes up with an eligible admirer. One evening, after working her until all hours, Fellows kisses Anne and both realize that they are in love. On account of Linda, Anne decides that the only thing for her to do is to marry Ted O'Hara, a brash and enterprising newspaper reporter, who has been after her for years. Fortunately for the sake of true romance, she finds out that Linda is divorcing Fellows, and the picture ends with the ex-secretary, now married to her employer, looking at the moon from a very artificial beach.

In the two principal roles Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone were better than the story deserved. Miss Mackaill is easy to look at always and here she manages to convey the impression that she could be efficient as well. Mr. Stone, needless to say, is a finished and commanding performer, lending authority to the most commonplace situations. The real acting news of the film is the excellent work of Joan Blondell as the heroine's hard-boiled younger sister. She has a genuine flair for lasconic comedy. Natalie Moorhead is entirely satisfactory as the handsome Linda.—E. L. H.

NOV 15 1930

PARK

"The Love Trader"

An all-talking drama based on the original story by Harold Shumate; directed by Joseph Hennaberry and presented by Tiffany with the following cast:

Martha Adams	Leatrice Joy
Ponia	Roland Drew
Capt Adams	Henry B. Walthall
Louana	Barbara Bedford
Nelson	Chester Conklin
Capt Morton	Noah Beery
Jones	Clarence Burton
Benson	William Welsh

One of the most muddled and confusing stories yet presented on the screen is "The Love Trader," current feature film at the Park Theatre. The setting is in the South seas, as the title might suggest, but the plot has neither beginning nor end. Whoever was responsible for the cutting should be severely reprimanded, for characters are arbitrarily introduced and then removed before they accomplish what might logically have been expected. Several well-known players wander in and out of the proceedings in a forlorn fashion that makes it hard to be too severe with them. In particular does Leatrice Joy, tricked out in a blond wig and very unbecoming clothes, seem desperately in need of sympathy. The rest, particularly Chester Conklin, looking more than ever like Bruce Bairnsfather's "Old Bill," are distressingly out of countenance.

Capt. Adams, a puritanical New Englander, brings his pretty young wife, Martha, with him when he makes an expedition to the South sea islands to buy pearls. He cheats the natives and arouses the anger of Ponia, the half-white headman of the island, who decides to be revenged on him by stealing his wife. Getting rid of Adams by sending him off on a wild-goose chase, Ponia persuades Martha to come ashore with him and watch the natives dancing. They end up at his house where they barely miss being discovered by Adams himself the next morning. Martha talks a great deal about finding happiness while Ponia stands around in a somewhat embarassed fashion and they finally come to the point of kissing. Next day the ship sails away from the island, but one is left to surmise that Martha unable to endure the thought of returning to New Bedford, has jumped overboard.

The players seemed unable to take themselves very seriously, though Mr Walthall did make an heroic attemp at characterization. There are one or two attractive outdoor scenes, but the whole thing is pretty shoddy.

E. L. H.

Nov 15 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. ussevitzky, conductor, gave its sixth ncert of the season yesterday after-on in Symphony hall. Mozart, Over-e to "The Magic Flute" and Clarinet ncerto (Mr. Polatschek, clarinetist). okofieff, Symphony, No. 4 (first per-mance. Composed for the orches-'s Jubilee). Rimsky-Korsakov, Ca-e on Spanish Themes.

; was said before the performance Prokofieff's symphony that it was e in the line of his "Classical" phony, than after the manner of earlier works, splendid in savagery. performance yesterday, one that id surely have pleased the com-r, did not justify the statement. A from Prokofieff states that in some ages of the symphony he used the e musical material which is intro-ed in his ballet, "The Prodigal Son." ls does not lead to the conclusion," writes, "that the symphony is writ-on the material extracted from e Prodigal Son,' or the 'Prodigal n' on the material from the sym-ony. Merely, in the symphony I d the possibility to develop sym-onically what a ballet-form did not ble me to do." And he cites the ex-ple of Beethoven's ballet "Creatures Prometheus" and his third sym-ny.

The ballet was produced at Paris in y, 1929; the symphony was com-ed in 1929-30. There are four move-nts. Here conventionality stops.

The "Classical" symphony was west-in thought and expression. This rth symphony is orlental as was to expected after one knew that Proko-f had used some of his ballet ma-ial. Hearing the music, one recog-ed a spirit that was not western in y way: Not in thematic invention, in harmonic progressions; decidedly in the orchestration. For his assical" symphony, the composer s quoted as saying that he had writ-after the manner of Mozart. No bt he said this with his tongue in cheek. In the fourth symphony he nt back to the earlier Prokofieff. Nor is re in the later work the melodic in-ration that is desired. There are es that promise beauty; they are n tortured. There are also patterns t are ingeniously used, for it would foolish to question the technical

l of this composer; but one can not on patterns.

ne can easily think that this or t section, especially in the Scherzoso, planned for dancers; that in the er movements there are pages for se on the stage telling the story in tomime. A glance at the ballet e might easily show the folly of cled identifications. The symphony it stands is absolute music, and as sic pure and simple it cannot be ked with the best of Prokofieff's ks. There is no objection to his g the wild man, as in the "Scythian e," and "They Are Seven," but in symphony there is not the bar-c outpourings that have a beauty of r own and impress one by their ngth. In former works the or-stration when clangorous was effec-; more than a mere shock to the vous system. In the symphony the estration in fortissimo is often only ant; and when objective or subtle uty is sought by the blending of in-mental timbres there is, as a rule, a ppointing experiment.

or many years at European sym-ny concerts there was no hesitation the introduction of players of wind ruments as soloists. Even at the certs of the Paris conservatory the ist, oboist, clarinetist and the er of the horn or bassoon was wel-ed and treated respectfully by ience and professional critics. At concerts of the Boston Symphony estra soloists of a few wind instru-nts have made their appearance, but were few in number and they ap-red at long intervals. Mozart wrote oncerto for the oboe, one for the inet, one for the bassoon; for the , also for the flute and harp; sev-for the horn. The clarinet con-o performed yesterday had been ed here at a Symphony concert in 3.

is characteristically Mozartian by grace, suavity and the strange tinge melancholy at times that entered his music, especially in his latter rs. (The concerto was composed a few months before his death.)

Polatschek, who was warmly wel-ed and applauded, played as a mu-an as well as a virtuoso. His per-nance was distinguished by taste-phrasing, and at no time was there attempt to display the virtuoso at expense of the composer. Dr. ssevitzky, always happy in his accompaniment of soloists, brought out the fine details, the ravishing little harmonic and orchestral bits that too often escape the notice of conductors.

A spirited performance of the immortal overture and a brilliant performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's ideas about the nature of Spanish music were greatly enjoyed. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of Nov. 28, 29 will be as follows: Wagner Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Hanson, Symphony No. 2, "Romantic" (first performance; composed for the orchestra's jubilee). Beethoven, Piano Concerto No. 5 (Walter Gieseking, pianist). Ravel, Bolero.

Nov 16 1930

HAROLD BAUER

A piano recital given by Harold Bauer yesterday afternoon drew to Jordan hall an audience of generous size, though by no means as large as this fine pianist deserves. This was his program: Air de Ballet (Gluck-Saint-Saens); Les Barricades Mysterieuses (Couperin); Aria (Leonardo Leo); Capriccio (Johann Schobert); Toccata and Fugue in C minor (Bach); Sonata on E major, Op. 109 (Beethoven); Mazurkas, Op. 7, Nos. 3 and 4, Op. 56, Nos. 2 and 3, Op. 41, Nos. 3 and 4, Op. 33, No. 1, Op. 17, No. 3, Fantaisie Polonaise (Chopin); Impromptu in G flat (Schubert); Etude in C minor (Alkan).

In Gluck's Air de Ballet, assisted by the tactful arrangement of Saint-Saens (who knew his clavecinists), Mr. Bauer subdued his piano to a faintness of tone comparable to that of the contemporary harpsichord, skilfully imitating also the piquancy, the delicately but clearly contrasted tone-qualities characteristic of that instrument, and building up climax rather by the increased sonority obtained by doubling the parts than by any marked augmentation of force. A pleasant change from the pompously inflated or tastelessly modernized versions of such music which some pianists inflict upon their hearers. His "Barricades mysterieuses" were mysterious enough, but to the attentive ear orderly too. The delicately poised charm of Leo's Aria, the Haydnesque humor of Schobert's Capriccio (and Mr. Bauer has at his finger tips all the potentialities for humor that lie in the treatment of the phrase, the placing of the accent, the choice of tempo), led to more serious and more sonorous work.

After the delicacy of the music that had preceded, the grandiosity of Bach seemed for a space rough and repellent—perhaps indeed Mr. Bauer did not at once adapt himself thoroughly to the altered scale of dynamics—but the long and magnificently virile fugue, with its dramatically impressive close, was irresistible; the pianist outdid himself in its performance. He achieved a beautifully polished and consistent rendering of the Beethoven sonata, though we have heard performances of the exquisite theme and variations, forming the third movement, that came nearer to that strange otherworldliness that the late Beethoven so often suggests.

Perhaps Mr. Bauer's performance of a group of Chopin's Mazurkas was the most delightful feature of the recital. Well chosen and cunningly grouped for contrast, these little distillations of the spirit of the Mazurka and of the music of Poland, in their various aspects—melancholy, barbaric, elegantly mondain, naively rustic—were played with astonishingly varied and subtle art. Less epigrammatic, but equally epitomizing a national dance, the Fantaisie Polonaise, strangely neglected by pianists, was warmly, brilliantly done.

A sauve and tasteful rendering, beautifully melodic, of Schubert's G flat Impromptu, and a performance (less clear than it might have been) of a scrambling and somewhat uninteresting Etude by Alkan closed the concert. Mr. Bauer was rewarded by applause that was deservedly enthusiastic. S. S.

Nov 17 1930

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Tol'able David"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Ben Glazer from the novel of the same name by Joseph Hergesheimer, directed by John Blystone and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

David Kinemon.....Richard Cromwell
Luke Hatburn.....Noah Beery
Esther Hatburn.....Joan Peers
Amos Hatburn.....Henry B. Walthall
Alan Kinemon.....George Duryea
Hunter Kinemon.....Edmund Breese
Rose Kinemon.....Barbara Bedford
Mrs. Kinemon.....Helen Ware
Iska.....Harlan E. Knight
Buzzard.....Peter Richmond
Galt.....James Bradbury, Sr.
Doctor.....Richard Carlyle

"Tol'able David," skilfully retouched by John Blystone, is a genre picture of appealing beauty and of rugged strength. In its special class it might well be considered the best photoplay of the year, through dint of its amazing verisimilitude, its perfect alignment in every

Nov 16 By PHILIP HALE

Some, no doubt, witnessing the consistent, excellent portrayal of Shylock's greed and hatred by Mr. Moscovitch, wonder why the Jew thought of the fleshly forfeit and why Antonio was willing to give that bond. They will not take the play for a fairy tale with Shylock an ogre of a cannibalistic taste; with Portia as the beneficent ruler in Elfland.

This story of the pound of flesh is found in the Italian tale written by Fiorentino in the 14th century; it is found in writings of a still earlier date as the ballad of Gernutus, and so the story of the caskets goes back to the ninth century. It is in a Greek romance. But in the materials that were at Shakespeare's hand there is no reason given for Shylock's choice or the "merry sport."

In 1897 an actor named Nutcombe Gould played Shylock at the Olympic Theatre, London. Talking with Antonio shortly before a bond is mentioned, he touched him on the breast, whereupon Antonio drew back, with a gesture of disgust. Did it then occur to Shylock that thus insulted he would revenge himself by cutting the flesh that had spurned him? This bit of stage business, whether it were deliberately planned, or unconscious at the moment, would give some plausibility to the compact. We know little about Gould, the actor, except that, according to report, as Shylock he spoke his lines intelligently, was impressive to the eye, and here as in other roles, Hamlet for instance, was evidently a man of culture. He was 50 years old when he died in 1899.

Was it Irving who first introduced the pictures of Venetian life—the gondola, the maskers revelling—when he played Shylock at the Lyceum? It was said at the time that to fill a street scene "with life and bustle for a moment is merely to emphasize its emptiness when the stage is cleared for action, and some necessary question of the play is then to be considered; the effects are childish in themselves." At the present production, the revellers did not add to the interest of the performance. The gondola fortunately was well behaved.

Richard Grant White wrote in 1858 that this comedy had never been put upon the stage in the costume of the time at which it was written; "gorgeous as that costume was it is by no means certain that much would be gained by absolute correctness in this particular." If the Duke should enter in a cumbrous mantle, with a "queer little bird's nest of a cap"; Antonio with a bonnet like an "inverted porringer"; Bassanio puffed out like a pillow with bombast, "which also swelled his fantastically decorated breeches to an enormous size"; Portia in the "stiff and clumsy skirt and stomacher of a Venetian lady of rank of that day, formidable with bristling ruffs, and with her hair engineered into two little conical turrets of curls upon her forehead," would not even the most intelligent audience burst out in homeric laughter? (Ellen Terry in the casket scene wore a Venetian robe of gold-colored brocaded satin.) As for Shylock: the dress of the Jew in Venice differed from that of Italians in the same rank of life only by a "yellow bonnet" for the men—the color was fixed by public ordinance—and a yellow veil for the women. Saint Didier in his "Historie de Venice" says that the men were distinguished by a scarlet hat lined with black taffeta. A traveller in 1581 wrote that the Venetian Jews wore red caps for the sake of distinction. This merchant, Laurence Aldersey, adds that they wore a large white lawn over their garments "which reacheth from their head down to the ground; as for the women of Venice, they be rather monsters than women. Every Shoomakers or Taylors wife will have a gowne of silke, and one to carie up her traine, wearing their shooes very neere halfe a yard high from the ground; if a stranger meete one of them, he will surely thinke by the state that she goeth with, that he meeteth a lady."

William Archer once saw at Barcelona a version, "Sylok el Judio," in which Portia and Nerissa in the trial scene appeared in black masks. "But the masks only added a new element of improbability to the scene, for they could not mask their voices or their figures." And Archer wrote that in this scene Shakespeare strains our credulity: "it passes muster in an action which belongs in its other main incidents—in the device of the caskets and in the forfeit of the pound of flesh—to the realm of fairy-tale."

It is known by all students of the drama that before Macklin played Shylock the role was given to a low comedian who sported a red beard; a comedian to do his worst with the part; the lines were spoken by a three-hatted, old-fashioned Jew of the street carrying an "old-clo'" bag, and afflicted with "the guttural accents of Houndsditch." With Macklin and his successors Shylock became a tragic character. Irving, it is said, played the part in a minor key. His Shylock—we never saw him in this role—was not so much vindictive and defiant, as an old man, haggard, sordid. He excited pity. He won the sympathy of the audience. When he was robbed of his daughter and his gold he turned to "a deadly purpose of revenge," but he was "no mere usurer punishing a bankrupt debtor." He avenges his private wrong; but he also stands for his nation demanding atonement.

Mr. Moscovitch takes a more melodramatic view of the character, as did that admirable actor Novelli when he was in Boston. Mr. Moscovitch emphasizes greed of money and personal hatred. In his scene with Tubal, remarkably effective as he is, he mourns his lost ducats and his jewels more than his daughter. The only bit of sentiment in his grief is when he speaks of the turquoise ring he had of Leah when he was a bachelor. We referred to his eloquent silence as he sits before his deserted house. Contempt, scorn, rage, hideous joy—these he expresses forcibly, and there are touches of dignity in the first moments of the trial scene; but one would not have Shylock grovel on the floor when Portia's contemptible quibble saves Antonio's life. One would have him leave the courtroom, broken, but not abject. The malignant stare at Antonio is a master touch, but a destroyer of pity.

For in comparison with those who have mocked and insulted him, Shylock in the play is the most of a man. Antonio has treated him brutally and excites little commiseration. If Portia had wedded the Prince of Morocco, she would have taken a better man than Bassanio, the poor fish. Gratiano is a cheap fellow at bottom, who in a club would be a bore by his flow of speech. Was Lancelot Gobbo in the old days supposed to be a clown? Shylock alludes to him as a fool, but that does not imply that he was a domestic jester. Shylock would not have had a servant of that nature. The Gobbos father and son, are now expected to clown it, though the son's quips no longer seem merry, and he and his father could well be dropped. Another might act as go-between for the minor lovers.

It was once the custom of novelists to tell what became of their characters after the happy ending, the sound of wedding bells, the villain baffled, wrong righted. Charles Reade at the end of "The Cloister and the Hearth" deplored the custom but felt obliged to yield. What became of Shylock, Portia, Bassanio? Mr. St. John Ervine wrote a play, "The Lady of Belmont," in which Shylock prospered, became a man of importance, highly respected. As we remember, Portia and Bassanio

We do not think Portia would have been easy as a fireside companion, she would have constantly reminded Bassanio of what she did for his friend Antonio, and brought up in a nagging way the parting with the ring. She would have prided herself on her conversational ability. Lorenzo would have done well to keep Jessica in his sight. She might have eloped with a young, curly-haired Jew engaged in a business that would bring her every luxury.

Concerts

Nov 16 1930

By PHILIP HALE

"Confused explosions of the outrageous effrontery of a young man."

Again: "It is believed that a prodigal use of the most barbaric dissonances and a noisy use of all the orchestral instruments will make an effect. Alas, the ear is only stabbed; there is no appeal to the heart."

Would not one think that these were the opinions of some who squirm in Symphony or Jordan Hall when they hear the work of a young composer now living, but not a personal friend?

The two quotations are from reviews written about performances of Beethoven's first symphony. The first was published at Leipsic in 1801. The second quotation was published at Paris in 1810.

In recent years the Symphony audience has heard much "contemporaneous" music, some of it from members of the radical school; music that is good, though its idiom may be strange for those accustomed to traditional forms, conservative harmonies, and orchestration of agreeable but obvious character; music that is bad, not because it is "barbaric," "ear-stabbing"; but because it is impotent, without musical ideas, merely a futile experiment in rhythm and in bizarre instrumentation.

There are young hearers in the audience, male and female after their kind, who without a musical background, without a knowledge of musical history, welcome everything that is strange and unexpected in a new composition. To them Haydn is "old hat"; Mozart, childish; Schumann "couldn't orchestrate," and they speak as if they had taken a thorough course in orchestration and knew the inherent character and capabilities of each particular instrument. Beethoven, yes, he is to be endured, but performances should be at long intervals; Brahms, so-so; never Tchaikovsky, and they sneer: he liked tunes and his symphonies are full of them. Unfortunately, they are cocky and voluble; thus they work injury to art, for self-assurance converts some who like Dorothea Brooke's uncle—was it her uncle? We have not read "Middlemarch" for many years—are of miscellaneous opinions and uncertain vote.

The noble army of those unwilling to accept any music that perplexes them or awakens them from peaceful, somnolent listening, assured by the long-accepted name of an orthodox composer, does similar injury to the Muse. They feel personally insulted if the new work does not appeal to them at the first hearing. They may even write indignant letters to Dr. Koussevitzky, who is simply doing his duty in acquainting the receptive, the discriminating, the reactionaries, the prejudiced minds, with modern tendencies. For, it is to be said over and over again that music is not a fixed, a determined, definite art; it is influenced by tradition, to be sure; it is also and largely influenced by the contemporaneous thought and spirit of the world. It would be hard for a young composer to write after the great war as he would have written before it. The music of today often reflects the hurrying, restless, noisy, grossly materialistic, extravagant age we live in.

It is interesting to hear the succession of works written for the Jubilee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; to see whether this or that composer finds freedom in an obligatory task and can reveal freely and effectively his individuality; whether his composition sounds as if it had lain for two or three years in a portfolio and been taken out, salted and peppered for the festive day; whether a composer simply puts aside his individuality, thinking the occasion a solemn or a pompous one, finding it prudent, perhaps lucrative, to write in a vein foreign to his musical nature. It is all very interesting: to listen to the new works, and be able to applaud honestly, or gnash one's teeth in rage and disgust; to discover in old music hitherto unnoticed beauties, now brought out by genius of interpretation on the part of the conductor and by the present remarkable proficiency of the orchestra; to wonder why a work that now seems feeble, commonplace, dull excited one's admiration in former years.

For if the idioms of music change, so changes the aesthetic receptivity of the hearer. The apostle Paul made some wise remarks on the change in mental workings wrought by the passing years. As they are no doubt familiar to those who still have the habit of reading the New Testament if not the Old we'll not quote them.

The great public is not discriminative at vocal or instrumental recitals. Hector Jones has paid good money and is bound to be pleased. (Hector Ferguson is more critically disposed because he went into the hall on a free ticket.) Why should any hired man on a newspaper, even if he has spent the best years of his life in the study and practice of music, and been an attentive hearer of the best in that art, strive to dampen the enthusiasm of Jones? Jones forgets that it is given few singers to maintain a high and steady artistic level through a long and taxing program. The acknowledged great, from Adelina Patti and Italo Campanini down, have not always excelled in whatever they undertook.

Maurice Moscovitch Discusses Shylock as the Bard Saw Him

By ELIZABETH BORTON

"Shakespeare was the greatest spokesman for the Jews who ever wrote," says Maurice Moscovitch, the Russian-Jewish actor, whose interpretation of the role of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" has been outstanding on the stage in Europe for the last 20 years, and who is now playing Shylock in English, having only lately undertaken to learn the tongue.

"Shakespeare was the most eloquent of all spokesmen for the Jews, because he showed us the Jew as a man, animated by the same feelings as every one else—in short, human. Shylock is really human, with his virtues and his faults, his nobilities and his hardness. Shakespeare did not ridicule him, analyze him like some strange creature whose mind works differently from that of the rest of mankind, sentimentalize him, pity him, villainize him. He just made Shylock human. And I play him as a human being . . . . not as a comic character (though for many years he was played in no other vein), and yet Shylock had humor and wit enough, and in the exaggerations of his racial gestures and inflections there is legitimate comedy at times. I don't play him as wholly noble. But he was, undoubtedly, the only gentleman in the play, and the only real man. He was the only character in the whole play who was not a parasite . . . living contentedly on some one else. He was the only man who rose above fate enough to demand his due, against the howling mob, and in the face of taunts. He was the only one who knew what he wanted, and tried to get it."

Maurice Moscovitch is an imposing figure of a man. Very tall, spare, with a fine carriage, and a proud, strong-featured face; even without make-up he still carries off the oriental robes of Shylock with an inborn grace. His eyes under the bent, intent, black brows are pale, icy green; his iron-gray hair stands up strongly from a broad forehead. Deep-cut lines around the eyes and mouth bespeak character — a character dominating, intense, keenly observant, tolerant, kind, but seasoned with the irony that is Shylock's.

"I introduced the conception of Shylock as a young man," he said, "because it stood to reason according to orthodox Jewish law, and because it stood to reason according to the lines and character that Shakespeare had given Shylock. Shylock was very religious. We know from Tubal that he went twice a day to synagogue. And, by orthodox Jewish law, every male was required to marry at the age of 18, in order to multiply, and to spread the seed of Abraham. If a man married and had no children by his wife, after 10 years, he was required by Jewish law to divorce her, and marry again. The whole object of the law was the procreation of children. We have Shylock, with a daughter 16 years of age. Then he might be . . . probably was . . . under 40. So I play him—as a man in the very prime of life, not a doddering, pathetic old man.

"He was probably always played as an old man because of the persistence of a semi-comic idea of the role, or a volte-face conception of him as terrifically tragic, or because he is called 'old Shylock.' But as for the latter reason, every one knows that 'old' in any language may indicate merely a certain familiarity, or affection, or contempt.

"As for Shylock's hatred of Antonio, and of Christians in general, that is not a strange, unnatural, purely inborn religious or racial hatred. We are all Shylocks in war time, screaming for our pound of flesh from the enemy. Shylock's hatred has been recently experienced by all the people who have seen me play him . . . by Germans, by English, by Belgians, by French, by Americans . . . That implacable, frenzied desire for vengeance animates us all when we feel we have been wronged; especially when we feel that our whole race has been wronged. Who has not felt it? And who should feel it more than the man who is scorned and spat on as an inferior by the gay and worthless young fellows who spend their time in cafes, and on street corners ogling the girls . . . as the Venetians in "The Merchant" did. Shylock's vengeance was a human, natural feeling. Badger a dog into a corner and he will fight. Rob a man of his goods, his honor, and his daughter, and he will cry for his pound of flesh to feed his revenge. Shylock's nobility was in insisting on his bond; it was the only remnant of justice he could wrench from life. It took courage to demand it."

While he talks, his brows bending into V's, his large beautifully-shaped hand gesturing eloquently, Moscovitch recreates about himself the curious aura of unconquerable pride with which he endows Shylock.

"I believe in naturalness, above all things, on the stage. Firstly, in playing Shakespeare, the actor must realize that the characters are human; they are not types—not tragic, comic, noble, or vile—none of these. Just people. Next, the actor must realize that people speak; they do not sing when conversing together. I hate declamation. I give the people of Shakespeare's time, and of the time of the plays, credit for being as natural in their inflections as we are. Let us have no chanting."

Vigorous in conversation, unswerving in his ideals for his profession, there is about Moscovitch much of the fanatical zeal for honest art and idealism that is his Russian heritage. But in his concentration, his flashes of wit or irony (that bring a sudden illuminating smile), his unrelenting passion for work, his natural kindliness, he is as Jewish as the Shylock he plays so magnificently.

scantest detail with the geography and the types it purports to present. Having firmly in mind just what he hoped to achieve, Mr. Blystone evidently used extraordinary care in selecting his cast. That his judgment in each role, large or small, was fool proof is clearly and decisively indicated by results. From the newly discovered juvenile, Richard Cromwell, so audaciously assigned to pick up the trail of Richard Barthelmess, creator of David in the silent version of several years ago, to that veteran of the stage, James Bradbury, Sr., who hails from Oldtown, Me., and could do a Joshua Whitcomb or a Jed Prouty characterization if called on, this cast cries out for approbation, and gets it. Add to such finish of performance the pictorial backdrops of Cameraman Tetzlaff, and you have all the substance and quality of a great work of art.

David, youngest of the Kinemons, would be a man, smoke a pipe, drive the mail "hack." To his parents, his elder brother, even to Esther Hatburn, little but determined some day to be his wife, David is still a boy, just "tol'able." His chance to prove his manliness comes after his brother has been crippled and his father has died suddenly, subsequent to the unwelcome arrival in the vicinity of Iska, Buzzard and Luke Hatburn, distant cousins of Esther's father, Amos. This trio is thoroughly mean. Old Iska is a jailbird, Buzzard a vicious half-wit, Luke a burly brute. The Messrs. Knight, Richmond and Beery act them to the life.

Plying his brush first to paint in his groundwork, Mr. Blystone alternates speech and silence, simple humor and moving pathos, homely sentiment and incisive drama. The action is deliberate, restrained, biding its time for the climax, the unequal encounter between David and the three hillbillies, and his hard-earned victory. Not the story, but the treatment, stamps this picture for high honors. The unstudied simplicity, sincerity and plea for sympathy which it evokes are the qualities which mark it. Every sound detail is unerringly true—the whimpering of David's stricken dog, the creaking of Rose Kinemon's rocking chair, the clatter of galloping hoofs, the agonized gasping for breath of the wounded David as he climbed to the driver's seat and with reins clutched in his one good hand urged his horses homeward.

Mr. Cromwell, neophyte though he be, should prove a valued player of type characters. His features are sensitive, his speech soft and agreeable. There should be other bucolic roles awaiting him. Each and all of the other players deserves individual praise, yet must be content with a collective bouquet. To appreciate it to the full, one should see "Tol'able David" twice.

W. E. G.

FENWAY—SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Fast and Loose"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Doris Anderson and Preston Sturges from the play by David Gray and the late Avery Hopwood entitled "The Best People"; directed by Fred Newmeyer and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Marion Lennox ..... Miriam Hopkins
Alice O'Neil ..... Carol Lombard
Bronson Lennox ..... Frank Morgan
Henry Morgan ..... Charles Starratt
Bertie Lennox ..... Henry Wadsworth
Carrie Lennox ..... Winifred Harris
George Grafton ..... Herbert Yost
Lord Rockingham ..... David Hutcheson
Millie Montgomery ..... Ilka Chase
Judge Summers ..... Herschel Mayall

It is getting nowadays a task to keep track of all these new players whose faces pop out at us on the screen, who talk just a bit differently than those more familiar to us. Here, for instance, are two youngster, one well might term them, in Miriam Hopkins and Charles Starratt, carrying off a Hopwood farce with all the aplomb of seasoned studio habitues, and doing in such ingenuous fashion that their elders in the game cannot reasonably become jealous about it. Miss Hopkins, who at first sight reminds one of Betty Compson before Betty acquired that tired look, makes her screen debut as the spoiled society girl who needed a master and found him in Henry Morgan, a stalwart and plain-speaking automobile mechanic. Previously she had dabbled in musical comedy, straight comedy, even in classic comedy like Aristophane's "Lysistrata." Mr. Starrat, a few years out of Dartmouth and football, recent graduate of Stuart Walker's stock company in Cincinnati, here has his first role of consequence, as young Morgan, who was not afraid to spank his future wife the second time he met her.

These two easily take the honors in a piece which, thanks to intelligent treatment by adapters and director, shows only slight signs of its age. Back in 1923-24, David Grav and the late

Avery Hopwood turned out a play called "The Best People," based on Gray's published story, "The Self-Determination of the Lennoxes." It dealt satirically with the problems of the second generation. Marion and Bertie Lennox were selfish sister and brother, fed up on social hypocrisies, spoiled by too much money, each seeking outlets for suppressed individualities. Marion found her salvation in young Morgan, whom she met one night as he swam ashore at a beach where she had stopped her car. Bertie, drinking too much, found his in Alice O'Neil, a girl of refinement and moral strength though labelled with the name 'chorus girl.' Through amusing situations, enlivened by bright and natural dialogue, they move to their fated ends. There are secondary characters, like the elder Lennoxes and their petty existences and aspirations, or Lord Rockingham, a dolt and a fortune hunter, or Alice's chorus girl friend, Millie, fresh and noisy. These, including Bertie and Alice, are mere background to the joyously rough courtship between sly Marion and honest Henry. Here is an hour of light

'sion, smoothly acted, and graced exceptionally clear photography.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Speed"

all-talking and singing screen comedy ed by Humphrey Pearson from the play of the same name by Bert Kal- Harry Ruby and Guy Bolton; directed ervyn LeRoy and presented by Warner ers with the following cast:

Peters .... Joe E. Brown
ia Rollins .... Bernice Claire
l Brooks .... Jack Whiting
ordan .... Frank McHugh
Green .... Laura Lee
.... Rita Flynn
er Colgate .... Edmund Breese
heriff .... Wade Boteler
nt Colgate .... Cyril Ring
Rollins .... Edwin Maxwell
.... Billy Bletcher

is infrequent with stage musicals ferred to the screen, the plot in "Speed," current feature film at Keith-Boston—formerly the Keith- —Theatre, remains uppermost and musical interludes are reasonably and far between. Furthermore, is enough comedy for Joe E. to work with and not be em- sed. The result is an amusing, ably lively entertainment, better might have been expected but suffering from the inevitable lality that dogs these hybrid which try to combine stage con- ns with screen realism and e nothing in particular worth oning.

plot is not precisely startling but is a speed-boat race at the finish s well photographed and reason- xciting. Two impecunious clerks, l Brooks and Elmer Peters, de- o take one tremendous fling dur- heir vacation and stay at the expensive place they can find. ken for millionaires they have any it of trouble evading the conse- es of their immense wealth. Both girls—Gerald acquires Virginia s, daughter of a wealthy manu- er of speedboats and Elmer tries nd with Babs Green, so rich that are only three men in the world er to marry and they, unfortu- , have wives. Virginia's father his mechanic on the evening be- he big speedboat race and hires l to run it instead. Spencer Col- his deadly rival, tries to bribe him, a vain attempt to show up him lmer as imposters, but Gerald re- and accordingly wins the race.

re is a brief bit of confusion a stock-certificate that Gerald lmer had forgotten to return, but hing comes out all right in the Joe E. Brown, fantastically ap- ed in the loudest of checked suits, is way into and out of difficulties engaging idiocy. It is really his e, although he recieves able assist- from the diminutive comedienne, Lee. Bernice Claire and Jack ing as the more romantic pair are rly uninteresting, Mr. Whiting in cular showing a great lack of act- bility although he sings reasonably

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Dancers"

all-talking screen drama adapted by Burke from the play of the same by Sir Gerald Du Maurier and Viola directed by Chandler Sprague and ited by Fox with the following cast:

.... Lois Moran
n .... Walter Byron
.... Phillips Holmes
ie .... Mae Clarke
Emily .... Mrs. Patrick Campbell

t often does one motion picture of- such heavy swathes of virtue, no- of virtue, nobility, self-sacrifice talk about honor, and still manage emain interesting. Yet this is de- ily true of "The Dancers," current ure film at the Modern and Beacon atres. It is scarcely necessary to ition the fact that it has few points common with the play from which as taken, especially toward the end, when the hero and heroine had n through so much emotion it would aptious to demand an unhappy end- As it was there was quite a bit suspense, with several performances, particularly by Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes. The celebrated Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who makes herewith her screen debut, is less happy, being handicapped by poor direction and bad lines.

Diana and Tony, very much in love, are separated by Diana's ambitious Aunt Emily, on the ground that Tony has no money. Before he leaves England for Canada, he and Diana exchange photographs; on the back of each one is written the famous quotation from Lovelace, pooh-poohed by the strictly modern but still popular among romantic souls: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not honor more." Three years pass and Diana, despairing of ever seeing Tony again, lets herself slide into the gay social whirl. In the attempt to forget she goes pretty far, urged on by an unattractive bounder, Berwin. Suddenly Tony returns, heir to an earldom and wealthy enough to satisfy the most ambitious. Diana, still in love with him but conscious of having broken their compact of honor, refuses to marry despite his pleas.

Maxine, a dancer of great ability, much in love with Tony, has followed him to London and now comes to the rescue. Finding the boy involved in a drunken brawl—he had tried to beat up Berwin—she takes him home with her and then, by a ruse, brings Diana to her apartment. Next day Diana agrees to see Tony again, but not, as he thinks, to marry him. On the pretense of testing out her plans she leaves Tony and Maxine at the airport together and flies to France. A year later Tony finds her in a little French village, they make their explanations and are married. As the sensitive, fundamentally honest Diana, Lois Moran gives the best performance she has yet offered—sincere, touching and believeable. Phillips Holmes, handsome, chivalrous and romantic, is almost equally good as Tony. Mae Clarke makes an excellent Maxine, and Walter Byron is satisfactory in a conventional role.—E. L. H.

NDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 19

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

MAJESTIC—"The Blue Ghost," mystery comedy-drama: 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"Michael and Mary," A. A. Milne's comedy, with Madge Kennedy, Terence Neill: 8:30.

TREMONT—"The Merchant of Venice," with Maurice Moscovitch: 8:15.

WILBUR—"Street Scene," Pulitzer prize play: 8:30.

NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis Street, Lyric and Shubert theatres are dark this week.

MUSIC

DON COSSACKS

The Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus made its first appearance in Boston yesterday afternoon before an audience that nearly filled Symphony hall. The 36 men who compose this chorus are described as former officers of the Russian Imperial army. Confined in a Turkish prison camp with the rest of Gen. Wrangel's defeated white army, these men were formed into a chorus and trained by their present conductor, Serge Jaroff, and afterward formed the choir of the Russian Orthodox church at Sofia, Bulgaria. Their concert career began at Vienna in 1923. If one may judge by the extreme cordiality of their reception yesterday, the success that is said to have been theirs in Europe is likely to be echoed in this country. Their program was as follows: Credo (Kastalsky); 1st Psalm of David (Old Church Melody); How Greatly Our Lord Is Glorified, and Who Can Equal Thee (Bartniansky); In the Forest (Pashchenko); Kanawka (Chesnokoff); The Red Sarafan (Warlamoff, arr. Serge Jaroff); Volga Boatman's Song (arr. Jaroff); An Old Polka (arr. Dobrowen); Cavalry Signals (Kotolitin); The Homeland, and Stenka Rasin (arr. Dobrowen); Old Cossack Song (Folk-Song).

Clad in their black tunics, red-striped breeches and cavalry boots, the Don Cossacks stride upon the platform from left and right and stand, stalwart and erect, in a double row—the arc of a circle—awaiting their leader. He enters, small, slender, dapper and bird-like in his quick, nervous movements, contrasting comically in size with his men, who tower over him. He bows to the audience, turns, and in a flash the concert is on. As each number ends, he acknowledges applause, marches up to the wall of Cossacks that faces him; as he approaches, four men swing on their heels to allow him to pass through, the double wall closes behind him again, and there, in temporary seclusion, partially visible only to the balconies, he may mop his brow, perhaps give last minute instructions to the motionless but attentive backs of his men, possibly give them their pitch for the next number. By the same route, or, alternatively, striding into view round one wing of his corps, Mr. Jaroff returns to his post. All this incidental ritual—every Russian choir has its own—is an integral part of the performance. It certainly contributes much to the audience's enjoyment of the proceedings.

The choral technique of the Don Cossacks is very like that of other Russian choirs who have come to Boston. An extraordinary precision of attack and release, an exuberant delight in effects for their own sake rather than for their special appropriateness to the occasion; a love of extreme and sudden contrasts of tone, dramatic and startling outbursts of full-throated power, followed by equally sudden descents to an almost inaudible pianissimo. What is unusual, however, is Mr. Jaroff's fondness for falsetto. Sometimes he uses it to create the illusion of a mixed-voiced chorus. At other times, the tenors singing falsetto and very softly are used as a contrasting choir opposed to the heavy basses. The latter effect was used very beautifully in some of the old Russian liturgical music which formed the first group, notably, for instance, in Kastalsky's Credo, where the loudly intoning basses ceased abruptly, revealing to the ear a sound as of an infinitely distant choir of singing angels. The incredibly fine pianissimo which produced this effect was exploited frequently in the course of the concert, often with charming and legitimate effect, as in "The Red Sarafan"—perhaps the most sensitively and tastefully performed item in the whole program—at other times with no justification but its own virtuosity. Much use was also made of a falsetto soloist, a tenor able to produce a very pretty soprano voice, but a very little of this kind of singing goes a very long way.

The Don Cossacks possess the usual quota of fine bass voices—one superb high bass in particular—and some rich and powerful tenors into the bargain; and Mr. Jaroff gives his best voices many opportunities to dislay their beauties in solo work. In ensemble, singing with full voice, they have the virility, the strong rhythm, the humor that remind the hearer that this is a chorus of ex-cavalry officers. They are not above the yells and catcalls and whistles of the American cowboy. They are rough and vociferous in fortissimo passages, lacking the velvety richness of some other Russian choirs but making up for it with a hearty good humor that is perhaps more truly Russian and gives the singing of the Don Cossacks, despite all their artifices, something of the flavor of true folk music.

The audience evinced the most unusual enthusiasm, clapping, stamping and even, at last, shouting its appreciation.

S. S.

THE COMPINSKY TRIO

The Compinsky trio of New York played trios of Brahms, H. Villa-Lobos, and Smetana last night at the Repertory Theatre. A large audience listened appreciatively, and, after two hours of music, asked for, and received, more.

The trio of H. Villa-Lobos (No. 3), was given its first American performance last night, according to a note on the program—meaning, no doubt, its first performance in the United States, for South Americans, of whom Villa-Lobos is one, must have heard the work of this talented Brazilian, and they are ordinarily wroth at being naively left out of consideration when we talk about "America." The work itself is intensely interesting on first hearing because of an unusually exotic and colorful character, and it would probably reveal even greater beauties at second hearing, for in it there is a wealth, even a super-abundance, of melodic and rhythmic invention of a high order. The development is rhapsodic and episodic; a murmurous shadowy background gives way to sudden chatterings, as of birds and apes, and sweet langorous songs are engulfed by sudden rushing streams of savage percussive, dance music. Through delicately-patterned, interweaving melodies heavy drumbeats sound, and stinging through soft guitar-like thumping, showers of piercing harmonics. Villa-Lobos has achieved an amazing variety of effects; even for trio music his palette lacks no color, however pale, however richly deep. Whether the music in itself has lasting power to charm cannot be told from one hearing, but it is at least colorful, intriguing, and imaginative—delightful to separate Brahms in a lyrically romantic mood (Trio in C—Opus 87) from Smetana in a passion of heroics (Trio in G minor—Opus 15).

The players, two brothers and a sister, seem to offer fuller musicianship and warmer powers at every concert. The pianist, least gifted of the three, has achieved a much more delicate sense of ensemble playing than she has heretofore exhibited, but she still falls behind in authority and tone production. She is still inclined to remain the timid accompanist, rather than the vibrant, necessary third of an entity. But aside from this minor carping, the trio deserve only praise. The violinist and cellist, both playing from memory (no mean feat, in trio playing) are splendid musicians, technically proficient, musically mature. To individual qualities—excellent tone, grace of phrasing, eloquent, but not sentimental, interpretations—the brothers add an astounding virtuosity in ensemble playing. This is very noticeable in passages such as the beginning of the second movement of the Brahms trio, in which the violin and 'cello play the same melody an octave apart. In such a situation perfect ensemble is rare indeed, and the more pleasurable when it is heard.

The Brahms was, aside from some inadequacies in the performance of the pianist, beautifully done—moving, poetic, passionate. Smetana's trio, much less interesting musically, served to display the bravura that these young players can command when it is called for

These well-schooled and sensitive musicians should find their Boston audiences growing, and constant, for there is all too little chamber music here, of any kind, and this trio is, clearly, of the best.

E. B.

MARIE HEALY

Under the auspices of the Catholic Union of Boston, a recital was given last night at Symphony hall by Marie Healy, coloratura soprano. Miss Healy was in 1927 a national finalist in the competition instituted by the Atwater Kent Foundation, and has since sung at concerts in the East and the Middle West. In 1929 she was a soloist at the Springfield musical festival. Last night she was assisted by Roland Tapley, violinist, and Gaston Bladet, flutist, both of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and by James Ecker, pianist. Her program was as follows: Handel, Skylark Pretty Rover; Donaudy, O del mio amato ben; Mozart, Alleluja; Stravinsky, Pastorale; LaForge, Come Unto These Yellow Sands (with flute); Bishop, Lo Hear the Gentle Lark (with flute); Verdi, Ah Fors' e Lui (from Traviata); Rummel, Across the Hills; Kountz, The Sleigh; Woodman, Joy of Spring.

Miss Healy's voice has a certain youthful freshness of quality that lends it charm; she has agility, and is able, without too obvious effort, to reach the highest notes of the normal coloratura range. Another youthful quality, namely inexperience, seemed also to be indicated in the marked vibrato which marred the smoothness of her tones and in the unsteadiness and the lack of solidity and resonance, which were to be noted in her middle voice. It is true that these faults, which nervousness may have accentuated, became less obtrusive as the concert advanced and Miss Healy warmed to her work, but it is evident none the less that if she is to realize the possibilities that have been recognized in her, these matters will need attention.

As it was, Miss Healy was able to sing with a pleasant and apt naivete Stravinsky's charming Pastorale, and was not unsuccessful in her graceful competition with the flute in the songs of LaForge and Bishop. Her agility was equal to the demands put upon it by Verdi's air, into which some decoration not hallowed by tradition had been introduced, though the warmer expressiveness which alternates with the mood of light exuberance was less successfully realized. Traviata's part is a notoriously exacting one, demanding a coloratura soprano with the expressive qualities that few of even the most experienced singers of this type possess. As encore, Miss Healy sang, with violin obbligato, Gounod's Ave Maria. She was applauded warmly. Mr. Tapley also earned much applause by his musicianly performance of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole and by the grace with which he played the smaller pieces that he had also placed upon his program. He, too, was compelled to grant éncores. Mr. Bladet's assistance was equally appreciated.—S. S.

Nov 18

POVLA FRIJSH

Last night at Jordan hall, Povla Frijsh, soprano, gave her first recital of the season, before a very large and, as usual, a very enthusiastic audience. She sang the following program: Mein glaeubiges Herz (Bach); Die blauen Fruehlingsaugen (Franz); Waldeinsamkeit Die drei Zigeuner (Liszt); Le Temps des lilas (Chausson); Les Papillons (Chaussin); Priere qu'un enfant ne meure pas (Fevrier); Attributs (Poulenc); Ronde (Ernest Bloch); Selige Nacht (Marx); Ach, wende diesen Blick (Brahms); Freundliche Vision (Strauss); Les Lilas (Rachmaninoff); Serenade de la Mort (Moussorgski); The Birds (Fagge); Thy Dark Eyes (Griffes); Sylvelin (Sinding); Eros (Grieg). Mme. Frijsh was, as usual, excellently accompanied by Celius Dougherty.

The admirable Danish singer's remarkable and thoroughly justified popularity with her audience—an audience, by the way, unusual in quality as well as size—was as strongly manifest as ever last night. She earned it as usual by her superb artistry and intelligence.

by the opposed qualities of strength and delicacy, or ardor and restraint, which she commands with equal certainty. No less surely did the force of her personality impose itself on her hearers— and by personality, in speaking of Mme. Frijsh, one does not mean the arch simperings and coy coquettries by which so many singers attempt to reach the hearts and win the otherwise unearned applause of their audiences, but rather the intense conviction and artistic integrity that shine through all her work and are reflected in her manner.

The things that stood out in last night's program were, for exmaple, the characteristically bright and joyous vigor of Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful, the sharply contrasted tenderness and delicacy of Franz's two songs, the finely dramatized performance of Liszt's too-rarely heard song of the Three Gypsies. The Gallic melancholy of Chausson's Temps des Lilas, the enchanting lightness of the same composer's Papillons which had to be repeated), the unmannered melodiousness of Poulenc's Attributs, the charm of Bloch's delicately macabre Ronde, were achieved with all Mme. Frijsh's proved skill in the handling of French song.

Moments of dissent there were, of course; it might be thought, for instance, that in Moussorgski's great song, Death might have sung seductively and soothingly, rather than in the tone of sinister menace which Mme. Frijsh lent him. But in general, both in the songs mentioned, and in most of those hwich cannot be separately considered here, including the exquisitely sung English and Scandinavian group, Mme. Frijsh's artistry and the skill with which she overcame the inherent deficiencies of her voice as a musical instrument excited admiration and respect. She was rewarded, as usual, with the most spontaneous, vigorus, and prolonged applause.

S. S.

LOEW'S STATE

"A Lady's Morals"

An all talking and singing screen drama adapted by Hans Kraley and Claudine West from the story of Dorothy Farnum; directed by Sidney Franklin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer with the following cast.

Jenny Lind	Grace Moore
Paul Brandt	Reginald Denny
Barnum	Wallace Beery
Olaf	Gus Shy
Josephine	Jobyna Howland
Brougham	Gilbert Emery
Innkeeper	George Marion
Maretti	Paul Procasi
Zerga	Giovanni Martino
Innkeeper's Wife	Bodil Rosing
Louise	Joan Standing
Selma	Mavis Villiers
Rosatti	Judith Voselli

A handsomely mounted, beautifully acted romance, in excellent taste albeit a trifle slow moving, is "A Lady's Morals," current feature film at Loew's State Theatre. It serves several purposes: To introduce Grace Moore, charming Metropolitan opera soprano, to the talking pictures; to prove that good music well sung can be a help instead of a hindrance; finally, to demonstrate that Reginald Denny, far from being a one-type player, is quite as good in a serious dramatic role as he is in farce comedy parts. Indeed, we are inclined to think that, histrionically speaking, the film is Mr. Denny's and not Miss Moore's. The production, as a whole is admirably protographed and Miss Moore's songs excellently reproduced.

Despite the title, which should not be forgotten as soon as possible, "A Lady's Morals" is the story of Jenny Lind and a young composer. Whether it has any foundation in fact matters very little. It is pleasant entertainment in good taste, a phenomenon for which we are duly grateful. Jenny Lind, on a concert tour with her temperamental retinue, stops one stormy night at a small inn where the best room is occupied by a good-looking young composer, Paul Brandt. His terms for giving up his room are that Jenny shall sing a song he has just written. She complies and Paul, enchanted by her singing, kisses her, replying to her indignant protest that he has fallen in love with her. Later on they meet again and Jenny, against her will, finds herself returning his affection.

Then, one tragic evening, her voice breaks when she is called on to encore the "Casta Diva" from "Norma" and Paul is badly hurt when he resents the insults of the gallery. His sight failing, he still thinks only of her and brings his uncle, a famous singing teacher, to help her regain her voice. Touched by his devotion, Jenny confesses her love and they go away together, hoping against hope that his sight may be restored. Finding that he is really going blind, Paul vanishes, unwilling to be a handicap. At the end they are reunited in a very touching scene.

Just how Grace Moore will be received by film fans is something of a problem. She is charming, gracious, attractive and possessed of a lovely voice which reproduces admirably. Her singing of "Casta Diva" is beautiful and she fares excellently in the lighter music, "Oh, Why Do Men Adore Me?" by Herbert Stothart and the theme song "It Is Destiny," by Oscar Straus. She suggests Kay Johnson at certain angles but has more warmth and feeling in her acting and she presents a delightful picture in the voluminous costumes of the middle 19th century. Of the temperament usually associated with an opera singer she possesses little, but the same may be said of the real Jenny Lind. In the part of the romantic Paul Reginald Denny surpasses himself. He is handsome, earnest, tragic and utterly sincere without a trace of sloppy sentimentality. Wallace Beery, appearing briefly as P. T. Barnum, is capital, while excellent work in smaller roles is contributed by Jobyna Howland, Gilbert Emery, Paul Procasi and Judith Voselli.

E. L. H.

Nov 19 1930

PADEREWSKI

By PHILIP HALE

Ignace Paderewski gave a recital last night in Symphony hall. There was not a vacant seat, not even on the platform. The program was as follows:

Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel	Brahms
Sonata, D minor, Opus 31	Beethoven
Sonata, B minor, Opus 58	Chopin
Nocturne E flat, Opus 9, No. 2	Chopin
Two Mazurkas, Opus 62, No. 3, and Opus 33, No. 2	Chopin
Etude, A minor, Opus 25, No. 11	Chopin
The Dancing Virgins of Delphi	Debussy
Veils	Debussy
The Wind in the Plain	Debussy
Minstrels	Debussy
Prelude C sharp minor	Rachmaninoff
Prelude G sharp minor, Opus 32, No. 12	Rachmaninoff
"Tristan and Isolde," Prelude	Wagner-Schelling
La Campanella	Paganini-Liszt

The great audience was not there merely to applaud the pianist; it thronged the hall to pay homage also to one of the most distinguished men of his day and generation; to the patriot who, abandoning for the time his own career, devoted his energies to his beloved country in her hour of need; who with speech as eloquent as his interpretation of master works for the piano, pleaded the cause of Poland in this country and at the peace conference; persuaded statesmen, however indifferent they hitherto had been, to give Poland freedom and her just due; who did not hesitate in her behalf to assume an office that he knew was like the seat perilous at Arthur's court.

And so it was to the patriot, the man of lofty ideals and generous soul, as well as to the master of the piano that men and women gave enthusiastic welcome.

It was 39 years ago that Mr. Paderewski first played in Boston at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra in the old Music Hall. To how many thousands in this city and its neighborhood has he not since then given pleasure! The spell he wove with his fingers, brain and soul when he first appeared is still fresh in the minds of those who gladly submitted to it. In the succeeding years new audiences were entranced. To the present and younger generation he was a legendary character, so that they too rejoiced in the opportunity of seeing and hearing the man in flesh and blood.

The program alone showed that his musical spirit was undaunted by the flight of time, by soul-wearying adventures outside of his own peculiar art.

Brahms, Beethoven, Chopin—it was to be expected that they would be represented in his recital. It was a pleasure to find that he had not neglected the more modern school of which Debussy is still the head; that he recognized the Russians in Rachmaninoff; that he was still faithful to Liszt, who today is wantonly slighted by many who parade themselves as "interested," or "psychological" pianists and flippantly speak of Liszt's piano compositions as glitter and dash, music that smells of tan-bark and patchouli.

Mr. Paderewski played with the gusto of youth, tempered and controlled by the artistic wisdom of maturity; with a revelation of each composer's character. Last night Brahms was not like Beethoven; the granitic solidity of the former's music was contrasted with the romanticism of the latter; the performance of the sonata revealed the warring thoughts that found expression in tones; the last movement of the sonata, especially. Chopin's sonata was freed for once from the sentimentalism that many find in the printed pages of the slow movement; the interpretation of the mazurkas recalled the old writer who heard in this music, a voice sobbing, "I must dance in my red shoes though my heart is breaking." The three impressionistic preludes of Debussy were not foreign to the pianist's nature, while the performance of "Minstrels" was so inimitable, so fascinating that the audience insisted on a repetition. But this was a recital to enjoy, to excite wonder, to accept as one accepts a phenomenon of nature; not one merely to induce vain chatter. It is doubtful whether Mr. Paderewski in his earlier, triumphant years ever showed greater pianistic ability or a fuller command of unusual resources to obtain aesthetic, emotional resutls.

Nov 20 1930

EDWARD JOHNSON

By PHILIP HALE

Edward Johnson, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang yesterday morning in the ball room of the Hotel Statler. Cellus Dougherty was the accompanist. This recital was the first of the series arranged for the benefit of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Mr. Johnson's program was as follows:

Peri-Floridia, Invocazione di Orfeo, from "Euridice." Thomas Arne, air from "Comus." Stradella, aria Per Pieta from "Il Floridio." Puccini, aria from "La Boheme." Schubert, Ihr Bild, Liebescotschaft. Strauss, Allerseelen, Zueignung. Debussy, Les Cloches. G. Faure, Automne Rachmaninoff Unfragment d'Alfred de Musset. Charpentier, air from "Louise." Carpenter, May the Maiden. Griffes, We'll to the Woods. Hadley, The Time of Parting. Old Ballad, "Lord Randall," arranged by Cyril Scott.

It was natural that Mr. Johnson, an operatic tenor, should sing in a recital arias from works written for the stage. His common sense and fine taste prevented him from being too operatic in the concert hall. Thus did he differ from many "prima donnas" who feel obliged or think it necessary to express emotion by frantic gesturing and grimace, heaving breast and outstretched arms, not trusting to the voice alone.

Mr. Johnson went back to 1600, singing the noble air from Peri's opera written for the marriage of Henry the Fourth and Maria de Medici. He brought in Stradella, best known by an air that was not written by him, but for a historical concert in Paris, probably by Rossini. Mr. Johnson reminded his hearers that "Louise" contained other arias than the erotic rejoicing of Louise.

In his selection of songs, and by singing, Mr. Johnson showed a catholic taste, also the fact that an operatic tenor can give pleasure by the interpretation of Lieder; for Mr. Johnson has brains and sensitiveness, as well as voice. "Les Cloches," of the period when the composer was under the influence of Massenet, is not characteristic of the later, greater Debussy. The beautiful "Automne," reminded one that the music of Gabriel Faure is too little sung here, his piano music too little played. The air "Depuis longtemps j'habitais cette chambre," is poor stuff when taken from the stage, unlike Puccini's aria which was sung with charming detail.

Mr. Johnson differentiated shrewdly the first group of arias, appreciating the simplicity, the intensity of Peri and Stradella, the square-toed air of Arne, so thoroughly English in texture and sentiment, the fervor of Puccini with his regard for the melodic line. Among the songs as sung Schubert's "Ihr Bild," Strauss's "Allerseelen," "Automne" and the song by Rachmaninoff, a veritable little "scena"—it is a pity that the words were not printed in the program book—were especially noteworthy; but Mr. Johnson's interpretations throughout were those of a thinker, understanding the poetical contents and composers' musical commentary. Only rarely and then in dramatic outbursts in the upper register did his voice slightly lose quality. Nor was he tempted, though he knew he could win still heartier applause by vocal vigor, to force tones; for at recitals of this nature an audience is especially enthusiastic when a singer dwells in a stentorian manner on his upper notes; it is comparatively lukewarm when the singer shows the finer, more subtle qualities of his art.

Mr. Johnson added to the program, as when after his third group he sang an old song of Brittany. Mr. Dougherty's accompaniments, supporting, sympathetic, always musical, were a delightful feature of this concert.

At the next recital of the series on Dec. 17, Dusolina Giannini will sing.

CAROLA GOYA

Carola Goya gave a recital of Spanish dances yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Statler hotel, for the benefit of the Talitha Cumi Maternity Home and Hospital. She was assisted by Beatrice Weller, harpist, and Ramon Gonzalez, pianist. The program was as follows:

Dances: Espana Mia (from Castile); Rapsodia Valenciana (from Valencia); Viva lo Cani (from Andalusia); Fado (from Portugal) Carola Goya.

Harp soli: Contemplacion (Renie); Impromt Caprice (Pierne). Miss Weller.

Dances: Fandanguillo Gitano (from Ronda); Cordoba (original); El Manico (Jota from Aragon); Del Rocio (from Andalusia); Fire Dance, from El Amor Brujo (original). Carola Goya.

Piano solo: Espana (Maduro), Ramon Gonzales.

Dances: Gracia (original); Taconeo (from Andalusia). Carola Goya.

Harp soli: Largo (Bach); Au Matin (Tournier). Miss Weller.

Dances: Mariposa Tango (original); La Vida Breve (original); La Aragonesa (original). Carola Goya.

Comparisons are odious, so let tnere be none. Carola Goya is a very pretty girl, she dances the dances of Spain with grace and charm, and she operates her castanets with considerable skill. She parades her gorgeous costumes with delight, and her own ingratiating freshness and beauty with ingenuous modesty. The Spanish dance is a beautiful, rarely-performed, and fascinating art, and there are all too few exponents of it before the public. Those who bring the genuine article to light should be seen, whether they are themselves Spanish or just lovers and students of Spain, because until very recently all that America knew of the Spanish dance was the hybrid child of Spanish music and Russian ballet steps, an idea of it that is still, unfortunately, widely prevalent.

For all its difficulties and intricacies, the Spanish dance remains a folk dance, and as such, it is always an expression of the personality of the dancer. In it there are possibilties for swift touches of drama,—lift of eyebrows, shrug of shoulders, flick of heels —that suggest more than the joyous or passionate ritual of the steps and the castanets, but it is always an innately human, personal experience. Therefore, it is most successful when performed by a dancer of compelling personality as well as dignity and skill. Miss Goya's work lacks the warmth of a vibrant personality; it seems to be carefully painstakingly reproduced versions of actual Spanish figures and steps, but the Spanish spirit is not yet her own. She is still too much the young student, moving enchantedly through the mazes of an art she loves but does no[t] live.

She comes closest to doing fine danc[ing] in her own compositions, which while they owe something to compo[]sitions of other famous dancers on th[e] same subjects, she performs with [] more intense and compelling emotio[n] than she exhibits in any other of he[r] dances. One of the best of these wa[s] the one called "Cordoba," in whic[h] she became a shy but impatient gi[rl] awaiting her lover in the fast-gather[]ing dusk. Most charming of her au[]thentic dances was the one from Po[r]tugal,—the bold and roving-eyed fishe[r] girl, who clashed little bells on he[r] fingers as she stamped and cavorted.

When she has danced longer, wh[en] the spirit and form of the Spanis[h] dance are more a part of herself, an[d] less of a lately-acquired enthusias[m] she may do dancing that is all [] moving and real as some moments [] her offerings were yesterday. She [is] young, and, in spite of its need f[or] beauty of face and figure, dancing [is] an art that requires the poise of yea[rs] and experience.

Miss Beatrice Weller contributed ha[rp] playing that pleased the audience ve[ry] much, as did a piano solo by Ram[on] Gonsalez, Miss Goya's able acco[m]panist.—E. B.

YVES CHARDON

Yves Chardon, violoncellist of the B[os]ton Symphony Orchestra, gave a co[n]cert last night at Jordan hall, with [the] assistance of some distinguished co[n]freres from the Sypmhony, and [] Archibald T. Davison, conductor. [The] program, one of the most interest[ing] that has been presented here this s[ea]son, was as follows:

Sonata of Mozart for 'cello and b[as]soon (Messrs. Chardon and Allar[d]); Three Preludes of Bach for 'cello al[one] (Mr. Chardon); Sonata of Ravel [for] violin and 'cello (Messrs. Chardon [and] Lauga); Lied et Scherzo of Flo[rent] Schmitt (Mr. Chardon and Wind [In]strument Ensemble, with Dr. Dav[ison] conducting: Three pieces for 'cel[lo], Tango of Albeniz, Nocturne in B [] Major of Chopin, and Tambourin C[hin]ois of Kreisler (Mr. Chardon.)

Members of the wind-instrument [en]semble are:

G. Madsen, flute; A. Battles, picc[olo]; F. Gillet, oboe; J. Davergie, En[glish] horn; V. Polatschek, clarinet; G. Pi[]sou, clarinet; R. Allard, bassoon; [] Panenka, bassoon; W. Valkenier, [] Dr. Archibald T. Davidson, conduc[tor].

Mr. Chardon's initiative and [per]spicacity in arranging this varied [and] valuable program deserve the hi[ghest] praise. He is willing to concede the [] of variety of his instrument for [] playing throughout an entire co[ncert] and to reveal its beauties and his [] powers in ensemble playing, and [] primarily interested in music—n[ot] his own prowess.

His own abilities as a musician [and] technician are considerable, ho[wever] much he subordinates them to the [per]fection of ensemble. His is a [] virile tone, especially lovely in the [] highest register, and it is even [] flexible throughout, softest pian[o] vibrating with the same characte[r] warmth as his most sonorous fort[e] bow, too, is lively and delicate, c[] and sure of effects. But the left [] though it is agile, errs often in [] tion. Sometimes, be it said, Mr. Ch[ardon] sacrifices perfect intonation d[] ately in order to take a piece [] terrific speed, thereby achieving

impetuosity, if not polish, of pe...
na...
...nteresting of the music played ...rent Schmitt's Lied et Scherzo ...oquent, emotional, richly color... ...nposition, which made use of the ...nstrument and the winds with in...ity and imagination. It was played ...n understanding and fire.

...Ir. Lauga's crystalline, accurate violin ...ying, plus Mr. Chardon's beautiful ...lo playing, made of Ravel's charm... Sonata a genuine delight. All the ...erent jollity and wit, and bright ...hes of patterned beauty of the music ...ie to life under their bows. They ...le clear the structure of the music ...iout overemphasizing it—a French ...it.

...r. Allard's bassoon playing in the ...irt was gracefully appropriate, ...gh difficulties of both players with ...iation and some unwise rubatos ...ed some of the most delightful ...ents of the Sonata.

... Chardon was warmly applauded ...is solo playing, and was forced to ...o his already generous program. ...very large and unusually distin...ed audience enjoyed the concert.

E. B.

Nov 21 1930

KREUTZBERG AND GEORGI

...ald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi ...ht a program which included ... new dances to Symphony hall ...ight. A large audience was pres... ...o see their latest work and to re... ...nchanting moments from last year's ...am.

...t night's dancing struck and sus...d a new note. These two, who ... to be halves of a single dance ...nality—the one masculine, but ...le and impulsive, the other femi... but contained, calm and strong—...asized characterization last year. ... programs were built around the ...atic, the macabre, the grotesque ...the exotic. Movement there was, ...itality, and, for a few moments, a ...ningly impersonal lyricism, but ... were not the most impressive of ... qualities. But last night their ...ng had reached a more elevated, ... purely choreographic, plane. The ...y of movement was presented as ...t worthy of itself, not dependent ...mbolism, characterization, or even ...omime. With bodies schooled to ...ct control, and minds attuned to ...mic and linear beauty, they wove ...rns of melody into the counter... and harmony of pure dancing, ...g only subtle suggestions of sym... ...n or emotion lend added meaning. ... dancing last night left Debussian ...Brahmsian color and emotion for ...purer, clearer patterns of Bach and ...elegance of Mozart . . . to make ...spirit of music explain the spirit ...he dance. It was lyric dancing—...efined and purified art.

...eutzberg's dances were the Angel ...nnunciation, that passionate and ...pring spirit from the eternal vast...es of heaven; Jubilate, frenzied, fu..., falling exhausted in a transport ...y; the King's Dance, arrogant, re...ng in strength, and sure of victory. ...gi's solo dances were Arabian ...ms, sensuous, breathing a half...fied seduction; Kassandra, the ...dy, the vision-haunted, the tor...d, the Festival Dance, carefree and ...ed.

...gether they danced to a hymn of ...; they presented choreographic ...ations on a theme of Mozart that ... one of the gems of the evening's ...ing, so perfectly did it do what it ...as meant to; they danced to Ravel's ...ane Pour une Infante Difunte a ...er and lovely composition of white ...ous-clad bodies and slow move...t against a night-dark curtain; ... exulted and stamped heartily ...ugh the jovial Rural Dance; they ... in movement, with intertwining ...ds and arms, and eloquent bodies. ...Persian Song, remembered so dearly ...n last year; they waltzed enchant...y to music by Reger, in Pierrot ...k and white, a dainty pair.

...part, it is Kreutzberg who is still ... greater dancer, for dancing is the ...of movement, of spontaneous bodily ...ression. He dances with a com...ing verve and intensity, and an ...berance that place him in the front ...k with those few souls to whom ...cing is an innate art. His tech...ue is tremendous, his personality ...m and unpretentious, his creations ...inctively musical, well-phrased, ex...ing and built up with an unerring ...se of climax and unity. Georgi's ...k fascinates the more as it is more ...n seen, but it is still an archi...tural and analytical uplift, rather ...n a purely choreographic gift that is ...s. Her dances are splendidly, but ...efully, planned; part of her watches ...rowly and intently as she dances, ...icises and perfects. Her art does ... spring complete from an inner ...essity, as Kreutzberg's seems to. But ... is one of the most gifted of dance ...nposers, with a deft, bold and vivid ...ch.

Together these two merge into one perfect dance personality, each complementing and inspiring the other. Their duos remain among the loveliest pieces of art that this century of ours has developed.

E. B.

VICTOR CHENKIN

At Jordan hall, under the auspices of the Little House, Victor Chenkin offered last night the following program of what were well enough described as character songs. Songs of a Jester—A Mother's Heart, the Jester's Lot, Beware of the Jester, Rataplan. Italian songs—To War, Trala, Lari, Lira, Come With Me, Tarantella. Gypsy songs—Nights Insane, What Sense to Fall in Love, Gypsies Were Driving, Two Guitars. Hebrew songs—Dudele, Mai Komashma Lon, When Messiah Comes, Ai, Ai, Ai, Where Do You Come From, Jew? Bim-Bam. Ukrainian songs—I Left My Horse, Oh Jigoon, Don't Sadden Me, I Drink Alone. The audience was large and warmly appreciative.

Mr. Chenkin was formerly a member of the Chauve Souris, and his art is largely composed of that same mixture of folk-singing, miming, comic characterization, and bathos in which Balieff's company excelled. At his best, however, he gets down nearer to the well-springs of human comedy and racial caricature than that joyous but somewhat superficial entertainment ever did.

For each of his groups Mr. Chenkin dons the appropriate costume; thus for the "Songs of a Jester" that formed the first he emerged particolored, in black and white, from between the faded green curtains that formed his background last night. The tragic note here prevailed and to those who are not yet weary of the Punchinello-Pagliacci motif the spectacle was once more offered of the Jester concealing his bleeding heart, venting malice, nourishing vengeance, suffering humiliation. Two of the songs of this group did not exploit this ancient convention; but all permitted Mr. Chenkin to display his gift for effectively, if somewhat obviously, melodramatic delivery, gesture, and pose.

For his Italian group he changed to the very short velvet trousers, bare legs and ragged shirt of the happy, carefree contadino of picturesque legend. Here he was the true singer of folk songs, giving an authentic flavor and the true lilt to the sentimental and nostalgic phrases, giving grace and vivacity and humor to the rhythms, of some traditional songs of Italy.

If, gorgeously clad, he seemed to carry less conviction in the intoning of Gypsy songs, the fault may perhaps have lain in the listener's lack of comprehension. But nobody could fail to be carried away by the irresistible comedy, by the pungent and extraordinarily vivid caricature of his Hebrew songs. Last night's audience, though few of its members can have understood their language or known their racial and social background, unmistakably enjoyed these songs and demanded more of them. Clad in the long coat and flat-brimmed fur hat of the Jewish Talmudic student of the Polish and Russian ghettos, Mr. Chenkin sang songs that told of their naive spiritual perplexities, their anticipatory ecstacies at the colossal feed that will celebrate the coming of the Messiah, their more immediate and somewhat bibulous revels. A gift for characterization aided by an unusual flexibility of countenance and power of changing the quality and timbre of his voice, that amounted almost to genius, enabled him to assume several different characters, each funnier than the last, in rapid succession in the course of a single song.

Almost equally clever was his impersonation of the shaggy, half-witted and bibulous Ukrainian peasant of his final group. Mr. Chenkin received the applause he deserved. He brought forward his clever accompanist, Jascha Fischerman, to share it.

S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"Derelict"

An all-talking drama adapted by Max Marcin from the story by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones; directed by Rowland V. Lee and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Bill Rafferty	George Bancroft
Jed Graves	William Boyd
Helen Lorber	Jessie Royce Landis
Fin Thomson	Donald Stuart
Jameson	James Durkin
Travis	William Stack
Capt. Gregg	Wade Boteler

The producers of "Derelict," George Bancroft's latest starring vehicle and feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, went to lots of trouble to provide a realistic fog for the big collision scene at sea. They even borrowed smoke screen apparatus from the United States navy. It's an excellent fog, but the way George Bancroft and William Boyd —running around on the bridge of a freighter in their immaculate white yachting costumes—point it out to each other, one would think it was the first they had ever seen. Otherwise the film is a rough and ready, hard-boiled, reasonably exciting nautical yarn, with Mr. Bancroft as hearty as ever and Mr. Boyd, in the secondary lead, running off with the acting honors. It's almost like another Flagg and Quirt affair with the rough language used, an impression strengthened by the fact that Mr. Boyd was the original Sergt. Quirt in "What Price Glory" on the stage and hasn't forgotten it.

Bill Rafferty and Jed Graves, rival first mates in the merchant marine, have been friendly enemies for some time, although Graves always has had the better of their fistic encounters. Helen Lorber, a cafe entertainer of good family and with plenty of ambition, makes trouble between them. She wants to get to Rio and Rafferty promises to take her by smuggling her aboard his ship. Promoted to be captain of the craft he goes back on his promise because it would mean the loss of his job if a woman were found aboard. Graves, who had hoped for the captain's berth is furious at being made Rafferty's second in command, smuggles Helen on board. Rafferty gets wind of her presence but, as he is berating her in her cabin, his ship crashes with another in the fog and only Graves's presence of mind prevents a very serious disaster. Rafferty is demoted, knocked out by Graves in a hand-to-hand scrap and put ashore with Helen at an out of the way port. In the end chance puts him into a position to rescue Graves and Helen from shipwreck and to regain his captaincy.

There is an abundance of action in the picture, particularly three or four good fights between Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Boyd—they should have been paired in "The Spoilers"—and some realistic and exciting storm scenes. Mr. Bancroft is good natured, a bit blundering and somewhat too well dressed. Mr. Boyd, to whom go the best lines, is drily humorous, laconic of speech and much more convincing than Mr. Bancroft. He really seemed at home on shipboard, where Mr. Bancroft was more than a trifle self-conscious. Jessie Royce Landis was a charming, spirited and plausible heroine, with a good singing voice.—E. L. H.

E. M. NEWMAN IN SYMPHONY HALL

By PHILIP HALE

E. M. Newman in Symphony hall gave last night the first of five Traveltalks. The subject was "Seeing Italy: Naples to the Alps." There was a very large audience to welcome the lecturer regarded not only as an expert guide, a traveling philosopher, but also as a personal friend, for Mr. Newman long ago established an intimacy with those who enjoyed his pictures and his talk. His audiences won by the worth of the pictures, the matter of his discourse and the manner of his delivery, the clean, clever enunciation, so that every word is heard distinctly, have been faithful to him through the years, faithful and ever swelling in numbers.

In the present series he purposes to acquaint his audience with the life of the people in the countries visited, the street, home, field life, as seen in work and in play. Passing Gibraltar, the views of which were unusual, he arrived at Naples, showing especially the old, narrow, dark streets swarming with people who in the hot months make the sidewalks their home. Though the city is much cleaner than it was, it is still dirty enough in the older quarter. Mr. Newman obtained from Mussolini permission to photograph the present excavations at Pompeii. These pictures were peculiarly interesting. Paestum, Amalpi, Sorrento—here was more or less familiar ground, as was the palace of Murat at Caserta; but in the hill country—Mr. Newman spared us the old story of Orvieto's wine—there was much that was new: The farmers, the musical competition of the shepherds, the old town of Gubbio, the peasant wedding, the women in the basket and cloth industry.

Montecatini, famous for its waters, was visited from Florence. Then there was San Marino, the smallest and oldest republic in the world, with its own postage stamps and coinage; the republic that elects two Presidents every six months, without corruption or a revolution. (Mr. Newman spoke of Savanarola being burned alive at Florence. Was he not first hanged?)

The views of Venice in a heavy rain, also in sunlight, were beautiful, especially for the cloud effects. There was a visit to Italian lakes—all too short a one. From the Levantine Riviera the guide took the audience to Italia Irridenta, with its impressive mountain scenery, its peasants quaintly dressed, with its mountain women eminently desirable. At Merano an old friend, Stoddard, was seen with his villa garden.

The traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. Next week "Rome and the Vatican City," not to mention Mussolini and his family, the wedding of the crown prince and that of Mussolini's daughter; intimate views of his holiness, the international jumping contest of "wonderful horses" and marvelous riders.

VERA KEANE

A recital was given in Jordan hall last night by Vera Keane, contralto. The following songs and operatic airs formed her program: Verdi, O Don Fatale (from "Don Carlo"), Stride la Vampa (from "Il Trovatore"); Tchaikovsky, Romance de Pauline (from "Pique Dame"); Ilgenfritz, Ivresse de Salome; Massenet, Pleurez, mes yeux (from "Le Cid"); Georges, Hymne des Morts; Dvorak, Du Bist, O Herr (from Biblische Lieder); Schubert, Die Allmacht; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung; Schumann, Ich Grolle Nicht; Glen, Rude Wind, Cruel Sea; Chadwick, Oh, Let Night Speak of Me; Kursteiner, Invocation to Eros; Silberta, Aylia, the Dancer of Kashmir.

Miss Keane is the fortunate possessor of one of the most beautiful voices that have come to light in Boston for many a season. From October to May in our concert halls one hears an occasional pretty voice, a few mildly agreeable ones, a good many that have been smoothed down into an instrument just tolerable to the ear, and not a few that are definitely a torment to the nerves and a burden to the spirit. A voice of surpassing natural beauty is a phenomenon of somewhat rarer occurrence than a total eclipse of the sun. Miss Keane's rich, yet brilliant contralto, suave yet permeated with a kind of silver radiance, belongs definitely in the opinion of the present reviewer, to the category last mentioned. The reservation must immediately be added, however, that Miss Keane's technical skill is not at present sufficient to enable her to exploit to the utmost the possibilities of her voice, particularly in regard to range; her upper notes are strained and rather strident. That is a serious shortcoming and should engage her thoughtful attention. Her most obvious remaining fault—a tendency to slip frequently, especially when singing softly, into the so-called head voice, even in her middle register, with consequent loss of quality, should be easily remedied. There is in her singing a pleasant absence of the muddiness and excessive fatness of tone that most contraltos develop in their lowest register, and in general (except, as noted, in her higher tones), her voice moves with unusual ease, freedom and brilliance; it could fill effortlessly any auditorium, of whatever size.

The manner in which Miss Keane sang her program last night gave evidence of careful and conscientious preparation rather than of any powerful inner compulsion. Yet, even though Azucena's air might lack the gypsy's wild vigor, though "Die Allmacht" might, in her rendering, be wanting in grandeur, and Strauss's "Traum durch die Daemmerung" betray little power to create atmosphere or evoke a mood, yet Miss Keane's remarkably beautiful voice showed a natural inclination toward a gracefully expressive molding of the musical pharse that intelligently directed, might make of its owner in time an artist interesting to the mind as well as superlatively intriguing to the ear.

The marked cordiality of the applause, and the profusion of flowers that rewarded Miss Keane's efforts are hereby, for completeness, also recorded.

S. S.

LOEW'S STATE

"Min and Bill"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Frances Marion and Marion Jackson from the novel by Lorna Moon entitled "Dark Star"; directed by George Hill and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Min	Marie Dressler
Bill	Wallace Beery
Nancy	Dorothy Jordan
Bella	Marjorie Rambeau
Dick	Donald Dillaway
Groot	DeWitt Jennings
Alec	Russell Hopton
Mr. Southard	Frank McGlynn
Mrs. Southard	Greta Gould

It is doubtful if at the present hour there is on the talking screen a more popular woman than Marie Dressler. She is no Greta Garbo, of course; no Janet Gaynor. She is just a character comedienne who often descends to slapstick, but within her rich resources is the ability to portray a homely character amusingly, or cruelly, whenever opportunity is given her. She has her tricks, but she scorns such petty artifices as facial make-up. She is not afraid to demean her ample form by dowdy garments, or to permit you to count the seams and wrinkles and hollows of her extraordinarily mobile features in a devastating close-up. Her sense of humor and her knowledge of theatric technique is prodigious. These two have carried her far and long from the early years when she was a beaming prima donna with the Ben-

nett and Moulton and William Opera Companies through "The Lady Slavey" and "Lillie's Nightmare," to the present day.

On the screen she has created several comic roles. She has given us a memorable Marthy, the waterfront drab in "Anna Christie." Now as Min, another denizen of the wharves, she enlarges the portrait, limns it round and full and true. As a character study Miss Dressler makes this lonely, ageing, self-sacrificing keeper of a harbor-front saloon and dance hall something to be remembered. Out of yesterday's audience as we mingled with it in departure only one woman's voice was heard in vexed dissent. She did not care to see such a picture. For her we have sincere pity, regrets that hers is such a narrow vision. To our mind, Min is a creature etched from life.

The story gets away on a comic note, with Min and Bill, the big, dumb deep-sea fisherman, haggling over the purchase of 10 bottles of contraband whiskey. Later Min shaves Bill, who seems more than a comrade, then bangs him all over a room when he flirts with Bella, Nancy's mother and a hopeless drunkard and worse, in fact a most immoral lady. Min, be it known, is Nancy's foster mother. She had taken the child as a baby and reared her roughly but watchfully. Min's affection for Nancy is deep and lasting, but concealed by a calculated brusqueness. When Bella turns up, Min sends Nancy to a good home, to a boarding school. When Bella learns that Nancy is about to marry a rich man's son, she plots blackmail. And then Min kills her. She might have escaped with loyal Bill, but a young rat named Alec, in revenge, tells the police, who nab her after she has taken her last glimpse of Nancy, radiant in her wedding finery. They lead her away, her dulled eyes suddenly alight with a beatific satisfaction. So the picture ends.

Mr Beery runs second, yet presents a fine bit of comic delineation. Miss Rambeau shows Bella as a faded beauty, cheap, strident-voiced. Miss Jordan's Nancy is passable. It is Miss Dressler, by the virility and the variety of her performance, who dominates "Min and Bill."

W. E. G.

PARK

"The Fourth Alarm"

An all talking screen drama adapted from the story by Scott Littleton directed by Paul Whitman and presented by Continental Talking Pictures Corporation with the following cast:

Nick Stuart
Ralph Lewis
Tom Santschi
Ann Christy
Harry Bowen

Just what purpose is served by films such as "The Fourth Alarm," current feature picture at the Park Theatre, is difficult to determine. It is an over-stressed preachment with an illogical plot, acted with great earnestness by any number of persons who should have known better. The intention of the director must have been to point out the evils of fire-traps and the nobility and heroism of the fire department, but the lesson is so dimmed into the beholder that it is difficult to care very much one way or another. The climax of the film comes with a four alarm fire at a chemical factory, built apparently out of wood; this manages to achieve a certain amount of pictorial illusion owing to the interpolated scenes of an actual waterfront blaze.

The plot, a very involved affair, is all about the crookedness of a certain wealthy chemical manufacturer, Benjamin Griffith, who coldly ignores the safety regulations of the fire department and houses his combustible product in a building with wooden stairs. There is an almost unruly upright young fireman who loves Griffith's daughter, Helen, and at the same time tries to bring Griffith to justice. It is, as you will see, another case of a noble soul torn 'twixt love and duty. Things come to a climax when the chemical plant catches fire and Helen is shut up in the same room with any amount of nitroglycerine. This, despite the terrific heat, fails to explode, and Nick, breasting the flames, rescues his sweetheart and saves what is left of the plant. Griffith learns the error of his ways and the film ends with wedding bells in the offing.

Nick Stuart and Tom Santschi, in the roles of hero and villain, act in an earnest and embarrassed manner. Mr. Santschi in particular being hard put to it to keep a straight face. Ann Christy makes a singularly uninteresting heroine. On the same bill is "The Code of Honor," with Mahlon Hamilton.

E. L. H.

nov 24 1930

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra gave its second concert of the season yesterday afternoon before an audience that almost filled Jordan hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in F major (Beethoven); "With Verdure Clad," from the Creation (Haydn); Prelude to Haensel and Gretel (Humperdinck); Symphonic Poem, "Les Preludes" (Liszt); "Je suis Titania" from Mignon (Thomas); On the Beautiful Blue Danube (Strauss).

Genuine lovers of symphonic music should not overlook the People's symphony, which is again giving concerts in Jordan hall, under the able leadership of Thompson Stone. The programs of this organization fill in for the music goer the gaps between the most modern and the most important symphonic music, as played by the Boston symphony orchestra, and the frankly popular concerts of the spring and summer pops. And the gap actually holds much that is interesting and enjoyable, well worth the attention of the student of music, who wants his experience of symphonic music to be as complete as possible, and of the casual concert goer, who simply wants to enjoy an afternoon of good music. The performances of the People's symphony orchestra are always competent, and frequently really excellent, especially now that Thompson Stone is conducting, for he has that combined musical and administrative gift . . . the sort of capacity for benevolent musical hypnotism . . . that makes the good conductor. The players themselves are well-trained capable musicians, who bring to their playing the honest enjoyment of amateurs, plus their own professional efficiency.

Yesterday the Beethoven symphony was played with high spirits and an incisive attack, well-molded tone, and clean phrasing, that made it delightful. Tempi might have been quarrelled with here and there, especially in the minuet, which seemed rather too slow. But perhaps too many scherzando third movements have accustomed the ear to unnecessary speed. However, this movement might have been lighter, more freely flowing. The Prelude to Haensel and Gretel achieved a richness of color that charmed the audience, but it was not so successful as Liszt's "Les Preludes," which was played with a really thrilling intensity, the violin section in particular distinguishing itself by strength and accuracy in the long difficult passages at high speed.

Meriel G. Blanchard, soprano, sang "With Verdure Clad" from the Creation, and Titania's playful, self-explanatory ditty from "Mignon," with a light, pretty voice, and with nice phrasing. Unusually accurate intonation, plus an unforced, though thin and sometimes wavering tone, made her singing very agreeable, though she seemed to miss the spirit of Titania's aria. She sang it much too slowly, and with an almost painful conscientiousness.

There was much applause for the singer, who was presented with a bouquet, and for the orchestra and its conductor.

The next concert will be given on Dec. 7, at 3:15. The program is announced as follows:

Overture to "The Watercarrier" (Cherubini); Symphony in G minor (Mozart); Nocturne, Scherzo, and Wedding March, from "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn); Concerto in A Minor (Grieg); Overture to "Sakuntala" (Goldmark).

Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, will play the Grieg concerto.—E. B.

ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes sang yesterday afternoon to an audience which comfortably filled Symphony Hall. His program was as follows: Caldara, Vaghe Lucix and Alma del Core; Ariosti, Vuoi che Parta (from Lucius Verus); Schubert, Sehnsucht and Dass sie hier gewesen; Schumann, Auftraege and Alte Laute; Saint-Saens, Danse Macabre (composed as a song a year before the symphonic poem); Debussy, Beau Soir; Medtner, Serenade; Holst, The Heart Worships; Negro spirituals, O, Let Me Shine, I'm Troubled, Dat's All I Want, New Born Again. Percival Parham was the accompanist.

The admirable Negro tenor's firm and continued popularity, which showed no sign of abatement yesterday, remains one of the more pleasing phenomena of the concert world. Since his vocal equipment is far from sensational, and since the singer resorts to no sensationalism of style and manner, his immense popularity must rest upon little other foundation than the delicacy, the restraint, the sincerity and the unflinching good taste that characterize his art, qualities that have not often sufficed to fill large halls with enthusiastic audiences.

Mr. Hayes's singing aroused yesterday the usual emotions—including a fleeting regret that the singer had not been blessed with one of the flawless voices that a thoughtless nature has so generously bestowed upon persons unfitted to make worthy use of them. 'Twas ever thus, to some the voices,

The Theatre

nov 23 1930

By PHILIP HALE

Boston is without an established theatre pecullarly its own. Tho interested in the drama are dependent on visiting companies and are ofte disappointed when a play that has prospered in New York comes here wit only one or two members of the company that brought success; too ofte without the leading man and woman. The hope of our playgoers is in t Theatre Guild and the Boston Professional Players.

Some one should write the history of the rise, decline and fall of t stock companies under the management of the late Henry Jewett a Mr. Clive.

Mr. Jewett began with players, who if they were not all brilliant we experienced, and generally satisfactory in the roles allotted to the Interesting dramas, serious plays and comedies were produced often mo than acceptably. When Mr. Clive first played under Mr. Jewett he show himself an excellent character actor, forcible in serious roles. It was lat that audiences expected him to be a comedian, a low comedian, and guffaw the moment he came on the stage, even when the role called for anyth but laughter. Under Mr. Jewett the repertory was pleasingly varied. The were no unusually long runs, except in one or two cases, as "The Man W Stayed at Home."

Little by little, the better actors and actresses left the company. Th were no reasons given; there were only rumors. The quality of the p formances deteriorated. At last there was open dissension. Mr. Cl and other players began their seasons at the Copley Theatre. The frie of Mr. Jewett succeeded in building the beautiful, well-equipped Reperto Theatre where the manager attempted to carry out the laudable plan t had at first given pleasure; attracted an intelligent, interested audience m than willing to support him.

Mr. Clive took with him an audience, old friends and new, that wis him well. He, too, began by pleasing them. Subscribers as in the past their particular night or afternoon, for seeing the play. In an evil hou "mystery" play ran for some months; "evil" because the subscrib did not wish to see the same play week after week. When other "myste plays followed and ran for a long time, many of the old subscribers drop out, having lost interest in that theatre. The character of the audie changed; it was clamorous for "mystery" plays or farces; impatient with comedy of manners, however witty it might be; an audience too ea amused; an audience with hair-trigger laughter.

This explanation was once given by Mr. Clive for his selection of fa and "mystery" plays: "If I don't put them on, I cannot afford to kee theatre open. Whenever I produce a play of a higher order, I lose m

Would the Copley Theatre still be running under Mr. Clive's ma ment if he had not, one might say, made a specialty of mystery shockers, thrillers that at the same time incited "screams of laughter"? can say? The taste of an audience, even in Boston, is fickle. One add often "inexplicable." Visiting companies have more than once prod interesting plays, having literary as well as dramatic merit, plays of and wit, emotional plays, plays—as Augustin Daly used to say—of temporary human interest, and drawn small audiences, sometimes cl theatre prematurely. Even "mystery" plays do not always draw in days. There was a good one of its kind, well-acted, "The Subway Ex but it did not crowd the Hollis Street Theatre.

Mr. Clive fought a good fight, wishing to carry out his original p providing at a reasonable price plays that were worth seeing. Circumst were too much for him. He was obliged towards the end to produce that he thought would please the audience of the later years. Nor he be so particular in the selection of his players, in spite of the that many competent actors and actresses are supposed to be out of w

And so Boston is without a stock company, without a theatre players long associated are seen in a repertoire of old and modern Even if there were this theatre would there be audiences for it? a "Boston Museum" company prosper today?

It is easy to say that the present lamentable condition of the t in Boston, leading theatres often dark, is due to the prevailing fin depression; to high prices asked for tickets; to the radio; to the c theatres, and so on, and so on. No doubt these are contributing but when "Smiles" came to town, the high reputation of Mr. Zie spectacles and the names of the leading dancers packed the C Theatre without regard to the high price and the supposed deflecting tions. There has been a fair-sized audience for the better pla "Berkeley Square," "Michael and Mary." The Boston Professional P began with a play that was not calculated to draw the crowd; the "Death Takes a Holiday," was not alluring. If there had not been scription list, would not the play have starved? No one complained performance; Mr. Merivale is respected here, but the play itself? said the idea was a good one, but it might have been treated differently one outlined or suggested the treatment that would benefit the play.

There are people in Boston who admit that they enjoyed "Be Square," but they are still wondering what it was all about. And so dismissed Milne's delightful "Michael and Mary" because they d believe the marriage possible in view of the circumstances.

Now, the play to be put on by the Boston Professional Players Plymouth on Dec. 1 should prosper: first, because as it is a translatio the French and is entitled "Purity" many will think, no doubt erron that it is highly spiced, so that the title is like the word "lucus"—i non lucendo; second, because Miss Florence Reed of "The Shanghai Ge will be the leading woman and they hope to find her role that of a Mother Goddam. Whatever be the nature of her role in "Purity," Reed will undoubtedly be interesting.

On Dec. 8 the Theatre Guild will produce at the Tremont a ne "Green Grow the Lilacs"—we prefer them pink or white—"when lil in the door-yard bloomed." It's a "folk" play of Oklahoma. We novel of early life in Oklahoma; it contained enough dramatic st several dramas. It is said that in "Green Grow the Lilacs" there be realistic scenes of oil gushing for the enrichment of our Indian b

It is a pleasure to know that Mr. Moscovitch's Shylock is so ap here that a third week is necessarily added to his engagement. Shak

s not inevitably "spell ruin." Mr. Moscovitch is not merely an actor with role. In his time he has played many parts, and by them won the plause of the enlightened.

In England they are dramatizing the remarkable novels of Mary Webb; mistaken adventure for the development of character and the strange mosphere in which her men and women move, love and suffer can not be produced on the stage. This was shown when "Gone to Earth" was produced in London early this month. "There are faint indications in this y"—the adaptation was by T. G. Saville—"that the novel behind it is mething more than a melodrama. . . . Mr. Saville seems to have been tisfied to present certain strong situations." Beatrix Lehmann played azel as if she were the ordinary simple village maiden.

A new story about Richard Mansfield was told by Bernard Shaw at a ncheon recently. He was saying how the theatre diverted talent into the rong channels.

"C. B. Cochran never wanted to be a showman," said Mr. Shaw. "He nted to be an actor, and he actually went on the stage. In about six nths he got an engagement with Richard Mansfield as a French waiter. had no lines to speak, but just went on the stage.

"Cochran spent hours making himself up, and when he was standing ready in the wings Mansfield saw him.

" 'Who are you?' he demanded. 'I am Cochran,' was the answer. 'My d!' said Mansfield, and walked off.

"Next day Mr. Cochran went to see Mansfield, who asked him: 'Do you nk you will ever be a great actor?' Cochran demurred a little, and said stly that he hoped to do himself a little credit.

" 'I understand that you can read and write and even add up figures,' Mansfield. 'If so, I think you would be better as a secretary!' So hran was taken off the stage, and has been a disappointed man ever e."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

There are new comers in the concert halls this week, and programs admit songs and instrumental music comparatively or wholly unknown here. Mr. Tibbett, lifting up, like Signor Bimbinger, his baritone voice, will acquaint us with English songs by Arnold, Dunhill and Aiken. The first is associated more with church than secular music; Dunhill has labored in the field of chamber music, said to have more affinity with English national songs of the 17th and 18th centuries than with folk song idiom. Aiken will be represented by a setting of Shakespeare's Sonnet, No. 18. Other composers have made a song of it. Charles Horn thought of it as a duet and as such it was sung in "The Tempest." By the way, one Richard Simpson set music to all the Sonnets. Some were published in 1878. Think of sitting through a recital devoted to them, or a series of Simpson recitals.

Mr. Tibbett made his fortune in the concert world by singing Ford's soliloquy in "Falstaff" at the Metropolitan Opera House. And so the baritone Campanari, taking the same role, won an artistic success he never attained in other operas. Sometimes a song makes a singer.

Hazel Harrison will play a piece by Sapelnikov, the pianist, who made a sensation when he first appeared in Germany and England. He was especially popular in London where he played 15 times or more with the Philharmonic Society. In 1916 he returned to his birthplace, Odessa, to settle family affairs. He could not escape until 1922. Born in 1872 he studied at Leningrad through the advice of Rubinstein, though he had already as a boy appeared in public as a violinist.

The Gordon String Quartet, a capable organization, will introduce a quartet by Emerson Whithorne, who was born at Cleveland in 1884. He studied in Cleveland, Vienna; later with Schnabel and Tcherepnin. From 1906 to 1914 he composed, taught and wrote in London. Returning, he lived in St. Louis and about seven years ago made New York his home. His orchestral works have been performed in various cities. Among his chamber works are the string quartet "Greek Impressions" and a quartettino. He belongs to the "advanced" school, and is not afraid of the polytonal idiom.

Mr. Whithorne was for a time the husband of Mme. Leginska.

Jacques Gordon studied at Odessa, later with Franz Kneisel, and was appointed concert-master of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1921, the year he organized this quartet.

Edwin Ideler, the second violinist, born at Cincinnati, pursued his studies at Berlin, lived for some years in Honolulu, played with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and was a member of the Lenox String Quartet.

The viola player, Josef Vieland, born at Vienna, lived in Odessa where he and Mr. Gordon were schoolmates at the Conservatory of that city. He was a member of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Nahoum Benditzky, the 'cellist, leaving Russia after the war, lived in Syria, teaching at the American College in Beirut. He made his way to Paris, and came to the United States in 1921.

Amy Ward Durfee, contralto, will sing a group of songs, poems by Ronsard, music by Francis Poulenc, born at Paris in 1899, the fourth to join the once famous group "Les Six." He is known here by instrumental pieces; some of his songs have been sung. At first considered as merely a fantastic composer, he is now, through later works, among them his ballets, taken seriously. It was said of his early works for small orchestra of wind instruments that they were singular in giving the impression of vulgarity without ever descending to it. He has a humorous mind, as when he gave a sidewalk band—viola, cornet, trombone, bass horn, triangle—to songs of Parisian folk lore by Jean Cocteau.

A "Romantic" symphony, written for the Boston Symphony Orchestra's jubilee by Howard Hanson, "Mus. Bac., Mus. Doc., F. A. A. R.," born at Yahoo, Nebraska, will be played at the orchestra's concerts this week. The program will also include Ravel's "Bolero," of which it has been said that the theme is Arabian, not Spanish, and the character of the music, rhythm etc., is not that of a bolero. But why is one so "beastly particular"? As it stands, Ravel's "Bolero" is amusing and exciting.

the brains; to few, both gifts. The thought recurred, too, that Mr. Hayes, preoccupied with matters of interpretation, as is the way of our more intelligent singers, might not unprofitably have devoted a little more attention to certain problems in the mechanisms of voice production, among others that of giving to his full voice a sound as pleasing as his mezzo-voce. But, as usual, the listener ended by admitting that such criticisms as this and others that might be made—for example the occasional deviations from true intonation—were perhaps of little weight beside the indubitable fact that, in spite of them all, the singing of Roland Hayes provides one of the most delicate pleasures of the concert platform.

The customary opening group of old airs, with their formal grace, was sung with an appropriately impersonal elegance, with airy, fine-spun tone, with effortless agility. Similarly he sang the encore to this group, "Would You Gain the Tender Creature," whose expressive middle section would, however, have gained by a less rigid adherence to the rapid tempo of the beginning. More warmly, though with exquisite delicacy, he sang the romantic songs of his German group; best of all, those of Schubert—two songs rarely heard at concerts, and strangely so.

It must have come as news to most of those present that Saint-Saens's Danse Macabre first saw the light as a song. Mr. Hayes sang this song yesterday. It anticipates closely the symphonic poem; its program is the same; its final line—inspired by the spectacle of wheelwright and marquise, king and scoundrel (skeletons all) dancing together—dedicates the song to "Death and Equality." Mr. Hayes sang it effectively, economizing his means in order to produce, at the end, a more telling climax. His enunciation of the words "La Mort et l'Egalite" revealed in Mr. Hayes, predominantly the lyricist, an unsuspected dramatic force. Brilliance, too, was displayed in Medtner's dashing serenade; in Holst's "The Heart Worships," a restrained and imaginative devotionalism.

The moving beauty of Mr. Hayes's singing of the spirituals of his own race, which many, despite the fatal obviousness of the thought, persist in thinking the most thoroughly satisfactory part of his concerts, was as manifest as ever in his final group. Here his voice seems more warmly beautiful, while his admirable control of breath is as notable as elsewhere. An inimitable blending of art and naivety makes his singing of these songs memorable. The applause was most enthusiastic. S. S.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Sin Takes a Holiday"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Dorothy Cairns from a story by Robert Milton; directed by Robert Milton and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Sylvia ..... Constance Bennett
Gaylord Stanton ..... Kenneth McKenna
Durant ..... Basil Rathbone
Grace Lanier ..... Rita LaRoy
Richards ..... Louis Bartels
Sheridan ..... John Roche
Anna ..... Zasu Pitts
Miss Munson ..... Kendall Lee
Ruth ..... Murrel Finlay
Miss Graham ..... Helen Johnson
Butler ..... Fred Walton

A stylish star, supported by a somewhat less stylish cast, gives a smart performance of a saucy screen farce in "Sin Takes a Holiday." It is mostly a matter of shrewd direction, of terse and pointed speech, of immaculate dress and of ornate settings, with a central theme far less elaborate than the garments which cover it. As far as Miss Bennett is concerned, it shows her in a restrained mood of acting, with an assumption of intellectual poise and keenness, indicated with that deft and effective repression which frequently marks the performances of Miss Grace George, for instance.

Sylvia Brenner is a $35-a-week secretary to Gaylord Stanton, a lawyer specializing in divorces. He enjoys success and wealth, a certain social prestige. He plays about and has become involved in a flirtation with Grace Lanier, whose husband is about to divorce her and to name Stanton as co-respondent. The prospect pleases Grace, for she would make Stanton her fourth husband. Stanton, however, casting about for escape, hits on the idea of a marriage contract of one year with Sylvia. She is to have $5000 in advance, go abroad and have a good time, and allow Stanton to go his philandering way at home, safe. Sylvia reaches Paris, buys costly raiment and lingerie, becomes a social favorite and in time finds that Durant, a bachelor friend of Stanton and his crowd who met her on crossing, has fallen in love with her, very deeply for him. Before answering his proposal of marriage she must see some one in New York, none other than her pseudo-husband. He, amazed, then delighted and fascinated at the metamorphosis in her, challenges Durant's proprietorship, real or assumed, listens with a grin to Grace's jealous tirades, courts Sylvia brazenly, and thinks he has won her by his own efforts. As a matter of fact, Sylvia had loved him all the time.

Miss Bennett's gowns are modish and attractive. Her voice still has the hollow timbre of Ethel Barrymore's voice. Miss LaRoy makes Grace Lanier a cat with tinselled claws, Zasu Pitts does a brief bit as Sylvia's one-time roommate. Mr. McKenna is boyish and properly obtuse as the young attorney, and Mr. Rathbone eminently correct as a formal suitor. The photography is exceptionally illuminative, taking us briskly from New York to Paris and back, and only via most expensive routes and amid most decorative furnishings. A farce-comedy in evening dress. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Renegades"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jules Furthman from the novel by Andre Armandy entitled "Les Renegats"; directed by Victor Fleming and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Deucalion ..... Warner Baxter
Eleonore ..... Myrna Loy
Machwurth ..... Noah Beery
Vologuine ..... Gregory Gaye
Biloxi ..... George Cooper
Captain Mordiconi ..... C. Huntley Gordon
Sergeant-Major Olson ..... Colin Chase
The Marabout ..... Bela Lugosi

There are two such striking novelties in the course of "Renegades," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres, that it is a pity the rest of the picture doesn't live up to the courage of its convictions. The first surprise is that there is no heroine, only a very vindictive villainess. The second is that at the end of the story all the characters but the supernumeraries are dead. Such truly Elizabethan, or operatic, slaughter is not a little startling. Unfortunately the film as a whole is long drawn out, frequently tiresome and profoundly illogical. None of the characters are especially desirable and their melodramatic antics are distressingly peculiar.

The film is presumably intended as a follow-up of "Beau Geste," but the only noticeable similarity between the two is that the setting is in Africa and the characters are members of the Foreign Legion. There are four comrades: Deucalion, a French officer who has lost everything through the machinations of a woman spy; Machwurth, a German who betrayed his officers; Vologuine, a former Russian nobleman, and Biloxi, a former American crook. All are splendid soldiers on the battlefield, but when not fighting they are drunk and disorderly, giving infinite trouble to their commander, Capt. Mordiconi. As the story opens, they escape from military prison and perform with great gallantry in a hazardous military operation. Decorated for this, they are forced to desert when Deucalion discovers Eleonore, the woman who had betrayed him, and endeavors to strangle her.

They escape to the Riffs and Deucalion becomes a power in the land, with enormous influence over the Marabout, or hereditary king. He has Eleonore kidnapped and forced to live as a camp-follower, for which she threatens the most drastic vengeance. Machwurth and Biloxi escorting a shipment of machine guns from the seacoast, are attacked by the legion, and Biloxi and the guns are captured. Machwurth forces the victors to take refuge in a fort and sends word to Deucalion. The Marabout, now under the influence of Eleonore, desires both prisoners and guns. Deucalion and Machwurth, sick at the thought of their treachery, turn the guns of their colored troops against the Riffs. The French are saved, but Deucalion dies at the hands of Eleonore, who is shot in the back by Volguine.

Warner Baxter does as well as any one could with the ungrateful role of Deucalion, but better acting was contributed by Gregory Gaye as the unhappy Vologuine, by Myrna Loy, minus her accent, as the treacherous Eleonore, and by C. Huntley Gordon as the indomitable Capt. Mordiconi. The battle scenes are excellent, but the dialogue is something that should be forgotten. E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Pay-Off"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Jane Murfin from the play by Samuel Shipman and John Hymer entitled "Crime"; directed by Lowell Sherman and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Eugene Fenmore ..... Lowell Sherman
Annabelle ..... Marian Nixon
Rocky Moresby ..... Hugh Trevor
Tommy ..... William Janney
Dot ..... Helene Millard
Mouse ..... Walter McGrail
Frank ..... Robert McWade
District Attorney ..... Alan Roscoe
Marky ..... Lita Chevret
Spat ..... Bert Moorhouse

John Barrymore may have the most acrobatic eyebrows in motion pictures, but Lowell Sherman's eyes are in a class by themselves. With a roll to the east he dispatches a rival; with a roll to the west he signs a confession of murder, and with a meeting in the middle he makes Chesterfieldian love to the small and innocent heroine. Eloquence but vaguely describes the antics of his acrobatic optics. "The Pay-Off," current feature film at the Keith-Boston Theatre, gives Mr. Sherman, who stars under his own direction, a perfectly wonderful time. Immaculate of person, tailored to the last degree, suave of manner and soft of speech, he shows his audience a complete if not plausible vision of a noble altruistic gangster. The picture itself is adapted

from "Crime," a successfull melodrama of several seasons past. If Mr. Sherman is incredible he is never dull and he has produced an entertaining show.

Tommy and Annabelle, two innocent children, are held up and robbed of all the money they have in the world by Rocky Moresby, one of Eugene Fenmore's gang. Desperate, they trail him to Fenmore's apartment and with an antique and empty revolver hold up the assembled company. Their bluff is called, but Fenmore takes a liking to them and installs them in his quarters. Restive under Fenmore's bland assumption of superiority, Rocky stages the hold-up of a jewelry store, against orders, and kills the proprietor. He has also made sure that Tommy and Annabelle will be on the spot at the time of the shooting. Bitterly upbralded by Fenmore, Rocky draws a gun on him but is killed in the ensuing scuffle.

Brought to trial by the gang for killing Rocky, Fenmore escapes temporarily during a police raid, but is captured by the police and the district attorney orders him to sign a confession. This he does after extracting a written pledge that Tommy and Annabelle shall go free. Such a noble and self-sacrificing act is not precisely plausible in view of what the crime sheets tell us, and, indeed, Fenmore is throughout just a bit too good to be true—he robs only crooks, for instance, and has no use for killers. Of the supporting cast Marian Nixon does admirably as the childlike Annabelle and Hugh Trevor makes a surprisingly convincing Rocky. William Janney is a satisfactory Tommy and George Marion is amusing in a minor role. E. L. H.

FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE

"The Doorway to Hell"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by George Roesener from a story entitled "A Handful of Clouds," by Rowland Brown; directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Louis Ricarno ..... Lewis Ayres
Sam Marconi ..... Charles Judels
Doris ..... Dorothy Mathews
Jackie Lamarr ..... Leon Janney
Capt. O'Grady ..... Robert Elliott
Steve Mileaway ..... James Cagney
Captain of Military Academy ..... Kenneth Thompson
Joe ..... Jerry Mandy
Rocco ..... Noel Madison

The endless chain of gangster pictures, pointing their identical morals of endless extermination and survival of the luckiest, goes on. "The Doorway to Hell" is a bit more fantastic in that its supposedly cleverest figure fancies himself of Napoleonic mold. He thinks war and conquest would make "a great racket." In the course of the story he does demonstrate a certain aptitude for organization of rival bootlegging and hijacking units; but he is so dumb in his love affair that his best pal, Steve Mileaway, can court his wife in his presence; but then, Doris was a hoodlum at heart, anyway, and Louis Ricarno acquired a very small package in her. His finest trait was his affection for his young brother, Jackie, whom he was maintaining in a prep school for a subsequent military career. Louis and Jackie were all that were left of the family. Apparently, father and mother had died of natural causes, and another brother and a sister of typhoid through impure milk.

When Louis had made his million in the big racket, after bumping off all rivals or embracing the others in a watchful corporation, he tried to retire. Just as he thought he had finished his autobiography, two hostile thugs attempted to kidnap Jackie, who was crushed by a truck as he fled from them. So Louis had to go back, kill the two offenders, break jail, and take refuge in a mean room on a dark street.

Rocco and his gang waited across the street, to give him that same "handful of clouds"—bullets from a .38 automatic—which he had given so many. His million-dollar bank cache wasn't worth a nickel to him. He knew that, after Pat O'Grady of police headquarters had warned him. Louis thought of suicide by the gas route or by one of his own slugs; rejected both avenues and chose to go forth, unarmed, with a gift cigar between his lips, a smile on his face. A new twist to the ending of "The Squealer," in which Jack Holt walked into machine gun fire.

If "The Doorway to Hell" is to be credited with any distinctive points, they exist in the crisp, natural dialogue, the cool, complete performance of Robert Elliott as O'Grady, the equally smooth and amiable characterization of Steve Mileaway by Mr. Cagney, and the plucky efforts of Mr. Ayres to hold his own in a role unsuited to his type and much beneath his talents. In fact, he makes Ricarno too likable. One is weak enough to wish that to the last he might have outwitted his enemies, to die, like his parents, a natural death.

W. E. G.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

MAJESTIC—"The Blue Ghost," mystery comedy-drama; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"Michael and Mary," A. A. Milne's comedy with Madge Kennedy, Terence Neill; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"The Street Singer," musical comedy, with Queenie Smith; 8:20.

TREMONT—"The Merchant of Venice," with Maurice Moscovitch; 8:15.

WILBUR—"Street Scene," Pulitzer prize play; 8:30.

NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis Street and Lyric theatres are dark this week.

Mar 25 1930

LAWRENCE TIBBETT

By PHILIP HALE

Lawrence Tibbett, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera company, sang yesterday afternoon in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler in aid of the Boston Home and School Visitors' Association. His program was as follows: Arnold, Flow Thou Regal, Purple Stream; Dunhill, The Cloths of Heaven; Aiken, Shakespeare's Sonnet XVIII. Strauss, Allerseelen; Wolff, Ewig; Wagner, Song to the Evening Star from "Tannhaeuser"; Massenet, Vision Fugitive from "Herodiade"; Carpenter, Shake Your Brown Feet; Lord, I Want to Be (arranged by Wille); Jacques Wolfe, De Glory Road; H. Foss, The Sergeant's Song; Carpenter, Don't Ceare; H. Fisher, At Tankerton Inn. Stewart Wille, pianist, played Myra Hess's transcription of a Chorale from Bach's cantata No. 47, and Liszt's transcription of Schumann's song "Spring Night."

Arnold's song—the composer is now known, if at all, by his music for the church—is in the straightforward English style of his period, with roulades designed to show a singer's ability or expose the lack of it. Mr. Tibbett sang it in the appropriately hearty manner without nuances—the roulades were clear and clean cut. He artfully followed this song with a beautiful one by Dunhill, who has labored diligently in the field of chamber music. Mr. Tibbett's interpretation of this song was one of the recital's chief features. Here the voice had a delightful quality; the taste of the singer and his appreciation of the sentiment of the text showed that he could be more than a virile baritone. The Sonnet is a labored composition with an ending too evidently designed as an applause-trap. The preceding measures are negligible. The song by Wolff is not one of his best nor was it made so by the interpretation. On the other hand, Strauss's familiar—but not too familiar—"Allerseelen" was finely sung as was poor Wolfram's address to the evening star, when he knew that Elisabeth was not for him. Some one has said that Wolfram's whole character is here revealed. The finer side of Mr. Tibbett's art was also revealed, as in the song by Dunhill. He acknowledged the applause that was here justly his due by a voluble delivery of a folk ditty arranged by Arthur Somervell, hardly worth singing or hearing.

We should have preferred a more subtle rendering of Massenet's "Vision Fugitive" than the one given to it by Mr. Tibbett. Not that his was too operatic, but there was no sensuous longing; and the erotic outbursts were as the soliloquy of a hero in chain armor before taking his lance in hand. Mr. Tibbett said he had been requested by many to sing the prologue to "Pagliacci"—it is music that should never be heard except as an introduction to the opera.

Mr. Tibbett, though young in concert work, is already in many respects an accomplished singer. At present he relies too much on force, probably knowing that the louder he sings and the longer he holds a high note with his full vocal power, the more enthusiastic the audience will be. It was so yesterday. Yet the man who could work a spell by the quiet, poetic interpretation of Dunhill's song does not need to force his tones to impress an audience.

Mr. Wille not only accompanied admirably, he gave pleasure by his performance of Miss Hess's transcription and Liszt's impertinent treatment of Schumann's song. There was a large audience.

SHUBERT

"The Street Singer"

"The Street Singer," a musical comedy in two acts; book by Cyrus Wood and Edgar Smith, lyrics by Tom Graham Johns, music by Jean Gilbert, Nicholas Kempner and Samuel Timberg; staged and directed by Busby Berkeley; performed in Boston at the Shubert Theatre, July 28, 1929, and in New York at the Shubert Theatre, Sept. 17, 1929. The present cast:

Mabel Brown ..... Helen La Vonne
Ronnie ..... Nick Long, Jr.
Manager of Cafe Royal ..... Phil Snyder
Col. Brown ..... Edward Garvie
Muriel ..... Mildred Green
Annette ..... Jane Love
Louis ..... Harry K. Morton
Picot ..... George Hassell
Suzette ..... Queenie Smith
George ..... Archie Leach
Prefect of Police ..... Frank Lalor
Claire ..... Betty Hannon
Erminie, Wife of the Prefect of Police ..... Audrey Maple
Jean Baptiste ..... Phil Snyder
Manager of Folies Bergere ..... Walter Johnson

In the year and one-half that Queenie Smith has been trouping about the country in "The Street Singer" she has contrived to make the role of Suzette, the little flower girl with the East Side vernacular and the Parisian background, all her own. She has amplified it here and smoothed it there. She has tempered its pertness of speech and its vigor of action and gesture, yet, she has caught and held securely a more plausible contrast of character development, that of the street gamin of the first act to the graceful lady of polite society in the second. She danced little enough when "The Street Singer" was in its infancy. She dances less now, but that little serves, rather irritatingly, to remind us again that Queenie Smith is a born dancer and a manufactured actress.

The original story has been retained; that of the wealthy George, who wagered that in three months he could make a lady out of any subject he chose, even the apparently untameable Suzette; who succeeded in his "academic excursion into psychological behavourism," only to lose his high-tempered fiancee, Mabel, and at the final curtain to find himself in love with the charming creature he had fashioned with such detached enthusiasm. The four scenes, a foyer in the Cafe Royal in Paris, the reception room in George's summer home and the foyer and the green room of the Follies Bergere, have been retained, retouched, and, in one instance, that of George's reception room, made astoundingly distinctive by the most fantastic array of colors imaginable. They do not actually erupt in war, but they are militantly aggressive. The score has been enriched—we use the word discreetly—by three new numbers. One, "Statues," introduces a very clever dance ensemble in which the girls manoeuvre around the stage crouched like feminine gnomes, if such there be; a very difficult dance, and worthy of applause. The other two, "I May Be Wrong" and "So Beats My Heart for You," are for a dancing duo by Mr. Long and Miss Green, and a solo dance for Miss Smith. There are words to the latter also, but it might be as well not to mention the singing.

Mr. Hassell has replaced Andrew Tombes as Picot, Suzette's foster-father, and in amazing fashion has set humor where it could not be found before. Miss Love succeeds Nell Kelly as acrobatic Annette, Miss La Vonne is agreeably new as Mabel, Mr. Leach declaims his way decorously as George, whom Guy Robertson formerly represented by vocal flights. At that Mr. Leach seems more fitted to the role as he chose to play it.

The chorus holds to the Berkeley traditions, which exact the last ounce of endurance to the accompaniment of as much noise as stomping feet, frenzied outeries and willing trumpeters can provide. In fact, "The Street Singer," thanks to Mr. Long, Mr. Morton, Miss Love and Miss Green, and that willing chorus of "girls and boys," is an unusually lively dancing show. What is left belongs to Queenie Smith, one-time dancing comedienne and at present sentimental comedienne. W. E. G.

REPERTORY

"Cinderella"

"Cinderella," a dramatization in five scenes by Clare Tree Major of the fairy story of the same name; presented at the Boston Repertory Theatre yesterday afternoon by the Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre Company of New York, with the following cast:

Cinderella ..... Peggy Noble
Suzette ..... Dorothy Major
Jeanne ..... Marie Newell
Step-Mother ..... Miriam G. Nelson
Gaffer ..... Will Marsh
Fairy Godmother ..... Norma G. Nelson
Hodge ..... Harold Lewis
Father ..... Lark Taylor
Prince ..... Wallace House
Count ..... William Owen
Herald ..... Allen Mathis
Page ..... Roswald Snider

Yesterday afternoon at the Repertory Theatre a rare treat was offered to Boston children and to their elders as well, when Clare Tree Major's Children's Theatre Company presented the beloved fairy story, "Cinderella." In settings brightly and charmingly colored that looked like illustrations from fairy story books, the familiar tale was re-enacted before a large and appreciative gathering of youngsters. They followed Cinderella's adventures with the utmost interest, even rising out of their seats in awed admiration to behold her dressed for the ball, sliver slippers and all. Mrs. Major's dramatization serves admirably. Her dialogue is simple but not childish, and yesterday's assemblage found no difficulty in understanding what was going on.

In the evening the same company presented "Aladdin," with similar emphasis on pictorial beauty and simplicity. The players shifted easily from important to subsidiary roles with perfect ease. Perhaps "Aladdin" is the more picturesque entertainment, but "Cinderella" is just as well beloved. There should be ample audiences for both during the brief stay of the company in Boston.

The Children's Theatre Company consists of a group of adult professional players who have been giving plays for children for the last eight years in New York and the surrounding suburbs. This is the first time that they have ventured so far afield, and the trip is in the nature of an experiment to see whether there will be sufficient interest in their plays to warrant coming to Boston and other reasonably nearby cities. It is to be hoped that they may achieve success, for the presentations are beautiful to look at, charmingly presented and equally interesting to children and to adults. No attempt is made to "play down" to the young spectators, who receive quite as much for their money as do their elders elsewhere.

"Cinderella" will be given at the Repertory Theatre this afternoon, tomorrow afternoon and Thursday. "Aladdin" will be shown twice more, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. From Boston the company moves to Philadelphia, but it is to be hoped that they will return again next year. If Boston suports them as it should, there is no reason why they should not visit us again.—E. L. H.

Mar 26 1930

HIZI KOYKE AND JEAN BEDETTI

Under the auspices of the American Association of Hospital Social Workers, New England district, a concert was given at the Repertory Theatre last night by Hizi Koyke, Japanese soprano, and Jean Bedetti, 'cellist. The program was as follows: Miss Koyke—Aria from "Radamisto" (Handel-Bibb); Allerseelen (Strauss); O Mer, ouvre-toi (Delibes); Love Song, Pleasure-Seeker's Song (Yamada); Dream Rose (Shelley); My Lover Is a Fisherman (Strickland); Aria from "Iris" (Mascagni). Mr. Bedetti—Sonata, No. 10, in E major (Valentini); Aria (Paul Bazelaire); Corgete (Gaubert); La Goyita (Langendoen); Kol Nidrei (Max Bruch); Goyescas (Granados); Elfentanz (Popper). Miss Koyke's accompanist was Gladys Longene; Mr. Bedetti's, Bernard Zighera.

Hizi Koyke is remembered with pleasure by those Bostonians who heard her charming performance—her expressive singing and her graceful and moving acting—in the title role of "Madama Butterfly" not so long ago. She proved last night that she has qualities that should endear her to concert audiences, though she has not yet mastered all the exacting requirements of this field of the singer's activities. Her voice is a lyric soprano, of ample volume and richness of quality, and with a reserve of telling brilliance in its upper register. She uses it firmly and smoothly in general, with something of the Italian preoccupation with breadth and fulness of tone a virtue which carries with it as attendant vice a tendency to neglect articulation, to sing her more lyric songs (in this instance, as it happened, her French and German songs in particular) rather as though they were wordless vocalizations, though not inexpressively.

Occasionally, too, her medium high notes were not true in intonation whether because of excessive force in their emission or of a not yet thoroughly instinctive familiarity with the scale of western music.

Miss Koyke was at her best in the dramatic airs from "Radamisto" and "Iris," which she sang with fervor and conviction, in the Japanese songs by Yamada (adapted, as she intelligently warned her hearers, to the tonal language of western music and not likely to be recognized by a Japanese audience), and in her English songs, which she sang very effectively, with no copy affectations to mar her own graceful simplicity of manner. In the "Butterfly" air, "Un Bel Di," which she sang as encore, she showed signs of tiredness, took some excessive liberties with the time of the piece, but achieved a brilliant final high note. She pleased her audience greatly, and was warmly applauded.

The merits of Mr. Bedetti, the principal 'cellist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, are already well known. Valentini's sonata can boast only of it two gravely beautiful slow movements it was in these that Mr. Bedetti's playing beautifully expressive in tone, nobly graceful in phrasing, firm and masculine in character—fell most gratefully upon the ear. In the rapid passage work of the two Allegri—mere mechanical compilations in the less inspired 18th-century convention his tone was often rasping and unmusical. He played with intelligence and elegance Bazelaire's interesting "Aria" and effectively Gaubert's neat and tuneful "Cortege." He did justice to Mr. Langendoen's "Goyita," an essay in Spanish music, brilliantly written for the instrument. He was cordially applauded. S. S.

HAZEL HARRISON

Hazel Harrison, pianist, played last night at Jordan hall to a fair-sized very enthusiastic audience. Her program

was as follows Prelude in E minor, (Bach-Stiott); Sonata in B minor (Chopin); Intermezzo in C major (Brahms); Intermezzo in B flat minor (Brahms); Rhapsodie in E flat major (Brahms); Elf-Tanz (Spellnikoff); Dreamy Dells Elf-Tanz (Sapellnikoff); Dreamy Dells ettes Iberiennes (Slonimsky); One More Day, My John (Grainger); Paraphrase Tchaikovsky's Flower Waltz (Grainger).

Unlike many women pianists, Miss Harrison seems particularly well endowed physically for her chosen instrument. It is never necessary for her to strain for a wide reach, or for full-toned volume. Hence, sonority takes the place of forced fortes, with her, and she plays with an ease that evokes genuine admiration. But these physical virtues sometimes lead her into musical faults—a paradox none too uncommon in concert halls. Her agility tempts her to play at confusing speed, her strength tempts her to accent with too heavy a hand. These faults spoiled many moments of the Chopin sonata, though it should be hastily said to her credit that her interpretation was pleasingly robust, free from the languid poeticizing that too often robs Chopin of inherent vigor and drama, and she was not unmindful of the delicate beauties of the largo.

Her Brahms playing, except for an unfortunate muddling of the C major intermezzo, was unusually satisfying romantic, swift-moving, solid, and well built up, with a wealth of inner voices singing out sweetly, though not too importantly.

She played Sapellnikoff's purling Elf-Tanz with lightness and clarity, and John Orth's Dreamy Dells with appropriate tenderness. Slonimsky's Imperia, a furious Spanish dance which was named for a noted, not to say notorious, Spanish dancer, she played with strong rhythm, and with a clean, percussive touch. Her playing of Percy Grainger's heartless, ridiculously overdecorated paraphrase of the Flower Waltz from Tchaikovsky's Nut-Cracker Suite was very brilliant, drawing forth a storm of applause.

Miss Harrison was induced to add to her announced program. E. B.

TUESDAY SYMPHONY SERIES

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave its first Tuesday afternoon program yesterday at 3 P. M. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The program was Bach, Two Preludes (arranged for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiagalli); Beethoven, Symphony No. 7 in A major, Opus 92; Brahms, Symphony No. 2 in D major, Opus 73.

It is an old idea and a good one—this concert of the three great B's. Toscanini used it to usher in his Sunday afternoon concerts in New York. Here Dr. Koussevitzky used it yesterday to inaugurate his Tuesday afternoon series.

In spite of barometric and financial depressions, Symphony Hall was crowded. A temperate welcome greeted the conductor, but the audience increased the warmth of its enthusiasm as the afternoon progressed. At the intermission the orchestra was called to its feet and when the glorious sonorities of the Brahms Finale closed the program, the listeners were slow to leave. If they had come to be shown, they went away enlightened and enlivened.

From Bach and the tender manipulation of Pick-Mangiagalli, came two Preludes. The first, originally an organ prelude, sustained a mood serene and glowing from within. The second, from the Third Partita, was swift and spirited in rhythm and the orchestra, after its fatiguing travels, seemed to find it exacting. In neither instance did Bach lose anything at his transcriber's hands or at his interpreter's. For many he gained new clarity.

In the Beethoven Seventh the performance came close to perfection. The players seemed to identify themselves completely with the composition, reliving again the surprises in accent and pause which characterize the first movement, making of the Alegretto a contemplative but not unhappy song; ascending through the vigor and fire of the third movement to the ecstatic climax of the fourth ;a glorious re-creation.

After intermission, the Brahms Second Symphony filled the cup of pleasure to brimming. More complex in development than the work which preceded it, its stabs of emotion were many barbed. It swept on, from the masterful, stirring opening, into the brooding calm of the second movement, from which, with renewed strength, the Scherzo burst forth joyously. The ascendant and transcendent harmonies of the Finale left the audience with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Small wonder they were loathe to leave. For Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, another triumph. F. S. F.

LYNNWOOD FARNUM

W. Lynnwood Farnum, an organist of the first rank, died in New York on Nov. 23 at the age of 45. Born in the province of Quebec he studied at the Royal College of Music, London for four years. Having been organist and choirmaster of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal (1908-1913) he came to Boston and filled a similar position at Emmanuel Church. The war came. In 1919-20 he was organist of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. He was afterwards organist of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Communion, New York. He often gave recitals in this country and in Europe, and was everywhere admired for his technical proficiency and remarkable memory, the purity of his taste and his musical knowledge.

Nov 27 '930

GORDON STRING QUARTET

With the Gordon String Quartet, which gave a concert last night at Jordan hall, a new chamber-music group C made its bid for the favor of a Boston audience, not unsuccessfully, if applause be a safe guide in such speculations. The four musicians of long and varied experience who comprise this organization are Jacques Gordon, first violin ;Edwin Ideler, second violin, Josef Vieland, viola; Nahoum Benditzky, 'cello; their leader was concertmaster of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The program in which they elected to be heard last night was the following: Haydn, quartet in D minor, op. 76, No. 2; Emerson Whithorne, quartet (in one movement), op. 51 (MS.); Mozart, quartet in F major (K. 509).

Four players more equally matched in ability or more alike in temperament could not easily be imagined than those whom the first movement of the Haydn quartet revealed. Bold, vigorous, and alert in attack, their phrasing strong, elastic, and nervous rather than sensuous, commanding a warm beauty of tone that verged towards sombreness, brusquely responsive to changes of mood, these players synthesized a powerful and unmistable individuality among quartets. Their Haydn was true to the spirit of the composer, neither so trivial nor so much the good-humored lout as the Haydn of popular legend, but a composer full of wit, daring and resource. Their spirited performance of this quartet, their instinctive and lively unanimity which did not obscure the strong essential integrity of the individual parts, was worthy of all praise.

Yet the players, passing to Mozart at the end of thier concert, did not show the hoped-for differentiation of style; they might have been playing inferior Haydn. They played each movement too fost, too insensitively, missing the grace and tenderness that the music contained, even though this was not Mozart of the choicest vintage.

Between Haydn and Mozart came the "novelty," the first Boston performance of a work by Emerson Whithorne. Ostensibly consisting of a single movement, the quartea showed well-marked divisions, defined by pauses and changes of mood, that deprived it of the simple unity that might have been expected. A sure and confident hand, a love for bold and arresting themes and rhythms, na interest in the deviing of unusual effects of sonority,—if these weer not accidental,—a harmonic scheme showing the influence of Debussy rather than that of later composers, characterized Mr. Whithorne's quartet. But little fundamental originality seemed to be there, whether or not the listener was deceived in fancying strong occasional reminiscences of Debussy's G minor quartet. The Gordons played this difficult work with great skill.

They were rewarded at the conclusion of their concert by applause that was deservedly and encourageingly warm and persistent. S. S.

Nov 28

METROPOLITAN

"Tom Sawyer"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sam Mintz, William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones from the story by Mark Twain entitled "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Tom Sawyer	Jackie Coogan
Huckleberry Finn	Junior Durkin
Becky Thatcher	Mitzi Green
Schoolmaster	Lucien Littlefield
Muff Potter	Tully Marshall
Aunt Polly	Clara Blandick
Mary	Mary Jane Irving
Sid	Jackie Searl
Joe Harper	Dick Winslow
Injun Joe	Charles Stevens
The Minister	Charles Sellon

If there are any small boys, no matter what age, who have never read "Tom Sawyer," it behooves them to go to the Metropolitan Theatre this week and see Mark Twain's famous story come to life on the screen. For those who have read it and cherish fond memories thereof, it will prove no less enjoyable. Paramount has spared no pains to make this beloved classic a fine film, and it is pleasant to record that they have succeeded in producing something of which they can well be proud. The atmosphere of sophistication is happily missing from the absorbing adventures of Tom, Huck, Becky Thatcher and Joe Harper. All the children's parts are acted with perfect lack of camera consciousness and an endearing sincerity.

It goes without saying that all the story could not be included in a film which takes an hour and a half to show, but for the most part the outlines of Mark Twain's tale have been preserved. Tom still gets his friends to pay him for whitewashing the fence, he still sneaks out at midnight to go to the graveyard with Huck Finn and the dead cat to cure their warts. He has his troubles with Aunt Polly and the school teacher and becomes enamoured of the demure Becky Thatcher. The episode of Injun Joe, Muff Potter and the killing of Dr. Robinson is brought in and adds greatly to the interest. Only in the final sequence when Tom and Becky are lost in the cav edoes the action seem slurred over and undly hurried. For compensation there is the priceless moment when Tom, Huck and Joe Harper walk into the church at their own funeral services.

The cast was admirably chosen. In the role of Tom Sawyer, Jackie Coogan makes a welcome and altogether satisfactory return to the screen. He is a most likable youngster with a perfectly natural bent for mischief, and one could understand why Aunt Polly wanted to cuff him one moment and kiss him the next. Junior Durkin is an equally fine Huckleberry Finn, and smoked his pipe as though to the manner born. Dick Winslow contributed an excellent portrayal of Joe Harper, and we will not soon forget the occasion when he and Tom circled belligerently around one another like two pugnacious puppies making up their minds to fight. Clara Blandick's Aunt Polly might have stepped right out of Mark Twain's pages, curls, soft heart, stern exterior and all. Mitzi Green is a somewhat subdued but pleasing Becky Thatcher, and Jackie Searl merits a word for his uncannily good performance of Tom's mean little brother, Sid. John Cromwell, the director, and Charles Lang, the photographer, deserve much credit. E. L. H.

Noted Violinist 'Hobo'; Proves

TH BORTON

By

Shabby clothes, a gray wig, and dark glasses may disguise the noted concert violinist, Jacques Gordon, from hurrying passersby, but his music is not of the street musician variety.

In five minutes yesterday, while playing on a street corner, he took in a dollar and five cents—which indicates that even in so-called hard times, real music does not go unnoticed, and people don't have to sit in concert halls in order to recognize it.

Gordon, noted soloist, former concertmaster of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, and now leader of the Gordon String quartet, which played Wednesday evening at Jordan hall, has the strange (for a musician) hobby, of testing out the sincerity of musical taste by playing, made up as a poor street fiddler, in various sections of town, and noting the reaction of the crowds.

In Chicago, where he played all one day last May, he found that the people in the street are appreciative and generous. Boston shows up even, better in his estimation, for he played here only a little while yesterday, and yet the money he took in made a better average, considering the time he spent, than that taken at Chicago.

"The thing that touched me most," he said, "was the re-action of the children near Scollay square. Some of them ragged little fellows, thin, and blue with the cold, came up and put two or three pennies into my box, and I knew that those pennies meant a lot to them. They hung around and listened then with an air of absorption that really made me proud."

A Boston Herald music critic, sauntering down Boylston street first saw the ragged street fiddler. Thinking that here was a fallen member of a profession whose labors kept him in a job, the critic fumbled for a nickel, and went toward the player.

The critic's companion recognized the player as Jacques Gordon, the famous violinist. The critic took another look. Then, dropping a dime ostentatiously into the open cigar box, he said, "That was a jolly good concert you gave last night in Jordan hall, Mr. Gordon."

Unmoved, the violinist played on. The critic continued, "I'm sorry to see a man of your capacity falling into such difficult times, but that's what you get for going into chamber music."

A gleam of amusement behind the yellow glasses. Gordon unbent.

"In spite of the cold, a $40,000 Stradivarius and good music do not go unappreciated," he said. Then a group of strollers appeared, and Gordon muttered, "I've got to get to business." He began Schubert's Ave Maria.

A woman dropped a nickel into his cigar box. "Quite good, isn't he?" she said to her companion. "I suppose it's the unemployment. Maybe he used to play in an orchestra."

Nov 29 '930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its seventh concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Hanson, Symphony No. 2 Romantic (first performance, composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra). Beethoven, Concerto for piano, No. 5 (Walter Gieseking, pianist). Ravel, Bolero.

As the overture Leonore No. 3 is to "Fidelio," so is the overture to "The Flying Dutchman" to the opera. The two overtures give the condensed and essential drama. Beethoven spares us the tiresome secondary love affair and the quartet in which four persons, each with an individual emotion, express them by singing the same tune. In Wagner's we are relieved of the avaricious father who is delighted at the thought of handing over his daughter to the mysterious stranger; nor does one have to hear the bleatings of the saphead lover. No wonder Senta preferred the Dutchman.

Wagner's overture is a stormy seascape. The Dutchman knew no calm seas. The music that typifies him is one of Wagner's happiest inventions. Poor Vanderdecken sings nothing so compelling, not even in his monologue. One hears enough of Senta's ballad in the overture; one is not tempted to laugh at the operatic spinning wheels that stick when they should revolve; one does not find Wagner trying to write with Italian melodiousness. The performance yesterday deserved heartier applause than that awarded it.

Dr. Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, is not so burdened by official duties, that he cannot indulge in the luxury of composing. His Nordic symphony was performed here in April last year, and we believe that chamber music by him has been heard here. As director of the school, he has aided young composers by bringing out their works in concerts, so that they can hear them and revise them if necessary. His Romantic Symphony has interesting pages, especially those that are purely lyrical. It is a pity that he is so enamored of one or two figures, not important in themselves, that he cannot bear to leave them. The abrupt contrasts between measures that border on the sentimental and those that are chiefly noticeable for their stentorian outbursts do not gain dramatically what they lose in logical continuity. It is when Dr. Hanson is gently romantic that he is effective. The "sturm und drang" measures seldom impress, nor in them is his instrumentation so rich a garment for the ideas. He has ideas of value, which is more than can be said of Respighi's Theme and Variations also composed for the orchestra's ubilee. Dr. Koussevitzky and the players did everything in their power to put the symphony in a favorable light.

Mr. Gieseking and the orchestra gave a memorable performance of the concerto. That the pianist's technical proficiency was fully displayed goes without saying; yet one cannot help alluding to his treatment of octave passages in the first movement—the crescendo and diminuendo here as in many runs; the quiet, unostentatious brilliance of it all; the delicate dynamic gradations. More than all this was the grasp of the aesthetic, emotional contents. If the concerto was grandly planned by the composer, it was grandly understood by the pianist, by his adjustment of the piano to the part given to the orchestra, by the prevailing spirit of the interpretation. At no time did the piano assert itself impertinently; it did not refuse to furnish a beautiful accompaniment; when it was called on to have its own say, what Beethoven gave it was said eloquently. Seldom does one hear so perfect and engrossing ensembles, for Mr. Gieseking does not play, whoever the composer may be, for self glorification. No merchant traffics in his soul.

With the concerto and the impression of pure music the concert might well have ended. As it was, it was too long. Ravel's clever and amusing trick does not excite surprise and wonder by repetition, no matter how deftly the trick is performed. The judge which feared not God neither regarded man finally allowed a widow seeking vengeance to see him, saying within himself, "Lest by her continual coming she weary me."

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The judicial audience—we speak out of courtesy—is apparently not wearied by the continual coming of Ravel's theme which is said to be of Arabian origin, chiefly because those who hear it for the first time are agog to know what is coming next.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be in Washington, D. C., from Tuesday evening to Saturday afternoon, inclusive. The program of the concerts Dec. 12, 13 will be as follows: Mozart, Symphony in G minor. Stravinsky; Symphony of Psalms for orchestra with chorus (the Cecilia)—verses from Psalm 38 (in the Vulgate)—not 28 as Stravinsky has it on his title page—verses from Psalm 39—and the whole of Psalm 150. This symphony was composed for the jubilee; Stravinsky's Capriccio for orchestra with piano solo (Mr. Sanroma), and a repetition of Stravinsky's symphony.

ROME AND VATICAN NEWMAN'S TOPIC

Wonderful Pictures of Prince's Wedding Seen

The subject of E. M. Newman's illustrated Travel Talk in Symphony hall last night was "Rome and Vatican City." No doubt Rome has been greatly improved under Mussolini. The Ghetto is no more, that squalid, filthy quarter with its leprous walls, its association with rank injustice; yet there was a horrid fascination about it, and some might wish that it had been retained as one of the sights, finding it more interesting, in a sense more artistic, than the monstrous monument to Victor Emmanuel. But there are still cats in the Forum, the one thing that Will Rogers longed to see; they will soon be forced to leave.

There were many pictures of the excavations which will bring back the Rome of the Caesars. Some of the pictures of churches, gardens, fountains, had been shown before. The school for cavalry officers, the tests of horses and riders that are made—the daring leaps—these views were of great interest to others than lovers of horses and the intrepid hunters of the anise-seed bag.

Interesting also were the intimate photographs of Mussolini and his family—Mussolini talking—Mussolini on horseback riding with his sons. In fact a sub-title to this Travel Talk might be "The Glorification of Mussolini." Mr. Newman speaking of Il Duce's improvement of Rome and his rule in general said that even if Americans might question his methods, his sincerity, his honesty, his flaming patriotism are beyond all doubt and peradventure.

Mr. Newman has in past years shown many remarkable pictures. It is not too much to say that those of the recent wedding of the Crown Prince, with the swarms from every part of Italy to do him and his bride honor in so great affection is he held—the interminable procession, the bestowal of gifts—the sight of Arab subjects—the dances and the tumultuous rejoicing have not been surpassed in these Traveltalks if they have been equalled. He was able to secure these many still and motion pictures through the courtesy of the Italian government, which also secured for him the photographs of Mussolini's daughter's wedding at which the lecturer was a guest. There were also many photographs taken in Vatican City, with a series of animated studies of His Holiness the Pope.

A prudent man does not recommend a tailor, a physician or a play, but we can safely advise a visit to Symphony hall this afternoon when this Traveltalk will be shown again. Next week "Oberammergau."

P. H.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Just Imagine"

An all-talking and singing screen fantasy adapted from a story by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson; directed by David Butler and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Single-O	El Brendel
LN-18	Maureen O'Sullivan
J-21	John Garrick
D-6	Marjorie White
RT-42	Frank Albertson
MT-3	Kenneth Thompson
Z-4	Hobart Bosworth
X-10	Wilfrel Lucas
B-36	Mischa Auer
AK-44	Sidney De Gray
Commander	Joseph Girard
Looloo, Booboo	Joyzelle
Loko, Boko	Ivan Linow

It takes a Jules Verne to look into the future and show us something that is fantastic and imaginative at the same time. Unfortunately there is no one in motion pictures possessed of the great Frenchman's imaginative powers, and therefore "Just Imagine," current feature film at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia Theatres, must be set down as an ambitious failure. It purports to show us New York in 1930 and even takes a trip to Mars. Thanks to trick photography and marvelously skilful enlargements of miniature sets, the first few reels are absorbing and amusing at the same time. After the first novelty wears off, the spectator becomes uncomfortably aware that all this elaborate trickery is merely upholstery for a very thin and trite little story. There are musical interludes, tuneful, but unnecessary, and a great many old burlesque tricks provided chiefly by El Brendel. The rest of the time is filled in by shrieks of laughter at the backwardness of 1980.

In 1980 persons aren't allowed to have names—only numbers, like submarines or rum-chasers; worse than that, they are forced to submit their matrimonial plans to the government and are judged by their accomplishments. J-21 files application to wed LN-18, also desired by MT-3. The court decides in favor of the latter, but J-21 is given a chance to appeal and prove himself the better man. He solves this by piloting a rocket-ship to Mars accompanied by his comrade, RT-42, and Single-O, a survival of 1930, who has spent 50 years in a trance. The expedition is a success and the heroes return to claim their brides and to confound the villainous MT-3.

It was unfortunate that Mars looked like a lobster-nightmare; it was neither imaginative nor interesting, and the producers made things worse by introducing scores on scores of chorus girls, clad chiefly in spikes, to heighten the fantasy. The fact that they talked a mixture of English and gibberish was fatal to any illusion. There are two rather pretty songs by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, "Old Fashioned Girl" and "I Am Only the Words, You Are the Melody," admirably sung by John Garrick. Maureen O'Sullivan is a very pretty, delicately charming heroine, and Frank Albertson is likable, albeit a trifle fresh, as the hero's younger brother. Marjorie White is an excessively bumptious ingenue and Ivan Linow makes a comic Martian giant. El Brendel wanders in and out, cracking ancient jokes with an air of childlike innocence that makes them occasionally funny. The film offers some entertaining ideas as to eating, drinking and flying in the future, but it is much too long and unintelligently padded.

E. L. H.

Nov 30 1930

AMY WARD DURFEE

At Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, Amy Ward Durfee, contralto, gave a song recital. Her program, which departed pleasantly in some particulars from the conventional scheme, both in its ingredients and in their arrangement, was the following: Japanesisches Regenlied (Marz); Allerseelen (Strauss); Auf einer Wanderung; Von ewiger Liebe (Brahms); Arie di Stile Antico (a), Spesse volte in me fan lite (b), Del lenton mio morire (Donaudy); Chansons Populaires Espagnoles (a), El pano moruno (b), Jota (c), Nana (De Falla); La Fille du laboureur (Old French, arr. by Ladmirault); Phyllis (De Severac); Psyche (Paladilhe); Chanson de Barberine (Goossens); Trois Poemes de Ronsard (a), Attributs (b), Le Tombeau (c), Ballet (Poulenc); Bid me to live, To a Young Gentleman, On the Seashore of Endless Worlds, Light—my Light (Carpenter).

Despite the handicap of a voice of somewhat limited range and small volume, the musical intelligence and the interpretative taste and skill with which Mrs. Durfee sang her songs made this a recital of unusual charm. Her upper register is strained and tight, in the middle and lower registers her voice, though small, is smooth and not without richness; with it she succeeds better, at times, in suggesting intense emotion than many singers whose voices lend themselves naturally to a greater range of expressiveness. Thus she was able to make much of Brahms's "Von ewiger Liebe." But in general Mrs. Durfee, wisely enough, had made her program out of songs gently and subtly expressive, songs gracefully artificial, delicately evocative, lightly ironical. Where grief was the theme, it was a sorrow crystalline and elegiac, rather than of the kind in which one might wallow; when love had inspired the song, it was a love quietly intense, or else pleasantly unreal—a decorative formula artistically applied.

It is impossible to mention in detail all the songs worthy of being touched upon here; not more than a half dozen of them were songs frequently found in recital programs. Those of Marx and Wolf, De Falla's Spanish popular songs, the beautiful French folk song "La Fille du laboureur," Poulenc's graceful and lightly expressive songs, are among those that gave most pleasure. In all, the singer's sure and sensitive phrasing, her expressive and graceful moulding of the melodic contours of her songs, her intelligent appreciation and con-

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Nov 30 1930

The dramatic club of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology purposes to perform "Marriage," a comedy in two acts and three scenes by Nikolay Vasilevich Gogol. To the best of our knowledge this will be the first performance of this comedy in the United States. (Gogol's greater and bitterly satirical play, "The Revizor" ("The Inspector"), has been seen on the American stage.)

"Marriage," at first entitled "The Bridegrooms" (or "The Suitors"), was written in 1833. Gogol rewrote it and published it in 1842. "The quite incredible incident"—so runs the sub-title—is one occurring in Russian lower officialdom. The plot is simple.

Podkolyossin, a government clerk of the grade of court councillor, is tired of living alone; he will marry. The matchmaker, Fyokla, has been visiting him for some months. Note that the matchmaker figures in many later Russian comedies, as important a character as her sisters in the Thousand and One Nights. The bachelor, irresolute, has shilly-shallied long enough. He questions his servant about the coat ordered at the tailor's, the boot blacking he wishes—"You might think boots are a trivial matter, but you know, if they are badly made and the polish looks rusty, you won't be treated with the same respect in good society. It makes all the difference."

He is surprised that the tailor and the seller of blacking didn't ask the servant if his master was not going to be married. Fyokla recommends Agafya Tihonouna for a wife: she's well-to-do, pink and white like milk and roses; she will love a gentleman, not a tradesman. "She's so genteel. And on a Sunday when she puts on her silk dress, my word how it rustles! A regular princess!" His friend Kotchkaryov comes in. There is talk. He scolds Fyokla for having found him a wife, so harshly that she leaves the room. Kotchkaryov insists that his friend should marry. The wedding breakfast will be looked after; no less than a dozen of champagne, half a dozen of Madeira. "And we don't want Rhine wine, dash it all, do we?" Podkolyossin goes a-wooing. Agafya and her aunt meanwhile have been discussing possible husbands. Zhevakin, a nice gentleman—he served in the navy. "He says he must have a young lady on the plump side; he doesn't like them skinny." Then there's Anutchkin. "I want my bride to be good looking and well educated, I want her to be able to speak French." He's refined; "his legs so thin and slender." Agafya: "No, these slender men aren't quite . . . I don't know . . . I see nothing in them."

Well, there's Pavlovitch: "He'd hardly get through the doorway; he's such a fine man." Omelet is mentioned: "What a surname!" To which the marriage broker answers: "My dear, there are names in Russia so queer you can only spit and cross yourself when you hear them."

One thinks of the talk between Portia and Nerissa, and their weighing of Portia's suitors.

The wooers call, each one suspicious of the others. Zhevakin wishes the maid to brush his coat of English cloth. He bought it in '95. In 1815 he had it turned. "Now I have been wearing it for 10 years and it's still almost new."

He talks much of Sicily, its mountains, pomegranate trees, the girls. He is asked what language they use in Sicily. "Oh, naturally they all speak French." "And so all the young ladies speak French?" "All, without exception. Perhaps you may not believe what I'm going to tell you: We stayed thirty-four days, and all that time I never heard one word of Russian from them." The people chewed snuff. "Transport is very cheap, too; it's almost all water there, and everywhere gondolas." And so each suitor has his say. Kotchkaryov comes in with the reluctant Podkolyossin. There is general conversation. One or two pretend that their errand is to buy firewood. They discuss Agafya in her absence. Anutchin asks if she speaks French; Omelet says her nose is too big. He goes out to survey the property. Kotchkaryov talks with Agafya. The suitors return and make their proposals. Kotchkaryov in his friend's interest hints that Agafya is hysterical; that the house is poorly constructed and mortgaged. They turn on Fyokla. Anutchkin complains that Agafya speaks nothing but Russian, no French. Fyokla: "What's amiss in that? Russian's easier to understand, and that's why she speaks Russian. But if she could speak any heathen tongue it would be none the better for you, and you wouldn't understand a word of it. There, I needn't tell you what Russian is—we all know what a language it is; the saints all spoke Russian." Zhevakin comes in to woo. "You musn't mind my having a little bald patch here; it's nothing; it came from a fever; the hair will grow directly.

"My complexion looks much nicer, Miss, when I put on a black coat." Agafya rudely leaves and Zhevakin wonders why they all refuse him. "This really will be the 17th young lady." There's a delightful scene, by reason of vapid conversation, between the girl and the abashed Podkolyossin. Agafya is charmed, but Podkolyossin can't make up his mind. The wedding dress has been ready for a long time; the supper has been ordered; Podkolyossin, left alone, soliloquizes. He must make his escape. He cannot go out the door, there are people standing there; the carriage is below to take the couple to the church. The room is only one story. He jumps out of the window, hails a cabman and drives off. The aunt calls Kotchkaryov a scoundrel and a blackguard to put her neice to shame.

Fyokla: "So this is the man who knows how to do the job! He can arrange a marriage without a matchmaker! I may have gentlemen on my list who are a scratch lot and this and that, but I haven't any who'd jump out of a window."

Gogol, the greatest Russian dramatist of the 30's, wrote a few other plays, but becoming mystically religious he wrote no more for the stage. Today he is best known to Americans by his novel "Dead Souls" and his short stories of Ukraine.

Stanislavsky said of Gogol, that he falls into opprobrium when judged and analyzed in "The Kitchen of Life." "'Gogol is funny' they say in the kitchen, and they do not notice the tears that shine through the daughter of the poet."

"Marriage" was translated into English by Mrs. Constance Garnett, into French with the title "Hymenee" by Denis Roche, also by Marc Semenov, also by Gerard Gailly. Gogol's works have been translated into practically all other European languages. There is an excellent life of him with a study of his works by Janko Lavrin.

Jean Baptiste ... Manager of Folies Bergere

A little play, or rather dramatic anecdote, by Sir Arthur Pinero, was performed early this month in London—"A Seat in the Park." It's the story of a casual flirtation in Hyde Park. An elderly gentleman picks up a girl and finds out at the end that she is the newly engaged parlor maid of his aggressively-respectable wife. Pinero calls his sketch "a warning." In a charming little play by the Quinteros, played here during Miss Le Gallienne's engagement some time ago, there was a seat in a park, but the play was tenderly sentimental as well as humorous.

G. B. S., whose talk runs on forever, describes himself as "a preacher unashamedly disguised." He reminded his hearers at a luncheon in London that two things of some importance happened in the mid 19th century. "One was that I was born, and the other that Tennyson wrote: 'God fulfils Himself in many ways.'" He also said: "If you present a book to a man who has been working hard all day he will fall asleep in a minute and a half. Yet the same book that puts that man to sleep will keep him awake if he sees it performed in the theatre." H-m. That depends on the book, also on the dramatization of it. Entertaining novels when they have been dramatized have been known to bore and fall flat.

In a recent lawsuit in London brought by an actor for alleged breach of contract and wrongful dismissal from a "Journey's End" company, the actor who played Capt. Stanhope was asked if it was usual for actors to be word perfect ten days before the opening night. He answered "Never." Sir Frank Benson said it was of no importance that an actor did not know his lines ten days before the opening of a production, and the manager of the Winter Garden Theatre stated in evidence: "A very prominent actor with whom I was never knew his lines."

"The old-fashioned idea of writing dramas and comedies around self-sacrificing impossible heroes and heroines has long since vanished into the theatrical dustbin, except for the plots of musical comedies and for occasional glimpses of romance. No one loves more to be bamboozled and hoodwinked by fairy tales in the theatre than I do. But the chief and highest purpose of the playwright must always be to catch folly as it flies and act as a censor and commentator on the many vanities and weaknesses of man. Youth is a glorious privilege. When it becomes aggressive and impertinent, impinging on the rights of the aged, we can look to no one so effective as the playwright to put it in its proper place."—Sydney W. Carroll.

"Vee Dee" writes to us from Dayton, O.:

"I wonder if the following might interest you:

"Many folk have maligned the theatre. But to my knowledge courts of justice have not deigned to note the mimic world. At least not until an Ohio court of appeals (Dunn vs. State, 30 Ohio Appellate Reports, 170 to 182) spoke: 'People can go to theatres or not, and if they do not want to pay exorbitant prices for tickets they need not go, and in nine cases out of every ten they will not lose much if they do not go . . .'"

Apropos of actors forgetting their lines. Someone has figured out that Hamlet has 1569 lines to speak; Richard III, 1161, but did this patient counter reckon with cuts made in both tragedies, and did he count Colley Cibber's lines given to Richard as Shakespeare's.

On Nov. 1 St. John Ervine's "The First Mrs. Fraser" has been playing at the Haymarket, London, 70 weeks. The longest run in that theatre.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The concert programs of this week are unusually rich. Mr. Werrenrath not afraid to sing songs by Franz and Rubinstein, two composers who have en unaccountably neglected. As Mr. Werrenrath is of Danish descent, it is t surprising that he will introduce songs by Hakon Borreson, born at penhagen in 1876, who has written at least three symphonies, an overture, he Normans," a violin concerto, chamber music, piano pieces and two eras, one of which with its setting and subject from Greenland was proced in 1921. Peter Erasmus Lange-Mueller, born at Copenhagen in 1850, egarded as the most Danish of Denmark's composers. He is a voluminous iter: operas, music for plays, cantatas, orchestral and chamber music, a at number of songs, "the peculiarly characteristic production of a highly tic nature." We spoke last Sunday of Mr. Wendt's songs based on South ican melodies.

Mr. Karolik will sing an air from Tchaikovsky's opera, "Cherevichek," ich was known as "Vakoula the Smith" when it was first produced in ember, 1876. The Russian Musical Society organized a prize compeon for the best setting of the story by Gogol. The performance was "a liant failure," according to the composer, who severely criticised his k. He remodeled and revised the opera about 1885 and gave the title erevichek" ("The Little Shoes"), but it was published as "The Caprices Oxane." In the new form the opera was successful when it was brought at Moscow in January, 1887. Tchaikovsky conducted the performance. e opera was performed in Boston a few seasons ago by a visiting Russian npany.

Miss Isabel French is also not afraid to put the names Franz and instein on her program. She will sing an air by Giuseppe Torelli. ere is some doubt as to the authorship of this song. There were several ellis—Giuseppe, Gaspiro, Luigi, Michael. Giuseppe of Verona, who died 1708, is said to have written only for instruments, but Gerber in his tionary of Musicians states that Giuseppe wrote various compositions the voice. Gerber was evidently overlooked by those questioning the horship of the song in question. It is a pleasure to find Loeffler's name Miss French's program. The text of the song chosen by Miss French is Gustave Kahn.

Mr. Houghton will sing an aria by Mozart, composed in 1787 for Gottd von Jacquin, a friend, who, though not a professional singer, had an eable voice and was truly musical. The aria is for a bass voice of derate range. The text is taken from one of Paesiello's 90 or more ras, "The Downfall of Darius," which was brought out at Rome about , and is the lamentation of a father about to be separated from his ghter. The original accompaniment is scored for strings, one flute, clarinets, two bassoons, two horns. The songs by Moritz, Lothar, nk and Humperdinck will be sung here for the first time. Edward Moritz, born at Hamburg in 1891, was a violinist until he took to composition: symphonies, chamber music, a choral suite, piano pieces, many songs. Richard Trunk, born in Baden in 1879, conductor and composer, came to New York in 1912 to conduct the Arion Society. In 1914 he returned to Munich.

George Copeland will go back to Corelli, Grazioli and Bach, putting Ravel's minuet from "The Tomb of Couperin" in this group and not without reason. Giovanni Battista Grazioli, who was organist of St. Mark's Church, Venice (1782-1789), died at Venice in 1820. It was in that city he published 18 sonatas for the piano, or rather one of its predecessors. Of course there will be a group of pieces by Debussy, and then the Spaniards will have their say. De Falla, Turina are by this time familiar names. Frederico Mompou, born at Barcelona in 1875, has his own ideas about music. No bar divisions, no key signatures, no cadences, a style to use his own word "primitivista." He is thought much of in Paris. Mr. Copeland has already acquainted his faithful followers in Boston and elsewhere with Lecuona's music. The pieces by the other Spanish composers he will play here for the first time. Joaquin Nin, born at Havana in 1883, has long been known in Paris as a pianist, composer and writer.

Next May the music department of Smith College will perform Handel's opera "Rodelinda," under the direction of Werner Josten. The opera was produced at London in 1725 with Senesino and Signora Cuzzoni. In this opera a tenor (Borosini) was one of the chief voices, unusual in those operatic years. Mr. Josten, orchestral music by him was heard here at symphonic concerts in 1929, has already produced Handel's "Julius Caesar" and "Serse" at Smith, also two operas by Monteverdi.

Mr. Robin H. Legge of the Daily Telegraph heard Miss Ethel Frank, who used to live and sing in Boston, sing under Mengelberg's direction in Albert hall on Nov. 9. Mr. Legge spoke of her as "a singer of real charm." She sang an air from "The Secret of Suzanna" and a group of songs by Strauss. At the end she was "called and recalled many times with perfect justice, for it was most attractive singing."

It appears that a new Polish pianist, Karol Szreter, giving his first recital in England on Nov. 4, is "the artist pur sang, not out for personal display." A pupil of Busoni, he "combines a brilliant virtuosity with keen classical feeling." So the excellent Herbert Hughes declares.

"When the fair land of Poland was ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader with might" (see "The Bohemian Girl") crops of pianists sprang up.

"Vienna will honor Mozart and Haydn" next year by musical celebrations. Vienna let Mozart die in poverty; unappreciated in his lifetime. It is about time for her to do something for him besides listening joyfully to his operas and symphonies and exulting in the fact that his unknown grave is somewhere in the city.

veyance of the spirit and meaning of their words—though her articulation was not always as clear, as free, or as accurate as might have been desired—were worthy of high praise. She was rewarded by vigorous applause. S. S.

Dec 1 1930

REINALD WERRENRATH

Reinald Werrenrath gave a recital at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The popular baritone was greeted by an audience of moderate size but compensatingly generous capacity for enthusiasm. He sang the following program: Lieder—Biterelf (Hugo Wolf); Lieber Alles (Hugo Wolf); Ein Friedhof (Robert Franz); Der Traum (Anton Rubinstein); Licht (Christian Sinding). Danish Songs—Landskab, Hvis du har varme Tanker (Haakon Berresen); Irmelin Rose (Carl Nielsen); Silde ved Nat hin Kolde (Lange-Mueller). Three South African Songs, based on native melodies—Victory, The Exile, Dancers Come Up (Theophil Wendt). Recent British and American Ballads—Limehouse (Walford Hyden); Sweet Apple (Harry Spier); The Return (John C. Holliday); Collette (Edith Harrhy); My Sword for the King (Michael Head). Harry Spier was accompanist.

In this not especially eventful program Mr. Werrenrath was his usual bluff and hearty self,—a mixture, as usual, of the earnest interpreter of art-songs and the more or less unsophisticated singer of ballads, cockney and other. As usual, also, his excellent interpretative intentions, as well as the warm and resonant beauty of the voice that is his, were often largely discounted by a vocal method (or perhaps an inborn peculiarity) which gives his voice a nasal and often a muffled and strained quality and a monotonously unvarying timbre. For the same reason his declamatory tones are often merely vehement while in his quieter moments his words cannot be distinguished and his song carries no conviction.

Mr. Werrenrath was in communicative and informal mood yesterday afternoon, and frequently unbent in order to reveal to his audience the circumstances, however trivial, in which he discovered this or that song, or, more illuminatingly, to demonstrate with what facial contortion a certain Danish word must be uttered in order that it may convey its whole encyclopaedic significance.

With the reservations that have been noted, Mr. Werrenrath's best work was done in the two Wolf songs with which he began his program, in one or two of the tenderer Danish songs—which were sung smoothly and with appreciation of their melodic contour, and in Mr. Wendt's South African songs. The latter, although based upon native themes, have been treated in thoroughly western style, both as to development and in their harmonization. "The Exile," in particular,—a charmingly suave and expressive song,—has thus asquired almost the character of an English or Irish folksong rather than of a native African chant. The songs aroused a cordial response but Mr. Wendt, who was present, modestly refrained from presenting himself to the gaze of the audience, despite Mr. Werrenrath's earnest petitioning. The ballads of the final group were done in the singer's own characteristic fashion.

The enthusiastic applause and insatiable appetite of the audience resulted in a long succession of encores. S. S.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Freiburg Passion Play, with Adolf Fassnacht; 8:00.

LYRIC—"The Blue Ghost," mystery comedy-drama; 8:30.

MAJESTIC—"Street Scene," Pulitzer Prize play; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"Purity," a new play, with Florence Reed; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"The Street Singer," musical comedy, with Queenie Smith; 8:20.

WILBUR—Ruth Draper, in character sketches; 8:20.

NOTE—The Colonial, Hollis Street and Tremont Theatres are dark this week.

FENWAY

"Outward Bound"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by J. Grubb Alexander from the play of the same name by Vane Sutton-Vane; directed by Robert Milton and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Tom Prior	Leslie Howard
Henry	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Ann	Helen Chandler
Mrs. Midget	Beryl Mercer
Scrubby	Alec B. Francis
Mrs. Cliveden-Banks	Alison Skipworth
Rev. William Duke	Lyonel Watts
Mr. Lingley	Montagu Love
Thompson	Dudley Digges

"Outward Bound" as a play was produced at the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, London, Sept. 17, 1923. Three months later, Dec. 24, it had its first American performance at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City. That cast included J. M. Kerrigan as Scrubby, Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore as Henry and Anne, Alfred Lunt as Tom Prior, Charlotte Granville as Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, Lyonel Watts as Duke, Eugene Powers as Lingley, Dudley Digges as Thomson. Thus it will be seen that of that original cast, four are in this screen version. Moreover, Robert Milton, who staged the play, directed the photoplay. With such substantial groundwork, aided by admirable selections for re-

placements, and a sympathetic adaption by Mr. Alexander, it is small wonder that the Warner Brothers have reason to be proud of an undertaking so courageous.

For courageous it is. "Outward Bound," like the more modern "Death Takes a Holiday" or even "Berkeley Square," deals with the spirit world. It essays to delve into the hereafter, to speculate on future existence, if such there be, after death. Instead of Charon's ferry, we have a huge oceanic liner, with Scrubby in charge as steward. There are seven passengers, five of whom are to meet the Examiner when the ship nears land. The other two, Henry and Anne, are not listed; they are "half-ways," unfortunate mortals, lovers in this instance, who have lacked the bravery to live, who have sought surcease in suicide. As such, they find that they will not be allowed to land, that they must journey back and forth on the lonely seas of the beyond.

The film version takes pains to make clearer such aspects of the story as might elude the comprehension of the average motion picture audience. There is a prologue, showing Henry and Anne sealing their tragic pact. At midnight they will turn on the gas in the little flat. They worry about the fate of their dog, Laddie. Then the play's action is taken up, with the entry of the various passengers, their confusion as to their destinations, their horror or resignation when they realize that they are dead. Again the adaptors would make the situation more explicable, with an epilogue showing that Henry and Anne did not die; that the little dog saved their lives by breaking the window glass to let in revitalizing air. If one be inclined to cavil at these added scenes, it must be admitted that they are done with sincerity and with appealing restraint.

Mr. Howard, making his first screen appearance, is a constantly engaging figure as the young wastrel and drunkard who, in the end, evinced humility and willingness to try to be good. Miss Mercer's charwoman is a moving portrait of a little woman whose life was given to sacrifices for her son, Tom. When she exclaims, "He wants me at last—yes, dearie, I'm coming!" there are few dry eyes. Miss Skipworth as the 'thoroughly bad lot' sentenced to live with her husband, whom she had grievously bertayed; Mr. Love as the dishonest Lingley who had grown rich, and hard; Mr. Watts as the young clergyman who rejoiced when he found he had not lost his job; and Mr. Digges as the Examiner, jovial but inexorably just; these were superb. Likewise Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Chandler as the lovers, and Mr. Francis as Scrubby, himself a 'half-way' of long ago. Seldom have we seen out of the studios acting pitched in such intelligent and reverent key, maintained with such dignity and pride in performance.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Silver Horde"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Wallace Smith from the novel of the same name by Rex Beach; directed by George Archainbaud and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Cherry Malotte	Evelyn Brent
George Ball	Louis Wolheim
Boyd Emerson	Joel McRae
Fraser	Raymond Hatton
Mildred Wayland	Jean Arthur
Fred Marsh	Gavin Gordon
Buehie	Blanche Sweet
Wayne Wayland	Purnell Pratt
Thomas Hilliard	William Davidson
Svenson	Ivan Linow

Rex Beach's novels may not be great literature, but they are good entertainment and provide almost ideal material for the screen. "The Silver Horde," current feature picture at the Keith-Boston Theatre, is a good show with plenty of action and some splendid acting by Evelyn Brent. The characters are pretty plainly marked: The villain, for instance, has a moustache, and sneers, while the hero is clean-shaven and full of honesty and noble sentiments. The lack of finesse and subtlety about the story does not militate against its entertainment value. Above all there are some truly beautiful and exciting shots of the great Alaskan salmon rush, when the huge fish battle their way up the rivers, leaping the falls and forcing their way against the rapids. They are the silver horde that gives the film its title.

Cherry Malotte, owner of a chain of Alaskan dance halls and possessed of a by no means spotless reputation, takes an interest in young Boyd Emerson, who has come to Alaska to set up a salmon cannery. Fred Marsh, already on the spot, has hitherto succeeded in keeping all competitors away, chiefly by foul means, and among those he has put out of business is George Ball, a great hulking creature, friend to Cherry. Boyd is in love with Mildred Wayland, daughter of a wealthy society man who wishes her to marry Marsh. Boyd's credit is stopped until Cherry, learning who is behind the opposition, goes to Thomas Hilliard, a rich banker, and has him advance the money, giving him her copper mines in exchange.

Back in Alaska, Boyd, undaunted by the veiled threats of Marsh, puts up his salmon traps and cannery, assisted by Balt and his friend, Fraser. Marsh's men attack the trap and are routed just as Wayland's yacht arrives. Some tall lying on Marsh's part turns Mildred against Boyd and she accuses him of an affair with Cherry. He berates Cherry furiously for deceiving him, but before long comes to the realization that it is she he really loves and not the mean-spirited Mildred. Evelyn Brent gives a restrained, straightforward, sincere performance as Cherry, who loved so much that she was willing to give up her own chance of happiness. In the scene where she administers a well-deserved tongue-lashing to Mildred, it is hard not to cheer her on. Louis Wolheim, as Bolt, Raymond Hatton, as Fraser, and Ivan Linow, as a hulking mine boss, are excellent. Joel McRea is a satisfactory Boyd and Blanche Sweet shines vividly in a small role.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Sea Legs"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Marion Dix from the story by George Marion, Jr.; photographed by Allen Siegler, directed by Victor Heerman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

"Searchlight" Doyle	Jack Oakie
Adrienne	Lillian Roth
Gabriel Grabowski	Harry Green
Hyacinth Nitouche	Eugene Pallette
Crosetti	Jean del Val
Captain	Albert Conti
High Commissinner	Andre Cheron
Admiral O'Brien	Charles Sellon
Commander	Tom Rickett

Back to the days of Mack Sennett goes "Sea Legs," with its custard and cream pie bombardments in which rival battleship crews engage, and with other episodes smacking of horseplay. To be sure, there are a number of bright lines for Harry Green, and a few for Messrs. Oakie and Pallette; but for the greater part of the way the action is broad and noisy and decidedly elemental. It is the sort of picture at which one laughs for the moment, and then wonders why. Originally there were several songs for Miss Roth and Mr. Oakie, but the local presentation discloses only one. It rhymes fond arms with gendarmes and illicit with exquisite, so it is easy to judge of its melodic and lyric worth.

Mr. Oakie, in some way not clearly explained, finds himself masquerading as a youth named O'Brien and impressed into the service of a mythical kingdom known as Sainte Cassette, to take the place of a rich slacker who must serve a year's naval apprenticeship to gain a fortune of two millions. Mr. Oakie is known as "Leatherneck" Doyle. He is a scrapper of importance but, more than that, a lad fecund with mischievous ideas. He is fairly comical when doing sentry duty on an uneven deck, when dodging his superior officers or throwing kitchen waste overboard so carelessly that it sprays a haughty commissioner, sik hat and all. Incidentally he and one of the captain's daughters fall in love, to give a sentimental touch to an otherwise clownishly farcical story.

Mr. Oakie seems to find it hard going in this role. The action is none too smooth. The entire performance smacks of uncertainty and of a "what do we do next?" spirit. Mr. Pallette, as Oakie's companion in mad escapades; Mr. Green as a garrulous lawyer constantly thumbing a French dictionary; Miss Roth as the captain's fairest daughter, and Mr. Conti as the harassed battleship commander, do what they can with a deal of dull humor. "Sea Legs" is one of those trying film adventures which even the blithely smiling countenance of Mr. Oakie no more than faintly illuminates.

W. E. G.

PARK

"See America Thirst"

An all-talking screen comedy directed by William James Craft and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Shivering Smith	Harry Langdon
Gun Kissed Casey	Slim Summerville
Ellen	Bessie Love
Spumoni	Stanley Fields
Insect McGann	Matthew Betz

Assorted criminals: Mitchell Lewis, Dick Alexander, Tom Kennedy, Lew Hearn, Leroy Mason.

At the Park Theatre this week is a gang film to end gang films. Entitled, for no obvious reason, "See America Thirst," is a completely absurd and hilarious bit of nonsense that begins and ends in laughable burlesque. Two innocent tramps wander into a gang of hi-jackers, are blown off a bridge when the truck on which they are riding is mined and swim ashore with $250,000 dollars floating behind them. After that they have a series of adventures that would drive the most hardened criminal green with envy. They pull a lever 50 stories above Chicago street and huge siege guns shoot out from nowhere. Pressing an innocent-looking button projects a spitting machine-gun from the floor of an apartment, while another instantly covers a bed with a cylindrical iron casing. Surrounding the wandering tramps is a cast of the most villanous gangsters imaginable. Hollywood was combed to find them and they are a truly ferocious lot.

None of it makes much sense, but such moments as when the rival Spumoni-Insect McGann gangs rise in a night club to give their national anthems and cheers are not to be forgotten. The satire is not subtle, but most of the time it is uproarously funny. What there is of the plot starts when Wally, a small and timorous tramp, is mistaken for Shivering Smith, a popular killer, and his companion for Gun-Kissed Casey. Rival gang-leaders try to bribe them to kill their opponents, giving them "small change" to the tune of several millions. The whole thing ends in a pitched battle at high noon, but the final touch comes when the supposed Smith and Casey exterminate both gangs with implements resembling Flit-guns and then run from the police lest they be arrested for wholesale murder. There is a girl in the proceedings, but she isn't very important.

Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville, as the two innocents in gangland, are extremely funny. The round-faced ingenuousness of the one and the lanky appearance and world-weary disgust of the other are delightfully ludicrous. Stanley Fields, Mitchell Lewis, Matthew Betz and the rest are enough to frighten Chicago. Bessie Love does well enough as the girl.

E. L. H.

LEOW'S STATE

"Abraham Lincoln"

Until Friday of this week, D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln" will be the feature film at Loew's State Theatre. All those who missed seeing this fine and interesting work during its recent run at the Majestic Theatre should avail themselves of the chance to see it now at popular prices. Not only is it Mr. Griffith's first venture in the medium of talking pictures, but it also contains the finest performance that Walter Huston has contributed to the screen. He brings to the role of Lincoln a great simplicity and gentleness of spirit and a sympathetic understanding of the great civil war President. Even though his features do not bear a very striking resemblance to those of Lincoln, he contrives to set the man himself before us with remarkable fidelity.

The picture is episodic in nature, sometimes too much so, and it is possible to wish that there were less emphasis on Lincoln's love-making and more on his state-craft. Nevertheless, it gives a number of striking historical incidents, such as the battle of "Five Forks," the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, the firing on Fort Sumter and, with striking dramatic effect, the assassination of Lincoln at Ford's Theatre. The large supporting cast includes Una Merkle, as Ann Rutledge, Kay Hammond, an excellent Mary Todd, Jason Robards, Hobart Bosworth, Lucille La Verne and many others.

Dec 2 1930

By PHILIP HALE

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Purity," a play in 2 acts and 5 scenes. Adapted by Ralph Roeder from the French of Rene Wachthausen. Presented as the third play in the series given by the Professional Players of Boston. Trial performance in Hartford, Ct., last week.

The cast:

A Lady	Loretta Shea
M. Marcel	James Moore
A Young Man	Walter Fenner
A Park Guard	Frank Horton
Jeanne	Marcella Swanson
Victoire	Florence Reed
A Little Girl	Frances Tannehill
First Working Girl	Muriel Robinson
Second Working Girl	Peggy Conklin
A Walking Advertisement	Edward M. Favor
Henri	Richard Bird
M. Leon	Malcolm Williams
Madame Michaud	Maude Odell
Gustave	Jan Linderman
Henriette	Pearl Ramos

This is a typical bourgeois play that would have brought tears from the concierge and the flower seller in a small Parisian city of the sixties and early seventies. A hard working middle-aged woman, who had never known happiness as a child in the country or in Paris, dwelling alone, without anyone to give her affection, interests herself in a young man who sits next to her on a park bench. She soon learns that he is hungry, without a job, without a room. She takes him to her humble lodgings, mothers him in every way. He turns out to be a cad, sponges on her, is idle, lies to her, spends the money she gives him on his mistress. When he comes home one morning, having been out all night, she, mending his coat, finds a letter from the flapper-mistress, one of the shameless letters that excite laughter in court. (The moral is twofold: A man having a coat to be mended should first empty his pockets; a woman should not read a letter written by another woman to a man in whom they are both interested.)

Mme. Victoire then suddenly realizes that she is jealous; not as a mother. There is a strong scene. The cad leaves her; but from time to time he comes back, with more lies in order to coax money out of her. A friend of the cad, thinking that Victoire is an elderly mistress, makes her a cold-blooded proposition, offering to replace Henri. Victoire goes to the Seine at last. She overhears Henri and the flapper as they alternately scold and canoodle. They laugh at her. Henri jeers at the woman that had so befriended him. As Victoire is about to jump into the river, M. Leon, who, living in the house had followed her, reasons with her, telling her what a sublime thing it is to suffer and be strong; asks what will become of Henri without her. And here is a peculiarly Parisian touch, he practically reproves her for her continence.

This M. Leon, an old man, who collects material in a library for articles to be written by Academicians, is not unlike the younger Dumas's talkative philosophers who comment on the actions and words of the other characters in a play. The part was finely acted by Mr. Williams, with a kindly humor, with compassion for all poor mortals. He had suffered, he had loved; he found relief in feeding sparrows and in rum.

The play begins when Victoire and Henri enter into conversation. True, there is a preliminary scene in which one Parisian begs a lady, unhappily married, to see some indecent pictures, 18th century and Japanese in his room. She hesitates, finally asks "Are they so indecent?" Another Parisian tempts a nursery maid to enter on the primrose path so she can exchange cotton stockings for silk. All this has nothing to do with the play, except possibly to achieve what is known as "creating atmosphere."

To Miss Reed is allotted what might be described as a "sob role," but she escaped by her art from mushy sentiment. She turned Victoire from an ordinary sufferer from man's selfishness and brutality into a woman who, having kept passion under control, while demanding affection, is finallly awakened, aroused through jealousy. It was a carefully conceived portrayal of a woman who at first only compassionate, little by little, almost unconsciously, knows a stronger feeling, and at the end, slighted, treated abominably, still is ready to forgive, and see that the unworthy one does not come to want, crime, the guillotine.

Mr. Bird in a most ungrateful part gave an admirable impersonation of a weak fellow, who develops into a cad, at last a brute. The other parts were more or less adequately taken.

FREIBURG PASSION PLAY

By the

VERY REV. PERCY T. EDROP, D. D.,
Dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Springfield

Church and stage joined hands in Boston last night. The Freiburg Passion Play was presented at the Opera House.

Without any such escort as characterized "The Miracle," the great theatre became a place of worship. There were no artificial aids to produce that effect. The Opera House was as always. But the audience was requested to bear in mind that the Passion play was an ancient, sacred drama and that appreciation "may best be shown by reverential silence." There was, therefore, no applause.

The play was given in German; but the prologue was spoken in English—and not well spoken. The undue emphasis on enclitic words quite dissipated meanings.

There was just one single principal setting. All the action moved behind, before or just within the pillars of the temple. There were changes in the setting of course; but the pillars always remained and the audience was called upon to exercise its imagination, almost to the point of straining in the changes in locale.

The part of the Christus was played by Adolf Fassnacht, under whose direction the play was presented here. Amalie Fassnacht was Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and Mary Magdalena was Elsa Fassnacht. Pontius Pilate was played by Paul Dietz; Caiphas by Fritz Scholler and Judas by Willi Ehrhardt.

The story transcended the production. It was the old, old story, ever new, and it held the audience with an almost remarkable tenseness.

The scene in the Garden of Gethsemane was very poorly done. The action was entirely too fast; the prayer—the perfect prayer—was quite unreal.

In addition, there was an unnecessary intrusion of a feminine character, momentary it is true—but an intrusion nevertheless. The scenic effects in the Garden were very poor. The clouds moved so fast that they were distracting and there was little of beauty in the scene, the beauty that has become legendary. The whole tempo of this scene ought to be altered. The prayer should be given with more sin-

Jean Baptiste
Manager of Folies Berg

cerity—and it can be so given by the Christus of the play. For he showed great ability in other scenes.

The climactic period of his presentation was on the cross. Here there was so much anguish in his voice and in his whole bearing that the audience seemed to suffer with the Christ.

The grave scene was again unreal and it did not seem, so long as so much had been left to the imagination in the principal setting, that there was need of parading the dead body around the stage.

A really great performance was given by Pontius Pilate. He has a marvellous voice, which he uses as an organist would use a great instrument. His vacillation was made very real and moving.

The character of Judas was exceptionally well done. His remorse after the consummation of his treachery was a bit of great acting.

The Ascension scene was badly done. Frankly it reminded me of the transformation scene in the first "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that I ever saw.

But it was a great privilege for Boston to see the play. There will be wide interest in it—and there ought to be. It comes at a time in the story of America when there is a renewal, a revival of interest in things religious. And it does somehow present the story of the Passion. One cannot help wishing that the production might be simplified and that traces of showmanship could be eliminated.

The presentation here, the first American tour, is under splendid patronage and last night the patrons were well distributed through the audience. There was a large gathering of clergymen of all communions.

WILBUR

Ruth Draper

Two years, almost to a day, have passed since Ruth Draper appeared last in Boston. Last evening she returned, to find her audiences loyal. That of her opening program was large, eagerly receptive, keenly alert. Such warmth of greeting was reflected immediately in Miss Draper's performance. Rarely has she played on human emotions so skilfully, so sensitively, so sentiently. Through five sketches, three of them new and one requiring a full hour to act, she ranged brilliantly and unerringly, setting humors soft or ironic against stirring pathos; etching a character here, amplifying it there; giving in truth a one-woman show of nearly three hours' duration. With what? A voice of marvellous timbre, features which seem to adapt themselves to new characters as she walks onto the stage. Nothing else of moment, save a flashing change of costume. For settings, merely a table and a chair, or a sofa. Artistry of unique quality and boundless range accomplishes the rest.

Miss Draper's first number, "Opening a Bazaar," showed an English woman who knew every one; loquacious, democratic, sentimental. She carried a gay white parasol, wore a huge straw hat decorated with many colored flowers; had trouble with a white feather boa and cumbersome lorgnettes. She purchased nearly everything in the bazaar, to ceaseless chatter and comment. Thence Miss Draper turned to the past, her recital as Madeleina, the Dalmatian peasant in the hall of a New York hospital, searching for her man, injured in the streets, baring her soul to other visitors, fondling her infant, three weeks old, confessing that she has only 50 cents to her name, and learning at last that she must go on to another hospital. Her husband has been transferred. Is he dead? Will he live? She does not know. Here is tragedy, simple, truthful, crushing. No laughter from the audience now.

Next, the most ambitious number, again new, "Three Women and Mr. Clifford." Miss Nichols, the private secretary, extraordinarily efficient, a born "arranger"; capable of ordering the daily routine not of her busy employer but of his wife and household, his relatives. Mrs. Clifford, the wife, bored, selfish, extravagant, inclined to scold a tired spouse. We see her motoring home with Mr. Clifford after a dull evening in the theatre, arranged by Miss Nichols. Last, Mrs. Mallory, Clifford's soul-mate, soft, sympathetic, discerning; envious of his wife and his children, yet content to be his mistress because she has the best that is in him, his love. This is a remarkable trio of portraits, in that Miss Draper actually seems to be three distinctly different types of women, not only mentally but physically. So richly humorous and entertaining, it borders on rudeness perhaps to suggest that this sketch is overlong.

"Doctors," a choice bit of satire, introduces Miss Draper as hostess to three women friends in an exclusive hotel dining room, reveals her chagrin as she discovers that all three are on a dieting regime. One wishes merely a cold boiled potato, another raw carrots, the third the juice of seven lemons. The hostess, likewise on a diet, permits herself the luxury of three chocolate eclairs. While eating them she discusses various physicians and fads, and some of her friends, all with gusto and a dash of venom.

The concluding sketch, "A Miner's Wife," in two parts, in the cottage and at the pithead, is new. It reverts to torturing tragedy. Effective though it be in disclosing Miss Draper's rare ability in mining and in poignant speech, it is not the happiest choice for a closing number. It sends her audience out of the theatre in the wrong mood.

On Thursday evening Miss Draper will present a changed program; and on Friday afternoon, at a third and special matinee, she will offer still another group of sketches. And she has written every one of them herself. What a wonderful woman! W. E. G.

Dec 3, 1930

MAXIM KAROLIK

Maxim Karolik, tenor, sang the following songs last night in Symphony hall:

Not a Word, O My Friend, Enticement and Arioso, from the opera, "Cherevichki" (Tschaikowsky); O'er the Don River and King Saul (Moussorgsky); Conceit and The Sea (Borodin); Toujours and Adieu (Faure); The Mansion of Rosemond (Duparc); Merry-Go-Round (Debussy); I Pastori (Pizzetti); Girotondo dei Golosi (Castelnuovo-Tedesco); Through the Folds of Your Rosy Dress (Cecconi); Waves Dashing and Breaking (Rimsky-Korsakoff).

Mr. Karolik, who was formerly of the "Music Drama" Theatre of Petrograd, has a voice and style that are more appreciated with each hearing. The voice, very high and brilliant, like nearly all Russian tenors, is produced rather far back in the head, and seems to come from far away, but, except when he wishes to rise to heights of power that are too much for his peculiar production, it is always interesting, and frequently very beautiful. His falsetto especially is lovely—delicate, fine-spun and expressive. Of his singing style, he has the gifts to be expected of a Russian who has been a singing actor—those are an ability to fuse character and drama into a song, to differentiate it by giving it the vigor of occasional declamation, to lend it color and contrast. But to these gifts he adds virtues specially his own—musically sensitive phrasing, a refreshingly delicate sense of humor, and a feeling for the poetry of quiet moods and musing, untortured memories.

The songs that stood out as most beautiful in last night's program were Tschaikowsky's "Not a Word, O My Friend," with its restrained, but poignant, sadness; Moussorgsky's "O'er the Don River," in a lyrically reminiscent mood; "King Saul" of Moussorgsky, which was sung with impressive solemnity and passion; Borodin's "Conceit," a delightful caricature in music as in verse, and done with good-natured, olympian, contempt; Debussy's "Merry-Go-Round," sung with delightful sense of color, and Pizzetti's "I Pastori," in which the singer revealed calm beauty and a sudden burst of frustration and longing.

Of some annoying personal mannerisms, Mr. Karolik has rid himself. Only an honest pleasure in singing, and an inexhaustible amiability remain. He is now a singer capable (within his technical limits, and with reservations as to enunciation in tongues other than Russian) of giving much pleasure, and of supplying a special type of program to lend variety to the year of studio-arranged, or too-too modern vocal concerts.

The excellent accompaniments of Nicolas Slonimsky added to the success of the singer.

The audience was of good size, and very enthusiastic. At the end of the announced program, many moved forward, settled into closer seats, and prepared for a supplementary concert. This Mr. Karolik seemed inclined to sing. E. B.

ISABEL FRENCH

A recital was given at Jordan hall last night by Isabel French, soprano, a fashionable audience of good size was present and applauded her warmly. The program of the concert was as follows: Tu lo sai (Torelli), Lungi dal caro bene (Secchi), Das Veilchen (Mozart), Bois Epais (Lully), Heimweh (Wolf), Freundliche Vision (R. Strauss), Stille Sicherheit (Franz), Maria Wiegenlied (Reger), Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer (Brahms), L'Invitation au Voyage (Duparc), Berceuse (Rhene-Baton), Adieu pour jamais (Loeffler), Fetes galantes (Hahn), Go, Lovely Rose (Quilter), Flocca la neve (Cimara), Es blinkt der Thau (Rubinstein), Stornellatrice (Respighi). The accompanist was Reginald Boardman.

This pleasant list was well chosen, both for the inherent beauty of the songs that composed it and for the fact that none of them demanded for their adequate performance a voice of large volume or opulent color. Miss French's is a small, light voice of little natural warmth or expressive power, yet—thanks to her sensitive feeling for the melodic line and for the mood and meaning of her songs, thanks also to her clear and intelligent enunciation of their words—she was able to convey the charm of much of her program in a way that many singers of more generous natural endowments often fail to do.

Perhaps it was in the exquisitely tender melancholy of Wolf's "Heimweh," in the delicately sentimental conceit of Respighi's "Stornellatrice," in Rhene-Baton's charming "Berceuse," in the song of Cimara and in Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau" that Miss French was most notably successful. Yet her gift for interpretation helped her to achieve a commendable degree of conviction in much else—the classic grace and dignity of "Bois Epais" no less than the restrained anguish and suppressed excitement of "Immer leiser" or the light gaiety of "Fetes galantes." Mozart's "Veilchen," on the other hand, was somewhat overdramatized, to the detriment of its musical continuity.

In response to the deservedly cordial applause, Miss French added to her program. S. S.

Dec 4, 1930

LOUISE SEYMOUR

A recital was given at Jordan hall last night by Louise Seymour, pianist. To an audience of moderate size she played the following program, Sarabande (Rameau); French Suite No. 5—Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Gavotte, Gigue (Bach); Intermezzo, Op. 119, No. 1 (Brahms); Rhapsody, Op. 79, No. 2 (Brahms); Nocturne, Op. 62, No. 2, Muzurka, Op. 6, No. 1, Ballade in G minor (Chopin); Voices of the Valley, Cascades (Gebhard); La Fille au cheveux de lin, Passepied (Debussy); Sonette, E major (Liszt); Prelude, Op. 23, in B flat major (Rachmaninoff). Warmly applauded, she added to this list.

If Miss Seymour's performance of such pieces as the Courante and the Gigue from a French Suite of Bach, Mr. Gebhard's "Cascades," Liszt's "Sonetto di Petrarca," or Rachmaninoff's B flat Prelude proved her to have a good deal of dignital fluency and even the power to attain infrequent moments of brilliance, it must nevertheless be confessed that neither technically nor musically did she display any marked distinction.

In a Sarabande of Rameau (a thickened "arrangement" which revealed some harmonies of doubtful authenticity), in a B minor Intermezzo of Brahms, in the already mentioned piece by Liszt, and perhaps in Mr. Gebhard's charming impressionistic "Voices of the Valley" (which the composer himself, however, has played much more delightfully in public), her most acceptable playing was done. Yet both here and in her Chopin group, despite minutes of beautiful and well graduated tone, despite stretches of good and intelligent phrasing, there were long, arid tracts of dulness and frequent displays of mutilated and erratic rhythm—even where the excuse of a "rubato" tradition did not exist—to mar her playing.

In Chopin, the traditional permission to indulge in a tactful flexibility of rhythm and phrasing is only too often construed in the sen of the inscription over the gateway of the Abbey of Theleme—"Do as you will." Miss Seymour fell into this same error, failing to realize that to take such liberties that the rhythmic shape of the music is distorted, especially in such dance movements as the Mazurka, is not "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—the meaning of "rubato" as applied to rhythm—but rhythmic murder. S. S.

Dec 5, 1930

TECH DRAMASHOP IN GOGOL'S "MARRIAGE"

"Marriage," a three-act play by Nikolai Gogol, was presented at the Rogers building, Boylston street, last night, by members of the Dramashop of Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Among those in the cast were Christine Nielson Fairchild '33, Eleanor Frances Dowling '32, Betsey Dupncan Kelley '34, Joseph Cobham Noyes, Jr. '32, Theodore Bryce Spruill '31, Gustave Edgar Kidde '33, Louis Peter Evans '31, Peter Paul Shelby '32, Robert Louis McCormack '33, Robert Phelps Parker '31 and Hazel Weld '33.

GEORGE COPELAND

George Copeland, pianist, gave one of his typical programs here last night in Jordan hall at his first appearance this season. His usual three groups—17th century, pieces, music by Debussy, and Spanish music—contained the following:

Sarabande and Gigue, (Corelli); Adagio (Grazioli), Menuet from "Le tombeau de Couperin" (Ravel); Jesus Christus, Filius Dei (Bach); La Cathedrale engloutie, Danse de Puck, Et la lune descend sur le temple qui fut, La Puerta del Vino, and Feux d'artifice (Debussy); L'Amour Sorcier (Introduction, Le revenant—Danse de la Frayeur) (Falla); Danza de la Hoguera (Pittaluga); Los bebedores de manzanilla (Turina); Canco i Danza No. IV (Mompou) Danza No. V and Homenaje a la jota (Nin); Malaguena (Lecuona).

Mr. Copeland was greeted with enthusiasm by an audience that filled Jordan hall, upstairs and down, and the applause during the evening grew greater after each offering by the pianist.

Most interesting of the evening's music were the Spanish pieces, all but one of which were given first Boston performances, according to a program note. De Falla, Turina, and Nin are composers whose Spanish works have been made familiar to recital-goers largely through the interest and enthusiasm of Mr. Copeland. The Catalonion Mompou, Pittaluga, and Lecuona are less well known, although Lecuona's exciting Malaguena is happily remembered from previous concerts. Mr. Copeland's way with Spanish music is the right way, even though its unrelenting, remorselessly steady and loud rhythms irritate some of the more inflexible nordic temperaments. Making of the piano a purely percussive instrument, Copeland beats Moorish drums with it, trills and purrs castanets, and stamps wooden heels. It is savage, ecstatic music he makes and he does not temper it even for ears attuned to the delicacy of his own Debussy.

The Debussy music last night was delightfully poetic and delicate, but also clear-cut. There are no blurred outlines in Mr. Copeland's playing. His Debussy scenes are etchings—not water colors. La Cathedral Engloutie was impressively played, and the brilliance of Feux d'artifice roused spontaneous, enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Copeland's program, avoiding as they do, the passion, warmth and agonizing of "the classics," by skirting round everything between Bach and Debussy, seem sometimes like the sandwich without the filling—but he has his own special niche, and he is content to fill it, and not to try to fill others. Certainly he plays the music he favors with tremendous technical skill, brilliance and vigor, and his audiences are large and constant. They always demand, and get, a supplementary concert from the obliging and indefatigable Mr. Copeland. E. B.

METROPOLITAN

"Along Came Youth"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from a story by George Marion, Jr., directed by Lloyd Corrigan and Norman McLeod and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Larry Brooks	Charles Rogers
Elinor Farrington	Frances Dee
Ambrose	Stuart Erwin
Eustace	William Austin
Lady Prunella	Evelyn Hall
Senor Cortez	Leo White
Senora Cortez	Mathilde Comont
Sue Long	Betty Boyd

It was probably the Four Marx Brothers in person rather than "Along Came Youth" that drew the crowd to the Metropolitan Theatre yesterday. The picture was an innocuous, nonmusical affair with the well-tailored Charles Rogers prancing around in a terribly boyish manner, while the Marx family produced their familiar bag of absurd tricks that won the audience almost before they came on the stage. A dissenter may be permitted to remark that their jokes are very old and tiresomely reminiscent and their antics inscrutably unintelligible, but the public rises gleefully to the ancient hokum. They have a large company that hasn't much to do but stand around as targets for the Marx jokes.

"Along Came Youth" is a typical musical comedy plot without, wonder of wonders, any music. Charles Rogers takes the part of Larry Brooks, a well-bred American youth whose high-priced race horse refused to run and left him stranded in London without a cent. All sorts of jobs come his way, but, as Ambrose, his inseparable companion and former groom, remarks, he loses them all by running after pretty girls. Finally he is engaged by Senor Cortez and his wife, wealthy South Americans, as their chef. The fact that, to quote Ambrose again, he can't even boil water, doesn't worry him in the least, and his expedients are amusing and invariably successful. He is instructed to go out to the new Cortez estate in Loamshire, where he discovers that the same girl with whom he had fallen in love in London, Lady Elinor Farrington, is living next door.

From then on Larry is faced with the task of making love to Elinor, cooking for Senora Cortez, soothing the worried Ambrose and discovering a way to get his horse back. This noble animal

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A Leisurely and Mellow Novel of Present Day England

THE WATER GIPSIES, by A. P. Herbert; Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.; 414 pp., $2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Herbert, known to many by his contributions to Punch and his volumes of prose and verse—verses of rollicking humor and sly satire, as "Plain Jane," the volume that contains "Two Gentlemen of Soho," a theme of modern life dressed in Shakespearean costume—in The Water Gipsies tells of a family, father and two girls, whose home was on a canal barge. It's a story of the canal and the adventures of Mr. Bell's two daughters. Jane, disgusted with the routine of a servant, dreams of a romantic life as described in the captions of the screen plays, for her father played in a cinema orchestra and the girls had free entrance. They read the Sunday Gazette. "From it they learned that the majority of men come sooner or later to murder or larceny, abduction and rape, bigamy, assault, embezzlement or arson, and various other crimes which they did not understand. . . . 'I'd like something terrible to happen to me,' Lily murmured, closing her blue eyes dreamily like some Victorian miss yearning for the affections of a clergyman. 'Don't be silly, Lily,' said Jane sternly." For Jane had two sweethearts. Fred, a boatman, too shy, clumsy in his wooing, but honest and devoted; Ernest, working in the Underground Railways, a stern, unbending Socialist, with buttons of leagues sworn to fraternity and bloodshed; organizing secretary to the Hammersmith branch of the League of Red Youth. Though Jane had a "bourgeois psychology," as he told her, he loved her, and embraced her with a passion foreign to Fred's nature. As Lily plays a lesser role in the novel, let it be said that she went to live with an agreeable and generous Jew, and knew not remorse nor repentance.

In the house where Jane worked there lived an artist, the Honorable George Gordon Bryan, a rebel against his own class. Travelling, he became engaged to Sybil Colebatch whom he met on shipboard. Her fellow-passengers pained her because none of them, she felt had ever heard of the man Proust. Returning to London, he cannot endure the life of fashion and aestheticism—here Mr. would come to him again, but he lost and lost, always sanguine, always philosophical. The exciting visit of the family with Mrs. Higgins, Fred and Ernest to the Derby; the canal trip with adventures on water and land; Jane marching with Ernest to the Monster Demonstration and Mass Rally in Hyde Park in support of the "Hands Off Croatia" Movement; the description of the film play, the captions of which Jane applied to herself; Lily's naive relation of how she "fell"; the scenes at the grayhound races; the meeting of Lily with one Mr. Baxter, who had bad teeth but read Casanova's autobiography and tried to shape his own conduct accordingly; the visits to restaurants and a luxurious hotel with Jane's joy in a sumptuously appointed bath room; the skittle-alley in which Mr. Bryan finally showed such skill that he excited the envy of Ernest; Jane in church and at a fashionable studio party to which Mr. Bryan had invited her—here are pages though read at first with keen enjoyment do not pale when they are re-read again and again. For this is a novel to be kept, not merely for one rainy day.

Poor Jane! She gave herself to Ernest, "without passion, without affection"; later when she thought there was necessity, she married him, but Ernest came tragically to his end. There was Fred, still faithful; there was Mr. Bryan, to whom she offered herself. He was tempted; he even thought of marrying her.

A moral man was Wertner,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her."

And so he passed her hotel door in the hotel of which she had dreamed; passed while she kept vigil and sobbed when he failed to come, for he "sighed and softly passed on his way." It was all the fault of the pictures, she thought. She would never believe the pictures again."

And when Mr. Bryan did not see her as she stood on a bridge and his boat sailed before the wind and was lost in the mist, "And that's that," she said as she walked away. "You're a born fool; you've no Destiny, and never had one."

But Fred still loved her. She would be a good wife to him, steering the canal boat, making the locks, cooking, polishing the brass. After the wedding—a double wedding, for the amiable shiftless father married Mrs. Higgins—she would teach Fred to read.

"I'd like to be able to read the newspapers."

"Yes," said Jane, kissing him, "the Sunday Gazette's nice."

But she kept the doll given to her when she was with Mr. Bryan the Gala night at the hotel. The doll was all that was left of that evening.

Fred said, "What's that doll, Jenny."
"I dunno. Somebody give it to me."
"Pretty," said Fred.
"Pretty, isn't it."

This novel is not to be read merely for the story. It is a picture of peculiarly English life; the England of races, beer and skittles, Hyde Park orations, bargemen and aesthetes, snobs and workingmen and women. There is no slavish imitation of Dickens: Mr. Herbert writes with a similar gusto, but in a quieter vein. His satirical touches are light; they are the more effective. His humor is blended with compassion. He knows the world so well that he leaves Lily happy and contented, not mourning over her "lost honor;" Jane, still mindful of Mr. Bryan, who, as Ernest often angrily reminded her, was not of her class. Mr. Herbert is satisfied with the world he has created, for he knows that in it men and women move, work, play, love and suffer as in the world of every day.

Lecture Leads to Oberammergau Via Munich

Oberammergau, home of the famous Passion Play, was the subject of a lecture by Mr. Newman last night at Symphony hall—the third of his series of five lectures this season. After some pleasant rambles through Munich, lovely city, "which made money out of brewing, but which turned the money into the pursuit of music and art," some enchanting moments in the zoo, and some glampses of the really breathtaking beauty of the Bavarian Alps, where Ludwig, the "mad" king built fairy palaces—Mr. Newman at last took the audience into the quiet, quaint streets of Oberammergau. Nestling beneath mountains that shut out the world except once in 10 years, the little town is true to a vow made 300 years ago, when a plague fell on the people, and they vowed to enact Christ's Passion if they were spared. Through 10 years the peasants of the town dream, think, and plan the play; then, for a few short months in the summer, they give it, and thousands come to see.

Recognizing that it is not so much the beauty of the play as much as it is the people who play the parts that draw visitors to Oberammergau, and yearning second-hand travelers to Symphony hall—Mr. Newman devotes much time to showing the principal actors at home, at work, and in costume for the play. One is impressed with the sincerity and nobility of the simple people who transform all worldly aspirations into honor for the play and for the parts that fall to them. The parts are allotted according to character and ability. Character shows on the faces of the players—from the wood-carver who played Jesus, and the lumberman who played Pilate, to the strenographer who played Mary, and the innkeeper's daughter who played Magdalen. On each face character and the honest religious feeling of the peasant etched the lines that other actors make with pencil and rouge. Mr. Newman's scenes, as much as his words, convenced many a one in the audience that the play has not been commercialized, as has been charged, but is still the vow, the joy, and the art of a simple, God-fearing people.

American and European crowds in the clean little streets, long-haired porters, in Bavarian short trousers and embroidered vests, interiors of spotless, quaintly-decorated peasant homes, vistas of sublime beauty among mountains and lakes—these and other delights added to the pleasures of the Passion play, Oberammergau, and the Oberammergauers, as presented at the lecture last night. It was one of the best of Mr. Newman's series this year. E. B.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Morocco"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jules Furthman from the play by Benno Vigny entitled "Amy Jolly," directed by Josef von Sternberg and presented by Paramount with the following cast

Tom Brown	Gary Cooper
Amy Jolly	Marlene Dietrich
Le Bassiere	Adolph Menjou
Adjutant Caesar	Ullrich Haupt
Anna Dolores	Juliette Compton
Corporal Tatoche	Francis MacDonald
Colonel Quinnevieres	Albert Conti
Madame Caesar	Eve Southern
Barratire	Michael Visaroff
Lo Tinto	Paul Porcasi

It takes an acting talent far out of the ordinary to live up to such advance heralding as has befallen Marlene Dietrich, but we have no hesitation in saying that in "Morocco," current feature film at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia theatres, she is even better than we had heard. That she suggests Greta Garbo is true, also that at times she resembles the late Jeanne Eagels, but she imitates no one, and her gifts are her own. No doubt a large share of credit is due to Josef von Sternberg, the director, but whatever she does, whatever she says, compels attention and admiration. Her voice is restful to the ear only slightly accented and very expressive, emphatically not of that deep contralto quality that puzzles so many of Greta Garbo's admirers. To say that she makes a successful screen debut in this interesting but not epoch-making film is putting it very mildly. Yesterday's audience watched and listened to her almost without breathing. She has glamor, assurance and at times a strange beauty. She is not a second Garbo, but something better: a new and striking personality who should be welcomed enthusiastically on her own merits.

The plot of "Morocco" is not original, and in less skillfull hands would be dull. Amy Jolly, a French vaudeville actress, goes to Morocco as a last resort. There she meets Tom Brown, a legionnaire, who sets a low value on women, and M. Le Bassiere, a wealthy, middle-aged and chivalrous artist. The latter wishes to marry her, the former falls in love with her against his will and treats her rather shabbily. Yet in the end, having become engaged to Le Bassiere, she joins the pitiful little band of women who follow the soldiers they love across the desert.

It is the telling of this story that makes its worth seeing. Von Sternberg shows a masterly hand in his treatment of light and shadow and a love for interesting camera angles that never become merely bizarre, but invariably enhance the dramatic values. Above all, he, alone of present day directors, realizes how much may be said without words. The dialogue in "Morocco" is very scarce and not always good, but its absence is never felt. Amy and Tom talk very little when together, but their minds are as an open book to the watcher. A simple but telling episode is the dinner given by Le Bassiere to announce his engagement to Amy. In the midst of a polite speech, Amy hears the drums of the returning legion, listens a moment, then rises hastily to her feet, scattering her pearls, and rushes out to the street searching for Tom. Not a word is spoken and the natural embarrassment of the guests is a clever touch. From this incident and many more, it is evident that Von Sternberg, all praise to him, is bringing back the neglected art of pantomime.

Too much praise can hardly be lavished on the excellent supporting cast. Gary Cooper has never done better work than as the cynical Tom Brown; his habit of undeacting his emotional scenes is here employed with telling effect. Adolphe Menjou gives a poignant and sympathetic performance as the generous Le Bassiere. Ullrich Haupt is incisive and interesting as Adjutant Caesar, and the rest are more than sufficient. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Bat Whispers"

An all-talking mystery drama adapted by Roland West and James Smith from the play entitled "The Bat," by Mary Roberts Rinehart and the late Avery Hapgood; directed by Roland West and presented by United Artists with the following cast

Cornelia Van Gorder	Grayce Hampton
Dale Van Gorder	Tina Merkle
Detective Anderson	Chester Morris
Gideon Bell	Richard Tucker
Dr. Venrees	Gustave von Seyffertitz
Lizzie Allen	Maude Eburne
Brooks Bailey	William Bakewell
The Caretaker	Spencer Charters
Richard Fleming	Hugh Huntley
Detective Jones	Charles Dow Clark
Police Captain	DeWitt Jennings
Police Sergeant	Sidney D. Albrook
The Butler	Wilson Benge
Man in Black Mask	S. E. Jennings
The Unknown	Ben Bard

"The Bat" threatened 10 years ago to come back, and he has. Now the title is "The Bat Whispers," presumably because in certain tense moments the sinister hooded figure of this maddest of criminally insane persons whispers horrible threats against those who stand in his way. As a mystery drama, "The Bat" was produced Aug. 23, 1920, at the Morosco Theatre in New York. Thereafter it enjoyed a remarkable vogue. Its fame reached even to London, where it was presented in 1922. In the original New York cast were such favorites of that period as May Vokes as Lizzie, Effie Ellsler as Miss Cornelia, Edward Ellis as Dr. Wells, now become Dr. Venrees, Harrison Hunter as Anderson. The three acts were set in Miss Van Gorder's Long Island home, in the living room and the garret. In the photoplay the magic camera of Ray June, one of the most expert of his craft, roams at will. In fact, "The Bat Whispers" is as notably a triumph of photography as of performance.

Thanks to the nimble wit and ingenuity of Mrs. Rinehart and the technical resourcefulness of the late Mr. Hapgood, "The Bat" was a model for all writers of mystery thrillers. It had coherency, a certain logical reason for being; it mingled suspense and action with light comedy; and it succeeded in baffling the most astute observers to the very end of its double-barreled denouement. In the West-Smith adaptation the original text has been followed fervently and enthusiastically. A few names have been changed, but otherwise, and on a much larger stage, the same characters move with the same elusive tread. Cornelia van Gorder, the most rational of the lot, has taken on summer lease the estate of a New York banker supposed to be in Europe. Half a million dollars, missing from his bank, is supposed to be hidden in some secret place in the mansion. A mysterious doctor arrives. He is greatly interested in the doings of the tenants, is caught in several overt acts. He may be "The Bat," or he may be a confederate of the absent banker, seeking the concealed fortune. A well-groomed detective, Anderson by name, also enters, at Miss Cornelia's request, to solve the mystery of nocturnal prowlings by a hooded figure, of untraceable groans, flashing figures up and down long stairways, disappearances through laundry chutes, false fireplace fronts, doors apparently locked. The audience is swept along many misleading paths for an hour and a half, and keen indeed is he or she who can identify "The Bat" before he is unmasked.

Mr. Morris, Miss Hampton, Mr. Seyffertitz, Miss Eburne, Mr. Charters and Mr. Clark give regal performances, the first three in heavy roles, the others in farcical conceptions of hysterical housemaid, bovine caretaker and rube constable. But, when all is said, it is the tireless camera, catching weird shadows and sharp silhouettes, zooming from a long shot of several figures to a close-up with wonderful lighting effects, which takes the palm. W. E. G.

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MYRA HESS

Myra Hess gave a pianoforte recital in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon before an audience whose unusual size—for it filled the floor, the balcony, and a large section of the platform—testified to this Englishwoman's remarkable popularity. The response of her hearers to the charm of her playing was most enthusiastic. The following was her program: Prelude, Fugue, and Variations (Cesar Franck); Italian Concerto (Bach); Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel (Brahms); Nocturne, Op. 48, No. 1, Six Etudes—Nos. 2 and 3 from Trois Nouvelles Etudes, and Op. 25, Nos. 3, 7, 9, 12.

This unusually ambitious program confronted her hearers with a Myra Hess notably improved in the power and scope of her playing. This statement may seem a shade sacrilegious to those admirers of Miss Hess who in the past have found her all that a pianist should be and would scout the idea that improvement was possible. But the opinion may be ventured that Miss Hess, for all her exquisite good taste, perhaps even a little because of it, was sometimes dull. The subdued and veiled timbre was a thought too discreet and ladylike, the gently impeccable phrasing was insufficiently relieved by vigor, brilliance, or any of the excusable excesses which make a performance exciting.

Yesterday afternoon her playing of Bach's Italian Concerto, admirable for its freedom from the scrambling excess of speed with which most pianists tackle it, delightful for its graceful and finely pointed phrasing and the happy, frolicsome mood of its Allegro and Presto, would, however, have been the better—perhaps the truer to the spirit of the work,—for a tone-color slightly more brilliant and a pace a little more constant. For the beautiful Prelude, Fugue and Variation of Cesar Franck she found a style and a mood exquisitely right; its melodic line flowing like a gentle river, a tender and delicate sorrity of tone-color, sensitively shaded and varied to give unforced contrast and relief to the voices and harmonies.

In her performance of the great Handel Variations of Brahms, despite the perhaps slightly excessive simplicity of her enunciation of the theme, Miss Hess displayed in the course of its varied

Jean Baptiste ... Manager of Folies ...

The Theatre

Dec 7 By PHILIP HALE 1930

On Nov. 29 the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes was performed for the 4th time at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre in New York. Before the play ened there it had been performed in Philadelphia between 40 and 50 times.

Now this comedy has been seen in the United States by about a quarter a million people, but it is doubtful whether the refined taste of Watch d Ward members would allow even the announcement of a proposed com- g to Boston. The play has been performed here by visitors from Moscow, t as the members of the Watch and Ward Society, self-appointed censors d all the "prurient prudes," to borrow Charles Reade's phrase, did not un- rstand Russian, and as the English translations of Aristophanes are not ways literal, there was no loud cry of indignation, there were no letters dressed to the daily papers by "Father of a Family," "An Old Subscriber" d others of the noble army of those eager for an opportunity to air their ug morality and rush into print.

Frederyck Lennox died on Nov. 28 at a hospital in New York. He had heart attack at Willis Sweatnam's funeral. He was known in Boston, first playing Tommy Tompkins in "A Prince Pro Tem." Who can forget his irking, jaunty entrance, stovepipe hat, gloves and cane, making his way th mincing steps through the admiring chorus girls.

"I buy for this menagerie,
My home's the state of New Jersee,
My name is Tompkins with a P."
Chorus: "Who is this charming stranger?"
Tompkins: "My specialtee is novel freaks,
Wondrous barber! never speaks;
Policeman! Hasn't slept for weeks.
Who is this charming stranger?
'Tommy Tompkins, how-dy-do,
Tommy Tompkins, we love you.'
All the ladies say,
Call me night and day:
'Tommy Tompkins come and woo,
Tommy Tompkins, we'll be true.'
Youg girls cry for me,
Old maids sgh for me.
I am such a dear!"

Lewis Thompson wrote the music for Robert A. Barnet's libretto. When e late Lewis Thompson wrote for the song just quoted, did he unconsciously member a tune in Milloecker's "Poor Jonathan"?

Tompkins had another song with the tag "He longs for his home and r mother." One of his wheezes still excites genteel laughter: "I wish I d as many dollars as I've drunk bottles of champagne. (Pause). I'd have st two dollars."

When "Prince Pro Tem" was brought out at the Boston Museum on pt. 11, 1893, George Schiller was in the company. The leading woman was ss Kenyon Bishop; she was replaced by Jennie Corse. Florrie West was erwards known by her singing. "I kissed John James Riley before he nt home"; Josie Sadler, "The Wild Rose of Yucatan," by her wishing she ild get a decent sleep. Augusta Klous of Brookline became a grand opera ger, known in Europe. She came to Boston as a member of Hammer- in's Manhattan Company. Olea Bull danced a few times, but left the npany, thinking she was not appreciated.

Lennox came here in other shows, but he was not so amusing as in grandfather and father were actors before him. The former played s grandfather and father weer actors before him. The former played ny parts in the New York of the 30's and 40's. Was a Mrs. Lennox of t period the grandmother?

A clergyman declares that there are only 10 plays out of the 34 now ning in New York that are not dirty. The dramatists and libretto writers l probably call a special meeting and expel the 10 guilty men at once— w York Sun.

Willis Palmer Sweatnam, who died in New York on Nov. 25 at the age 76, was not only famous as a Negro minstrel; he gave excellent portrayals Negro types in the legitimate drama, comedy and melodrama. Born at nesville, Ohio, he played at the age of 7 comedy parts without burnt cork a company called the Union Children. Four years later at the Western useum in Cincinnati he blacked his face for the bones end of a minstrel ow; at 15 he was connected with a boat show on the Little Miami Canal Ohio. Later he was connected with many minstrel companies, from San ancisco to New York; with Haverly in Chicago and Europe; with Moore d Burgess in London. He had his own companies. In New York he re- ced Billy Birch in the San Francisco Minstrels.

"Willie, the Boy Wonder, Champion Bone Soloist of Ohio," was a de- ntful comedian, as was proved by his portrayals of grotesque and pathetic, al and devoted Negro characters, as in "The City Directory," "The County airman," the janitor in "A Texas Steer" in which he hoped to rise from position of "custodian of the waste paper department" to that of "Min- r to Dahomey." Who can forget him as the head Pullman car porter "Excuse Me."

Seymour Hicks tells many anecdotes of actors in his memoirs, or auto- graphy "Between Ourselves."

When Tennyson's "The Foresters" was brought out Tennyson asked ng what he thought of the Robin Hood. "Oh, very good, very good, I k, though I fancy he'd have been better as Maid Marian, eh?"

Some one said to W. S. Gilbert: "Mrs. So and So was very pretty once," hich Gilbert replied: "Yes, but not twice."

J. L. Toole called up one Attenborough at 4 A. M. to ask him the time. use you've got my watch in your shop in the Strand," and Hughie Drum- mond woke up a tailor named Paul at an early hour: "I've been wondering for a long time if you ever got an answer to that long letter you wrote to the Ephesians."

If any manager complains today of importunate newspaper "deadheads" let him consider the fact that 80 years ago Ben Webster of the Theatre Royal and Adelphi, London, sent a circular to editors giving a table of the number of persons from the newspapers mentioned who had received free tickets during three years and the value of the seats in money. The total of free admissions was 71,376, and the value of the seats represented was £16,009. Surely newspapers are not so rapacious in these days.

We read in a London journal of Aida Sidonia, a dancer who in her prime had been "starred in Covent Garden. She had been for some years the ballet-mistress at the theatre, Mr. Epstein said, but in her advanced age in America she was reduced to the necessity of doing the work of a chambermaid when 76 years old. The state of Wisconsin, he added, had since provided an allowance for her."

Can any one tell us whether Wisconsin gives an old age pension to dancers and chambermaids? Did Mme. Sidonia ever dance in the United States?

Those wishing to write plays can easily find books telling them how to write, or not to write. St. John Ervine having said that playwriting cannot be taught proceeded to publish an ins ruction book. Now Edgar Wallace advises the young to be, first of all, a reporter. "A good reporter not only tells what occurred but tells it in an interesting manner."

Real life. Mr. Wallace thinks, especially that of the professional criminal, is much too uninteresting for the stage. "Criminals come to me often with ideas for dramas, but their stories seldom have any theatrical value." A. A. Milne would say to the young man, consider first of all your audience, be conscious of it, the contemporary audience. Mr. Milne has written at some length on this subect, taking Shakespeare as an example, quoting the opening of "As You Like It." "To an Elizabethan audience this would have seemed natural," but can such an exposition ever again seem natural and ingenious to us?" Can any manager make Touchstone seem as funny to us as he was to Shakespeare's audience? "Humor on the stage is a much more temporal thing than humor in the library." We all try to laugh, or at least smile knowingly when the grave diggers in "Hamlet" crack their jokes, but it was hard work to laugh at young Gobbo's lines when he was seen recently on the stage of the Tremont Theatre; nor was it the actor's fault if the lines seemed as amusing as a railway accident.

To go back to Mr. Milne. He asks why Shakespeare put Rosalind into man's clothes for the greater part of the play. "Because Rosalind was played by a man, because the Elizabethan audience was accustomed to this, and accepted it; and because, when the actor put on man's clothes, he looked the man that he really was." Here we do not follow Mr. Milne. Juliet, Ophelia and all the women parts were played by men or youths. Is Mr. Milne prepared to say that the Elizabethan audience did not accept the heroines as women, though it knew the sex of the impersonators?

When "Journey's End" was performed as "Il Gran Viaggio" at Rome in October, all friendly references to the enemy and the story of the wounded German soldier carried into the British trenches were cut out. The terrified Hibbert was taken as a villain by most of the audience; certain ironical phrases, as Stanhope's "Then we advance and win the war" were taken literally. Osborne was made to read before the raid Shakespeare, not Lewis Carroll.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Flute Players Club has in preparation works by Cras, Chanson, Exaudet, Prudent, d'Indy, Bailay, Villa-Lobos, Foerster, Tchereprin, Slavinsky, Piston, Bloch, Bergson, Gaubert, that may be performed this season.

At the concert this afternoon the program will comprise J. C. Bach's Quartets in C major, E flat major, and G major, for flute, viola and 'cello, Roussel's Trio for flute, viola and 'cello; Tansman's Suite Divertissement for violin, viola, 'cello and piano. These are all to be played for the first time in Boston. The players will be Messrs. Elcus, violin; Lefranc, viola; Zighera, 'cello; Laurent, flute; Sanroma, piano.

The quartets by the "London Bach," chosen for performance are Nos. 1, 3 and 5 in a set of six published in London in 1775 and dedicated to Sir William Young, governor of Dominico. This baronet was probably no relation of Polly Young, a niece of Mrs. Arne. She was a popular opera singer, preferred by many to imported Italian prima donnas. She married an orchestral leader at the Opera, Barthelemon. These quartets have only two movements: No. 1, an allegro and minuet; No. 3, a largo and spirited allegro; No. 5, on allegretto and a lively rondo. Bach wrote for the "German flute" i. e. the modern flute as distinguished from the older flageolet. These quartets op. 8 were the only ones published in Bach's lifetime. A second set, in which he employed two flutes, was published after his death, which took place in 1782. Creditors ran to his house in London. He left his wife debts amounting to £4000. The Queen sent money to her to buy mourning and paid the expenses of the funeral.

The quartets are assigned by some to Bach's early residence in London. He arrived there in 1762, but Charles Sanford Terry, whose life of this Bach is as scholarly as it is interesting, thinks from their form that they were composed for Count Litta's private orchestra at Milan. Bach was his protege. Bach lived in Italy from 1757 until 1762, when he was called to the King's Theatre, London. In 1760 he had been appointed organist of the Milan Cathedral; but he was not required to compose for the cathedral, though he had already written music for the church. It was chiefly as an operatic composer that he was famous for a time until Sacchini reigned at the Opera House. He was popular at the court and in London society and was a close friend of Gainsborough, the artist. Mozart hearing of Bach's death wrote: "A sad day for the world of music."

Roussel's Trio was written for Mrs. Coolidge's Festival of Chamber Music at Chicago. The performance was on Oct. 15, 1930 in that city. Tansman's Divertissement is not to be confounded with the Divertissement for piano and wind instruments. The Suite to be performed this afternoon was composed in 1929. It was played in New York at a concert of Tansman's works on Dec. 17, 1929, when he was the pianist with Messrs. Cadek, violin; Schwab, viola; Vaska, 'cellist.

The manager of Guelda Waller and Vera Maconochie announces that in one group of songs a Zumpe square piano will be used. Johannes Zumpe—perhaps his name was originally Zumpt, and changed to suit English pronunciation—was a German who had worked for a harpsichord maker. He was the first to make small pianos of the size and shape of a virginal. There was a great demand for them. The earliest one known is dated 1766. It is said by some that the action of Zumpe's piano was invented by William Mason, poet composer, but best known as a close friend and correspondent of the poet Gray. Gray wrote Mrs. Mason after Mason's death in 1797: "You will tell me what to do with your Zumpe which has amused me much here; If you would have it sent down I had better commit it to its maker, who will tune it and pack it up. Dr. Long has bought the fellow to it. The base (sic) is not quite of a piece with the treble, and the higher notes are somewhat dry and sticky. The rest discourses very eloquent music." Johann Christian Bach used one; he paid £50 to Zumpe; and this Bach was the first to exhibit in London a piano as a solo instrument; this was in 1768.

At the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week Stravinsky's: "Symphonie de Psaumes" for chorus (the Cecilia Society) and orchestra, written for the latter's jubilee, and his Capriccio for piano and orchestra will be performed. The Capriccio was performed for the first time at Paris on Dec. 6, 1929, when the composer played the piano part. Mr. Sanroma will be the pianist this week.

The Misses Peppin, twins, have been playing music for two pianos in London. Could not triplets be persuaded to play Bach's triple concerto?

We have received a card of invitation to subscribe to "a concert by Gilbert K. Chesterton in Symphony hall on Dec. 9. Mr. Thornton Wilder may follow him, performing Peruvian airs on the cornet-a-pistons; then Sinclair Lswie with a Scandinavian Fantasia for double-bassoon.

Apropos of Brahms's Symphony No. 2, which was finely played at the Symphony concerts last month. Sir Henry Wood not long ago conducted it in London. The Times called the performance lamentable. "This is a gracious easy-flowing symphony: Sir Henry Wood drove it along too hard and too fast. Brahms writes out his expression marks so that fluctuations of tempo are not required: whenever the music got louder or there was any semi-quaver movement, the pace was increased, and, vice versa, quiet playing entailed slower playing. Sir Henry Wood is probably not aware of this mannerism into which he has fallen, like many church organists, but it has been noticeable previously this season, and when he tires, as is only natural in an exacting program like last night's, this mechanical interpretation supervenes. It depends on what the music is how serious are the consequences. In Brahms's second symphony these acceierandos, these hurried phrases, these flaccid pianos, are quite fatal."

and contrasted metamorphoses a more satisfyingly complete bag of pianistic resources than she has usually carried. She progressed from the most extreme delicacy to the most brilliant and decisively percussive vigor, piercing, as she, too, seldom does, the polished surface of the tone to reach the vibrating string beneath, building up the massive fugue to a grandiose climax.

Equally satisfying in a more familiar Hessian vein was Miss Hess's sensitive and excellently varied handling of her Chopin group. From the honeyed melancholy of the Nocturne, the simpler grace of the two posthumous studies, and the sparkling lightness of the Butterfly study, to the elegiac sadness of the C sharp minor and the massive gloom of the C minor study, all were beautifully done. In response to the exceptionally spontaneous and enthusiastic applause and the flowers which rewarded her efforts—strangely enough one rarely sees flowers presented to any artist but a singer—Miss Hess began a series of encores, beginning with the popular Toccata of Paradies and her own excellent arrangement of a Bach Choral Prelude. S. S.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday: Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M., Fritz Kreisler, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M., People's Symphony orchestra, Thompson Stone, conductor.

Boston Art Club, 3:30 P. M.: Boston Flute Players Club. J. C. Bach, quartets in C major, E flat major, and G major for flute, violin, viola and 'cello; Roussel, trio for flute, viola and 'cello; Tansman, Suite Divertissement for violin, viola, 'cello and piano.

Boston Public Library, 3:30 P. M.: Jane Leland Clarke, pianist and composer, and assisting artists. 8 P. M., Eleanor Brigham, pianist.

Ford Hall, 7:30 P. M., the Musical Art Trio: Edith Roubound, violinist; Gladys Berry, violoncellist; Francis Adciman, pianist.

Monday: Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., the Don Cossacks. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8.15 P. M., Maurine Palmer, contralto; Alfred De Voto, accompanist; Brahms, Gypsy Songs, He! Zigeuner, Lieber Gott du weisst, Hochgeturmte Rimaflut; Der Tod, das ist die Kuhle Nacht; Sapphische Ode, Meiner Liebe ist gruen; Bruch, Aus der Tiefe des Grames, from "Achilleus"; Liszt, Ich liebe dich; Heitsch, Nachtigallenlied; Mahler, Nun seh' ich wohl warum so Flammen; Marx, Wanderers Nachtlied; Rachmaninoff, The Isles; Gretchaninov, My Native Land; Bennett, Japanese Night Song (MS); Bax, I Heard a Piper Piping; La Forge, Hills.

Tuesday: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Klaus Goetze, pianist: Handel, Suite D Minor; Beethoven, Sonata C Major, Op. 53; Debussy, La Terrasse des audiences du Clair de lune, Jardins sous la pluie; Ravel, Sonatina; Brahms, Capriccio F Sharp Minor, Op. 76; Ballade, D major, Op. 10; Intermezzo, E Flat minor Op. 118; Intermezzo, E major, Op. 116; Rhapsodie E Flat Major, Op. 119.

Repertory Theatre, 8:15 P. M., Guelda Waller and Vera Maconochie, English singers: Old Song Pictures, songs of the 19th century (with the accompaniment of piano and flute); Old Songs of Romance (with harp); Old Folk Songs (with piano and flute); A Georgian Salon (with a Zumpe square piano of 1770, and flute); Old English Carols (with piano and harp). The costumes of the singers will be in accordance with the songs they sing.

Wednesday: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Virginia Warren, soprano. Bernard Zighera, accompanist. Bach, My heart ever faithful (in French). Handel, Care Selve, Oh! had I Jubal's Lyre. Wolf, Verborgenheit. Brahms, Feldeinsamkeit, Meine Liebe ist gruen; Debussy, Voici que les printemps; Ravel, D'Anne jouant de l'espinette. D'Anne qui me jecta de la neige; Hue, L'Ane blanc. D Taylor, The Rivals. W. Watts, Like Music on the Waters; Hageman, Me Company Along.

Friday: Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor. See special notice.

Saturday: Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Jan Smeterlin, pianist. Chopin program including the B flat minor Sonata, Scherzo in E major, Scherzo in G flat minor, Nocturne in G major, two waltzes, Ballade in A flat major.

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor.

CHICAGO OPERA

The repertoire and the principal singers of the annual fortnight of opera to be given by the Chicago Civic Opera Company at the Boston Opera House beginning Jan. 26, will be as follows:

Monday, Jan. 26—Wagner's "Lohengrin," with Mmes. Rodell (debut) and Olszewska, Messrs. Marion, Bockelmann and Kipnis. Conductor Pollak.

Tuesday, Jan. 27—Wolf Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna," with Mmes. Raisa and Claessens; Messrs. Cortis and Rimini. Conductor Moranzoni.

Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 28—Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," with Mmes. Rajdl, (debut) and Sharnova (debut); Messrs. Marion, Coleaire (debut), Bockelmann, Hubich, Ringling and Kipnis. Conductor, Pollak.

Wednesday evening, Jan. 28—Puccini's "La Boheme," with Mmes. Muzio and Pavlowska, Messrs. Cortis, Bonelli, Lazzari, Defrere and Baccaloni, (debut). Conductor Moranzoni. Followed by "L'Amour Sorcier," ballet, "Love the Magician" by De Falla, with Mmes. Lundgren, Barashkova; Messrs. Catoni, Stone, Larson and Arshansky. Conductor, St. Leger.

Thursday, Jan. 29—Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," with Mmes. Garden and Claessens, Messrs. Hill, Vanni-Marcoux, Cotrenil. Conductor Cooper.

Friday, Jan. 30—Wagner's "Die Walkure" with Mmes. Van Gordon, Redell and Olszewska, Messrs. Strack, Bockelmann and Baromeo. Conductor, Pollak.

Saturday afternoon, Jan. 31—Mozart's "Don Giovanni" with Mmes. Leider, Burke, Rajdl, Messrs. Harkett, Vanni-Marcoux, Lazzari, Baccaloni and Baromeo. Conductor, Pollak.

Saturday evening, Jan. 31, Verdi's "Un Ballo Maschera" (Masked Ball) with Mmes. Raisa, Sharnova, Mack, Messrs. Marshall, Thomas (debut), Lazzari and Baccaloni. Conductor Cooper.

Monday, Feb. 2—Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" with Mmes. Leider and Olszewska, Messrs. Strack, Bockelmann, Kipnis and Defrere. Conductor, Pollak.

Tuesday, Feb. 3—Verdi's "Aida" with Mmes. Muzio, Van Gordon and Burke; Messrs. Laurence (debut), Fornichi, Baromeo, Lazzari. Conductor, Moranzoni.

Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 4—Massenet's "La Navarraise," with Miss Garden; Messrs. Maison, Cotrenil. Conductor, Cooper. Followed by Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" with Miss Garden; Messrs. Formichi, Cotrenil, Ritch, Ringling, Nicolich and Defrere. Conductor Lauwers.

Wednesday evening, Feb. 4—Wagner's "Tannhauser," with Mmes. Rodell and Leider; Messrs. Strack, Bockelmann, Baromeo and Habich. Conductor Cooper.

Thursday, Feb. 5—Verdi's "Otello," with Mmes. Muzio and Claessens; Messrs. Marshall, Vanni-Marcoux and Baromeo. Conductor Moranzoni.

Friday, Feb. 6—De Foreal's "Camille," with Mmes. Garden, Claessens and Glade; Messrs. Harkett, Baromeo. Conductor, Cooper.

Saturday afternoon, Feb. 7—Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," with Mmes. Rajdl, Olszewska, Sharnova and Burke; Messrs. Strack, Kipnis, Habich, Baromeo, Ringling and Dua. Conductor, St. Leger.

Saturday evening, Feb. 7—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Mmes. Salvi and d'Hermanoy; Messrs. Coleaire, Bonelli, Ritch, Lazzari and Oliviero. Conductor Moranzoni.

Dec 8 1930

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Freiburg Passion Play, with Adolf Fassnacht; 8:00.

LYRIC—"The Blue Ghost," mystery comedy-drama; 8:30.

MAJESTIC—"Street Scene," Pulitzer prize play; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"Parity," a new play, with Florence Reed; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"The Street Singer," musical comedy, with Queenie Smith; 8:20.

TREMONT—"Green Grow the Lilacs," first performance of Lynn Riggs's new play by Theatre Guild Players; 8:15.

WILBUR—"Dishonored Lady," a play, with Katharine Cornell; 8:20.

Note—The Colonial and the Hollis Street theatres are dark this week.

FRITZ KREISLER

Fritz Kreisler played in Symphony hall for the second time this season, yesterday afternoon. As usual the great violinist had an audience that filled every seat in the auditorium, and a great many that had been set out on the stage. His program, unusually interesting, and splendidly suited to his most admirable qualities of musicianship and technical accomplishment, follows:

Sonata in A Minor (Pasquali).
Adagio and fugue in G minor, for unaccompanied violin (Bach).
Concerto No. 4 in D major (Mozart).
Lotusland (Cyril Scott).
Irlandaise (Ernest Schelling).
Two Slavonic dances, E minor, and G majof (Dvorak-Kreisler).

Not in many seasons has Fritz Kreisler seemed so spirited and lively before an audience. Yesterday he radiated an inner excitement that carried the audience with him into active enjoyment of his playing. Player and listeners participated, with him, in an afternoon of delightful, and warmly satisfying music.

Opening the afternoon's program with a lovely and rarely-heard sonata of Pasquali, Kreisler lavished on it a clear and expansive tone, a style classical but never stiff or cold, and his own delicate and expressive phrasing, unmarred by even the faintest suggestion of the Viennese—a peculiarity that is ravishing in many kinds of music, but which (even when Mr. Kreisler is playing), is not always in place. In the Bach unaccompanied fugue and adagio, his indisputable musicianship was most apparent. These unaccompanied fugues demand the utmost in technical skill from the violinist; happy is the player who can master the notes and phrasing; happier still the one who can put aside these difficulties and play through to the pure beauty beneath. Kreisler's playing of the fugue was perfect, with the voices singing clear and well-differentiated (his double-stopping has ever been the wonder of the violinist world). The adagio was played with lofty feeling—olympian, and yet full of sympathy.

But the most beautiful of the afternoon's music was the Mozart concerto, which Mr. Kreisler played exquisitely, the allegro high-spirited and gay, the andante calmly beautiful, the rondeau mischievous and playful.

The second half of the program was given over to moderns, but to moderns of a restrained, mildly romantic type. Scott's Lotusland, a langorously evocative piece, was played with imagination, and with a splendid variety of tone color. Schelling's Irlandaise, a light and tripping melody, spiced with violinistic tricks, pleased the audience. But what pleased them most were Kreisler's own arrangements of two Slavonic dances by Dvorak. He never played them better.

The enthusiasm of the audience, warmed as it was by genuine appreciation of the player as a man and a personality, was unbounded. He gave many encores—the old special favorites—at the conclusion of the announced program. E. B.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

A large audience heard the third concert of the People's symphony orchestra yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Thompson Stone conducted, and Heinrich Gebhard, pianist, was the assisting artist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Watercarrier" (Cherubini); symphony in G minor (Mozart); Nocturne, Scherzo, and Wedding March from "Midsummer Night's Dream (Mendelssohn); Concertn in A minor for piano and orchestra (Grieg); overture to "Sakuntala" (Goldmark).

Enthusiastic applause from the audience testified to special appreciation of the orchestra's delightful playing of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" selections, and of the Mozart symphony, which was played with good tone, precision, and delicate phrasing. The virile, musicale playing of Heinrich Gebhard, Boston pianist, made the Grieg concerto unusually moving, for he endowed it with a vigor and intensity it should have, but not does often receive, at the hands of concert pianists. The orchestra lent satisfactory support. The overture to "Sakuntala," played with great charm and delicacy, pleased the audience mightily, and it applauded orchestra and conductor heartily.

The next concert, to be given Dec. 14 at 3:15 in Jordan hall, will include the following music:

Symphony No. 4 in F minor (Tschaikowsky); Polovetzian Dances, from "Prince Igor" Borodin); prelude and Liebstod (Wagner); overture to "Rienzi" (Wagner); Frances Foskette, soprano, assisting artist. This program will be conducted by William F. Dodge.

FLUTE-PLAYERS' CLUB

The Flute-Players' Club gave its 55th concert—the first of the present season—at the Boston Art Club yesterday afternoon. The program contained three quartets (of two movements each) for flute, violin, viola and cello, by Johann Christian Bach, Albert Roussel's Trio, 40, for flute, viola, and cello, and Alexandre Tansman's Suite Divertissement for violin, viola, cello, and pianoforte. None of these works had previously been heard in Boston. The performers were MM. Gaston Elcus, Jean Lafranc, Alfred Zighera, Georges Laurent and Jesus Maria Sanroma.

Johann Christian Bach (1735-1782), 11th son of the great Sebastian, studied with Padre Martini in Milan, where he became organist at the cathedral, and afterward went to London. There he became popular as a composer of operas, was a favorite in society, married an opera singer, and finally died much in debt. This most travelled and urbane of the Bach family is said to have been a lively fellow and the three short quartets played yesterday do nothing to confute the statement. They form part of a set of six which may have been composed for the private orchestra of Count Litta, the patron of Bach's Milanese period. Delightfully played, they proved lively and graceful music, skilfully written with many a delicate touch of fancy, and suggesting more than once the style of Haydn. Only one of these quartets possessed a slow movement—the suavely beautiful largo of that in E flat.

Roussel's new Trio, first performed on Oct. 15 of this year at Mrs. Coolidge's festival of chamber music at Chicago, is in many ways original and striking. Like the composer's symphony played this season by the Boston Symphony orchestra, it has bold and interesting thematic material, a clear and compact structure, and less than usual—though still an occasional dose—of that vague and indeterminate tonality which afflicts some listeners with a feeling of melancholy and malaise. A certain strength and independence, florid and self-assertive, in the music of the individual instruments lent character to this work; grace and fluidity were there in abundance also. The andante set a long and slowly unfolding melody and subtly progressing harmonies to a strangely plodding rhythm.

Tansman, in the trivial but charming music of his Suite Divertissement (Introduction et Marche, Sarabande, Scherzino (Polka), Melodie, Nocturne, Finale), achieves a surer touch and a more homogeneous style than have usually been his. It is no doubt in this light and unpretentious vien that Mr. Tansman's invention flows most naturally. The mock-pompous introduction and march, the graceful sarabands and tinkling polka, the nocturne introduced and ended with a suggestion (we hope it was intentional) of the nightly serenades of cats, the boisterous finale, were evidently enjoyed keenly by the large audience.

The performance of the afternoon's music was of admirable quality. Cordial applause rewarded the musicians.

Jean Baptiste ... Manager of Folies ...

KEITH-BOSTON

Money"

ll-talking screen comedy-drama by DeLeon and Russell Mack, directed ell Mack and presented by Pathe following cast:

artin ..... Eddie Quillan
ter ..... Robert Armstrong
..... James Gleason
Call ..... Miriam Seegar
Call ..... Robert Edeson
an Cleve ..... Dorothy Christy
" Delmont ..... Robert Gleckler
..... Margaret Livingston
..... G. Pat Collins
ley ..... Morgan Wallace
Dan ..... Richard Cramer
Wilder ..... Maurice Black
..... Charles Sellon

a matter of record, it is well h to allow Mr. DeLeon and Mr. credit for "Big Money." As a r of cold fact, James Gleason was the right to inject a funny line ever he saw a chance, and he saw d number. That is our guess, and ne familiar with the Gleason brand lang and wit probably will agree. ny rate "Big Money" is amusing in own unassuming, colloquial way. it has its moments of underworld odrama, as when "Dapper" Delmont, f and crooked gambler, shoots a roit gambler named Durkin, and r, when Durkin's brother is about avenge him as the police enter and ll his evening. Fortunately the com- element is uppermost, thereby mak- the picture endurable despite its even treatment and its frequently cupt and unexplained shiftiness of esentation.

Mr. Quillan is growing up. As Eddie artin, youthful runner for McCall's rokerage office, he indicates freedom from the bonds of bumptiousness that have held him in most of his previous pictures. He acts a youngster who is "almost always lucky." Entrusted with $50,000 in cash and securities, he misses banking hours, carries the portmanteau around all night, frustrates two hold-up men, one of them "Dapper," finds asylum in a hotel room where big shots are shooting dice, wins "85 grand" for Ace Carter and himself, becomes Ace's partner, and cleans up for both with cards, horses, prize fights, roulette, everything involving chance. Meantime he and Joan McCall have fallen in love. He and Ace mix in high society, and like it; but when they are implicated in the Durkin murder they are not so buoyant. Everything turns out well, however, and Eddie and Joan and Ace and Leila Van Cleve, a fascinating widow, are paired off happily. The moral is not very convincingly drawn. Eddie swears to Joan that he will gamble no more, but one suspects that complete reformation is far distant.

While the acting is all of ordinary quality, the performance of Mr. Gleckler as "Dapper" stands out, especially in the latter sequences when the murderer is in hiding and when he is confronted by Durkin's brother. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"A Devil with Women"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Dudley Nichols from the novel by Clement Ripley entitled "Dust and Sun"; directed by Irving Cummings and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Jerry Maxton ..... Victor McLaglen
Rosita Fernandez ..... Mona Maris
Tom Standish ..... Humphrey Bogart
Dolores ..... Luana Alcaniz
Morloff ..... Michael Vavitch
Jiminez ..... Mrs. Jiminez
Alicia ..... Mona Rico
Don Diego ..... John St. Polis
Gen. Garcia ..... Robert Edeson

"A Devil with Women," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, is a pale and feeble copy of the endless series of Flagg and Quirt adventures begun in "What Price Glory." Victor McLaglen is still on the job, stalwart, toothy and lumberingly coy as ever, but his material is too thin to give him much show. In fact, to cover up the numerous deficiencies of the plot he resorts to any amount of very loud and hollow-sounding laughter that is singularly lacking in humor. The real merit of the picture is the attractive natural background, presum-

Mexico but probably California, ast restful to the eye and soothing e ear.

ot. Jerry Maxton, amorous soldier rtune footloose in one of those mythical and entirely fictitious American republics, gets himself all sorts of scrapes owing to his me susceptibility to feminine ms. He fancies himself irresistible before long discovers that the ladies apt to laugh at him and prefer his isome young friend, Tom Standish. ir rivalry comes to a head when resuce a handsome senorita, Rosita nandez, from the clutches of the dit, Morloff. Her grateful father oths her to Jerry, when she really s Tom instead. The festivities acpanying the betrothal are rudely rrupted when Morloff attacks the nandez hacienda. Rosita's father is ed and eventually Morloff meets a l deserved fate. Jerry realizes his stake and betakes himself to another r, leaving Tom and Rosita to marry. The plot meanders in wearisome shion and Humphrey Bogart, a good-oking and intelligent juvenile, is not satisfactory substitute for Edmund we. Mona Maris makes a charming Rosita and sings a love song in a pleasing manner. Also on the bill is "Just Like Heaven," a story of the Parisian underworld, with Anita Louise and Donald Reed. E. L. H.

PARK

"Today"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Abraham Schomer from the play of the same name by Abraham Schomer and George Broadhurst; directed by William Nigh and presented by Majestic with the following cast:

Fred Warner ..... Conrad Nagel
Eve Warner ..... Catherine Dale Owen
Emma Warner ..... Sarah Padden
Henry Warner ..... John Maurice Sullivan
Marian Garland ..... Judith Voselli
Mrs. Farrington ..... Julia Swayne Gordon
Gloria Vernon ..... Edna Marion
Gregory ..... William Bailey
Telka ..... Robert Thornby
Pierre ..... Drew Demarest

A good many years ago, when "To-day" was being given on the stage, it provoked much discussion by its daring subject matter. Transferred to the talking screen and now on exhibition as the feature film at the Park Theatre, it proves to be old-fashioned, overdrawn and hysterical melodrama with some good acting by Conrad Nagel and some very bad acting by Catherine Dale Owen. If beauty were a criterion of histrionic ability, Miss Owen would rank high among the stars; as it is, she will need to make a radical improvement or resign herself to rapid disappearance from the screen. Her chest-heavings, her flouncings around the set and her incredibly affected speech make her something less than agreeable to watch.

"Today" tells the story of a young married couple, Fred and Eve Warner, whose marital happiness is threatened with shipwreck when the former loses his money. Eve is spoiled, fond of luxury and impatient of economy, unwilling to sell her jewels to help her husband and generally most unhelpful. To get the things she desires, she takes to frequenting a rendezvous where rich men may meet luxury-loving women. Purely accidentally—he is the manager of the apartment house—Fred discovers where his wife has been going and makes an appointment to meet her. The rencontre, beginning in recrimination and reproach, ends in murder, when Fred, driven beside himself by Eve's callousness and lack of decency, shoots her. He then calls the police, but before they arrive, the audience is let in on the secret: It was just a nightmare of Eve's and one that reformed her completely.

Conrad Nagel does surprisingly well in a bad part, showing an unusual amount of sincere and restrained emotion that won him close attention instead of snickers. The rest of the cast was pretty poor and the faked English accents decidedly distressing. E. L. H.

Mar 9 1930

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Green Grow the Lilacs," a new American folk play in three acts and six scenes by Lynn Riggs. Presented by the Theatre Guild of New York. Settings by Raymond Sovey.

The cast was as follows:

Curly McClain ..... James Patterson
Aunt Ella Murphy ..... Helen Westley
Laurey Williams ..... June Walker
Jeeter Fry ..... Richard Hale
Ado Annie Carnes ..... Eula Guy
A Peddler ..... Lee Strasberg
Old Man Peck ..... Tex Cooper
Cord Elam ..... Woodward Ritter
An Old Farmer ..... William T. Hays
A Young Farmer ..... A. C. Bartelot
Marthy ..... Margaret Larkin
Other farmers, cowboys, and girls.

Auber, when there was talk of Felicien David, the composer, who delighted in oriental subjects, remarked, "I wish he would get off his camel." Mr. Riggs, the dramatist, is loath to step outside of the Great Southwest. His "Roadside," produced in New York last September, is a play in which the hero is the traditional great strong man, a two-handed drinker on occasion, a blowhard, but as attractive to women as the man in "St. Elmo" from whose finely chiselled lips nothing but curses had escaped for ye-ahs and ye-ahs was to the maiden sitting in pensive mood when he rode up to her. The playbill of "Green Grow the Lilacs" states that the action takes place in the Indian Territory in 1900. The play might serve as a libretto for an opera; the chorus is already introduced, and there are cowboy songs for genuine cowboys brought on to give "realism" to the scenes. The play might also be acted in a cinema with actors and actresses trained to sing not too obnoxiously. As "Green Grow the Lilacs" was seen last night, it is not easy to take it seriously or to accept it as a valuable addition to the repertory of the Theatre Guild.

A cowboy, McClain loves Laurey, whose Aunt Ella is the most entertaining, best drawn character in the play. A morose, unkempt, repulsive man on the farm, one Jeeter Fry, a stranger in the neighborhood before he served Laurey, is in love with his mistress. He is a desperate villain, who talks of murder in a blood-curdling manner, and undoubtedly had bloody hands in his gloomy past. He makes his home appropriately in a smoke house.

Naturally he looks forward to killing Curly McClain. There is a dance at old man Peck's. Farmers, cowboys and girls stamp it noisily, and this one and that one bursts into song. (The songs throughout the play are supposed to be songs of the Southwest, sung with guitar accompaniment by melodious cowboys and giggling maidens. The version of the old London blasphemous ditty "Sam Hall," which years ago chilled the blood of revellers in cider cellars, was interesting.)

The bad man enters and frightens Laurey by his wild talk. He holds her tight to him. Frightened, angry, she fires him. At the dance Laurey confesses her love for McClain. The crowd surprises them embracing and plans a charavari.

The plotters are seen on haystacks. With coarse jests, unpardonably vulgar some of them, they watch the bridal chamber—finally pull the happy couple out and hoist them on a stack. Then there is a renewal of jesting, language that, to use a phrase of Bret Harte's, is "painful and free." The villain comes in and purposes to set fire to the stack. McClain jumps down. There is a fight. The bad man is knifed—falling on his own weapon. He dies. McClain is jailed, is to be tried. Laurey, remembering the obscene jests, shocked by them and the death of Jeeter, refuses to see McClain when a friendly shariff allows old man Peck to take the prisoner out for a night. She finally is won over by Curley's entreaties—he also promises to be an honest farmer. The curtain falls on the two entering Laurey's bedroom, with Aunt Ella cracking a jest—will it be retainend?

Mlle. Riggs evidently believes with Chekov that a dramatist should choose for a play a subject of his own time, of his own country, of his own village. Unfortunately Mr. Riggs is not a Chekov. This play is loose-jointed, episodic, not always clear. The dialogue is no doubt that of the locale and period, for as we understand, Mr. Riggs was reared in the region. The bursts of profanity in the songs, the talk that often borders on what the Watch and Ward Society would call obscenity, are supposed to "create atmosphere." The settings are unusual and effective.

The pace of the action was sufficiently brisk. The performances so far as delineation of character was concerned—and how conventional the characters often are!—was more than acceptable. One remembers especially the opening scene between Aunt Ella and McClain; the scene between Laurey and Ado; the melodramatic episode in the smokehouse; McClain's pleading in the last scene; also the ensemble singing of the girls. But the question will not down: Why, oh, why, did the Theatre Guild accept this back-to-the-farm play?

At the end the players were called before the curtain.

WILBUR

"Dishonored Lady"

"Dishonored Lady," a drama in three acts by Margaret Ayer Barnes and Edward Sheldon; produced by Gilbert Miller and Guthrie McClintic at the Empire Theatre, New York, Feb. 4, 1930, with Katharine Cornell as Madeleine Cary, Fortunio Bonanova as Jose Moreno, Francis Lister as Lord Farnborough, Fred L. Tiden as Rufus Cary, performed last evening at the Wilbur Theatre with this cast:

Madeleine Cary ..... Katharine Cornell
The Marquess of Farnborough ..... Charles Francis
Lawrence Brennan ..... Paul Harvey
Jose Moreno ..... S. Herbert Braggiotti
Richard Wadsworth ..... Harvey Stephens
Rufus Cary ..... Fred L. Tiden
Rosie Walsh ..... Ruth Fallows
Ella ..... Gertrude Macy
Sims ..... Lewis A. Sealy
Albert ..... Jimmy Daniels

Whatever the play in which Miss Cornell finds herself placed, there can be little doubt that by the subtlety and the surety of her art she will uplift it to planes undreamed of by the author. If she had been identified with the stage at the time when Owen Davis was writing "Driven from Home," or "Her One False Step," Miss Cornell could have appeared in either or both and by the magic of her golden voice and her facile play of features could have held her audiences spellbound. And they would not have dared to call her performances or the plays mere tawdry melodrama. So in the present instance, Miss Cornell takes a play which might justly be set down as of ordinary quality and workmanship, and so plies her manifold talents in and upon it so that it emerges illusively as "a swell show." In such a feat there is at least a hint of genius.

Madeline Cary, is said to have had her prototype in one Madeline Smith, daughter of a highly respected Glasgow family, herself of amorous disposition. After an affair with a Latin-blooded clerk she accepted the marriage proposal of an English gentleman and found herself ensnared in the clerk's blackmailing scheme. When L'Angelier, the discarded lover, was found dead from arsenic poisoning, Miss Smith was arrested, tried and acquitted, thanks to the loyalty of her relatives and friends. Then she was ostracized, and passed into obscurity. "Dishonored Lady," acknowledges indebtedness to that tale of 70 odd years ago. The clerk is now an Argentinian cabaret singer, the poison employed is strychnine. The characters and situations are the authors' own.

Last evening's performance was before a large audience, which realized before half an hour had passed that no matter what might come, here was superb histrionism on Miss Cornell's part. She was particularly fine when Madeleine confesses to Farnborough that her mother was no good, and that she is no better; when Jose, enraged at his curt dismissal, slaps her face and stalks out, leaving her to brood over this vile act, to plot already how she shall kill him; when she yields to Jose' embraces that same night, two hours before she slips into his coffee the deadly poison potion; when she faces Wadsworth, suddenly turned inquisitor, in her own home, and after what seem hours of grilling, makes such a confession as involves Brennan, a married man who had loved her too much to defile her, and who stands by staunchly and lets her drag him into the mess. When the acquittal comes, the father has sold the home, is about to sail alone for France. Brennan quits, pocketing the check which Madeline has refused. Lord Farnborough, last of the loyalists, departs when Madeleine tells that she passed the night with Jose before she killed him. The curtain falls on a tired, lonely woman—she was only 31—facing a dubious future with a wry smile. Melodramatic? perhaps; but thanks to Miss Cornell, "a swell show."

The supporting cast in the main is that identified with it from the opening performance. Mr. Braggiotti was a saturnine lover, Mr. Brennan a blunt and honest one, according to his standards. Mr. Francis was scarcely in the picture as an Englishman, whether lord or commoner. Mr. Tiden as the selfish father was very good, as was Miss Fallows as Rosie, the cast-off paramour of the fickle Jose. The settings, frequently and expeditiously changed, were in good taste, and typical. The performance gave little sign that Miss Cornell is appearing in the role of Madeleine for a final fortnight, prior to rehearsals for her new play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." W. E. G.

MAURINE PALMER

Maurine Palmer, contralto, gave a recital at Jordan hall last evening. With the admirable assistance of Alfred de Voto as accompanist, she sang the following program: Brahms, 3 Zigeunerlieder (He! Zigeuner, Lieber Gott, du weisst, Hochgetuermte Rimaflut), Der Tod, das ist die kuehle, Nacht, Sapphische Ode, Meine Liebe is gruen; Bruch, "Aus der Tiefe des Grames" (from "Achilleus"); Liszt, Ich liebe dich; Heitsch, Nachtigallenlied; Mahler, Nun seh ich wohl; Marx, Wanderers Nachlied; Rachmaninoff, The Isle; Gretschaninoff, My Native Land; Bennett, Japanese night song (MS); Bax, I Heard a Piper Piping; La Forge, Hills.

In an age when so many so-called contraltos prove to be discouraged sopranos, acknowledging defeat in the attempt to conquer their upper register, it is an infrequent pleasure to hear a voice really entitled to the description. Miss Palmer's seems to be one of these. It is of characteristically dark color, and, although of no great volume, it is of such pleasant and expressive quality in its middle register that it is to be greatly regretted that her technique is not such as to enable her to use it with ease and freedom over a greater range. A heady, hollow and forced quality often pervades her voice above its easy central part, and the highest notes of her range are particularly strained and toneless. All this is doubly a pity because Miss Palmer proved herself last night an extremely intelligent and imaginative young singer, genuinely musical, and endowed with both vitality and sincerity.

She gave an excellent performance of three of Brahms' gypsy songs, giving them an expressive force that did not impede their surging rhythm. A certain inadequacy of breath, however, would not let her rise to the heights of emphasis that were occasionally demanded.

She dealt worthily with "Der Tod, das ist die kuehle Nacht," not allowing its momentarily changing moods to destroy the prevailing atmosphere of calm, yet secretly ecstatic, resignation at the approach of death. Best of all, perhaps, was her singing of the "Sapphische Ode," which had a rare and delightful beauty and flexibility of phrasing—despite one or two ill-placed breaths. Her vivacious rendering of "Meine Liebe ist gruen" was almost equally pleasing.

Miss Palmer gave mature dignity and pathos to Bruch's interminable air from the Homeric opera "Achilleus," and

sang with the same interpretative care and intelligence that she had already displayed elsewhere the songs, interesting in varying degrees, by Hcitsch, Mahler and Marx. Mahler's—the most elaborate—was of least originality. Of the English songs, Bax' "I heard a Piper Piping," of Celtic flavor, was the most arresting, and the most charmingly sung. Her English enunciation might, however, have been clearer.

Cordial applause from the large and appreciative audience brought some encores. S. S.

DON COSSACKS

The Don Cossacks, Russian ex-military chorus, repeated their amazing success of a few weeks ago last night in Symphony hall. A large and very fashionable audience had gathered to hear them, and, like the audience which "discovered" them for Boston, it added stamping and shouting to vigorous hand-clapping. Sergt Jaroff, the leader, was accorded great acclaim for his abilities as a choral trainer and musician, as well as for an unusually amiable and ingratiating stage presence.

The program was as follows:

Credo (Gretchaninoff); We Sing to Thee (Rachmaninoff), Funeral Hym (Lvovsky); How Great Our Lord is Glorified (Bartniansky); The Responsory (Gretchaninoff); in the Forest (Pastchenko); The Captive Cossacks (Nischenskyy); The Twelve Robbers (Jaroff); The Homeland (Dobrowen); Ay Ookhnem-Volga Boatmen's Song (Jaroff), Mother Volga (Jaroff); The Red Sarafan (Jaroff); Stenka Rasin (Dobrowen); Old Cossack Song.

The costumes of the Cossacks, the romantic associations of their name and their history, and their impressive stage formation no doubt appeal heavily to the audience, and come in for their share of the applause. But most of it goes, and rightly, to the singers themselves, for thrilling performances of beautiful and rarely heard music—Russian folk songs and army songs, and liturgical music.

There are in the chorus an almost unbelievable number of splendid solo voices—brilliant tenors, fine robust baritones, booming basses. And there are falsetto voices of crystalline purity. These fine voices are blended together into an ensemble of startling power, versatility, and quality. Nearly all the musical effects of the chorus are attained through fiercely dramatic contrasts—waves of deep sound breaking over rocks of delicately soft falsetto, drowning them, and then falling away, leaving the falsetto still high and clear above the rest. Many effects are attained through a skilful imitation of instrumental accompaniments—humming of violins and celli, plucking of balalaikas, throbbing of drums, even at times the rushing hoofbeats of the soldiers of the Czar of the bandit Stenka Rasin, or the fierce "woofs" and angry "meows" of a dog and cat fight.

The most beautiful of the music sung by the Cossacks is the liturgical music. In this the singing of the chorus leaves nothing to be desired of fine phrasing, beauty of tone and intensity of feeling.

Of the other music, the most impressive was Stenka Rasin, an exciting song built around a lovely tune, and the Old Cossack Song, with which were mingled shouts, whistles and yells in a savage and exuberant melee of sound.

Encores were granted. E. B.

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GUELDA WALLER AND VERA MACONOCHIE

Guelda Waller and Vera Maconochie, singers from England, presented a program of "Old Song Pictures" last night at the Repertory Theatre. The charming pictures they made, in colorful and authentic costumes, and with tasteful stage settings, as well as their delightful singing of much beautiful old music, won them enthusiastic applause from a large and distinguished audience. Their music included a group of 19th century duets; old songs of romance, from the 17th century, in arrangements by Weckerlin, Moffat, Hullah, Keel, Dolmetsh, and Lawson; old folk songs from England, Canada, Hungary, Germany, Ireland and Scotland; old English carols; and duets and songs from the 18th century composers, among them Haydn and Mozart, for an evening in a Georgian salon. Incidental music and accompaniments were provided by Katharyn Perkins, harpist; George Madsen, flutist, and Dorothy Higgins, pianist. Miss Higgins also played an original Zumpe square piano for the "Georgian salon" scene.

Both the singers are equipped with agreeable, well-trained voices, musical and dramatic talents of high order, and unusual good looks, charm and grace. Miss Maconochie, the more willowy, stately and dramatic of the two, was at her best in the romantic songs. She differentiated them cleverly—marking the moments of sorrow, remorse and terror of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William" with rare skill, and lending an archness that for once didn't offend the beholder, to "Go, Young Man, Let My Heart Alone." Very beautiful was "The Skye Boat Song," with its strange melody (to 20th century ears) and abrupt changes of mood.

Miss Waller, pert, vivacious and playful, appeared in patched skirt and kirtle and thick country shoes for her group of old folk songs. These she sang with a light, high voice, frequently brilliant, and with a rare sense of humor and of characterization. "Dashing away with the smoothing iron" was a tuneful retelling of the story of the lover who became enamored when he saw his lady revealing her domestic accomplishments (an attraction to be subtly mistrusted); "Over Here," an Irish famine song, was touching for its childish simplicity and for its rarely lovely tune. "I'm o'er young to marry yet," Miss Waller sang in gauche but appealing chatterbox mood.

The 19th century duets, the 18th century music and the old English carols also pleased the audience.

The Zumpe square piano produced an amiable tinkling of no marked difference in pitch, which, however, sounded pleasantly with the flute.

The audience enjoyed the evening's varied entertainment and demanded encores, which were gracefully granted. E. B.

KLAUS GOETZE

Klaus Goetze, a young pianist who has studied both in his native Germany and in Boston, gave a recital last evening in Jordan hall before an audience of good size. His program was as follows: Handel, Suite in D Minor; Beethoven, Sonata in C major, Op. 53; Debussy, La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Jardins sous la pluie; Ravel, Sonatina; Brahms, Capriccio in F. sharp minor, Op. 76, Ballade in D major, Op. 10, Intermezzi in E flat minor, Op. 118, and E major, Op. 116, Rhapsody in E flat major. Op. 119.

Mr. Goetze played the Prelude and Suite with such outstanding fluency, with so elastic and firm a touch, and—in the Fugue, at least—with so pleasingly piquant an interplay of the counterpoints; with, finally, so strong and healthy a rhythm, as to encourage the suspicion that here was a budding artist of most unusual calibre. As the Suite progressed through its Allemands and its Courante towards the concluding Aria and Variations, a certain superficiality began to betray itself. Mr. Goteze's enviable agility of finger and wrist too often employed to little useful purpose; one was not permitted to hear the melody hidden within the florid Handelian decoration; rapid passages lacked significant accentuation, as though the pianist were in a great hurry to reach some unknown destination and were paying no attention to the landscape through which he was passing.

The performance of the "Waldstein" sonata, technically excellent though it was, left something to be desired both in musical creative imagination and in the structural feeling that would have given more meaning to his uncompromisingly onward-rushing style. But this is not a sonata that reveals itself readily to the immature player. Some over-pedalling, here as elsewhere, tended at times to obscure the details of rapid passages.

Mr. Goetze's naturally percussive and staccato touch, and his forthright style, were less suited to the atmospheric Debussy of "La Terrasse des audiences" than to the very different "Jardins sous la pluie." The delicately etched Sonatina of Ravel was done in pleasantly apt style, but for the too rapid pace of the Minuet movement.

The Brahms group which closed the program permitted the display of more warmly or tenderly expressive powers, among other qualities. There was much here that was pleasing, and much to inspire interest in Mr. Goetze's future. A lively and energetic performance of the E flat rhapsody, brought enthusiastic applause and resulted in some encores. S. S.

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BRATTLE HALL

"Cake"

"Cake," a fantastic comedy in four acts by Witter Bynner; presented by the Harvard Dramatic Club at Brattle hall, last evening, with the following cast:

Unicorn	Henry Wesselman '31
The Lady	Mary Alice Cobb
Cake-Servant	W. H. Melish '31
Psycho-analyst	Marshall Smith '32
Mary Magdelen	Barbara Wertheim R '33
Messenger	Buford Junker '33
Judas	Lynn Beals '32
Adam	W. S. Burrage '33
Eve	Marie Haas R '31
Artist	J. F. Eddy '32
Mandarin	R. R. Wallstein '32
Swami	Lynn Beals '32
Disciple	Louis Halle '32

Last evening at Brattle hall the Harvard Dramatic Club tried its hand at fantastic satire. "Cake," written by Witter Bynner, Harvard graduate and poet, is an entertaining travesty on the wealthy and bored who take their own customs with them when they seek experience in foreign lands. Sometimes the fun is barbed, sometimes it merely tickles, but it never drags and there is no attempt at preaching. Despite the difficulties of a first performance the members of the Dramatic Club played with excellent spirit and evident enjoyment. The audience, which might well have been larger, was not slow in its appreciation.

The cutain parting revealed a beautiful bored and wealthy lady seated upon a golden chair, supported by dollar-signs couchant. She wishes experience and calls on her Unicorn, a weirdly attired gentleman with a horn upon his forehead, to provide it. A gong summons legions of servants who bring her cake, psycho-analysts, glands, jade bowls, but she craves something more. She travels to Paris, where she meets Judas and Mary Magdalen. She goes to Heaven, where the revolting red angels make life miserable for the good little white ones, and then she finds it all an elaborate joke. She threatens to expose them in a book and returns to the Unicorn for something new. In turn she visits the Congo, only to find the handsome black cannibal who so pleases her a native of Harlem. Arrived in China she tries making love to a mandarin only to have him fall asleep. In India, where she had resolved to meditate, the disciple of a swami tears out her hair. At last, she returns home, minus her hair, and demands more cake.

The piece is fantastic, often frankly ridiculous, and would never do in the professional theatre, but in the hands of talented amateurs it provides excellent entertainment. Mr. Bynner wrote the piece in verse that has rhyme but no rhythm; he is witty, often cruel in his mockery, but he never forgets to entertain. The settings and costumes for the current production are admirably contrived by R. C. Moise and the musical accompaniment entirely suitable.

Miss Maryalice Cobb, in the long and difficult role of the lady, who went everywhere and saw everything but whose ambitions were bounded by cake, was delightfully serious about it all, never letting on that she thought it all a great joke. The gracefully aloof Mandarin of R. R. Wallstein was cleverly done, and the humorous Unicorn of Henry Wesselman provided much amusement. The robust cannibal, not identified by the program, deserves special mention, while the assorted angels and servants were most entertaining.

The performance will be repeated tonight and tomorrow night at Brattle hall and at the Repertory Theatre in Boston on Saturday evening.—E. L. H.

LA ARGENTINA

By PHILIP HALE

La Argentina danced last night in Symphony hall before a large and delighted audience. Miguel Berdion was the pianist.

La Argentina's program included the Dance of Terror from the ballet "Love the Sorcerer." It is a pity that she has not brought her own company and musicians for this ballet and performed it here in a theatre, for from all accounts in this ballet she gives a supreme revelation of her art as dancer and mime. Without the appropriate stage setting and the ensemble in action, this Dance of Terror is comparatively ineffective. One sees a woman evidently frightened, but no one knows why, and so the dance has little dramatic significance.

She also gave a dance from De Falla's opera "La Vida Breve," an Andalusian Serenade (music by Ruecker), a Jota by De Falla, the Peasant Dance "Lagarterana" (music by Guerrero), Goyescas (music by the lamented Granados, a victim of German brutality in the great war), also his Dance No. 5; "Cielo de Cuba" danced to a folk tune); La Corrida: Impressions of a bull-fight (music by Valverde) and an Iberian dance described as a choreographic dance in three parts with music by the Spaniard Joaquin Nin who has lived in Paris, as pianist and composer. In this dance-drama a woman with a singularly handsome costume, gorgeous in color, apparently is happy at the sight of a loved one. Then disappointed and peeved, until she dances recklessly, possibly in despair. This was the impression made; very likely the wrong impression; for there was no descriptive note to enable the spectator to "dilate with the proper emotion." Nin's music, however well suited to the dancer, as absolute music was disappointing, nor was this the fault of the excellent pianist.

The art of La Argentina has been eloquently analyzed this season in The Herald by Elizabeth Borton, who writes about dancers with a peculiar understanding. An amateur can now only give an impression of what occurred last evening. His opinion might be concisely stated: La Argentina constantly brought to mind a chapter in Havelock Ellis's "The Spirit of Spain," the chapter that is devoted to Spanish dancing. If La Argentina can express village coquetry, as she did in the familiar "Peasant Dance," which, as before, was redemanded by the enthusiastic audience, she can also vividly portray the nobility, the pride, the aloofness of the Spanish character. Witness the "Goyescas" in the second group. For the Spanish dance, when it is uncorrupted, is not sensual; it is hardly sensuous. The Gypsies took the Spanish dances, which had a Greco-Moorish origin, and gave them an intensity of passion, sometimes a streak of animalism that was foreign to the native dances, though in the time of the Romans the lascivious evolutions of girls from Cadiz fired the satirists with genuine or affected indignation. It is true that La Argentina dances with her whole body while the ordinary ballet girl of Paris and the Italian cities relies chiefly, often solely on her feet and legs; the face one petrified smile, or a blank mask. La Argentina, whatever role she assumes, is noble; she has true, high-born eloquence; if she is a peasant, her coquetry has maidenly innocence.

An agreeable feature of the entertainment was Mr. Berdion's piano playing, not only in the sonata by Mateo Albeniz transcribed by Nin, the excerpt from Granados's "Goyescas," the legend of Albeniz and Larrigla's Jota, but in the music to which La Argentina danced.

ANGNA ENTERS

Angna Enters, dancer, mime, social critic, and satirist, brought another delightful program of compositions to Boston last night at Repertory hall. The program was compounded of favorites from previous recitals, and of six dances new to Boston audiences, the witty titles of which are the following: Picnic—1860; Shaking of the Sheets; Daunce We, Praunce We; Antique in the English Manner—Rosetti Ltd; Court of Love—16th Century Racket; Contredanse No. 2—Invention.

A fashionable audience filled the hall, and received the offerings of Miss Enters with understanding an enthusiasm.

To her qualities of deft caricature, skilful characterization, and varied pantomine,—well known to those who have seen her, if only once,—Miss Enters adds layer after layer of subtlety that make seeing her again and again, in the same compositions, as much of an artistic necessity as it is to hear Bach fugues more than once. A composition that at first pleases immediately, because of humorous, sympathetic, or purely aesthetic appeal, at second sight impresses by its choreographics skill in arrangement, and oneness with the music, and on third sight reveals inner omments of satire or sympathy. So it is with her Madonnas . . . so it is with Feline. Her Madonnas, at first living pictures, then dances, then crystallizations of the spirit of an age, grow constantly more beautiful and satisfying. Feline, at first seems just a strange conceit, then a choreographic composition of real power, later shows a core of satire (for nothing less than the traditional Spanish dance, that has been cleverly contrived to burst on the intelligence all at once, startling and delighting.

Of her new dances, the Picnic of 1860 showed us a lady in hoopskirt and shady hat, sitting at the edge of a stream, with dozing spouse nearby under an umbrella. The invisible spouse baited her hook with worms, she shuddering tenderly the while; she braided a daisy chain; she finally put foot delicately into the stream; at last she fell asleep, near the umbrella. "Shaking of the Sheets," in Elizabethan costume, conjured up scenes of terror from plague-ridden days, when death danced wildly in the streets. "Daunce We, Praunce We," also Elizabethan, showed us a hearty lass leaping about energetically, in her heavy clothes, and playing childish games with lusty enjoyment. "Antique in the English Manner—Rosetti Ltd" adds another to her gallery of studies of artistic pretense . . . among the others being the Neo-classic lady of the directoire period, and the Delsarte maiden. The Rosetti damosel, complete with lilies, prayer-book, and rapt expression, moved langorously and self-consciously toward a writing stand, where she communed with her soul and wrote the communings down, hastily, with a quill pen. "The Court of Love" was a coquettish game of near-tennis, danced in a rarely lovely costume, "Contredanse No. 2" was another boisterous peasant girl, stealing out for a romp between dreary household tasks.

The other dances, done here several times previously, pleased the audinc also, and it dmanded repetitions of some of thme. E. B.

VIRGINIA WARREN

Virginia Warren, soprano, gave a recital at Jordan Hall last evening, before a large and very appreciative audience. The following was her program: Bach, Mon Ame croyante tressaille et chante (My Heart ever Faithful); Handel, Care Selve, Oh Had I Jubal's Lyre; Hugo Wolf, Verborgenheit;

Jean Baptiste
Manager of Folies

ns, Meine Liebe ist Gruen, nsamkeit; Debussy, Voici que le mps; Ravel, D'Anne jouant de ette, D'Anne qui me jecta de la Hue, L'Ane blanc; Deems Taylor, Rivals; Winter Watts, Like Music e Waters; Richard Hageman, Me any Along.

s Warren's voice is extremely and light, though of very pretty ; her manner of producing it, sends it upward into her head d of out towards the audience, it to sound even more remote enders her enunciation in all the ages she essays equally hard to stand (though, from an occasional e or sentence caught on the wing, thers that it is accurate and care-

Yet despite these and other leaps of equipment and technique, ust be said that her intelligence artistic conscience and a natural g for melodic grace combined to much charm to her performance. would be interesting to know, in that a vulgar curiosity on the may be satisfied, exactly why Warren chose to sing a German n French to an American audience. n's "Mein glaeubiges Herz" ("My rt ever Faithful") became "Mon croyante," and its loud rejoicing me a delicate, perfumed ecstasy. ecstasy was marred a little—it is —by a lapse of memory which re- ed in a little temporary confusion, an excusable initial nervousness y have been partly to blame. In same still small voice, but with a e elegance of style and a most com- ndable refusal to break up her rases, however long and taxing to breath supply, into more convenient gths, she sang the beautiful "Care ve" of Handel. A pleasant grace vaded her first excursion into Eng- n, in the same composer's "Oh, Had Jubal's Lyre."

Miss Warren was able to infuse a le, though hardly enough, of warmth d solidity into her voice and some- ing of passion into her style for olf's "Verborgenheit." Of her two gs by Brahms, "Feldeinsamkeit" ked the repose, the slow dreaming ythm it demands, but "Meine Liebe gruen," so often shouted by large d unhappy sopranos, had just the ht quality of light and joyous exalta- n. There was a delicate beauty in r singing of Debussy's charming and little known "Voici que le prin- nps" and her treatment of Ravel's riously impersonal songs (most pleas- for their perfectly wrought accom- niments) was tasteful. Most charm- of all was her delightful singing Hue's "L'Ane Blanc." It was this ench group that best suited Miss arren's fine-spun thread of vocal tone lacking freedom and clarity, yet not void of beauty—and her graceful terpretive gift.

Of the American songs of her final oup the most interesting—being un- miliar—was that of Deems Taylor, attempt—not altogether successful— achieving vivacity while avoiding the mmonplace. Miss Warren received full measure of enthusiastic applause, hich she shared with her usually ex- llent accompanist, Bernard Zighera. me additional songs were sung.

S. S.

CONCERT NOTES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra re- rned from Washington, D. C., last nday morning. The Beethoven Fes- val incited enthusiasm. Many in the rge audiences expressed a wish for series of a similar nature next season a Brahms Festival, for example, or a ries of concerts devoted to French, erman, Russian composers and those other nations. The soloists last week ere Myra Hess and Messrs. Zimbalist nd Hofmann. The symphonies per- rmed were the first, third, fifth, venth and ninth, the overtures were e "Egmont," "Coriolanus" and "Len- e" No. 3. Constitution hall, a large uditorium, was well fitted for the rlier concerts; completely filled on riday and Saturday. A local chorus sisted in the performance of the ninth mphony. This chorus, composed of ood material, had been insufficiently repared. If it had not been for extra hearsals under the direction of Dr. oussevitzky and Arthur Fiedler, it is oubtful whether the symphony could ave been performed. Through their fforts the performance was of a high rder.

Dr. Koussevitzky, naturally tired by he week's work, returning, caught cold. While his indisposition is not serious, it s thought advisable for him to refrain rom conducting the concert tonight at Cambridge and those of the week in Symphony hall. The program an- nounced for tomorrow and Saturday has necessarily been changed. Mr. Bur- gin will conduct in Symphony hall Krenek's "Little" symphony and the first mphony of Sibelius. Bruce Simonds will play Mozart's piano concerto in A ajor.

Ernest Krenek, of Czechoslovakian origin, was born at Vienna in 1900; he now lives in Berlin. A pupil of Schoenberg, he was at first of the extreme left wing as a composer. He is now said to be more of a romantic than a "linear" contrapuntist. A voluminous composer, he is known in this country chiefly by his opera, "Yonny spielt Auf," a jazz opera with a negro hero which has been performed at the Metropolitan Opera house. The "Little" symphony, a recent work, was brought out in New York last month by the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, conducted by Erich Kleiber.

The program that had been announced for this week will be that of Dec. 19-20.

NATIVE JAZZ OPERA SCORES IN CHICAGO

1930

Mary Garden Plays Title Role at Premiere of "Camille"

CHICAGO, Dec. 10 (A. P.)—The long anticipated "Jazz Opera," written by the young Chicagoan, Hamilton Forrest, a modern interpretation of the old story of "Camille," was presented in its world premiere tonight by the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

Mary Garden's first appearance of the season in the title role and the revolutionary character of the work aroused an interest that approached excitement.

The city took "Camille" as its own despite the fact that it was an adaptation of the old story and play by Alexandre Dumas fils and that it was given in French. Forrest, twenty-eighth-year-old former office boy, was born and trained in Chicago. Mary Garden was considered "native" through many years' association, and the Chicago company was producing the opera for the first time in any city.

Added to this element of civic pride was the air of mystery which surrounded the production. The public was given only hints, told that the language of "flaming youth" was introduced, that the fragile courtesan of Dumas had become a modern young Parisienne and that "modern jazz tunes" were introduced.

Hints were all, however. The score was carefully guarded and no details of the altered plot or the stagecraft were revealed.

Mary Garden, who helped the young composer get his start and who has been enthusiastic ever since he started writing "Camille," said the opera was so original, the dramatic effect so intense, the jazz innovations so important in their possible influence on American music that she "jumped at the chance" to sing the leading role.

Her protege hoped "Camille" would be a forerunner of a series of truly American operas that are "vigorous, original, essentially American in creative music."

"Good jazz," said Forrest, "can be the highest type of music. It is our American creation. If we write music in this country with any feeling for our present culture then we must certainly write some jazz music."

Charles Hackett played opposite Miss Garden as Armand, the lover of Marguerite or the "lady of the camellias." Emil Cooper conducted.

Dec 12

METROPOLITAN

"Lightnin'"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted to the screen by S. N. Behrman and Sonya Levien from the play of the same name by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon; directed by Henry King and presented by Fox with the following cast.

"Lightnin'" Bill Jones	Will Rogers
Mrs. Jones	Louise Dresser
John Marvin	Joel McCrea
Milly Jones	Helen Cohan
Mrs. Lower	Sharon Lynn
Len Townsend	J. M. Kerrigan
Thomas	Jason Robards
Margaret Davis	Ruth Warren
Diana	Joyce Compton
Ronald	Rex Bell
Sheriff	Frank Campeau
Zeb	Luke Cosgrove
Walter Lannon	Thomas Jefferson
Mrs. Brooks	Goodee Montgomery
Monte Winslow	Phil Tead
Everett Hammond	Walter Percival
Mrs. Thatcher	Charlotte Walker

It seems a far reach from the days when Will Rogers was fussing with a lariat, chewing gum and commenting dryly on sundry homely topics in a solitary place in Ziegfeld "Follies," to this waning year of 1930. From his first stage appearances he has gone up and up, to become a newspaper columnist, the nation's most original wag, a jester for presidents and kings, a stage substitute for Fred Stone, favorite zany of all children, and a motion picture player, and star. Now he presents himself in a role at which for years he has tossed his battered hat, hoping some day to bring it down. He wanted to create in his own way the character made beloved by the late Frank Bacon in the wonder play of its period. Now he has done it, and he has done it well.

"Lightnin'" was produced as a stage play at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, on Aug. 26, 1918. It became an instant sensation, and ran on and on until the actors' strike stopped it, a year later. But it was taken up again, and ran for three years in New York alone. Then, while playing Old Bill Jones in Chicago, Frank Bacon died, and "Lightnin'" practically died with him. Will Rogers is Bacon's logical successor. His is the shrewd yet childlike countenance, his the twinkling eyes, the drawling, hesitant speech, the simple honesty behind a not wholly deserved reputation as an idler, a fabricator and a tippler. Those who mistrusted Will Rogers's ability to sustain for the greater part of two hours a character so guileless and yet so exacting will be agreeably amazed at his performance. This new Bill Jones is his own, even to many of his witticisms. The play itself, transcribed for the screen very competently, is still merely the setting for this lovable rascal's homilies, yet it seems to withstand the ruthless advance of the years with more than ordinary success.

Jones and his wife, Mary, with their daughter Milly, have built up a prosperous business in their hotel, the Calivada, situated squarely on the California-Nevada line. The Nevada side is reserved for those seeking divorces, the other side is for every-day patronage. A group of swindlers, who previously had duped young Marvin and his mother out of some valuable timber land are seeking to acquire the hotel in exchange not for cash but for worthless stock. When old Bill refuses to sign the necessary legal papers his wife, exasperated and urged by Thomas, attorney for the swindlers, orders him out, prepares to divorce him. The scene in the divorce court is the climax of the story, with "Lightnin'", suddenly returned from nowhere, acting as his own counsel, outwitting the enemy and regaining his wife's affections. She would kiss him, in open court. He, abashed, prefers to "wait 'till we get home."

The settings are restful and natural, both as to the hotel and lobby and the court room and the outdoor scenes of woods and lakes. The acting throughout is excellent, particularly that of Miss Dresser as "Mother" Jones, Mr. Cosgrove as old Zeb, the war veteran who had been reading detective stories and wanted to be a cowboy, Miss Warren as one-half of a vaudeville team seeking a divorce and finding solace in the susceptible Judge Townsend, played by Mr. Kerrigan; Miss Cohan, daughter of George M., making her debut as Milly; and Mr. Campeau as the sheriff who had a warrant for young Marvin's arrest and never was able to serve it. But with all these reliable figures, "Lightnin'" is effulgent only when Bill is present, hiding his flask in the till, peeking through a door to see if the coast is clear, telling of his many vocations, lawyer, carpenter, scout with Buffalo Bill, and whatnot; boasting of the time when he drove a swarm of bees across the plains in the dead of winter and never lost one; or haranguing an audience of fair divorcees, amusing them with the assertion that the Chinese are the only ones who have solved the divorce problem. "They drown all the girl babies; smartest people in the world." And not once, in all this delightful drollery, does Mr. Rogers chew gum. How he must have missed it!

W. E. G.

Dec 13 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY PHILIP HALE

The eighth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky was still suffering from a cold, but he will be able to conduct the Monday night, Saturday night and Friday afternoon concerts of next week. Yesterday Richard Burgin, the concertmaster of the orchestra reigned in his stead. The program was as follows: Krenek, Little Symphony (first time in Boston), Mozart, concerto in A major for piano (Bruce Simonds, pianist) and ochestra, Sibelius, Symphony No. 1, E minor.

Krenek, of Czeckoslovakian origin, born in Vienna, a pupil of Schoenberg, and now living in Berlin is in his 31st year. A fertile composer, he is probably best known in this country by his opera "Jonny Spielt Auf," which has been performed at the Metropolitan in New York, by his "Symphonische Musik," and by chamber music. The symphony played yesterday, composed in 1928, was performed on Nov 6th of this year at a concert in New York of the Philharmonic Symphony Society, led by Erich Kleiber, a guest.

This composer must be a humorist of the first water, for he wrote an analysis of the symphony with a gravity becoming any Herr Mueller whose pedestrian work was to be played in Eisleben or Plauen. Krenek speaks of his following the traditional sonata form, of basic tonalities, reprise, coda, song form, etc., so that any one not knowing him would expect what is eulogized by reactionaries as a "solid work," "well written," "sincere," "wholly worthy"—and prepare himself therefore for a boresome half-hour. Krenek surely slapped his thighs and beat his sides with laughter as he wrote these conventional lines about a most unconventional and delightful little work, composed much of it in the spirit of jazz, but at the same time displaying the technical equipment of a thoroughly grounded musician who has an unusual gift of invention, and true fancy that runs occasionally into the fantastic. Krenek also has a pleasing melodic streak in his musical nature; a feeling for beauty, shown not only in the slow movement. The composition of his orchestra is as uncommon as the music itself; but his choice of instruments is not alone for dance rhythms. His score calls for banjos, mandolins, guitar and harp for the suggestion of the dance; also for a "vibrating, rattling, metallic sound" that he desires; but with customary orchestral instruments, curiously grouped and used, he gains surprising, fascinating effects. Rossini in his latter years wrote a Mass that has many admirable pages, among them a double fugue constructed in a masterly manner. With characteristic irony he put on the title page "Petite Messe." Krenek speaks of his "little" symphony. The three movements are short, but the pleasure given by them is great. The audience yesterday felt with Athenaeus that music is not purposely, necessarily "educative"; that it should on occasion "dissipate sadness, produce affability and a sort of gentleman-like joy. Krenek's little work answers the definition of Athenaeus. The ladies and gentlemen of the congregation who sat in the pews of Spmphony hall yesterday accepted the symphony and rejoiced in it; rejoiced and were not ashamed.

Mr. Burgin might have been a little more audacious in his interpretation of Krenek's work; even a little more reckless, for he could safely rely on the virtuosos on the stage; but the performance was exciting, and inspired the desire to hear the Symphony again and soon. His presentation of the great Symphony by Sibelius was most effective. He knows Sibelius, the man and the composer; he was for a time concert-master of the Helsingfors Symphony orchestra. It is not surprising, that yesterday he was charged with the spirit of Sibelius; the Sibelius of the earlier symphonic years. So great is Mr. Burgin's musical enthusiasm for this wild eloquence—the symphony is more than a "human document"; it is a bardic rhapsody on Finland's landscapes and sea-scapes, people and tragic history—that he communicated the intensity of his feeling to players who responded with gusto; to an audience that was moved deeply by the emotional outbursts of the composer.

Mr. Simonds played accurately and glibly Mozart's notes; he played with undeviating tonal monotony. For this performance without nuances in tempo or color, he was warmly applauded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is thus announced: Mozart, Symphony, G minor. Stravinsky "Symphonie de Psaumes" for orchestra with chorus (the Cecilia trained by its conductor, Arthur Fiedler); Capriccio for piano (Mr. Sanroma), and orchestra. Repetition of the "Symphonie de Psaumes." Bach, Organ Fugue in E flat major, orchestrated by Schoenberg. Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psaumes," written for the 50th anniversary of the orchestra, also his Capriccio will be performed for the first time in the United States. The former work will be performed in Brussels today.

LARGE AUDIENCE GREETS NEWMAN

Enjoys His "Traveltalk" on Switzerland

A very large audience in Symphony hall last night welcomed Mr. Newman and enjoyed thoroughly his Traveltalk, "Switzerland," which was richly illustrated with unfamiliar pictures of familiar places and with many new ones

that were of remarkable interest, as the dramatic rescue by monks and dogs of St. Bernard of a boy caught in a blizzard and found unconscious.

For, as Bostonians who were in Switzerland last summer are well aware, Mr. Newman found deep snow and ice where he expected to bask in the sun, a sun friendly to photography. This, however, gave him the opportunity of taking impressive views in the high Alps. The first visit was to the Engadine: St. Moritz, fashionable and expensive; Si la Maria, delightful and reasonable; Pontresina and Davos. The audience was then taken to the Grisons, infrequently toured by foreigners, yet interesting on account of the scenery and the devout people who speak a strange language. Andermatt with its environs: over the Furka pass, with views of the Rhone glacier, covered with fresh snow; Interlaken, with the ascent of the mighty Jungfrau; with the glorious views from "the top of the world." Then came cities—Zurick, busy and beautiful; Lucerne and the country in which the legendary hero William Tell pulled his bow and shot his arrows. At Basle the young violinist Yehudi Menuhin was seen practising and at play. What would Bern be without its arcades and bear pits?

After Zeaneatt and the Gornergrat, the St. Bernard pass, came the descent to lovely Lake Leman. From Montreux with its floral fete and long floral procession, Vevey was visited to see the training and exploits of the police dogs that serve as eyes to the blind; trained under the supervision of Mrs. Harrison Eustis who lives high up on Mt. Peterin in the villa of her father-in-law Josef Hegmann, the pianist. Mrs. Eustis a season or two ago was in Boston and spoke in public of her philanthropic enterprise. There were unusual pictures of the life at Lausanne-Ouchy and Geneva. The final view was of an amazing mountain climb.

This is only a mere outline of a Traveltalk conspicuous pictorially and by Mr. Newman's informing and constantly entertaining description of his tour. There will be a repetition this afternoon.

The Traveltalk of next week, the last of the series, is entitled "La Vie de Paris." P. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Lottery Bride"

An all-talking and singing screen drama adapted from the story, "Bride 66," by Herbert Stothart; music composed by Rudolph Friml; directed by Paul L. Stein and produced by Arthur Hammerstein for Joseph M. Schenck and United Artists, with the following cast:

Jenny ..... Jeanette MacDonald
Chris ..... John Garrick
Hoke ..... Joe E. Brown
Olaf ..... Robert Chisholm
Alberto ..... Joseph McCaulay
Hilda ..... Zasu Pitts
Boris ..... Harry Gribbon
Nels ..... Carroll Nye

A first view of "The Lottery Bride" gives the impression that "The Lottery Bride" was intended as a Norse music-drama, developed infantile paralysis at an early period, and in its final stages became a shadowy phantasy for juvenile appreciation solely. Certainly Mr. Hammerstein cannot append his signature to this his first Hollywood enterprise with any serious thought that he has done anything worth while. More likely he became dismayed when confronted by the 30 odd associates whose names appear on the roster of makers of "The Lottery Bride," threw up his hands and slunk away, to let these studio experts work their will, and their worst.

Herbert Stothart, who as composer has collaborated with the best of our modern melodists, seems to have written a story called "Bride 66," the tale of a pretty girl in Oslo who ran away to the North after her brother had stolen from the bank and disappeared, and after she had had a lover's quarrel with Chris, an unreasonable and rather dumb university student. A marriage broker has put the idea into Jenny's head. She can go to the mining region and marry the man who draws her number on the lottery wheel. Chris, who has preceded her, draws her number, but gives it to his brother Olaf without looking at the photograph of the lady. Later he regrets this oversight. Loyal to Olaf, he embarks on a dirigible bound on Arctic exploration and is wrecked. Olaf, learning the truth, starts after him with dog sleds, and Jenny, in an ice-wrapped ship, rescues every one, including the villain Alberto. It is all pretty preposterous.

Mr. Friml's score is unworthy of him. It contains two or three fair male choral numbers, a few duos and one good sentimental solo for Mr. Chisholm, who will be remembered for his song of the whip in "Golden Dawn." There is little for Miss MacDonald, either in characterization or vocalism. The orchestral accompaniments are generally scratchy. Mr. Brown, Miss Pitts and Mr. Gribbon have the comedy roles, working hard for every laugh they get. The whole effort is another demonstration of the technical difficulties encountered in producing a musical comedy in a studio. Mr. Ziegfeld tried it with "Sally," in Technicolor, and escaped with honorable mention. Mr. Hammerstein has had a tough season in the theatre. It is to be hoped that he was spending somebody's else's money on "The Lottery Bride." W. E. G.

Cercle Français Play

Fine Arts Theater, Boston—Le Cercle Francais de l' Universlité Harvard presente "La Grande Duchesse et Le Garcon D'Etage," par Alfred Savoir, Dec. 11, en matinée Dec. 12, en soirée

Personnages:

Albert ..... V. E. Blacque
Le Grand-Duc Paul ..... J. B. Jackson
Le Grand-Duc Pierre ..... W. A. C. Miller III
Matard ..... Charles Fowler
Floche ..... F. F. Silver
Heiss ..... Gilbert Kerlin
Le Baron ..... J. D. Kernan
Le Prince ..... W. D. Carter
Egor ..... J. S. B. Archer
Ier Monsieur ..... R. J. Bulkley, Jr.
IIer Monsieur ..... G. F. Morrell
Xenia ..... Kathleen Chase
Comtesse Avoloff ..... Beatrice Clough
Henriette ..... Lorraine Warner
La Baronne ..... Camilla Brown
Ire Dame ..... Mary Vance

Breaking away for the first time from its traditional policy of presenting either a comedy of Molière or several short plays by French playwrights of the last century, the Cercle Français has scored a decisive triumph with this modern three-act comedy which had its première in Paris only a few years ago.

"Quelques chose de moderne, exprimant l'idiome et l'espirit français actuels," a note in the program describes the play; and although there is hardly a single French character in the play, which deals with the trials of a group of Russian refugees, it does express the essence of the French people and language of today. Its characters may be nominally Swiss and Russian; in feeling they are distinctly French.

One might reasonably expect a criticism of a presentation of this type to begun: "Considering it was an amateur production and in a foreign language . . ." Not at all. It was an excellent performance, in addition to being well rendered in all but flawless French.

The choice of M. Savoir's play was wholly fortunate. Its lines are amusing and uniformly light, if rarely brilliant, and there are no high emotional climaxes—sure pitfalls for amateur players almost always.

Xenia, a Grand Duchess exiled from Russia by the revolution, still maintains a miniature court, consisting of her uncle, the pompous, practical Grand Duke Paul; her cousin, the irresponsible but likable Grand Duke Pierre, and a former lady-in-waiting, the sentimental Comtesse Avaloff. Xenia pays the bills by selling her jewels.

When her money runs low, it is Albert, a floor waiter in their hotel in Ouchy, who mysteriously slips money in her purse to pay her debts. Discovered, he declares his love for her, and she confesses to have loved him since the first time he spilled melted butter on the back of her neck. But though ready to give up all for him while believing him a waiter and perhaps a robber, she banishes him utterly on learning he is not only heir to 12 hotels, but, worse still, son of the President of the Swiss Federation. However, Albert finds her two years later in Deauville, now proprietor of a night club and a much humbler Duchess. Donning once more the apron and serviette, he accomplishes the inevitable.

All the parts were well acted. Not once was the action allowed to lag. The whole performance was kept at that rapid tempo which is the dominant characteristic of the stage today, above all, perhaps, of the French stage. Great credit is due the "metteur en Scène," W. B. Cowen Jr., for the staging.

V. E. Blacque, who as we suspected is part French, was delightful as Albert. His French was a pleasure to hear. As Xenia Miss Kathleen Chase was equally pleasing, particularly so, it seemed to us, after she had "learned patience and commerce." Her transformation was really artfully and subtly done. Only lack of space prevents well-deserved tributes to each of the other leading characters. The performance was enthusiastically received by the audience.

Concerts

Dec 14 1930

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Gieseking will play in Symphony hall this afternoon a sonata by Castelnuovo-Teresco, who is known here chiefly by his songs—The Shakespeare set included. Orchestral pieces by this Italian have also been played in other American cities. He was born in 1895 at Florence, where he studied composition and the use of the piano. He has sojourned in northern Africa. Among his works are an opera, "Mandragola," choruses, violin pieces, piano pieces. Mr. Gieseking will also play Tansman's Sonatine Transatlantique inspired by the composer's acquaintance with jazz and spirituals when he was touring in this country. Mr. Iturbi at his last recital at the Hotel Statler played the delightful Spiritual and Blues from this Sonata. It is said that Mr. Gieseking is not fond of Chopin's music, as Mr. Toscanini does not enjoy Tchalkovsky. This is easily understood, yet one would like to hear what these great visitors would do with music that is not congenial to them. Wilhelm Gericke heartily disliked Strauss's "Don Quixote," yet he gave the finest interpretation of it we have ever heard.

Is not the People's Symphony orchestra mistaken in giving symphonic works that are difficult in performance, that require the most eloquent interpretation? There is a field this orchestra might well cultivate. There are overtures, as those by Auber, Reznicek, even Suppe; suites, small symphonic poems, even waltzes and pot-pourris that do not find a place in Symphony hall. Kleber, a guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, did not hesitate to put a waltz by Josef Strauss on his farewell program last month.

Mme. Aksarova, who will sing here next Wednesday night, studied in Paris and Leningrad and sang in opera in the latter city. She gave her first recital in New York last spring. Her program naturally consists chiefly of Russian arias and songs, though it includes songs by Duparc and Roussel. Balakirev has been neglected by local singers. Mrs. Emil Paur was, we believe, the first to make him known here as a composer of songs. Borodin has been more favored. Jaroslava's aria has been sung here, but it is not easy to determine from the English titles on her program just what songs Mme. Aksarova will sing. Is "My song has been poisoned" the one better known as "Mon chant est amer et sauvage"?

The name "Munro" is on the program of Mme. Giannini, who will sing next Wednesday morning. George Munro (or Monro) was the organist of St. Peter's, Cornhill, London. His songs were popular in 1720-30. The one chosen by Mme. Giannini has this text:

"My Goddess, Celia, Heavenly fair,
As lilies sweet, so soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms
And to my love give fresh alarms.

"Give me Ambrosia in a kiss,
That I may rival love in bliss,
That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine."

Verses like these aroused the indignation of the Rev. Arthur Bedford, who wrote an entertaining book about the "Abuse of Music," protesting against the irreverence, blasphemy, licentiousness of verses chosen by many English composers. Celia, by the way, was a favorite name with these song writers, Weldon's "Prithee, Celia," and "Celia, let not pride undo you," for example.

Mr. Kipnis is known here as a member of the Chicago Civic Opera company and by a song recital—was it not given at the Women's Republican Club? He, too, must now sing operatic arias that are comparatively ineffective off the stage, but there are songs by Brahms, Schumann and Wolf to compensate, also a group of Russian folk songs. Schumann's "Lust der Sturmnacht" is seldom, if ever, read on a program nor are Wolf's songs chosen by Mr. Kipnis too familiar. "Der Genesene an die Hoffnung," words by Moerike, was written in 1888; "Verschwiegene Liebe," words by Eichendorff, in 1888; "Der Musikant," also by Eichendorff, in 1888. It is a pleasure to note that "Verborgenheit," popular, though one of Wolf's poorest songs, is not on this program.

Dr. Hammond, the conductor of the Mt. Holyoke College carol choir, which will sing in Jonn Hancock hall next Thursday night, taught Sunday school children in the Second Congregational Church at Holyoke, where he was organist and choirmaster, Christmas carols 40 years ago, when they were looked at askance by staid churchgoers. It is at this church that the Mt. Holyoke choir begins its series of concerts. From Boston the choir will visit New York, then Hartford. Some of the carols to be sung on Thursday will be new to the Boston audience: an 18th century French carol, "He is born, divine is he," based on a horn hunting call in the tune of Louis XV. This was sung by French troops in the trenches on Christmas eve, 1914. Only three verses of the Polish carol will be sung. The other verses name the clothes and food one would like to give the child Jesus; "a fur-lined jacket with loops of silk cord and red shoes studded with nails, while barley with a rich golden broth, goose with gravy, tripe with ginger, and lamb with turnips are some of the courses in a feast of Gargantuan proportions." There are 15 Massachusetts students in the choir.

Hamilton de Forest's opera, "Camille," was produced at Chicago on Dec. 10. This treatment of the younger Dumas's novel and play gives Mary Garden an opportunity to be gay, to cough and to die. The opera will be performed here on Feb. 6. It is a pity that we shall not see Claudia Muzio in "La Traviata," an opera by Verdi that has pleased audiences for some years. In "Camille," often pronounced "Cam-ille," Miss Garden, we understand, will be queen of a night club. Will contract be the game in the gambling scene where Armand recklessly throws money at the woman he once loved? We believe he wears a dinner jacket; possibly a full-dress "shoot."

he Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

We are told that the charivari in "Green Grows the Lilacs" is a realistic odu tion of a scene that actually occurred in the Indian Territory in earl y sixties. That there were charivaris is no doubt true; how about e one in this play?

The bridegroom was a hero in the eyes of his co-males, the cowboys, d the farmers. The heroine was loved and respected. That on their dding night they were serenaded by "rough music" is not unlikely. That e bride was pulled out at night from her bedroom and in her nightgown—nk pyjamas were probably not on sale in the territory at that time—put th the bridegroom on a high haystack and then greeted with ribald jests. s we refuse to believe. This scene is not amusing; it is not pathetic; it repulsive, so much so that on the opening night some women, evidently gusted, left the theatre and did not return.

After the dance at old man Peck's the play lost interest. Was it possible at any sheriff in the territory would have allowed a prisóner accused of rder to leave the jail to see his wife before the trial? Is the behavior Laurey in the final scene natural? Was it possible that she did not ow her husband had been imprisoned? No doubt she felt herself deeply onged, insulted, shamed by the vile jests cracked at her expense when was on the stack? But that was not the fault of her cowboy husband. the scene of the charivari and the last scene are not true to the aracters, chief and minor.

Nor can the fifth scene properly be called that of the charivari, for a enade of this nature is for an unpopular person. It was originally, in turies gone by, for a widow or a widower who contracted a second marge; or for a woman or man who wedded when the respective ages were ely apart, or one of the couple was of notoriously disreputable character. e Christian Fathers had much to say about second marriages. Saint ome was furiously indignant with a man who had buried 20 wives, and ded at last a woman who had buried 22 husbands.

The good Fathers quoted Hesiod, Plutarch, Martial and others; Martial, ose epigram "To Faustinus" in the sixth book is thus translated by John hur Pott:

> "Some thirty days ago not more, we saw
> Enacted once again the Julian law
> And outward decency restored: since then
> Has Telesilla married husbands ten!
> This oft-played farce is 'marriage'! I confess
> A demi-mondaine would offend me less."

But Martial wrote a stronger word than "demi-mondaine" and Fletcher more literal when he translated the Latin lines:

> "She that doth wed so oft, weds not at all
> But rather her we may more truly call
> A mere legitimate adulteress.
> A simple arrrant wench offends me less."

A charivari is sometimes called in the United States a "calithumpian enade." There was a noteworthy one in New Jersey in October, 1900. A n in Kingston tried at New Brunswick to induce a clergyman and also stice of the peace to marry him to a widow who was deaf, blind in one and nearly three times his age. Neither parson nor justice would wed m, because the man could not get witnesses. The amorous couple left n for a day. When they returned, they said they were married, where-n at night men and boys gave them a charivara. The man, not apriating this music, fired on them with a shotgun loaded with nails and . When he left the house he was beaten and driven out of town.

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charivari, as we have said, may be given to any unpopular person, or female. There is a description of one in Thomas Hood's novel, "Family," left unfinished at his death. The father, a physician, living stupid, hide-bound community had made himself obnoxious by advocat- and practising modern treatments; vaccination for example. One night ob serenaded him with cow horns, cat calls, whistles, old kettles, metal s, rattles—and other instruments described as "the tongs and bones."

Gabriel Peignot, of Dijon, wrote an amazingly erudite book "Histoire ale, civile, politique et litteraire du charivari, depuis son origine, vers uatrieme Siecle." This book of over 100 pages was published at Paris 1833. It is as amusing as it is learned. On page 198, Peignot gives the nes and number of instruments to be played in a charivari when the n has from 15,000 to 20,000 inhabitants; 30 kinds of instruments numing 149 in all.

There is material in "Green Grow the Lilacs" for a play that would ck of the soil and yet not be disjointed and improbable. The first ne between the gallant cowboy and Laurey's aunt, admirably played by Patterson and Miss Westley, could hardly be bettered. The involuntary fession—for the bad man's monologue is an unconscious confession—is ood bit of melodrama—but why was there any need of shooting at tholes? Was it necessary for Richard Hale to represent the bad man facially "loathsome objeck"? The wonder is that Laurey ever hired The dance at old man Peck's should not be omitted, nor the songs pecially the solos and the ensembles for the girls—no not even "Sam " roared by a cowboy.

"Sam Hall" is a London Cider Cellar ditty, first sung in 1848 by W. G. a Scottish low comedian, who for a year and a half was one of the discussed men in the city. He would come on between midnight and ck. "In a dim corner of the room, a strange, gruesome figure would n ascending a sort of pulpit. Dressed in rags, with a battered old hat on his head, his face stained with soot like a chimney sweep's, a filthy broken pipe in his mouth, Ross would look round the room with a dull, brutal scowl. Instantly a dead silence prevailed—a silence which would last for quite a minute—while the ghastly figure swayed slowly from side to side with an occasional hollow groan. Then, without warning, the chimney sweep, who was supposed to be in Newgate awaiting his execution, would break into that mournful chant, with its dreadful refrain, which ran in men's ears long years after they had become respectable and had forgotten those brave nights in town. Six verses are given in Arthur L. Hayward's "The Days of Dickens." Mr. Hayward copied them from a note taken at the time by one who heard the song. "I have printed them as a curiosity, never having seen them in any book."

The first and the last verses will be enough:

> "My name is Sam Hall, I'm a thief:
> My name it is Sam Hall, I'm a thief!
> My name it is Sam Hall,
> And I've robbed both great and small
> And my greeting is to all,
> Damn your eyes!
>
> "And now I'm going to hell, going to hell!
> And now I'm going to hell, going to hell!
> And now I'm going to hell,
> But what a bloody sell
> If you all go there as well!
> Damn your eyes!"

The Cider Cellars was the original of the Black Kitchen in "Pendennis." Hodgen, whose singing of "The Body Snatcher" was heard by Warrington and Pendennis, was suggested to Thackeray by Ross and his dreadful song. (The Cider Cellars was in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden). Hodgen as the Snatcher sat on a coffin, with a flask of gin before him, with a spade, and a candle stuck in a skull. "The singer's voice went down so low, that its grumbles rumbled into the hearers' awe-stricken soul; and in the chorus he clamped with his spade, and gave a demoniac 'Ha! ha!' which caused the very glasses to quiver on the table, as with terror."

How did "Sam Hall" find its way to the Indian Territory? Was it first sung there by some disgraced younger son, who could not live in England? By some adventurous Cockney? Questions not easy to answer, any more than what song the Sirens sang, though Sir Thomas Browne assures us that this is not beyond all conjecture. Did Ross write the words of "Sam Hale?" If not, where did he find them?

We asked recently if Ada Sidonia, a dancer who once famous in London came to this country and was obliged at the age of 76 to support herself as a chambermaid until the state of Wisconsin provided her with an allowance, ever danced in this country. Frank Carlos Griffeth writes to us:

"Yes, Sidonia was one of the principal dancers in Eugene Tompkins's production of 'Zanita' in 1884."

London audiences are not bashful in expressing their opinion of a new play. When Edgar Wallace appeared on the stage of Wyndham's Theatre a fortnight or so ago after the first performance of his "The Mouthpiece" a "lady upstairs asked him to take away his rubbish." Ivor Brown quoted her in his review and added: "Perhaps he will in a few days."

In W. B. Yeats's new play, "The Words upon the Window Pane" produced at Dublin in the week of Nov. 21, Dean Swift is the hero, but he is not on the stage. The time is the present; the scene, a Dublin lodging house. Spiritualists in a seance meet Swift and Vanessa. She urges marriage, begs for children. He reminds her of the lurking madness in his blood and refuses. "The medium half awakens from her trance and then the voice of Swift recurs in her and she collapses." May Craig varied her voice so that "Swift, Vanessa, and the medium's 'control,' a young girl, all lived on the stage."

JAN SMETERLIN

At Jordan hall, yesterday afternoon, Jan Smeterlin, Polish pianist, gave his second Boston recital. It was a Chopin program that he offered; in detail, it was as follows: Scherzo in E major, Op. 54; Nocturne in G major, Op. 37; Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31; two mazurkas, in B flat minor and B minor; sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35; two valses, A flat and E flat major; ballade in A flat major, Op. 47.

The beauty and classic breadth of style that, at Mr. Smeterlin's first concert here, had characterized his performance of a Schubert sonata, almost eclipsed in the memory his highly individual playing of the entire book of Chopin's preludes. It was therefore pleasant to be reminded of the peculiarly intimate and delightful quality of his playing of his great compatriot's music and to be permitted to hear some new aspects of it. Mr. Smeterlin plays as one who respects both the music and the instrument. He relies for effect neither upon bombast nor upon spectacular display nor upon perverse distortion of the normal rhythm of the music he plays. His way with Chopin, rather than that of some of the spoiled romantic idols of the age that is passing, should be regarded as a model.

First, and almost the best, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Smeterlin's playing of the gentle E major scherzo had all the quiet effectiveness, the delicate poetry and winning naturalness, so characteristic of this new pianist. The pervading grace, the piquancy attained through rhythms vividly indicated rather than strongly emphasized, the fine shading, the subtle differentiation of tone quality through discretion and economy in the use of the sustaining pedal, the tellingly applied staccato, the beautifully liquid legato, the exquisitely wrought decorative arabesques, the prevailing restraint in tone quantity—all the characteristic marks of Mr. Smeterlin's art were here to be enjoyed to the full. The yet gentler, more fluid grace of the G major nocturne, the sense of movement and climax and the avoidance of sentimentality that gave distinction to the somewhat hackneyed B flat minor scherzo, the fanciful grace and underlying vigor of two mazurkas, were preludes to the afternoon's piece de resistance—the B flat minor sonata.

If something of the warm magnificence that some of our most distinguished pianists give the first movement was yesterday wanting, yet there was pace, progression, poetry and strength without noise. The scherzo had the requisite vivacity, without triviality. The Funeral March had an austere grandeur, an almost harsh sonority, an unflinching rhythm, that lent it power and conviction; the melodic middle section was sung with an incredibly quiet remoteness of tone, sung with simple grace, unsentimentally; the mysterious last movement was absolutely without nuance—a rushing of melancholy winds, with none of the muttering thunders that emerge from it in the rendering of many pianists.

The naive charm of the valses was not lost or inflated in Mr. Smeterlin's version; he played them lightly, simply, after the manner of ballet music. His performance of the A flat ballade was graceful, romantic, yet clear.

The extremely cordial applause of the audience brought several encores—a valse, a mazurka, an etude, and, last, Godowsky's version of Strauss's Blue Danube waltz. The latter was played with the most exquisite grace, with an easy, confident virtuosity that for once concealed the difficulty and elaborateness of the arrangement and accentuated the charm of the waltz.

S. S.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Walter Gieseking pianist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, William F. Dodge, conductor. Frances Foskette, soprano. Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4, F minor. Borodin, Polovetzin dances. Wagner, Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde"; overture to "Rienzi."

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. The English Singers. See special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Mme. Jeanne Brondell Allen. Chants de France; the Soul of France Through Her Folklore.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Araxy Odabashian, lyric soprano; Evelyn Borofsky, accompanist. A program of Armenian folk songs.

School of Ageless Wisdom, 279 Newbury street, 3 P. M. Dane Rudhyar, composer, author, lecturer, "The Meaning of Dissonance."

Monday: Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra; Dr. Koussevitsky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Roy W. Tibbs, pianist. Music by Bach, Schumann, Debussy, Liupounov, Balakirev, Liszt. This pianist sings under the auspices of St. Mark Congregational Church.

Tuesday: Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Alexander Kipnis, bass. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist, and Rulon T. Robson, tenor. Piano pieces by Brahms, Griffes, Debussy, Chopin. Songs by Handel, Dvorak, Bantock, Vaughan Williams, Bax, Shaw.

Wednesday: Hotel Statler ballroom, 11 A. M. Dusolina Giannini, soprano; Molly Bernstein, accompanist. Handel, Ah, Spietato. Bishop, Love Has Eyes. G. Munro, Lovely Celia. Mozart, "Non so piu." Rachmaninoff, Believe it not, let me rest here alone. Verdi, Ritorno Vincitor from "Aida." Vittorio Giannini, Heart Cry, Levitki, Ah, thou beloved one. La Forge, I Came with a Song. W. Watts, Joy. Songs arranged by V. Giannini, Zompe Ilara, Ilare; Marechiare; Manella Mia; Ohie Meneche.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Valentina Aksarova, soprano; Emanuel Bay, accompanist. Borodin, Jaroslavra's aria from "Prince Igor," Back to Thy Home, Arabian Melody, My song has been poisoned. Balakirev, Bacarolle, In the Moonlight, Georgian Song. Tchaikovsky, Joan of Arc's aria. Duparc, Invitation to the Voyage, the Manoir of Rosemond, Roussel, The Garden in Rain, Jazz at Night. Rimsky-Korsakov, Oksana's aria from "Christmas Eve," The Sunset, On the Georgian Mountains, My Pet. Moussorgsky, Parassia's Dream from "The Fair of Sorotchinsk," Hopak.

Thursday: John Hancock hall, 40 St. James avenue. Mount Holyoke College Carol Club of 100 voices, Dr. W. C. Hammond, director. German, Welsh, English, Polish, Czech, French, Old Provencal, Russian, American Indians Christmas carols. Organ pieces by Scott, Lulli and Gaul. The proceeds will aid a scholarship fund being acquired to help deserving young women of Greater Boston to a college education.

Friday: Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday: Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Dec 15, 1930

WALTER GIESEKING

A pianoforte recital by Walter Gieseking drew a very large audience to Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was the following: Bach, Partita No. 1, in B flat major; Schumann, Fantasia in C major, Op. 17; Scriabin, Sonate-Fantaisie, Op. 19; Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Sonata (dedicated to Mr. Gieseking); Tansman, Sonatine Transatlantique (by request); Debussy, La Cathedrale engloutie, Poissons d'or; Ravel, Jeux d'eau.

By his including in his program works of appreciable size, unfamiliar or new, by Scriabin, Castelnuovo-Tedesco and Tansman, Mr. Gieseking places himself among the few pianists of first rank who—in America, at any rate—are willing to forsake occasionally the narrow path churned by the feet of past program-makers, and to submit to the labor of modernizing their repertory. Whether the music that comes to light as a result of these labors always proves worthy the effort expended matters not greatly; the important thing is to avoid stagnation.

Yesterday, in the early and neglected Sonate-Fantaisie of Scriabin, in Castelnuovo's Sonata, in Tansman's Sonatina, there was much to please, to interest, or to amuse the hearer. The almost Chopinesque charm—tinged, however, with a more fantastic freedom than the Polish master ever displayed—of the melody of Scriabin's first movement, with its gossamer decorations, was contrasted by a furiously stormy second movement—a rushing chaos of sound from which a momentary phrase or two of calm melody would now and then emerge. Castelnuovo's work, dedicated to the pianist, and receiving yesterday its first Boston performance, pays homage to the music of the American Negro—explicitly in the second movement, which bears the descriptive label "Adagio, Blues 1. Adagio. Blues 2. Adagio," but also implicitly in more than one passage of the vigorous first and third movements. The Adagio was the most pleasing part of this sonata, with its interludes suggestive of the melancholy, haunting lilt of the Blues; the other movements had more vehemence than genuine invention and strength.

Tansman's Sonatine Transatlantique—obviously, from the European point of view, an American Sonatina—is more frankly and simply jazz; it is written by a young man who evidently enjoys jazz as it is—though at its best rather than its worst—and applies a genuine melodic gift and much rhythmic ingenuity to the task of writing similar music, refined—but not robbed of its humor and vivacity—by a neat technique and good taste.

The result is more delightful by far than the work of other European composers inspired by similar aims but less well endowed either by temperament or by first-hand knowledge of the genre; it is more pleasing, too, than the conscientious but academic and uninspired efforts of some American composers earnestly desirous of writing "indigenous" music. Mr. Gieseking played this music charmingly, with a sensitive regard for its melodic qualities, for its humor, and for its rhythmic eccentricities.

The other parts of his program exhibited Mr. Gieseking as the mature and imaginative artist his admirers have long known, as a virtuoso of constantly growing powers, as a pianist increasingly able to adapt the scale of his effects to the dimensions of the hall he is to fill and the character of the adience he is to please, attaining heights of passion and brilliance beyond his earlier wont, yet no less able to achieve and maintain an infinite delicacy of touch and of mood. The clarity and unaffected grace of Mr. Gieseking's playing of Bach is proverbial. The romantic beauty of Schumann's Fantasia, alternately passionate and meditative, vigorous and tender, was as magnificently realized as ever, its moods magnetically conveyed to the listeners, the usual impression of utter sincerity left, despite what certain cultivated and attentive listeners felt to be a new and slightly too conscious preoccupation with tonal effects.

The enchanting delicacy and fleetness, the extraordinary power of pictorial suggestion, that distinguish Mr. Gieseking's Debussy and Ravel, complete the chart of this versatile pianist. The audience responded with the utmost enthusiasm; there were encores. S. S.

THE ENGLISH SINGERS

The English singers gave a Christmas program last night in Symphony hall. They sang the following:

Motets—This Glad Day (William Byrd); O Magnum Mysterium (Tomas Luis de Vittoria); This Day Christ Was Born (Sweelinck).

Madrigals and Ballet—Lady, When I Behold (John Wilbye);; What Is Our Life? (Orlando Gibbons); About the Maypole (Thomas Morley).

Carols—Corpus Christi (arranged by Peter Warlock); On Christmas Night (arranged by R. Vaughn Williams); We've Been Awhile A-wandering (arranged by R. Vaugban Williams).

Folk-songs—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John (arranged by Gustav Molst); An Acre of Land (arranged by R. Vaugban Williams); Wassail Song (arranged by R. Vaugban Williams).

Duets and Folk-songs—Sound the Trumpet (Henry Purcell); The Angler's Song (Isaak Walton); I'm Seventeen, Come Sunday (arranged by Percy Grainger).

Carols—The Holly and the Ivy (arranged by Rutland Boughton); Midwinter (Gustav Holst); Pat-a-pan (arranged by Martin Shaw); In Dulci Jubilo (arranged by R. L. Pearsall).

A rather small audience had assembled at Symphony hall to hear the English singers in one of their programs of motets, carols, ballets, and madrigals. It was no doubt a temporary defection of their usually loyal public, for their programs are unique, delightful and valuable; few devotees of choral singing, old music, or madrigals, carols, and motes should let themselves miss one of the English singers' evenings.

Last night's program, including a very large proportion of songs for Christmas, was varied, indeed. Perhaps most beautiful of the carols was "Corpus Christi," set by Peter Warlock. The music reflected the half-awful, half-fanciful but reverent imaginings of the long-ago, unknown poet. "We've Been Awhile A-wandering," a carol very English in melody and spirit, pleased the audience greatly. "O Magnum Mysterium," a motet by the great Spanish 16th century composer, Thomas Luis de Vittoria, was unusually interesting, darkly-colored, sad, and resigned music in spirit reflecting the suffering of the passion rather than the the joyousness of the nativity. "Midwinter," by Gustav Holst, who writes choral music that seems curiously of the 17th century as well as of our own, so well it uses modern knowledge to give voice to the more naive spirit of a past age, was a lovely setting of a poem by Christina Rosetti.

The English singers have added a more robust anjoyment and more varied color and nuance to their still-present virtues of delicacy, simplicity and sensitiveness. Their singing now is all that one could require for the music they sing—they are a well-blended, sensitive, intelligent, and imaginative ensemble, who do what they do because they love it. Many encores were demanded and granted, among them the ever-beautiful, ever-favorite, "Silver Swan," of Orlando Gibbons. E. B.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra gave its fourth concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Mr. Will Dodge deserted his desk as first violin to conduct. The program was as follows: Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4, Feninov; Borodin, Polovetzin Dances; Wagner, Prelude and Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde" and Overture to Rienzi.

It would not be out of order to say that the program was scarcely chosen with discretion. Not only are the compositions difficult to perform, demanding a great deal from the brass instruments, the weakest part of this orchestra, but especially in the case of Tchaikovsky and Borodin, works in which the Boston Symphony orchestra is without peer. This invites comparison, however odious it may be. One may agree with Browning that a man's aim must exceed his grasp and grant that an orchestra improves by striving to master that which is beyond it, yet the method of attaining this end might be modified. The name of the fine compositions within the scope of the People's Symphony is legion. Why not draw from this reserve?

The first movement of the Tchaikovsky was something of a tug of war. It was accomplished thanks both to Mr. Dodge, who is not unwilling to compromise in tempo, and to the strings who, whenver they could, saved the day. The playing steadily improved in the course of the afternoon. Particular mention should be given the strings in the scherzo. This was brilliantly done; but what a pity that the wind instruments were not able to come up to this standard and make of the trio the complement of the rest of the movement!

Miss Frances Foskette sang the Liebestod from "Tristan and Isolde." For a few seconds she faltered a bit, then gaining confidence she did full justice to the music in hand, no small task. Her voice is beautifully clear and strong; her intonation good, and, emotionally speaking, she showed herself adequate to the situation. She graciously acknowledged the enthusiastic applause and received the bouquets sent her.

Mr. Dodge is an able conductor. He showed himself capable of commanding the men and making the best of his material.

The next concert will be given on Jan. 11 at 3:15. This concert will be comprised in part, of a concerto played by a violinist of international reputation and Dvorak's "New World Symphony." S. B. D.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Kismet"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the play of the same name by Edward Knoblock; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National with the following cast:

Hajj	Otis Skinner
Marsinah	Loretta Young
Caliph Abdallah	David Manners
Zeleekha	Mary Duncan
Masur	Sidney Blackmer
Amru	Ford Sterling
Jawan	Edmund Breese
Narjis	Blanche Friderici
The Jailer	Montagu Love
The Muezzin	Richard Carlyle
The Imam Mahmud	John St. Polis
Kazim	John Sheehan
Azaf	Otto Hoffman

The most remarkable phase of the present screen production of "Kismet" is the perfect performance of Otis Skinner, an honored actor, 72 years of age, who seems not one iota less agile than he was in 1911, when he created the role of Hajj, the sly beggar of Bagdad, or in 1920, when he appeared in a silent film version of Mr. Knobloch's fantastic play. Had the present producers seen to it that his supporting cast could with grace speak the flowing lines and wear with ease the costumes laid down and specified in the script, and had they deemed it worth while to treat their opportunities for glittering spectacle with artistic respect, "Kismet" might have proved one of the exceptional films of the closing year. Since they disdained or neglected to attend to any of these important matters, it becomes only a memorial to the illustrious Mr. Skinner, a memorial on which, ironically enough, he has performed all the labor.

The opening scene shows Hajj, in his filthy rags, awakening on the steps of the mosque, to take up from his favorite seat his daily routine of pleas for alms in the name of Allah. He routs a rival beggar, faces his arch enemy, Jawan, the highwayman now become rich, years ago, despoiler of Hajj's home. Jawan contemptuously tosses Hajj a purse of gold, and Hajj's day begins. He steals gorgeous raiment from two merchants, becomes involved in court intrigues, agrees to stab the Caliph Abdullah, fails, is cast into a dungeon, kills Jawan, thrown there before him, escapes, kills Masur, the villainous wazir of police, who it seems, was Jawan's long lost son, and concludes his day by rescuing his daughter, Marsinah, from Masur's harem. Marsinah and the young caliph, who had posed to her as the gardener's son, are in love, and poetic license permits them to be united in the closing scene. Hajj, though banished from Bagdad and once again reduced to beggary, pre-empts his old seat, yawns, and prepares for sleep. He has had a busy day.

Mr. Skinner, in make-up, manner, gestures, voice and facial play, is a delight to behold. His is the finished performance of a scholarly and a polished actor. He whines when he asks for alms, spits upon those who refuse him; he is persuasive with Zeleekha, the harem favorite, merciless against his enemies. He draws upon every emotion at will. Mr. Breese alone of the others was able to help Mr. Skinner with a properly phrased characterization as Jawan. Mr. Blackmer as Masur intoned his speeches like any dull amateur. The others floundered along as best they could. V. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Brothers"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John T. Neville and Charles R. Condon from the play of the same name by Herbert Ashton, Jr.; directed by Walter Lang and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Bob Naughton	Bert Lytell
Eddie Connolly	Bert Lytell
Norma	Dorothy Sebastien
Dr. Moore	William Morris
Prosecuting Attorney	Richard Tucker
Lorenzo	Maurice Black
Oily Joe	Frank McCormack
Mrs. Naughton	Claire McDowell
Mr. Naughton	Howard Hickman
Tony	Francis MacDonald
Mag	Rita Carlyle
Maud	Jessie Arnold

Thanks to some remarkably clever trick photography and an amazingly brief but effective murder trial, "Brothers," screen feature at the Keith-Boston Theatre, manages to be reasonably good entertainment. The subject matter is frankly melodramatic and implausible and the acting only fair, but even a hard-boiled motion picture fan can find some interest watching Bert Lytell play two persons at the same time. He carries himself upstairs, punches himself in the jaw, puts himself to bed, defends himself in the courtroom and finally marries his own girl. The last occurrence should surprise no one, but the preceding incidents are a test of your ingenuity in unravelling the skill of the cameraman.

"Brothers" served Mr. Lytell on the stage for many months, but it seems to us that it fares better on the screen, owing to photographic resources impossible in the theatre. In the play, Mr. Lytell could hardly meet and converse with himself in full view of the audience, while in the picture it becomes as easy as rolling off a log. The plot remains virtually the same in both guises: the story of twin baby boys, one of whom is adopted by a washerwoman and the other by a wealthy family. A series of not too plausible incidents brings them together and the fun begins. Eddie Connolly, who plays the piano at a low dive but is still a good boy, is accused of a murder committed by his brother, Bob Naughton, a promising but dissipated young lawyer. At the urgings of Dr. Moore, who was in on the secret of the adoptions, Bob takes Eddie's case and has him acquitted by means of a clever, albeit theatrical trick.

The trial scene is really the climax of the story, even though it comes in the middle of the picture, and after that things trail pretty loosely and end conventionally. The only necessary hint is that Bob is sent to a sanitarium after having a breakdown and Eddie is asked to take his place. Needless to say there is a girl in the case, Norma Moore, but she is not very important. Bert Lytell enjoys himself enormously being alternately noble and depraved and is frequently effective in a slightly stagey manner. Maurice Black has an amusing bit as a chatty Italian bootlegger with a limited knowledge of English and Francis MacDonald effective as the excitable Tony whose death starts the plot moving. Dorothy Sebastien is as pretty as ever but has practically nothing to do. E. L. H.

FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE

"River's End"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Charles Kenyon from a story of the same name by James Oliver Curwood directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

John Keith	Charles Bick[ford]
Sergeant Conniston	Charles Bick[ford]
Miriam	Evelyn Kn[app]
O'Toole	J. Farrell MacDonald
Colonel McDowell	David Torrence
Louise	ZaSu Pitts
Mickey	Junior Coghlan
Martin	Walter McGrail
Shotwell	Tom Santschi

With its splendid cast, its fascinating photography of scenes in the frozen northlands, and a story made doubly interesting because of exceptionally terse and fitting dialogue, "River's End" is a regular man's picture. It seems impossible to put a hand on one superfluous or inappropriate word from beginning to end. The Curwood narrative, so popular in its book form, has been given dramatic studio treatment. The old, old theme of the mounted constabulary of the great Northwest, with its familiar slogan of "bring in your man, dead or alive," is played on with fresh inventiveness and with unfailing effectiveness. Only, in this instance, Sergt. Conniston didn't bring in his man. The sergeant died on the trail, and the man brought himself in.

Mr. Bickford, in the early stages, enacts the dual roles of Conniston and Keith, the hunted man, and indicates successfully certain characteristics which betray the identities of two men who otherwise are as alike as two peas. After Conniston and Pat O'Toole, a guide, have trapped Keith, wanted for murder, in the cabin of an abandoned whaler in the land of the Eskimos, Conniston passes out with a frosted lung, but not before he has emptied his gun at Keith, in his ultimate delirium. O'Toole foreseeing this, had substituted blank cartridges. He simply wanted Conniston to die happy. Thereafter, O'Toole, convinced of Keith's innocence, coaches him on conditions at the post and sends him down to become Conniston. The subsequent events are tinged with drama of a most rugged yet believable sort. Miriam, the colonel's daughter, who had been afraid of Conniston, falls in love with his proxy. Mickey, freckle-faced son of O'Toole, alone pierces the armor of deceit, yet remains loyal when he hears Keith's story. In the end, after O'Toole's death has complicated an already ticklish situation, Keith elects to allow himself to be whipped out of the post, as Conniston, who it seems, had left a wife and children in England. Miriam, who knows Keith's story and believes him to be innocent of the murder charge, joins him as the boat sails down the river to the open sea and a new life.

Aside from Mr. Bickford's virile performance, it is proper to mention a capital bit by Mr. MacDonald as the Irish guide, with his shrewd speech and his kindliness. Young Coghlan as Mickey likewise deserves praise. In fact, the entire cast is eminently good, even Miss Knapp, a trifle self-conscious in this, her second picture, but otherwise an attractive figure. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"One Night at Susie's"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Forrest Halsey and Kathryn Scola from the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National with the following cast:

Mary	Billie Dove
Dick Rollins	Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Susie	Helen Ware
Buckeye Bill	Tully Marshall
Houlihan	James Crane
Hayes	John Loder
Drake	Claude Fleming

Gradually it is dawning on us that Billie Dove, be she never so beautiful, is not much of an actress. Once and again she would trot out a third expression, a combination of the wistful-misunderstood and the pleased-and-delighted, but now she appears to be limited to one, a melancholy pout. Her work in "One Night at Susie's," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, is distinctly disappointing in itself and fades out completely when compared with the acting of an experienced trouper like Helen Ware. All joking aside, it is Miss Ware's picture, with a moderate share of honors for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and for James Crane as a particularly undesirable member of the underworld. The photography is somewhat indistinct, but the director, John Francis Dillon, had the wisdom to leave a few things to our imagination. The result is a fair picture that had the ingredients of a good one.

It's no use pretending that the plot is any great shakes, and unexplained discrepancies do not clarify matters much. Susie is a middle-aged woman, a power in the underworld, who acts as fence for criminals and is soft-hearted underneath a stern exterior. Her weakest point is Dick Rollins, a boy whom she has adopted and brought up to lead an honest life. Dick falls in love with a chorus girl, Mary Martin, much to the disgust of Susie who distrusts her type. Hayes, producer of the show in which Mary is playing, gives a party to celebrate her engagement, but sees to it that neither Dick nor any of the other girls are there. Becoming suspicious, Dick breaks into the apartment, only to find that Mary has killed Hayes for trying to force himself upon her. Dick takes the blame for the murder, despite Mary's frantic efforts to declare her own guilt, and goes to prison for an indefinite period.

While there, he writes dramatic sketches for Mary and she plays them on the vaudeville stage with great success. Finally he has a play for her, but she cannot find any one to produce it save David Drake, and Mr. Drake has his own terms. It would not be fair to tell what happens after that. Helen Ware, though frequently too emphatic, gives a convincing sketch of the strong-minded Susie, accustomed to crime but with her own code of honor. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has but little to do, yet stands out by reason of his emotional sincerity. The others are fair enough.

Also on the bill is "A Soldier's Plaything," a comedy drama of the late war, with Ben Lyon and Lottie Loder.

E. L. H.

Dec 16 1930

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

The second of this season's series of Monday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place last night in the presence of an audience that filled Symphony hall. The amended program of the concert was as follows: Handel, concerto grosso in B minor for string orchestra, No. 12; Mozart, concerto in A major, No. 5 (K.219) for violin and orchestra; Brahms, symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 73. The soloist in Mozart's violin concerto was Anton Witek, former concert master of the orchestra. Its present concert master, Richard Burgin, conducted in the absence, due to indisposition, of Dr. Koussevitzky.

The central event of this concert was, of course, the reappearance as soloist of the man who occupied the concert master's desk under Dr. Muck. Mr. Witek was greeted with cordiality by last night's great audience, though it is probable that a very large proportion of those present had no personal experience of that epoc of the orchestra's history which Mr. Witek represents. His performance of the graceful A major concerto of Mozart had all the good taste and judicious musicianship that were to be expected; the tone he drew from his instrument was light and pure—admirably suited to Mozart's music. He was most pleasing in the flowing melody of the Adagio, and in the daintily-turned phrases of the final Tempo di Menuetto. He was very warmly applauded.

Mr. Burgin, as conductor, acquitted himself excellently in the concerto Grosso of Handel, with its impressive opening Largo, its Allegros full of character and contrapuntal interest, in the serene beauty of its lovely intermediate Larghetto and Largo. The contrasted character of the movements was emphasized without recourse to exaggeration; individually they were played with sensitive feeling for style and without mannerism. To the concerto he provided an admirable accompaniment.

Still better was the orchestra's performance, under his direction, of the D major symphony of Brahms. Much rancorous argument has lately arisen concerning the character, lyrical or dramatic, of this symphony. Mr. Burgin, however, seems to approach it without prejudice. Lyric charm was not wanting in his performance, yet he did not try to make of it a piece of Viennese cafe music. Depth and solidity, organic unity, a vigorous sense of progress and climax, gave meaning and dramatic force to the first movement. The slow movementp had movingly expressive beauty, the allegretto a charming grace. The final movement was impressive and brilliant. Conductor and orchestra were rewarded with applause that was unusually and deservedly enthusiastic.

S. S.

PLYMOUTH

"Purity"

Out of deference to presumably tender-hearted spectators, a different ending has been added to "Purity," the play by Rene Wachthausen which the Professional Players are sponsoring at the Plymouth Theatre. For the first time last evening this revision, together with certain less important alterations, was presented to Boston audiences. Truthfully it cannot be said that it is any startling improvement. For the lovers of fairy-stories, perhaps, but fairy-stories have little to do with the preceding scenes of this pitiful and sordid drama, and the halo of goodness that surrounds everyone in the last few moments is unbelievable. Worse than that, it violates common sense and utterly destroys the atmosphere of unhappy but convincing truth built up by the playwright.

When first produced, "Purity" ended with the scene on the banks of the Seine where Victoire, with all her hopes shattered and her life in ruins, is persuaded by the kindly M. Leon to keep on living and not to abandon the boy, Henri, whom she befriended and by whom she had been betrayed. There is now an epilogue in which we gather that Henri has married the girl, Henriette, with whom he had had a clandestine affair, that he was working hard and that there was a baby in the near future to which Victoire could act as grandmother. If it had not been for the radiant happiness and sincerity with which Miss Florence Reed invested this scene, it would have been frankly ridiculous.

The play still impresses one more as a character study than as a completed drama. Throughout it is Miss Reed's illuminating, sympathetic portrayal of the middle-aged Victoire, hungry for love yet terrified at its coming, forgiving in spite of herself and in the end, doomed to the meagre half-loaf of maternal devotion. Efforts have been made to soften the ungrateful part of Henri: at least he no longer derides his benefactress, and Mr. Richard Bird does admirably with his poor material. The gentle M. Leon of Malcolm Williams continues to be one of the finest things in the play.

E. L. H.

Dec 17 1930

"GREAT ARE THE MYTHS"

Ethel Barrymore, having poured out vials of wrath on the heads of the unfortunate dramatic critics in New York who did not fully appreciate "Scarlet Sister Mary," took occasion to say that Bizet "died in a garret." The inference is that he was poverty stricken; that his opera, "Carmen," failed miserably.

Bizet died at his home in Bougival in comfort, as far as this world's goods were concerned. "Carmen" shocked the bourgeoisie the first night because Mme. Gallie-Marie acted the gypsy with abandon, but there were forty-seven performances in 1875, the year of the production, more than the performances of any other work at the Opera-Comique that year. Bizet, unfortunately for the musical world, died in June, 1875, but not in a garret.

An affecting story comes from Houston, Texas: Tamara, the great-great-granddaughter of Rossini, is working there as a pantry girl in a hotel. Rossini was married twice, but no biographer mentions any child by these marriages, nor was there gossip about illegitimate descendants. Rossini's first wife was a famous singer in her day, Isabella Colbran. His second wife, Olympe Pelessier, had nursed him before he married her after the death of Isabella. She resented his sociability, received his visitors with scowls, was stingy in forced hospitality. The Florentines called her "The Unendurable Olympe."

Tamara is "beginning to find time and money to train her voice." Aha! The press agent is already at work. Perhaps Otto H. Kahn will see to it that Tamara of Texas is added to the Metropolitan's force; but nothing is yet said about her personal appearance. It is enough at present that she is launched as the "great-great-granddaughter" of the immortal melodist.

ALEXANDER KIPNIS

Alexander Kipnis, well-known bass of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, gave a recital at Symphony hall last evening. The program was as follows: Mozart, Leporello's air from "Don Giovanni"; Schumann, Stille Traenen, Mondnacht; Brahms, Wie bist du, meine Koenigin, Feldeinsamkeit; Wolf, Der Genesene an die Hoffnung, Ein Staendchen euch zu bringen, Verschwiegene Liebe, Der Musikant, Koeniglich Gebet; Russian folk songs—Rainbow, Dubinushka, Night, Soldier's song; Moussorgsky, Aria (The Death of the Czar) from "Boris Godunoff."

The polished style, the intelligence, the artistic restraint combined with vitality, that characterized Mr. Kipnis's performance of three operatic airs last night can have surprised nobody who remembers his admirable work with the Chicago Opera Company. The humor of Leporello's statistical catalogue of Don Juan's conquests, the pathos and tragedy of Boris's farewell, were made dramatically convincing without resort to the exaggeratedly declamatory style to which Russian singers seem so prone. Mr. Kipnis's great virtue is that, despite his power of dramatic suggestion, he is predominantly a lyric artist. This fact helped to make less unsatisfactory than usual the transplanting of operatic airs to the concert platform; it explains partly the charm of this singer's way with Mozart—though his voice was here not yet fully under control, owing apparently to a cold; it contributes finally to the remarkable beauty of his singing of the German songs—an admirable selection—that formed the backbone of his program yesterday.

For loveliness of tone and sustained beauty of phrasing, for quiet intensity of mood and expressive power, it is difficult to imagine anything better than Mr. Kipnis's rendering of such Lieder as Schumann's "Stille Traenen" and "Mondnacht," Brahms's "Feldeinsamkeit," Wolf's "Verschwiegene Liebe;" the last named song, of exquisite beauty, pleased the audience particularly, and was repeated.

Mr. Kipnis was no less able to rise to the height of stormy agitation reached by Schumann's fine and little-known song "Lust der Sturmnacht," to the magnificent, noble impressiveness of Wolf's "Koeniglich Gebet," the hearty irony of the same composer's "Musikant," the deeper emotions of "Der Genesene an die Hoffnung." Everywhere there was a mature musician's sureness of touch, unfailing good taste and sense of beauty, a creative imagination.

The varied, more spontaneous and naive beauty of the Russian folksongs that his program also contained, was realized with equal charm. The audience was enthusiastic in its response. There were several additions to the program—songs by Schubert and Strauss, an aria from Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." Celius Dougherty was the admirable accompanist.

S. S.

Dec 18 1930

MISS GIANNINI

By PHILIP HALE

Dusolina Giannini, soprano, sang yesterday morning in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler in aid of the Boston School of Occupation Therapy. Molly Bernstein was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, Melissa's aria Ahspietato e non ti muove" from "Amadigi." Bishop, Love Has Eyes. George Munro, Lovely Celia. Mozart, Non se piu from "Nozze di Figaro." Rachmaninoff, Believe it not. Let me rest here alone. Verdi, Ritorno Vincitor from "Aida." Vittorio Giannini, Heart Cry. Levitzki, Ah, Thou Beloved One. La Forge, I Came With a Song. Watts, Joy. Folk songs arranged by V. Giannini, Zompa Ilari, Ilira; Marechiare; Manella Mia; Ohio Meneche.

"Amadigi" was one of Handel's earlier operas. When it was produced in London in 1715, the announcement was made that as a great many "scenes and machinery" were to be moved "which cannot be done if persons should stand on the stage, where they could not be without danger, it is therefore hoped nobody, even the subscribers, will take it ill that they must be denied entrance on the stage." There were parodies of the opera. The aria sung yesterday demands the "grand style" of which Miss Giannini is not yet the mistress. She sang the aria vigorously and did not display the better side of her art, which was shown in Munro's charming appeal to Celia and La Forge's pleasing "I Came With a Song." For it was in music of gentle sentiment, music that demanded lightness in movement and simplicity of expression that Miss Giannini shone. When she would be dramatic, she merely sang loudly, sometimes giving the impression that she was straining, forcing tones which then, being spread, lost the agreeable quality that is hers by nature in the upper part of her voice, when she does not attempt to be dramatic. For she is primarily a lyrical singer. Sir Henry Bishop and Rachmaninoff have written better songs, songs of more significance, than those by which they were represented. Victor Giannini's "Heart Cry" was laboriously solemn without the truly tragic note.

Mme. Giannini sang Cherubino's air from "Le Nozze di Figaro" intelligently enough, but she had the impertinence to change the final cadence, knowing that audiences, even those assembled with charitable intent, delight in long-sustained top-notes.

Miss Bernstein's accompaniments were strenuous, seldom musical.

The next "morning musicale" in the series will be given by Messrs. Maier and Pattison, pianists working amiably together with two pianos, on Jan. 14.

VALENTINA AKSAROVA

Valentina Aksarova, a Russian soprano described as having studied in Petrograd and Paris and as having sung leading roles at the Petrograd Opera House, made her Boston debut last evening in a recital at Jordan hall. Her program, almost entirely Russian, was as follows: Borodin, Jaroslavna's aria from "Prince Igor," Back to thy Home; Arabian Melody, My Songs have been Poisoned. Balakireff, Barcarolle. In the Moonlight, Georgian Song; Tchaikovsky, Aria from "Jeanne d'Arc"; Duparc, Invitation au Voyage, Le Manoir de Rosamonde; Roussel, The Garden in the Rain, Jazz at Night; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Oksana's Aria from "Christmas Eve." The Sunset, On the Georgian Mountains, My Pet; Moussorgsky, Parassia's Dream from "Fair at Sorotchinsk," Hopak.

It is comparatively seldom today that so large a cluster of Russian songs is offered to an audience in a single evening. In so excellent a selection of songs by writers full of national consciousness—Borodin, Balakireff, Rimsky - Korsakoff — the racial character of the music, pungently Slavonic and even semi-Oriental, obtrudes itself constantly upon the listener's mind and is a source at first of interest and enjoyment, but eventually of a certain sense of monotony, despite the wealth of beauty contained in this music. This fact may of course be the fault of the western European listeners, to whom, even now, the idiom of Russian music is sufficiently foreign to blunt his receptivity to its varying shades of emotional import.

Mme. Aksarova brought to these songs a voice which occasionally revealed warmth and richness in its middle register, brilliance and power in the upper regions, but which often —whether through faulty technique or as a result of a cold—seemed curiously muffled and constrained. Her singing, while at times naturally expressive, usually vigorous and full of movement, revealed little of the thoughtful art of interpretation, little conscious and judicious molding of phrases, little of that artful shaping of a cadence which gives finality and point to the termination of a song, so that it ends rather than merely stops. Yet there was much charm in her singing of the beautiful air of Paroslavna, for instance; of the passionate "My Songs Have Been Poisoned"; of Balakireff's nostalgic "Georgian Song"; of Parassia's dream from Moussorgsky's "Fair at Sorotchinsky"; and of other songs in which, as here, Mme. Aksarova's voice flowed freely and expressively, full and brilliant. These compensated for those other songs which betrayed too little power of characterization, insufficient differentiation of style and vocal color.

Roussel's 'Garden in the Rain," a delightfully written impressionistic song, full of appropriately liquid sound, was excellently sung. The much less successful "Jazz at Night" suggested hardly anything of either of the two nouns contained in its title.

There was much applause, and some encores. S. S.

CONCERT NOTES

The Boston Fire Department Band, Inc., will give its first concert tonight in Jordan hall at 8:30 o'clock. Fortunato Sordillo is the conductor. Brockton, march, Over the Top; waltz, Nonette; march, The Grenadiers; The Wayside Chapel, Mazzocca. Boston Fire Brigade March, Sordillo, overture, Spirit of Youth; march, Fire Commissioner McLaughlin. Addresses will be made by Hon. Edward F. McLaughlin, Wallace Goodrich, Mrs. William Lowell Putnam and Mayor Curley.

Dec 19 1930

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE CHOIR

A Christmas concert was given last night at John Hancock hall by the Mount Holyoke College choir. The program was as follows:

Carols—Now Once Again, (German); In Dulci Jubilo, (German); Deck the Hall, (Welsh); Down in Yon Forest, (Derbyshire); He is Born, (French); We Greet You, Jesus, (Polish); Harken to Me, (Czech).

Organ—Evening Idyll, (Scott); Rigaudon, (Lulli).

Carols—Sing Noel, (French); Sleep My Little One, (French); Touro-Louro-Louro, (French); Slumber Song of the Infant Jesus, (French); A Joyous Christmas Song, (French); Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella, (Old Provencal.

Organ—The Christmas Pipes of County Clare, (Harvey Gaul).

Carols—Patapan, (French); Stars Lead Us Ever On, (Sioux Tribal); And the Trees Do Moan, (Mountain White); Carol of the Russian Children, (White Russia); God Give Ye Merry-Christmas-Tide, (John J. Bishop); The First Nowell, (English).

In these days of virtuosi, even among choruses, it is good to hear simple choral singing, unstrained and natural, which achieves interest and variety through purely musical effects. The fresh young voices of the Mt. Holyoke College choir sing out clearly and truly. Because they do not strive for any furious fortissimi they avoid getting off pitch; because they sing unpreoccupied by unusually exciting contrasts of tone, or imitation of instruments, they are able to enunciate well the words of the songs they sing. It was a delightfully sung program, and the unpretentious manner of presenting it added to its intrinsic charm.

The carols, only a very few of which were built on modern themes, were of unusual interest. With the exception of one, "Now Once Again," which was presented in a ridiculously overdressed arrangement, they were arranged tastefully, and in keeping with the naive, joyous spirit of the common people who originated them. The words, dwelling on phases of the nativity of interest to simple, unlettered souls. Mary's lullabies, Jesus's carpentering—or adding to the holy story glimpses from the everyday lives of the people, are in many cases even more interesting than the tunes, which derive from churchly music, often, and reflect less of the countryside. Hence the excellent enunciation of the choir was especially welcome.

Of the carols, "Down in Yon Forest," to words that associate the passion with medieval pageantry, in a sort of Holy Grail story, was one of the most beautiful. The tune, from Derbyshire, is rich in the idiom of old English folk music—rarely beautiful, and too seldom heard. "We Greet You Jesus," a Polish carol, was touchingly simple and tender; "Touro-Louro-Louro," a French carol, was jolly, rollicking, almost picaresque, though touched with the humility of the rough peasant. "Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella," from Provencal, must have originated among women, for it was full of homely domestic similes, such as bringing plates of cakes for merry-making, and hushing children against waking the infant Jesus. "Patapan," an old French carol, has a lively tune, a joyous spirit. "Stars Lead us ever on," to a Sioux tribal tune, was unexpectedly lovely; too often Indian chants lack sufficient variety to make them interesting as songs, unless they are decorated until they are top-heavy.

Many other of the carols gave pleasure to the large audience, which showed appreciation by much applause, and by asking for repetitions of some of them. The able leader of the choir, William Churchill Hammond, played three organ pieces, and amiably announced that he would play his encores before the announced numbers. He was given a bouquet of roses, and was the recipient of a little speech of affectiton and praise. E. B.

UPTOWN—OLYMPIA

"Sunny"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty from the musical comedy of the same name by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2d, and Jerome Kern, directed by William A. Seiter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Sunny	Marilyn Miller
Tom Warren	Lawrence Gray
Jim Deming	Joe Donahue
Wendell-Wendell	McKenzie Ward
Peters	O. P. Heggie
Weenie	Inez Courtenay
Marcia Manners	Barbara Bedford
Sue	Judith Voselli
Sam	Clyde Cook
The Barker	Harry Allen
First Officer	William Davidson
Second Officer	Ben Hendricks, Jr.

In her second invasion of the studios Marilyn Miller is seen without the paternal direction of Mr. Ziegfeld, without the decorative aid of Technicolor. As Sunny Peters, bareback rider in a small circus, roaming through English county towns, she sings a little, dances a little, and smiles excessively, as is the Miller way. The story, simple enough in its original musical comedy dress, takes Sunny from her wagon-dressing room across the ocean to New York, to become the bride of Tom Warren, after she first has become wife in name only to Jim Deming, a fellow passenger on the liner, in order that she might be allowed to land. Her previous status had been that of a stowaway. Tom, engaged to another girl, was forced to dissemble for a while until the way could be cleared for his wedding with Sunny. Jim, betrothed to a little English girl called "Weenie," served simply as the goat in about every comic situation which arose during the various complications.

The screen version gives opportunity for scenic embellishment impossible in the stage production. We are shown the busy dock at Southampton, the various sections of the big ocean liner, the cross-country hunt scene, with its coursing hounds, its hardy riders of both sexes. In fact, "Sunny" is now more pictorial than musical. Only the catchy song, "Who," has a worthy interpretation, by Miss Miller and Mr. Gray. Mr. Donahue, succeeding his more famous brother, the late Jack Donahue, gravely comic as Jim Deming. "You never would be able to swim ashore," he tells Marilyn, the stowaway. "The river is so full of bottles and casks." Mr. Heggie, a versatile actor, is funny in a quieter way as Peters, the fussy circus manager. The others have little to say or do. W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"Part Time Wife"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Raymond L. Schrock and Leo McCarey from the story by Stewart Edward White entitled "The Shepper Newfounder"; directed by Leo McCarey and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Jim Murdock	Edmund Lowe
Betty Murdock	Leila Hyams
Tommy Milligan	Tommy Clifford
Johnny Spence	Walter McGrail
Butler	Louis Payne
Caddy Master	Sam Lufkin

The extremely loose construction of "Part Time Wife," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, works against any continuous building of interest. The plot wanders around among golf matches, marital squabbles, lost tempers, beguiling caddies and general nonsense. It doubles back and forth far too much and could have been told in about half the time. The most interesting characters in it are a small boy, Tommy Clifford, and his mongrel pup, Tony. Indeed, the scene where Tony, who has remained for two weeks in the pound, is put in the gas-house to be killed, along with several other unhappy canines, is entirely too harrowing. Audiences resent cruelty to dogs, real or imaginary, and this sequence did not meet with approval yesterday. Otherwise the film is pervaded with amiability and some mild humor, but its sketchiness is against it.

The story tells how Jim Murdock and his wife, Betty, failed to agree on the subject of golf, separated and in the end were reunited through the intervention of Tommy Milligan, Jim's caddy, and Tommy's nondescript dog, a "Shepper-Newfounder." The latter displays by far the most intelligence of any one in the cast and we are glad to learn that he has found a home, off the screen as well as on, with Tommy Clifford. Edmund Lowe is amusing in a lightweight manner as the well-meaning, hot-tempered Jim, while Leila Hyams is a pretty heroine. None the less, Tony is the real star. E. L. H.

BENEFIT SHOW AT TREMONT TODAY

Through the courtesy of the Erlanger interests and the Theatre Guild of New York the Tremont Theatre has been loaned this afternoon for a theatrical benefit show in aid of the unemployed. Sharing the honors as masters of ceremonies are Frank Crumit, musical comedy and radio favorite, and Mickie Alpert, orchestra leader and entertainer. From the "Street Singer" company at the Shubert come Queenie Smith, Nick Long, Jr., Frank Lalor and George Hassell; and Florence Reed, star of "Purity," will also appear. Others who have promised to be on hand are Barbara Willison, heroine of "Street Scene," at the Majestic; various members of the cast of "Green Grow the Lilacs"; Vera Allen and Walter Abel of the Copley Players, Inc.; Mickie Alpert's orchestra, the Lett Sisters and Billy Payne from the Cocoanut Grove; and from the downtown vaudeville houses, the Tom and Louise trio, Harold Benfield, Harry Lamar, Rae Saphire, the Ritchie Twins, Honolulu trio, Hap McNallay and Melville and Stetson. The Boston University band will provide music. Many notables are expected to attend.

Dec 20 1930

NEWMAN PICTURES LIFE OF PARISIANS

E. M. Newman talked last night in Symphony hall about "La Vie de Paris," showed many motion and still pictures of Parisians on the streets, in sidewalk cafes, at the races, taking their pleasure on the Seine and in the Bois de Boulogne. This Travel talk, which will be repeated tomorrow afternoon, is the last, unfortunately, of a most interesting series, unusually interesting, even for Mr. Newman.

Although he took the audience into several museums, one or two that are seldom visited by Americans in a hurry —witness the woman of whom an amusing story was told; although the sight of the crowds at the great races was entertaining in spite of the fact that few of the models were pretty and most of the new costumes were ugly; the pictures that fastened attention the most were remarkable ones of sunlight and rain, cloud effects, and the singular types met in the Latin quarter, though the true artists' quarter is on longer in that district. There were many men seen here and in the more fashionable cafes whose luxuriant whiskerage showed that the game of "Beaver" might well be played throughout the city.

—Only the better part of the Champs Elysees was clearly shown; there were no pictures of that part near the Arc de Triomphe that has been Americanized to its ruin by glaring electric signs, by automobile shops, by the sacrifice of beauty to business; but the night scenes brilliantly illuminated, especially that of the Place de la Concorde, and even the curious electric signs of the toy shops—this was a different story.

Mr. Newman began by saying how different the French life as seen in Paris by touring Americans is from the true life of the Parisians, who are not eager to admit strangers to their homes, while the great mass of the French are thrifty and intensely nationalistic. Schoolboys, Mr. Newman said, used to read in the geographies—the high ones behind which they read Beadle's dime novels—that the French were a polite and gallant people enjoying laces and light wines. From some novels, both French and foreign, one might infer that the chief occupation of the Parisian male was pursuing his friend's or neighbor's wife; that all the women in the streets are light-skirts. The war has changed all this: a woman can now shop without being accosted, though this may disappoint some Americans who visit Paris for what they call galety.

Mr. Newman's return next season will be heartily welcomed. His series now closing has drawn enthusiastic audiences, for his pictures, many of them obtained by permission of governments, have been extraordinarily interesting and his descriptions and comments have been worth remembering, wholly free from egotism. P. H.

WITH BOW AND ARROW

The fa hat Crucien Luiggi, a "Corsican big game ter," and others pursued deer in Berkshire nty with bows and arrows a few weeks ago as not received due attention. There may be a reintroduction of these weapons in rfare, and as Ludendorff prophesies that the hideousness of the approaching war will be ond belief, the arrow tips should be dipped bolson.

Kenneth are has edited an anthology, "The Arche Chronicle and Greenwood Companion," in ch he quotes pages in prose and verse from Bible to Maurice Thompson's articles, from hakespeare to Crossland. There is no extra rom Goethe's and Eckermann's long converson about archery and the best wood for bowd arrow; the bore in "Ivanhoe" who is constay saying "My grandsire drew a good bow at astings" is not mentioned; one misses a pag from Stockton's story of the archery club ose member, violating all the rules for pro; shooting, outshot those observing the pper position and more finely equipped; nor oes one find any allusion to Prof. E. S. Irse's learned disquisition on methods of aow releases or to the elder Pliny's remark at the Easterlings used fish-hook arrow hes "which wound with a mischief"; that wh with the Ethiopians, Arabians, Egyptians, Scythians, Indians, Bactrians bows and arrows had conquered half the world; one would like be reminded that the sage Vatsya insisted tat Hindu women should study archery as well as the "Kama-Shastra," the "Art of Love."

Surely Eckermnn's tearful regret that he could not buy a bw in Brabant because it cost 26 francs—but he was able to bring back an arrow for one frac—was worthy of remark the belief stated by Pliny that if a tooth of the hyena be taken from the right side of the upper jaw and tied to a bowman's arm he will never miss should be duly recorded. How does one account for the fact that neither Caesar nor Tacitus mentions archers among the Gauls and Germans? Yet arrowheads of stone, bone and iron have been found in their tombs. "Xerxes the Great did die" although there were Ethiopian bowmen in his army; as there were among the auxiliaries or mercenaries in Roman armies. Yet there is mention on page 195 of the sparrow killing Cock Robin with a bow and arrow.

Not long ago there was shooting in England for the Scorton Arrow on the ground of John o' Gaunt's Bowmen at Lancaster. "In the corner of the field stood motor cars, some of them with lancewood bows protruding through the roof ventilator, others with arrows and bows in cases on the dashboard. So do we link up 1930 A. D. with the days of Esau, who is, I think, the first person recorded in history as the possessor of a bow and arrow." But by his bringing in venison Esau lost, through treachery, his birthright. So his marksmanship came to naught.

This anthology compiled by Mr. Hare is delectable reading. What good shooting kings, nobles, soldiers and other wild animals there was in the old days!

Dec 20 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The ninth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart symphony in G minor. Stravinsky, "Symphonie de Psaumes" for orchestra and chorus, composed for the jubilee of the orchestra; Capriccio for piano and orchestra (first time in this country); Bach, prelude and Fugue in E flat major for organ, orchestrated by Arnold Schoenberg. The orchestra was assisted by the Cecilia Society, which had been trained by its conductor, Arthur Fiedler. The pianist was Mr. Sanroma.

It has been said that Stravinsky of late is deeply religious; that he may devote himself to the glorification of God in music. This rumor possibly rose from the fact that he dedicated his "Symphonie de Psaumes" to the orchestra, but composed it, as he states on the title page, "to the glory of God." And so Bruckner intended to dedicate his unfinished ninth symphony to the Lord God Omnipotent. But is this new symphony of Stravinsky the devout, more musical, more poetic, more imaginative than the compositions written in his supposedly pagan state? It surely is a less engrossing work, less interesting musically than the wordly Capriccio played yesterday and produced at Paris last December. Stravinsky should remember that he can show religious devotion in a ballet—even if Apollo is his hero—or in music that fascinates by jazz rhythms or by the suggestion of them. He might say with Sir Thomas Browne: "For even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer."

Stravinsky went to the Psalms for inspiration, choosing the sonorous text of the Vulgate Verses of the 39th (the number in the King James version). Verses that are a prayer, an entreaty; from the 40th in which the Psalmist rejoices that his cry was heard, that he was taken from the horrible pit and the miry clay; and the 150th in which the people are urged, and all things that have breath, to praise the Lord with the sound of all manner of instruments. His choice of instruments for these psalms is peculiar: no violins, no violas; but five flutes, many other wind instruments, a harp. He called for two pianos. Although the psalmist wished organs and high sounding cymbals to give praise, Stravinsky would not be the man to be so literal in his orchestration.

It is to be regretted that the repetition of this symphony did not take place as first announced, for much that was strange, almost foreign to the text might then have seemed pertinently eloquent. Schoenberg's arrangement of Bach's organ prelude and figure might better have been omitted. Without the repetition the concert was too long as it was. The orchestral interludes are the most baffling portions of the symphony at the first hearing. They seem to be purposeless; hardly designed to put one in the mood for the following text; not a musical commentary on what has preceded. Was it the composer's endeavor to be Hebraic in his music? Hebraic in spirit, after the manner of Ernest Bloch—but not too reminiscent of the synagogue? The ending of the first psalm is indeed beautiful, originally beautiful; so is the treatment of the Alleluia later. And Stravinsky escaped the temptation of making the Psalm of Jubilation one prolonged shout; there is a most effective passage in it to be sung in a subdued manner, as by worshippers in awe of the majesty of the Lord. The symphony is of such importance that it demands a second hearing, one not too long deferred.

The Capriccio is rightly named; the capriciousness is enchanting. Here is an answer, if one were needed, to the charge that Stravinsky is not a melodist when he wishes; that he can write only patterns and rhythmic experiments; that his music is only cerebral. In this Capriccio he may at times entertain the spirit of the music hall, but there is no vulgarity; his tunes are not over-ripe. They incite spiritual gaiety, not a tapping of heels on the floor. His gaiety flags a little for a moment in the second section, but even then the diabolically clever use of orchestral instruments while the piano maintains a pleasingly monotonous figure is in itself a joy. Mr. Sanroma played the piano with a brilliance that was musical, never metallic; with the appropriate capriciousness of mood. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra played as if inspired. And so yesterday the worldly Stravinsky triumphed as far as the audience was concerned over Stravinsky the devout.

There was an exquisite performance of Mozart's symphony, music and a performance of pure beauty. No detail was neglected; no one was unduly emphasized. Never have we heard, for example, so charming an interpretation of the Trio in the Minuet.

Mr. Leopold Stokowski, who has tinkered some of Bach's compositions for orchestral use, explained his reasons a few days ago: "Bach was just a sleepy old man, but a wonderful musician, of course. The music appeals to me for what can be done with it. What matters is the result." No doubt Mr. Stokowski is pleased with the result of his tinkering. Herr Schoenberg has not commented on Bach's sleepiness; he looked on the organ piece as affording a study in orchestration. When Mr. Toscanini conducted Respighi's transcription of Bach's Passacaglia last week in New York Mr. William J. Henderson remarked: "Maybe it is commendable to dress Bach's organ music for orchestration lest it remain unheard by the multitude, but when listening to these metamorphoses this music lover cannot help remembering the line: 'I sometimes think 'twere better had I left the Lord alone.'"

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Louric's "Sonate Liturgique" (with alto voices) and Mahler's "Song of the Earth," symphony for tenor (Mr. Crooks), contralto (Mme. Matzenauer) and orchestra.

LOEW'S STATE

"War Nurse"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Becky Gardiner and Jo Farnham from the anonymous novel of the same name; directed by Edgar Selwyn and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Wally	Robert Montgomery
Robin	Robert Ames
Babs	June Walker
Joy	Anita Page
Cushie	Zasu Pitts
Rosalie	Marie Prevost
Kansas	Helen Jerome Eddy
Matron	Hedda Hopper
Frank	Edward Nugent
Helen	Martha Sleeper
Doctor	Michael Vavitch

A great deal of noise and an appalling amount of energy went into the making of "War Nurse," current feature film at Loew's State Theatre, if one may judge by the vociferous results. It is only to be regretted that the director, Edgar Selwyn, did not make sure in advance that he had a strong enough story on hand to survive. With the lacking, all the groans, all the shell-fire and the bloodshed and all the agony go for little. "War Nurse," heavily advertised as showing women's side of war, had a worthy idea behind it, but the fulfilment is decidedly disappointing. Over the whole thing broods an atmosphere of synthetic tragedy. The spectator does not say "Things didn't happen that way," for he feels that they may have; he can only feel that as shown on the screen they are palpably unreal. There is also an undisguised bid for the popularity based on sensationalism that makes the whole thing seem cheap.

The plot is built around a nursing unit close behind the lines in France. Its members are of all sorts and kinds, from Babs, the bored and wealthy girl in search of new sensation, to Joy, the innocent convent-bred girl whose one idea is that of unselfish service. There is the wise-cracking Rosalie, the lackadaisical Cushie, and the homely and honest Kansas. Joy and Babe meet their affinities, Robin and Wally. The former falls head over heels in love, without a thought of the consequences, only to find that Robin is a married man. Babs, wiser in the ways of men, denies herself to the conceited Wally, although in the end they are married. Tragedy and comedy mingle indiscriminately, but like the most moral tales, "War Nurse" ends with every one dead or reformed.

If everything were not so theatrical and over-stressed, an easier judgment might be possible, but as it is, the film must be set down as a disappointing failure, leaving ample room for a story that will give women in war service their due without hysterics. The women of the cast outnumber and outshine the men completely. June Walker's Babs is a sincere and creditable piece of work, pitched in a refreshingly low key. Anita Page as Joy is less successful, owing to the theatrical nature of the part, but she has some moving and pitiful scenes. Zasu Pitts contributes her customarily excellent work in a brief role, and Helen Jerome Eddy is a humorous and pathetic Kansas. As the two Don Juans Robert Montgomery and Robert Ames were less happy. Mr. Montgomery in particular resembles a bad imitation of William Haines. The backgrounds are realistic and effective.

E. L. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Handel's "Messiah." Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone, conductor. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, 8:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players' 54th concert. Lotti, sonata for flute, viola di gamba, harp (Messrs. Lawrence, A and B. Zikhera). Blentzon, Sonatine op. 7 for flute, clarinet, bassoon (Messrs. Laurent, Poltaschek and

The Theatre

Dec 21 '930

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Barrymore's indefatigable press agent has made the path clear and straight for her appearance at the Wilbur theatre tomorrow night. We were first informed that she was not afraid to blacken her face. Then came a list of white actors and actresses who had appeared as negroes in serious plays; how Mantell used charcoal for a long time as Othello, though Othello was a Moor; how he afterwards was seen with a light-brown complexion. How Rosa Ponselle as Aida painted her face black, "which was correct, because she was singing the part of an Ethiopian princess," but these people, "blameless" as Homer characterized them—Zeus used to visit them when he was not gallivanting—were not jet black, so Miss Ponselle, having been rightly informed, grew lighter and lighter each season.

Then Mrs. C. Pannill Mead, a dramatic critic in Milwaukee, was quoted as an authority on Miss Barrymore's portrayal because she, Mrs. Mead, had many a Negro mammy.

We were next informed by Mr. Lloyd Lewis that in this play Miss Barrymore "must smoke a pipe! All of which she carries through with Barrymore impetuosity." But a pipe should be smoked sedately, in a contemplative mood, as did many worthy women of New England in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries.

Julia Peterkin wrote her novel "Scarlet Sister Mary" when she was sojourning at the McDowell Colony in Peterboro, N. H. A year ago last summer Mr. Reed, who was then a member of that colony, worked on the dramatization of the novel.

The play was produced at Columbus, Ohio, on Sept. 25, 1930. Ethel Barrymore Colt, Ethel Barrymore's daughter, then made her debut as Seraphine. Georgie Drew Mandum had the part of Doll. Estelle Winwood played Cinder. The first performance of the play in New York was at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre on Nov. 25th.

Mr. Reed has written about the Negro dialect, how there has to be a modification of it for the stage. "No white man or northern Negro would understand what the average backwoods darky was saying if they heard him as is." Mr. Reed finds Gullah, used in the novel and the play, the most interesting of all Negro dialects. The Gullah has been described as a "language compounded of pure African, a somewhat Huguenot French influence, and modern American." Miss Barrymore has been quoted as saying that she believes Mrs. Peterkin's story is a timely antidote to the overcrowding of the theatre with the jazz Negro character and is the true revelation of the black race in this country." Her acceptance of the part has been described—or better say, explained—as "her rebellious declaration of the right of an actress to break the bonds of limitations imposed upon her art by modern conditions in the theatre, and the actress's need to go far afield in search of variety and broadening experience which is necessary if a player is not to sink into the rut of the commonplace."

It is not necessary to tell the plot of the play, for many have read the novel, and the plot is simple. Scarlet Sister Mary, or in Gullah Si May-e, is a born lover. She loved before she married the man who ran away. She joyfully substitutes his brother and in the last act she appears as the mother of triplets and other fatherless children; but Mr. Arthur William Row in a fine burst says she "was not merely a sensualist, she was the eternal mother," also "an artist in life."

"Sisters of the Chorus" by Martin Mooney and Thomas Burtis, to be seen at the Lyric tomorrow night, was brought out at the Ritz Theatre, New York, on Oct. 20 of this year. Edna Hibbard played the part of Maxime Laverne, who knew how to "find 'em, feed 'em, fondle 'em, fool 'em and leave 'em." Enid Markey as Blanch Page explained that it was Broadway that had done them in—and finally she shot herself. This play opened in the Bronx last season and then had a long run in Chicago.

"Ladies All" will open an engagement at the Majestic on Tuesday night. Elmer Harris adapted the play from a comedy by Prince Antoine Bibesco, a light and amusing comedy of bed-and-drawing room manners. When it was produced at the Brighton Theatre, Brighton Beach, on July 20, 1930, and at the Morosco Theatre, New York, on July 28, Violet Heming and Walter Woolf played the chief characters. The story is of a rich bachelor and three ladies, a virgin, a divorced woman, and an unappreciated wife, all three desirable.

"Strictly Dishonorable" by Preston Sturges was produced at the Avon theatre, New York, on Sept. 18, 1929, when Muriel Kirkland took the part of the heroine. A young fellow and a girl met in a speakeasy. They meet there a judge who likes his liquor. There is an Italian tenor. The girl decides to throw over her betrothed from East Orange and spend the night in "a more romantic manner." The dialogue has been described as "scintillating." The girl says, "I thought that policemen never drank on duty." The policeman, reaching, replies: "It just seems like never." "It is a quick, witty little comedy," wrote Mr. Lockridge, "themeless and altogether gay. It is a delicately risque little comedy which manages to do all manner of things with never a suggestion of vulgarity, not an ounce of heaviness." When it celebrated its anniversary eight of the original cast had not missed a performance.

The Copley theatre will reopen next Friday night under its new manager. The play will be "Rebound," by Donald Ogden Stewart. It opened in Hartford, Ct., on Jan. 27, 1930, and was seen at the Plymouth theatre, New York, Feb. 3. Hope Williams took the part of Sara Jaffrey; Robert Williams played Johnny Coles. The author took the part of Lee Crawford; Donn Cook that of Bill Truesdale. Sara and Bill were on their honeymoon in Paris. Evie Lawrence (played originally by Katherine Leslie) came along and captured Bill for a visit to the cafes. Johnnie tells Sara, when she is in doleful dumps, that he loves her and regrets his forgetfulness in not proposing to her. The sight of Johnnie on his knees works a change in

Sara's character. Bill also changes. The two of course come together and are blissfully happy. There are "poetic dissertations on love that may easily turn up one day framed on a wall."

Mr. St. John Ervine in the Observer of Nov. 30 wrote feelingly on the subject, "How to Behave at the Play." Here is his introduction:

"The bronchial barkers will soon be in full blast in the theatre, and the chocolate-muncher will be busy, too. During the summer the blithe girl has been practising hard with large pieces of silver paper so that she shall be in form for the winter sports in the playhouse, and precisely at the moment when some important line is to be spoken on the stage, she will open her box of chocolates as noisily as possible and will unfold a candy from its rustling silver sheet and, having dropped the candy on the floor, will then unfold another, more noisily, and pop it quickly into her mouth and begin to munch. If her neighbor is a barking gentleman, a hearty hoaster of the extra-bronchial brigade, those who are unfortunate enough to sit near to them will be lucky if they hear a word of the play. Then our old friend, the late-comer, who has probably been comatose during the summer, will awaken and dash into the theatre, 10, 15 and 20 minutes after the curtain has arisen. Experienced late-comers take care to secure seats in the middle of a row so that they may cause the greatest annoyance and inconvenience to the greatest number of persons as they thrust their way to their seats. If by any mischance a capable late-comer should arrive at the theatre before the curtain has arisen, he will lurk about the vestibule until he is certain that . . . . . people."

("Hoaster"? The word "hoast" stands for "cough" in northern English dialect. Was it ever used in New England?)

But Mr. Ervine, though he sermonizes at length on the above text, says nothing about those pests who giggle whenever there is an emotional scene on the stage, or one of melodramatic intensity. A few nights ago when the worthless Madeline in "Dishonored Lady" put strychnin in Moreno's coffee the gigglers were convulsed with laughter by Madeline's little joke. Nor was this the fault of Miss Cornell, who poisoned the cup in the traditional hurried and furtive manner.

Mr. Ervine quotes from Hugh Scott's "Good manners and Bad" a passage that with a few slight modifications is applicable to our own audiences;

"Others who annoy in the theatre (as indeed in many other places) are people who cough continually (among the worst of all nuisances, these), people who munch sweets audibly (previously extracted, as someone has remarked, from what appears to be five-pound notes), ladies who are perpetually losing their belongings and requiring them to be retrieved, ladies who overscent themselves, men who smell of whisky, or onions, or stale tobacco, people who are deaf or dense (or both), and require to have all the jokes repeated to them; and last, but not least, the ladies who produce lip-stick, powder-puff, hair-brush, and other paraphernalia and perform all the mysteries of their toilet for the benefit of the public."

"Tobias and the Angel," based on the Apocryphal Book of Tobia, has been produced at Cambridge, England. Tobias, his family, the Archangel Raphael and the rest are represented as "very ordinary lovable beings, talking colloquial modern English." "There is within his (James Bridie's) play and wisdom and a sense of beauty." As we remember the story, there is also a series of bed-room scenes.

"Cantor's humor (in 'Whoopee') is thoroughly American. All his jokes are hard and seem to have passed through a machine which has given them a cutting edge. But they are so exquisitely timed that we soon cease to resent their hardness."—London Times.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Flute Players Club this afternoon will perform music by Lotti, Bentzon and Egidi that is unfamiliar. Lotti of Venice died in 1740. He is known in this country chiefly by his music for the church, but he wrote 20 odd operas, the first one when he was 16 years old. Arthur Egidi, whose quartet for wood-wind instruments will be played, was born at Berlin in 1859. He has busied himself musically as organist, chorus conductor, pianist (especially in chamber music) and composer. Jorgen Bentzon is unknown to us. He amused himself by writing a sonatine for flute, clarinet and bassoon. Prudent has figured at these concerts before, if we are not mistaken. Little is known about his life. He flourished in the latter half of the 18th century and wrote an opera, "Les Jardinieres," which was performed at Paris in 1771; but Grimm and Diderot, though they had much to say about operas great and small in the "Correspondance Litteraire," do not speak of this production in 1771, nor do they mention his name in their 16 volumes. Fetis in his huge dictionary ignores Prudent; Pougin in the supplement to Fetis has only a few lines. What was this . . . "La Monique" from which the Flute Players Club has taken "Les Bouquets de Chassenay" for flute, viola di gamba and harp?

So Miss Mary Garden will take two roles in operas by Massenet in the same afternoon: the unhappy woman in "La Navarraise" and the joyous jongleur of Our Lady. Two singers made a deep impression in this city when they took the part of the woman of Navarre: Mme. Gerville-Reache, whose death at an early age was a grievous loss to the operatic stage. Who can forget her reading of the letter in "Pelleas and Melisande" or her Delilah in Saint-Saens's operatic oratorio. Miss Peggy Wood in her "Actors and People" tells a story about G. B. S. and "La Navarraise."

Mme. Calve was appearing in a one-act opera of Massenet (of which Mr. Shaw could not remember the name), which begins with a bombardment off-stage.

The manager was experimenting with a new method of simulating the noise of gun fire. It was a successful method—indeed so successful that the audience (so Miss Wood reports Mr. Shaw) were flung out of their seats in panic, the windows of the opera house and those of every dwelling within six blocks shattered, and the police turned out. In the midst of this Calve shot out on the stage singing.

Later Miss Wood, who became a pupil of Mme. Calve, asked her about the explosion. She replied she didn't remember it. But she provided Mr. Shaw with an excellent defence.

"I was so wrapped up in what I was doing—the role was written for me, you know, La Navarraise—that I neither saw nor heard anything. The opera house could have tumbled down around me and I should have gone on singing."

Victor Chenkin, the singing actor, who will be here again next Thursday night, thinks he is a fortunate man: "I am able to do what every one would like to do. I can stop being myself and become some one else for a while. I am happiest when I am on the stage, feeling, looking like and even being another man. When I put on my costume and makeup and look at myself in the mirror something happens both to my mind and body, I stop being myself. If the mirror reflects the face of the weather-beaten, frostbitten Ukrainian peasant, my knees automatically sag and my shoulders stoop. I could not stand erect and strong if I used all my will power. When I see myself as the gay Italian, I become alive with a new vibrant energy."

A reporter of the New York Sun found him in his room reading Carl Sandburg's "American Songboy," intent on finding new material for his "Characterizations and Songs." All of this is important—if true.

Mr. Oscar Thompson of the New York Evening Post thinks that Rachmaninoff's Vocalese needed no text as Mme. Braslau sang it to express "the anguish of a lost soul, or perhaps a nation of lost souls." Is this a knock or a boost for the singer?

The Chamber Orchestra of Boston, composed of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nicolas Slonimsky, founded and managed by A. H. Handley, will give an unusual concert in New York on Jan. 10. We say "unusual" for the program is far from ordinary. Mozart, Symphony No. 1, written when he was a "wonder-child." Ives, "Three Places in New England" (Boston Common; Putnam's Camp, Redding, Ct.; The Housatonic at Stockbridge). Rigger, Suite for flute alone (Mr. Laurent, soloist). Ruggles, "Men and Mountains." Milford, Suite for Chamber Orchestra. Cowell, "Marked Passages," a sinfonietta. Mozart, "A Musical Joke," written, it is said, "to ridicule inexpert composers of music." Yet in a way it is prophetic of a certain contemporaneous composers, for it ends in five different keys, contains consecutive fifths and other modern tricks. Mr. Slonimsky's program notes are as instructive as they are entertaining and unconventional. Thus he speaks of Mr. Ruggles as "not so unanimously overlooked as Charles Ives." And we are aghast at the thought that "Ruggles is scaling heights, plumbing depths, proclaiming polysyllabic millenia." Can no one stop him?

Mr. Stokowski said to a reporter in Philadelphia: "When I conduct, I feel some strange, mysterious electrical force flowing through me. What it is, I do not know."

Perhaps his trip to Mexico this month will benefit him. He is surely in a parlous state.

Chenkin
Repertory theatre

Dec 21 1930

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Way of All Men"

An all-tar talking screen drama adapted by Bradley King from the play by Henning Berger entitled "The Deluge"; directed by Frank Lloyd and presented by First National with the following cast:

Billy Bear.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Poppy.....Dorothy Revier
Stratton.....Noah Beery
Frazer.....Anders Randolph
Swift.....Robert Edeson
Preacher.....William Courtenay
Nordling.....William Orlamond
Priscilla.....Julanne Johnston
Higgins.....Ivan Simpson
Sharp.....Henry Kolker
Charlie.....Wade Boteler

When "The Deluge," known in Swedish as "Syndasfloden" ("The Sin Flood" in literal translation), was produced by Arthur Hopkins 13 years ago, Poppy, of the Strand chorus, was Sadie of the street. Pauline Lord gave her poignant portrayal. Billy Bear, young broker's clerk who becomes rich through speculation in cotton, was Adams. The Preacher, who has lost his wife and his pulpit through Sharp, a crooked building contractor, was O'Neill, a garrulous lawyer. There was no Priscilla to complicate matters. Otherwise, the characters in the screen version stand much as in the stage play.

A group of nine men and one woman are trapped in a flashy cafe and barroom in a Mississippi city when a vicious tornado followed by a flood strikes the place. Stratton, the proprietor, orders Charlie, the bartender, to close the steel safety doors as the ravaging waters breaking through a weak spot in Sharp's skimpily-laid levees, threaten to drown them. For 24 hours these men, each with some weight on his conscience, drink doggedly at the bar, talk in babbling speech as fear obsesses their shrivelled souls. Financial enemies clasp hands forgivingly. The preacher quotes biblical phrases, would have them sing, "Lead, Kindly Light," hail one another as brother. Billy Bear, who has cruelly deserted Poppy to wed that night, of all nights, Priscilla, daughter of his partner, Swift, begs forgiveness of Poppy, swears he still loves her, despite his own trangressions, and hers. Charlie confesses to Stratton that he has been robbing the till, tenders food and drink to the tramp whom he has ejected many times in the past. Stratton, saturnine, smiling, opens his choicest champagne. In such a moment, when all are about to die, the treat is on the house.

Just as Nordling, once a prominent scientist and now a derelict, has calculated that the last cubic inch of oxygen in the air-tight room is to be exhausted, it occurs to Billy Bear to order the doors opened. They will all die at once, purged of their sins, splendid in their ultimate courage. The doors are opened, sunlight drenches the room. The flood has subsided, there is no danger. At once they revert to their evil states. Old enemies again snarl at each other, the preacher decamps with a flask of whis-

brief scenes of the storm's fury of the river's turbulence. The picture may be classed less as a filmed play than as an artless anecdote, with a cynical conclusion. It is scarcely the sort of picture one would choose for a season supposed to be dedicated to cheerliness, gayety, fraternal greetings. Who knows! Perhaps they will revive "Submarine" or "Men Without Women" for Easter week!

W. E. G.

PARK

"Wild Men of Kalihari"

A part talking film taken under the auspices of the Denver Museum of Natural History; synchronized lecture by Dr. C. Ernest Cadle; presented by Talking Picture Corp., Inc.

Africa still holds a fascination for the uninitiated, who find their own time and place more than a little dull. "Wild Men of Kalihari," screen feature at the Park Theatre, was sponsored by the Denver Museum of Natural History, and despite its educational purpose proves both instructive and interesting. Not that it inspires one to follow in the paths of the explorers, however, for one grows more appreciative of home comforts after witnessing the forms of culture practiced in Africa. The picture in itself begins rather spottily, showing brief views of various historic spots and covering scenes viewed in previous travel films of the past. The very beautiful views of the Victoria-Zambesi Falls and the pictures of some delightfully curious and unafraid monkeys should receive their share of credit.

The Wild Men of Kalihari themselves are very interesting indeed. They are well built, reasonably intelligent and, if one may believe the commentary of Dr. Cadle, extremely ferocious. Their acquaintance with white men is very limited and they were as difficult to approach as wild animals. Once attracted by gifts and the guarded attitude of the explorers, they grew almost as inquisitive as the monkeys, evincing particular interest in a portable phonograph. They have interesting exhibitions of their tribal dances and games that lack but little of being hand-to-hand combats. The methods of cooking, sewing, shaving and making fire employed by the tribe appear to go back to the stone age, although they have a few crude weapons made of iron. Women are kept pretty much in submission, not being allowed to eat with their husbands and subsisting on raw scraps thrown them from their master's table.

The children are a lively and sturdy group, but so crude is the food eaten by their elders that they are nursed by their mothers until they are as much as 8 years old. As soon as they can walk they learn to hunt. Life in Kalihari is extremely primitive but it appears to make for a strong and active race. The picture is of varying merit, but for the most part interesting and well-photographed. The accompanying lecture has fewer wisecracks than might be expected.—E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"The Gorilla"

An all-talking mystery comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Ralph Spoote; directed by Bryan Foy and presented by First National, with the following cast:

Garrity ..... Joe Frisco
Mulligan ..... Harry Gribbon
Arthur Marsden ..... Walter Pidgeon
Alice Denby ..... Lila Lee
The Stranger ..... Purnell Pratt
Cyrus Stevens ..... Edwin Maxwell
Simmons ..... Roscoe Karns
Biff ..... Will Philbrick

A generally muddled, thoroughly preposterous and not very exciting film is "The Gorilla," current screen feature at the Modern and Beacon theatres. It is the sort of thing calling for a great deal of comic relief in the midst of gould-be hair-raising horrors. The play from which it is taken achieved a fair amount of success, and the film may do the same, provided audiences leave all their brains at home. The plot is heavily concerned with a series of mysterious murders committed by a monster calling himself "The Gorilla." An eminent scientist, Cyrus Stevens, warned that he will be the next victim, assembles at his house a group consisting of his niece, Alice Denby, her fiance, Arthur Marsden, and two comic detectives, Mulligan and Garrity.

The rest of the film is devoted to unexplained disappearances, sudden dimming of the lights, kidnappings, shrieks and the usual paraphernalia of this sort of yarn. One of the detectives puts on a gorilla suit in order to attract the real gorilla, Marsden becomes "Van Cleave of Scotland Yard" and, of course, the least suspected person turns out to be the criminal. The acting is of little importance. Harry Gribbon and Joe Frisco did what they could as the two comic detectives; Lila Lee, in becoming negligee, screamed a few times, and Walter Pidgeon made a dapper Marsden. The rest do not matter.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

LYRIC—"Sisters of the Chorus," comedy, with Enid Markey, 8:20.

SHUBERT—"The Street Singer," musical comedy, with Queenie Smith; 8:30.

WILBUR—"Scarlet Sister Mary," a play, with Ethel Barrymore, 8:30.

OPENING—Majestic, Tuesday night, "Ladies All"; comedy, with Walter Woolf, Violet Heming. Colonial, Thursday night, "Strictly Dishonorable," comedy by Preston Sturges; Copley, Friday night, "Rebound," with New Copley Players.

DARK—The Plymouth, Hollis Street and Tremont.

FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

A concert of delightful music was given yesterday afternoon by the Flute Players' Club at the Boston Art Club. The audience was of good size. Three of the four pieces performed have not been heard in Boston; only one of the composers was not unfamiliar. The program was as follows:

Sonate for flute, viola di gamba, and harp ..... Antonio Lotti
Sonatine for flute, clarinet and bassoon ..... Jorgen Bentzon
Les Bouquets de Chassenay, from La Monique, for flute, viola di gamba and harp ..... Pruden
Quartet for flute, oboe, clarinet and bassoon ..... A. Egidi

Alfred Zighera, viola di gamba; George Laurent, flute; Fernad Gillet, obe; Victor Polatschek, clarinet; Abdon Laus, bassoon; Bernard Zighera, harp.

The sonate of Lotti charmed in the way that much 17th-century music does—it has economy, without being meagre, there is in it an innate delicacy and grace, and its liveliness is really light-hearted, not hysterical. The allegro has an intricately interwoven, but neat and balanced pattern; the adagio was pastoral, with the flute singing peacefully against accompanying figures by the tinkling harp and reedy viola di gamba; the vivace could be studied by many a young composer interested in achieving an effect of jollity by a pleasantly stimulating confusion of sweet sounds, which rearrange themselves, when the frail ear has hastily adjusted its receiving apparatus, into many charming little tunes.

Bentzon's Sonatine is a curious work, doing something (whether intentionally or not) that most pieces for a few wood winds avoid . . . that is, pitching three instruments more or less close together in the scale, and giving them similar figures and themes. In the rather monotonous, though sometimes interesting results of this scheme, moments from the symhonies of Sibelius are recalled, especially in those pages of the score where Bentzon gives the bassoon the role of simulating the tympani, with sturdy faithfulness contributing two notes only, but those frequently, to the ensemble. There were bits of original and interesting writing in this sonatine, but during too much of the time it sounded like the isolated flute, clarinet and bassoon parts from a symhony, practised together merely for mutual aid.

Les Bouquets de Chassenay, brought the flute, viola di gamba and harp together once more. This ensemble of instruments, no doubt due partly to the gifts of the three players, is an especially lovely one. The Air Gracieux from Les Bouquets is a smoothly flowing melody; the tambourine whirls madly, stops to rest and then whirls away again to a sudden finish.

The quartet of Egidi, however, was the highest point, musically speaking, of the afternoon, both as regards intrinsic musical interest and performance. Here is music that seems written by a bold and certain hand, sure of effects—no longer experimental or childishly pleased with the results of random sketching, but original and free. There is revealed in this quartet an unusual gift for pure sustained melody, for strong and piquant harmony, for neat interlacing of voices. It had a sharp wit without self-consciousness, and a beauty of construction that was merely the firm framework for the musical ideas. This should be heard more often.

E. B.

"THE MESSIAH"

At Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, the Handel and Haydn Society gave its 161st performance of "The Messiah." The soloists were Ruth Rodgers, soprano, Abbie Conley Rice, alto, George Boynton, tenor, and Walter Kidder, bass. The instrumental parts of Handel's score, as elaborated successively by Mozart and Robert Franz, were entrusted to the People's Symphony orchestra and William Burbank, organist. Over the vast concourse of singers and players that crowded the enlarged platform, Thompson Stone, regular conductor now of both chorus and orchestra, held sway. The hall was completely filled by an absorbed and keenly appreciative audience.

The enduring greatness of Handel's masterpiece, the ever-living freshness of its beauty, could hardly be more convincingly attested than by the manner in which this oratorio has survived the unswerving devotion of the English-speaking countries, its perennial reappearance at Christmas or on Good Friday, the innumerable devoutly dull performances by choral societies large and small. After nearly 190 years of such treatment its music still reveals the overwhelmingly magnificent jubilation of the "Hallelujah" chorus and the final "Amen" were extraordinarily exciting; more somberly effective was the chorus "Surely he hath borne our griefs." The performance was less to be commended for fineness of detail or subtlety of nuance. Much of the instrumental playing was stiff and wooden; some excruciating accidents marred the accompaniments of more than one of the solos; although in general the People's Symphony orchestra did its work so adequately, and sometimes so pleasingly—as in the so-called Pastoral Symphony—as to justify strongly its continued use as instrumental collaborator of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Mr. Boynton's light, smooth tenor voice, not free from a slight but unwelcome tinge of nasal quality but admirably controlled, gave pleasure in the exquisite opening recitative and air, "Comfort ye," and elsewhere. Miss Rodgers's brilliant but uneven soprano, Mrs. Rice's dark and beautiful contralto, expressive but somewhat deficient in power and carrying quality, Mr. Kidder's powerful, brilliant and remarkably agile bass—especially appreciated in the famous "Why do the nations so furiously rage" and, assisted by the excellent playing of the orchestra's first trumpet player in "The trumpet shall sound"—all added to the pleasure of the audience and were rewarded with vigorous and prolonged applause. With no less enthusiasm was the work of chorus, orchestra, and conductor commended by yesterday's audience. S. S.

Weeks

By PHILIP HALE

WILBUR THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Scarlet Sister Mary," a play in five scenes, being Daniel Reed's dramatization of Julia Peterkin's novel with the same title. Produced at Columbus, O., on Sept. 25, 1930. Presented by Lee Shubert at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, New York, on Nov. 25, 1930. Directed by E. M. Blyth. Settings by Watson Barratt. Costumes designed by Orry Kelly. The cast last night was as follows:

Maum Hannah ..... Beatrice Terry
Mona ..... Anita Rothe
Tressie ..... Denise Morris
Sister Mary (called Si May-e) ..... Ethel Barrymore
Budda Beo ..... Horace Braham
Cinder ..... Estelle Winwood
June ..... John Roseleigh
July ..... Walter Gilbert
Cousin Andrew ..... Leo Kennedy
Big Boy ..... Herbert Gentry
Doll ..... Georgie Drew Mendum
Tussie ..... Blanche Collins
Luke ..... Burke Clarke
Gadsen ..... Wilbur Cox
Gracey ..... Marjorie Main
Reverend Duncan ..... Marcel Dill
Brer Dee ..... Daniel Bagnell
Unex ..... Albert Ridge
Daddy Cudjoe ..... William B. Mack
Seraphine ..... Ethel Barrymore Colt
Thatcher ..... Marcel Dill
Brunton ..... Alan Campbell
Wade ..... Charles Quigley
Big Boy (at age of 30) ..... Theo. De Corsia
Unex (at age of 20) ..... Malcolm Solton

Mr. Reed became acquainted with the Gullah Negroes living on Mrs. Peterkin's plantation. He has informed us in an interesting article that Miss Barrymore is "sensitive to the strange subtleties," of this dialect and in her contacts with the Negroes who use it has acquired "a true knowledge of it," but she believes that "a suggestion of it is better than a thick spread of it over the words of the play." The question is, whether those sitting in the back seats of the theatre can understand this dialect as it is spoken on the stage; whether it is only suggested or smeared all over the dialogue. Many in the first rows found the talking, especially in the first act, often unintelligible.

That Miss Barrymore chose a role for which she was required to blacken her face caused surprise in some quarters; no doubt shocked some of her most ardent admirers; but her face, whether, it be coal black, or the pleasing hue of coffee-and-cream, would not disguise her; she is at once recognized by her voice, its throaty emotionalism, its singsong, its intonations; the vocal mannerisms that, not necessarily injurious to a faithful portrayal of a Negress, always endear her to her worshippers.

What is of more importance is whether the drama preserves the qualities of the novel that at once became popular. Is Mrs. Peterkin's novel one that could be effective, picturesque, emotional when it is shaped for the stage? Scenes can be transferred; passages of dialogue can be spoken; but how about the whole "atmosphere," the spirit of the novel, the slow development of character through the years? Could Mr. Reed or anyone else give us the novel in dramatic form? It is doubtful.

Suppose no one had read the story; had gone last night to see only the play, at the same time glad of the opportunity of seeing Miss Barrymore. (There are men and women, especially women, who go to certain plays only because Miss Barrymore takes part in them; would go if the play were by Shakespeare, Coward, Lonsdale or Edgar Wallace. With these theatregoers, the play is decidedly not the thing.

Would the one unacquainted with the novel find the play an entertaining or affecting portrayal of Negro character and life, through the play itself and the performance?

The story is of the simplest. The heroine was a free lover before she married July. He ran away with Cinder, who was, in fact, a live coal. Whereupon our Scarlet Sister sought consolation in the arms of her husband's brother, thinking, perhaps, that her behavior was proper and commendable as long as her new man was in the family. Twenty years later she was the proud mother of many children whose fathers had not entered into the holy bonds of matrimony with her. She was not episodically scarlet; she was busily scarlet all the time.

All this must be told on the stage more or less hurriedly. There's no time for any elaborate study of character; no time for the narration that might lead one to look on the Scarlet Sister as a pathetic figure, or a symbol of triumphant motherhood.

Whether Miss Barrymore embodies Mrs. Peterkin's Negress is not our business. Does she give a compelling portrayal of the heroine in the play?

Unfortunately she, with the others in the company, fails to create an illusion. It is impossible to accept these men and women on the stage as members of the Negro race. They are simply well rehearsed white folks playing to the best of their ability with blacked faces. Nine-tenths of the time Miss Barrymore hardly attempts to speak the Gullah or any other Negro dialect. There is nothing in the play to lead one to infer that Sister Mary had had superior advantages; that she had learned to speak like the mistress of a plantation. At first Miss Barrymore made a brave attempt to be black in speech; but as the play went on she was more and more Miss Barrymore with all her familiar vocal tricks. When she came to the two last scenes, especially when she pulled her oratorical stop after the death of Unex, she might have been haranguing a play by Pinero or Mangham. As far as her acting was concerned, it was in these last scenes that she was at her best. Her rejection of the fresh young man's amorous advances; her dismissal of the returning July; her quiet contempt for Cinder when she was old and decrepit; her final agony—here one found her playing admirably in the manner she would if the play were of English or French manufacture, and she were a high-born dame.

The play itself is of only moderate interest; it would remain so, even if the players were to the color born, and there was the necessary illusion. At it was the performance of the wedding scene might pass for a moderately amusing show.

It might be said of the supporting company that they did their best as if conscious of the task set them. Miss Colt as Seraphine appeared on the Boston stage for the first time.

The settings were appropriate. The "Heaven Gate Singers" lifted up their voices melodiously. At the end of the play there was hearty applause.

LYRIC

"Sisters of the Chorus"

"Sisters of the Chorus," a comedy in three acts, by Martin Mooney and Thomson Burtis; staged by John Hayden and produced by Raymond Productions, Inc., in Chicago, May 12, 1930; rewritten and presented at the Ritz Theatre, New York, Oct. 20, 1930, with Enid Markey as Blanche Page, Edna Hibbard as Maxine Laverne; performed last evening at the Lyric Theatre with this cast:

Blanche Page ..... Enid Markey
Maxine Laverne ..... Thelma Ritter
Jack Peart ..... Richard Brandlon
Betty Gilbert ..... Caroline Crosby
Theodore Kane ..... Henry Crosby
Billy Clark ..... Joe Moran
Anne Page ..... Muriel Owen
Barney Hutchinson ..... Charles Seal
Louis Gordon ..... William C. Green
Charles Lawrence ..... Julian Noel
A Canvasser ..... Jimmie Collins

"Sisters of the Chorus" is a little of everything; a popgun discharging chorus girls' wisecracks every other second, a segment of life as racketeers play it; and a preachment against feminine frailty as it is found among those fair and flippant maidens who are known as "ladies of the ensemble." Its wisecracks are so numerous that they threaten at times to become tiresome. Then, one better than usual spins across the footlights, and flagging interest in the play takes on new keenness. Its glimpses of racketeering are reminiscent of "Broadway." Threats are uttered freely; there is mention of "rides" and "spots," terms familiar to all who read the tabloids of such densely populated cities as Chicago and New York.

There is, finally, a death by gunplay, temporary embarrassment and misery for a young girl recently attached to the stage, suicide and eternal rest for her elder sister who, at 32, had seen much of life, had become disillusioned, tired and was through. In a written confession, before she retired to the bathroom for the fatal shot, she took all the blame for the sudden extermi-

nation of Louis Gordon, as fatty a crook as ever trod the boards. Every one knew that little sister Anne had done it. Blanche also had taken a few moments to disclose to the younger sister how wicked she had been, how easy it was to slip, what tactics she must adhere to if she wanted to keep out of the mire. Somehow, little of all this rang true. Perhaps the fault lay with the authors, who have written their scenes vigorously, often frankly, but seldom with subtlety. Perhaps it lay in an uneven performance, caused by many substitutions in the cast. Last evening's audience, of lethargic disposition, was inclined to treat it all rather lightly, to show signs of boredom when the players encountered a serious scene.

Miss Markey, as he defeated showgirl, is the only surviving member of the original cast on the feminine side. Suspiciously suggestive in voice and gesture of Helen Morgan, she carried the brunt of the emotional burdens of the play. Miss Ritter, succeeding Miss Edna Hibbard as Maxine, chief wisecracker and consumer of strong liquors, was a source of constant joy to those who like their repartee terse and tart. Miss Crosby as the third of the three skirted musketeers seemed unenthused, though equipped with a few sharp rejoinders for the acidulous darts from Maxine's quiver. Miss Owen was less the stage-struck younger sister than a convent runaway. Mr. Crosby and Mr. Green, likewise of the original cast, were entertaining respectively as a Wall street magnate masquerading as a Kansas City butter and egg man, and a racketeer who was mean to his women and treacherous to his business associates. One character, originally known as Hubert DuFrayne, has become Jack Pearl. Change of name has not concealed the type. The action of the play is confined to an apartment in the West Fifties of New York. The time, an afternoon in July, afternoon and night of one month later, and the afternoon of the following day. It seemed much longer.

W. E. G.

Dec 24 1930

By PHILIP HALE

..MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Ladies All," a comedy in three acts and four scenes, adapted by Elmer Harris from "Laquelle?" by the Prince Antoine Bibesco. Settings by Rollo Wayne. Directed by Marcel Varnel. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Morosco Theatre, New York, on July 28, 1930.

The cast last night was as follows:

Nancy.....Violet Heming
Julie.....Germaine Giroux
Ann.....May Collins
Bob.....Walter Woolf
Chic.....Preston Foster
James.....William David

Prince Bibesco's comedy was produced at the Theatre des Mathurins, Paris, on Sept. 24, 1927. The question "Laquelle" applies to one of the three women who took part on a stormy night in a bedroom scene with a young Don Juan. The scene of the action and the guessing is a villa in Normandy. Prince Bibesco showed his play to one manager after another They all wanted a new version of a play that had succeeded. One manager would accept the comedy if the action were transferred to a yacht. Another insisted on an additional character, a husband. In despair the Prince sent it to Burguet, and said "Do what you like with it, but give me some news occasionally." When he heard that his play had been accepted the Prince was inclined to ask what the subject of it was. "The adventure happened to a friend of mine; he has two ways to solve a problem. Is 'Laquelle' the jigsaw or the cross-word puzzle? Or is it but a combination of the two—the lives of others as seen by a third person?" In the original play the question remains until the end. The audience was left guessing which of the three women entered the bedroom," or whether every one, including the audience, were merely victims of an inimitable bluff.

Prince Bibesco might ask if Mr. Harris' adaptation is the play he at last knew as his own. In the process of "Americanization," a French play often suffers a sea-change. The pathetic ending of "The Lily," for example, was turned into a scene of happiness. Bernstein's "Samson" was spoiled by an ending "to suit American taste." Only a few days ago "Purity" was ruined by a foolish epilogue.

Mr. Harris transfers the scene from a Norman Villa to Westport, Ct. The villa becomes a barn studio. Nancy is a divorced woman playing with sculpture; Ann is a married woman who

SPREADING THE NAME

Dec 22 By PHILIP HALE 1930

The English used to laugh at Americans for using only an initial for a middle name. An English novelist, introducing an American, would treat him thus, as in the case of Mr. Gilead P. Beck in "The Golden Butterfly." There was for some years a prejudice in this country against men who "parted their name in the middle" as those who parted their hair in the middle were thought to be effeminate. Parents in Chicago known to us, at a loss for a middle name, gave the poor boy the initial "X." He was, indeed, an unknown quantity at college and in the few years after his graduation.

Now, men and maidens delight in flaunting their whole name. Read the "society columns" in the newspapers: "Arabella Jenkins Ferguson," "Azariah McCollop Jones." Some began the custom timidly. In the early years of his professional life the comedian and singer Barnabee was known cavalierly only as Barnabee. As he grew in fame he became H. C. Barnabee, then Henry C. Barnabee. When a Bostonian proclaimed him to be "The Coquelin of New England"—strange that neither Sarcey nor Lemaitre ever dubbed Coquelin "The Barnabee of Paris"—the name Henry Clay Barnabee appeared in full. For the name of the Kentucky statesman, adored by thousands, was given not only to a cigar; it was bestowed on helpless babes in baptism, and his portrait was painted on the backs of clothes-brushes.

The spreading of the whole name is preferable to the form that was once thought to be "genteel"—B. Squibob Montressor—who always put "Esq." after it and wrote on hotel registers "and Lady," thus assuring the clerk that his female companion was a lady, even if she was not his wife.

But what was the poor Englishwoman to do whose name went recently to Somerset House: Ann Bertha Cecilia Diana Emily Fanny Gertrude Hypatia Inez Jane Kate Louisa Maud Nora Ophelia Quince Rebecca Starkey Teresa Ulysses Venus Winifred Xenophon Yerta Zenus Pepper? Was she familiarly known as Ann Pepper, or if she was fair of face, Venus Pepper, in which case young swains might be pardoned for alluding to her as "hot stuff"? She should wed the kinsman of the Earl of Dysart who rejoices in the name of Lyulph Ydwallo Odin Nestor Egbert Lyonel Toedmag Hugh Erchenwyne Saxon Esa Cromwell Orma Nevill Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache-Tollemache. One of his brothers has nine names, a sister eighteen.

"John Smith" is less of a handicap; so is "Mary Brown."

THE NEGLECTED BIBLE

Dec 28 1930

Not long ago Prof. Julian Huxley, supposed to be a man of liberal education, said, "Some men, when they are at the end of their tether, wish only, as did Job, to curse Job and die." Now Job did not curse himself, he cursed the day of his birth. It was his wife who said unto him, "Curse God, and die." He died at last, for he was mortal, but with the happy ending demanded by so many American theatregoers, leaving 14,000 sheep, 6000 camels, 1000 yoke of oxen, and 1000 she asses, not to mention three daughters renowned for their beauty, and seven sons. In one of the recent English Christmas numbers is a sketch of the "animals entering Noah's Ark two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo," but the artist drew around them a rainbow, which came after the flood had subsided. Did not Gladstone once write of "the heat of that furnace through which Daniel passed unscathed"? He might as well have spoken of the three Hebrew children in the lions' den.

We are shamefully ignorant of the Bible in these days. There was a time no farther back than the civil war when biblical speech was in the mouths of all; it was used familiarly to characterize a man, a woman or a cause. Politicians would use a text to give emphasis to an argument. Illustrations would be drawn from Holy Writ in a debate at town meeting. Captions for political cartoons would be Scriptured.

How many today could name the warrior who inquired affectionately after a man's health and then smote him under the fifth rib? Or explain why the Cave of Adullam was used with reference to the disaffected in a political campaign? Why "the road to Damascus" was mentioned ironically in the case of a turn-coat?

There are "revised" Bibles; there are "expurgated" Bibles; there are even Bibles rewritten for the genteel; Bibles in colloquial language of today. Jonah and the whale are still remembered, but how many can tell why a man that brings bad luck is called a Jonah?

Dec. 21 1930

COLONIAL

"Strictly Dishonorable"

Comedy in three acts by Preston Sturges; staged by Antoinette Perry and Brook Pemberton, with settings by Raymond Sovey, and produced by Mr. Pemberton at the Avon Theatre, New York, Sept. 18, 1929, with Tullio Carminati as Count Di Ruvo and Muriel Kirkland as Isabelle Parry; performed last evening at the Colonial Theatre with the following cast:

Giovanni.....John Robb
Mario.....Guido Alexander
Tomaso Antiovi.....Ralph Locke
Judge Dempsey.....Lee Baker
Henry Greene.....George Meeker
Isabelle Parry.....Flobelle Fairbanks
Count Di Ruvo.....Lino Manzoni
Patrolman Mulligan.....Jerome Daley

If all the speakeasies of this expansive land could have as overlords such genial and paternal Italians as Tomaso Antiovi, what more beatific prospect could one wish? Of course there could not always be a gallant Italian tenor of proud lineage, or a judge of kindly approachable nature of philosophic or sentimental moods, willing ex-officio to fraternize with an officer of the law in pursuit of his duty, capable of absorbing countless drinks, from old fashioneds to champagne; or a young woman as ingenuous, wily, mischievous and wholly charming as Isabelle Parry, from Yoakum, Miss. On the other hand, one might encounter other attractive or convivial persons, either at the bar or in the cosy little suites upstairs. It is too much to wish, but it makes excellent matter for dreams.

"Strictly Dishonorable" deserves all the fulsome adjectives which have been hurled its way in New York for the last 15 months. It is a play written brightly and smartly, without one offensive line or situation to mar it. The first act is well nigh perfect in its introduction of the eight characters engaged. Atmosphere, dialogue, development of individuality and of such plot as there is, are true, mirthful and plausible. When, at the curtain, Isabelle has accepted Di Ruvo's invitation to be his guest for the night, to the judge's disapproval, the author has the audience at his mercy. 'The judge is afraid for me," remarks Isabelle. Di Ruvo admits it. "What are your intentions toward me?" she queries, very innocently. "Strictly dishonorable, Isabelle!" replies Di Ruvo, smiling.

What happens after that is steadily entertaining. Humor, badinage, caprice, tederness, jealousy, acerbity, enter into the situations. Why did the amorous Gus—shorter and more intimate name

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Hook, Line and Sinker"

An all-talking comedy adapted to t screen from the original story by T Whelan; directed by Edward Cline and p duced by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc., with t following cast:

Wilbur Boswell.....Bert Whee
Addington Ganzy.....Robert Woolf
Mary Marsh.....Dorothy I
Mrs. Marsh.....Jobyna Howla
John Blackwell.....Ralfe Haro
The Duke of Winchester...William Davids
Duchess Bessie Vanessie..Natalie Moorhe
Bell Boy.....George Mari
House Detective.....Hugh Herb
McKay.....Stanley Fiel

Opening today at the New B. Keith Theatre is "Hook, Line and Sin er," the latest co-starring vehicle Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey. Tl first thing to be said of it and tl most important, is that if you like tl Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey you w enjoy the film. If you don't, you m find it something of a bore. These tv comedians, imported from the stage play in "Rio Rita," and retained on tl screen ever since, seem to be rath poorly endowed in the way of jokes, f their humor, after only four pictures growing noticeably thin. "Hook, Lin and Sinker" has its entertaining m ments and gathers momentum abo two-thirds of the way through, but can hardly rank as a comedy maste piece.

The story varies between farce ar satire. Wilbur Boswell and Addingt Ganzy, two wandering insurance agent attempt to assist Mary Marsh in mal ing a success of a decrepit hotel. Th advertise it as a fashionable reso thus attracting not only wealthy pe sons but two separate bands of crook anxious to clean up on the guests' e pensive jewelry. This brings about climax ridiculous and amusing at tl same time, when the two rival gan attempt to exterminate one anothe The solution is not hard to guess, n very important.

Through a maze of deliberately ar frequently self-conscious absurd sit ations wander Wheeler and Woolse pretty thinly disguised as Boswell ar Ganzy. Mr. Wheeler appears bemus and apologetic and spends much of h time hunting words in a dictionar while Mr. Woolsey continues to smol a large cigar and look complacent simple-minded. Sometimes they a funny, but often they are just borin Jobyna Howland contributes one of h expansive and exaggerated dowager Hugh Herbert has some priceless m ments as the half-witted hotel dete tive, and Ralf Harolde is as slick villain as anyone could ask. Natal Moorhead makes a handsome villaine and Dorothy Lee does reasonably w as the unimportant heroine, Ma Marsh.

E. L. H.

exceptionally funny are still there, when Isabelle says to the rotund an parched Mulligan, "But policemen nev drink on duty!" and he replies sadl "It just seems like never!" And Mull gan's retort when the judge sugges that he run around to all the oth speakeasies in search of the villain wh has kidnapped a beautiful young gi against her will—"All the other speal easies? What do you take me for, Pa Revere?" There is at least one ne line, an improvement. The judge, escape from Henry's belligerent tongu thinks he will go out to the kitche "where the eggs aren't boiled so hard Now, addressing Tomaso, he substitut "I'll help you paste on some of tho labels."

Boston need not feel obliged to m the presence of the original cast. M Fairbanks, after her first-act error pitching her voice too low for such specious auditorium, became more i telligible. She was consistently the i nocent young woman who played wi dynamite as the judge put it, and i away with it. Mr. Manzoni, as t fascinating tenor and lover, was one born to the role. Mr. Baker ma Judge Baker a lovable old counsel Mr. Locke was properly explosive a solicitous as Tomaso. Mr. Meeke Henry Greene, who held that it w beautiful in New Jersey, a minor opinion—was disagreeable enough disgust any girl of spirit. Mr. Dale Mulligan was a joyous portrait. T two settings were flawless, especially t first, showing the grouped dining tabl bread sticks and all, and the shiny lit mahogany bar, with its equally shi brass rail. That bar, because of me ories it evokes, was to many the o sad note of the evening.

W. E. G

six blocks ... shot out on the stage ... Later Miss Wood, who became a ...

...lind Beggar. From Kleff to Loobl. Mr. Chenkin's recital, which gave evident pleasure to a large audience, exhibited anew his extraordinary powers ... characterization, especially ... considers herself neglected by her ... and, for he has never known how to make love in a satisfactory manner, as she is informed; Julie is a parlormaid —not a chamber-maid, as she indignantly reminds Bob, who has a lurid past and is on the outlook for further adventures. At night one of these women went into his room in the dark. Who was she? Which one of the three?

The play is long drawn out. Surprisingly frank dialogue concerning subjects that in former years were not thought to be grateful to modest ears, takes the place of what was once known as the comedy of drawingroom manners, but now replaced by bedroom manners. Many of the jests are obvious and harmless; the more subtle ones are the cleverer, but they did not escape the audience—one that filled the Majestic—an audience that indulged in hair-trigger laughter. Each woman is accused by the others as being the fortunately shameless one.

There is Ann's husband at last threatening divorce; there is the jealous Chic, who attempts to kill Bob for his undue attentions to Julie.

Who was the woman? Two confessed that they were the intruder. One denied the charge. At last Bob sang a song "with great expression" and the one that made him happy drove off with him. A more dramatic ending would have been the leaving him in doubt, but an audience wishes the "i's" dotted and the "t's" crossed. The play, in itself a negligible thing, was played by all with the appropriate lightness and spirit. Miss Hewing's portrayal of Nancy was charming by its grace, shyness, humor and wit. Miss Giroux, as the model, pleased the eyes. Mr. David, the husband, was especially amusing on his entrance and at the breakfast table. Mr. Woolf acted in the irresistible manner of a popular singer, but he only once burst into song.

... Immanuel Rath	Emil Jannings
... Frohlich	Marlene Dietrich
...ert	Kurt Gerron
...te	Rosa Valetti
...eppa	Hans Albers
...ctor of the school	Eduard V. Winterstein
Clown	Reinhold Bernt
Beadle	Hans Roth
Publican	Karl Husar-Puffy
Captain	Wilhelm Diegelmann
...ican's Wife	Ilse Furstenberg
...si	Rolf Miller
...mann	Roland Varno
...im	Karl Balhaus
...staub	Robert Klein-Lork

...ike the Greeks of old the Germans ...e, bearing gifts,—Yuletide gifts as ...as Boston is concerned. The Gre... gesture was one to evoke counsel ... caution; the Teutonic tribute in...s us to throw our reservations to ... winds. No matter how shoddy the ...erial, how repetitious the theme ... how lacking in the rich technic... ...antages which Hollywood's mighty ...urces might have given it, UFA's ...uction of "The Blue Angel" should ...ailed instantly as one of the really ...ortant events of the cinema season. ...it restores to American view on the ...n that titanic figure, Emil Jan...s, speaking broken English but ...ing himself far more intelligible ...ugh that marvellous pantomimic ...er which made him famous on the ...t screen. If it be a pity that Jan...s could not have come to us again ... more modern craft, let us be con... that he has been able to get ... at all.

"The Blue Angel" is the tragic nar...e of the disintegration of a man, ...ally, mentally and physically, ...ugh infatuation for a woman. The ..., Immanuel Rath, is a professor ...anguages in a German university. ...ives an orderly life, with a taciturn ...ekeeper to serve his meals, care ...his rooms. He loves his work. He ...ensitive, as witness his grief at ...eath of his pet canary. In pursuit ...e of his pupils he enters an under...nd drinking resort, at night; wan... into the dressing room of Lola ...ch, who sings naughty songs, dis... her charms wantonly. Rath, ...sily, slowly but inevitably becomes ...ored. Goes again and again to ...er, smokes cigarettes and drinks ... her, obeys her like a devoted cog. ... students, cognizant of his every ..., openly deride him in school. ... is a riotous scene, he is dismissed. ...n, with a huge bouquet and a ... he asks Lola to marry him. She ...s, and accepts him. From that ...nt Rath descends until he reaches ...bitter bottom. He is humiliated, ...ded. His brain softens, he becomes ... mad. He must put on a putty ... rumple his hair, wear ill-fitting ...s and a monstrous white collar, ... when Kieport, the magician, ex... eggs from his mouth. When the ...tory troupe, absent a year, re... to "The Blue Angel," Rath rebels. ...ill not go on, but they force him, ...his abasement is complete. But until he sees Lola in the arms of a new lover, he cannot for the life of him crow. Then, cackling madly, he runs wild, is trussed up and left alone. Freed, he stumbles out over the nocturnal snows, to his old classroom, to die wretchedly in the chair which he once ...d honored.

Only Jannings, with his passion for detailed characterization, his ability to show dramatically the transitions from a normal character to one debased, stripped of every decent attribute, manifest at the last. Against such acting Fraulein Dietrich, glamorous as she may be, cannot contend. She sings and talks in better English, but the Dietrich of "The Blue Angel" is not the Dietrich of "Morocco." The other players, speaking generally in German, are admirable, the schoolboys are natural. The camera work is wonderful, the settings are typical. Von Sternberg has accomplished marvels with the material and means at hand. Only the uneven and guttural recording remains as handicapping element. That company could have been transported intact to Hollywood, "The Blue Angel" would have created a resounding sensation.

W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"The Princess and the Plumber"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Howard J. Green from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller; directed by Alexander Corda and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Charlie Peters	Charles Farrell
Princess Louise	Maureen O'Sullivan
Miss Eden	Louise Closser Hale
Merkle	Joseph Cawthorne
Albert Bowers	Bert Roach
Baron von Kemper	Lucien Prival
Prince Conrad XXI	H. B. Warner
Lord Worthing	Murray Kinnell
Gotzi	Arnold Lucy

An ingenuous little romance, entitled "The Princess and the Plumber," is the current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre. In it Mr. Charles Farrell portrays a clean-cut young American, Charlie Peters, who goes to the mythical country of Maritzia for the purpose of inspecting the heating fixtures in the ancestral castle. It takes but a few hours for him to meet the Princess Louise and even less time for them to fall in love. There are the traditional complications, chiefly those involving the marriage of royalty with common stock, but since this sort of thing must end happily, there comes a moment when the princess tells Charlie that she should have known that clothes made no difference. There are various farcical complications concerning a rich and comic American, Albert Bowers, tenant of the castle of Maritzia, who is suspected of having done wrong by the princess. It doesn't matter much, but it is frequently amusing in a mild way.

The microphone continues to be most unkind to Charles Farrell, making his voice sound absurdly light and feminine. His current role is singularly unimportant and he suffers by comparison with almost everyone else in the cast. Maureen O'Sullivan, who improves with every film she makes, is a charming Louise. H. B. Warner, as her royal and hot-tempered parent, is in excellent comedy vein, taking everything with apparent seriousness. Bert Roach's Albert Bowers provides considerable amusement, as does the prim and elderly governess, Miss Eden, well-characterized by Louise Closser Hale. Merkle, Maritzia's own "Lord High Everything else," is entertainingly acted by Joseph Cawthorne, and a bit of effective menace is provided by the Baron von Kemper of Lucien Prival.—E. L. H.

PARK

'The Cohens and the Kellys in Africa'

An all-talking screen comedy by Vin Moore and Edward Luddy; directed by Vin Moore and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Mr. Cohen	George Sidney
Mr. Kelly	Charles Murray
Mrs. Cohen	Vera Gordon
Mrs. Kelly	Kate Price
Windjammer Thorn	Frank Davis
Sheik	Lloyd Whitlock
Guide	Nick Cogley
Chief	Ed Kane
Dancing girls	Rene Marvelle, Georgette Rhodes

It seems that there will never be an end to the adventures of Mr. Cohen and Mr. Kelly, no matter how prolonged and generally dull they may become. The latest of the series, "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," is the current screen feature at the Park Theatre. Without wishing to seem unduly devoid of the Christmas spirit of peace and goodwill toward films, we cannot help but wonder why such things are necessary. The humor is ancient and the situations frequently vulgar, unless you find the spectacle of two stout and middle-aged women dressed in grass skirts and kidnapped by gorillas vastly diverting. There is some mild humor concerning midget golf in the heart of Africa, but not even that is very new.

Mr. Cohen and Mr. Kelly are still partners, still quarreling and still in difficulties. This time they are faced by the need of obtaining with all speed a large assortment of ivory for the keys of their pianos, their customers having rebelled at any imitation stuff. Fired with a brilliant idea, they head for Africa, under the guidance of Windjammer Thorn, a voluble street fakir, with the idea of picking up ivory cheap in its native haunt. Once arrived they find things aren't so simple. They see their wives kidnapped by gorillas and later discover them in the harem of a bellicose sheik. They run into any number of lions which cause them to utter an infinity of plaintive wise-cracks. Finally they come upon the midget golf-course, run by a cannibal chieftain who turns out to be a Mr. Ginsberg of Brooklyn. He agrees to give them all the ivory they want if they can make a better score than he.

Mr. Murray and Mr. Sidney are just about as usual, occasionally funny but more often uncertain. No wonder, for their material is enough to appall the most hardened comedians. Vera Gordon and Kate Price do what they can with the long-suffering wives, and there are some strikingly handsome lions.

Also on the bill are an instalment of the circus thriller, "The Spell of the Circus," with Francis X. Bushman, Jr., and Alberta Vaughan, and "Headin' North," a western story, with Bob Steele.

E. L. H.

Dec 27 1930

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, comprised Arensky's Variations for string orchestra on a theme of Tchaikovsky's and Mahler's "Song of the Earth," which was performed here for the first time on Dec. 7, 1928. The singers in the latter composition were Madame Matzenauer, contralto, and Richard Crooks, tenor. Their predecessors in Boston were Madame Charles Cahier and George Maeder. Yesterday Madame Matzenauer and Mr. Crooks.

Tchaikovsky was fond of Arensky. Perhaps for this reason he scolded him for choosing "La Dame aux Camelias" as the subject of a Fantasia. He asked Arensky how an educated musician—when there were Homer, Shakespeare, Gogol, Pushkin, Dante, Tolstoi and others—could feel any interest in the history of a demi-mondaine adventuress, "which even if written with French cleverness, is in truth false, sentimental and vulgar." He wrote him a long letter. Did Arensky repay his friend's interest by writing these Variations? He had an example, for Tchaikovsky after Nicolas Rubinstein's death, wrote a Piano Trio in memory of the man who at first could see nothing in Tchaikovsky's piano concerto in B flat minor, and was so scornful that he wounded the sensitive Peter to the quick.

Arensky took for his theme the familiar legend of the Christ child, which, as a chorus has been sung here more than once. In its original form it is one of the 16 children's songs composed by Tchaikovsky in 1883. The variations are for the most part amiably melancholy, as befits the content of the verses. There are sets of variations in which the chief interest of the hearer lies in detecting the theme itself. Then he smiles, and says to himself: "Ha, ha! now I've got you!" Such variations are to be avoided, no matter whose name is signed to them. Either Arensky's inventive faculty was not strong enough, or heh ad a heart and allowed the hearer the pleasure of being able to hum the tune even to the end. These variations were beautifully played, so charmingly taht they had a significance which otherwise might have been wanting.

The singers in Mahler's symphony sung in German. It would be interesting to know whether Hans Bethge, who selected and translated these Chinese poems did with them as iFtzgerald treated Omar Khayyam, amplified, rejected, introduced lines of his own. Some of the lines seem to be more German in their setiment and sentimentalism than Chinese.

The cycle is frankly pessimestic. Life as well as death is gloomy. As the old song by Thomas Jordan has it, speaking of the "beautiful Bit":

"Whose lightness and brightness doth cast such a splendor
That none but the stars
Are thought to be fit to attend her,
Though now she seems pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnably mouldy a hundred years hence."

But, brethren, there's the wine cup to console one, says Chinese Bethye, and the poets he calls on felt as the Third Kalandar in the wild Arabian tale: "And the bowl wene merrily round. Hereupon such gladness possessed one that I forgot the sorrows of the world one and all and said, 'This is indeed life; O sad that 'tis fleeting!'"

Mahler in the music for the drinking songs is boisterous, perhaps appropriately, and has given the tenor a muscular task, for he must sing against a raging orchestra which no conductor can subdue and, at the same time, do justice to Mahler's intention. Mr. Crooks strove courageously and for the most part successfully in making himself heard. ...

E. L. H

...wrote in deliberately doleful dumps to convey the message of the poets—and he himself in his later years was something of a Dismal Emmy—he found out music that has genuine emotion, music that, while it is charged with sadness, yet is so full of beauty, even serenity, that it breathes resignation not despair. Man goes to his long home—but the distant skies are blue; the heart is at peace while it is waiting. Mme. Matzenauer was an eloquent interpreter, and to the contralto Mahler gave his more inspired, also his more personal music.

As for the work as a whole, it shows Mahler at his best and at his worst; now with great ideas, now with trivialities in thought and expression; now almost childlike, now super-sophisticated; now startlingly original, now remembering in orchestral measures the manner of illustrious contemporaries. The orchestral performance, no matter how eccentric, how extravagant at times is the instrumentation, was of the highest order. Mahler, who was himself a great conductor, would have applauded Dr. Koussevitzky. The audience was deeply impressed.

The performance will be repeated tonight. Next week Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus," Lourie's "Sonata Liturgique" (first time here), Walton's viola concerto (Mr. Lefranc, solo viola, first time in the United States), Strauss's "Ein Heldenlaben."

LOEW'S STATE

"Paid"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Charles MacArthur from the play by Bayard Veiller entitled "Within the Law"; directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Mary Turner	Joan Crawford
Joe Garson	Robert Armstrong
Bob Gilder	Kent Douglass
Agnes Lynch	Marie Prevost
Inspector Burke	John Miljan
District Attorney Demarest	Hale Hamilton
Edward Gilder	Purnell B. Pratt
Cassidy	Robert Emmet O'Connor
Eddie Griggs	Tyrell Davis
Carney	William Bakewell
Red	George Cooper

Bayard Veiller packed so much melodrama into "Within the Law" when he wrote it for the stage and saw it produced, back in 1912, that the Hollywood experts found it difficult to alter or to cut it without endangering the continuity and logic of the plot. So the picture runs over-long, with the best acting and the most excitement crammed into the last half. Though nearly a score of years old, the play seems less outdated than one would think. All the old hoakum is there—Mr. Veiller always has believed in and acknowledged its value, and the players and the director never miss a chance to use it.

Miss Crawford gives an honest if not a sensational portrayal of Mary Turner, the shop girl who was railroaded to a woman's prison for three years for grand larceny, who studied Blackstone when not engaged in menial tasks, and came out to exact her toll from society in general and from Edward Gilder in particular for the wrong done her, all within the law. More familiar to her admirers in roles related to modern youth and wildness, she now favors a prison pallor, heavily blackened eyes and an emotionalism which does not quite indicate the cold hatred which obsessed Mary Turner when she started on her crusade for vengeance. She still has a fondness for close-ups, out of place in any screened play and doubly irritating here. The very last view one has of her is in such a close-up, weeping glycerine tears. Bad theatre, Joan!

Mr. Armstrong is his usual candid self as Joe Carson, the crook who confessed to the killing of Eddie Griggs, the despicable stool pigeon, to clear the way for a happy future for Mary and Bob Gilder. You may recall that Mary married Bob in revenge and found him so loyal and devoted that she learned to love him. Mr. Douglass, as that youth, is a peculiar personage on the screen. He reads his lines convincingly, but he photographs poorly. He is more impressive in his intelligence than in his physique, if that means anything to anybody. Miss Prevost, as Aggie Lynch, the wayward, wise-cracking member of the "mob," has one capital scene with Mr. Miljan as Inspector Burke. It is farce and it is false in that it is rankly impossible, but it is funny. Mr. O'Connor, who, next to Robert Elliott, is our favorite fictional "flatfoot," is splendid as Cassidy. In fact, it is a strong cast throughout, in a screen piece which will hold its own with the many crook plays which have gone before and probably will never return.

W. E. G.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"The Passion Flower"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Martin Flavin from the novel of the same name by Kathleen Norris; directed by William DeMille and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Dulcie Morado	Kay Francis
Katherine Pringle Wallace	Kay Johnson
Dan Wallace	Charles Bickford
Antonio Morado	Lewis Stone
Leroy Pringle	Winter Hall

Mrs. Harney .. .. .. Zasu Pitts
Tommy .. .. Dickie Moore

The plot of "The Passion Flower," current feature film at Loew's Orpheum Theatre, consists of very simple, even trite material, but so well is it acted that it becomes steadily interesting. Homely virtues, such as the love of one's wife and children, are here extolled to the skies, while the joys of ardent passion come off second best. That, at least, is the very evident idea of Kathleen Norris, who wrote the story. Unfortunately for the complete success of her thesis, the woman who forms the third angle of the usual triangle is so honestly and vividly played by Kay Francis that she gets more sympathy than the at first deserted but later triumphant wife, acted by the less striking Kay Johnson, who is, none the less, giving in this picture her best performance on the screen to date.

Katherine Pringle Wallace, known usually as Cassy, gives up wealth and position to follow the fortunes of her husband, Dan Wallace, formerly her father's chauffeur. For five years they struggle along, happy in spite of poverty, until Dan loses his job. Against his will, Dan then accepts the offer of Cassy's cousin, Delcie Morado, to manage a farm in the country for her and her husband. Cassy and her children thrive under the healthier conditions, but before long Dan becomes infatuated with Dulcie and she with him. Finally they go away together, although Morado refuses to divorce Dulcie. It is not long, however, before Dan, grown restless, tires of an existence that is only pleasure and realizes that it is Cassy and the children whom he really wants. In the end one woman is called on to make a great sacrifice, but the nature of it need not be detailed here.

An evenly excellent cast handled their parts with a skill that deserves better material. In particular do Kay Francis and Kay Johnson deserve credit for making their conventionally drawn roles dramatic and interesting. Charles Bickford, as Dan, is less happy, but he deals straightforwardly with an ungrateful part. In the minor part of Dulcie's invalid husband, Lewis Stone, looking distressingly ill, gives his usual finished performance. Zasu Pitts, as a lachrymose and continually depressed landlady turned nurse, is a continuous delight, and to her fall most of the best lines. A delightful small boy, Dickie Moore, gives a charmingly natural performance as the small son of Cassy and Dan. When rebuked by his mother for falling into an irrigation ditch while trying to kick a frog, he replied, "Well, the frog began it first." E. L. H.

COSIMA WAGNER. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips from the German of Richard Count du Moulin-Eckart. Introduction by Ernest Newman; Alfred A. Knopf. Two volumes; 892 pages; 22 illustrations.

By PHILIP HALE

This is an engrossing and at the same time irritating biography. The characteristic German thoroughness in the acquisition and presentation of material leads to prolixity. There are many details that do not bear directly and with importance on the subject, though they may interest German readers. The purpose of the biographer is to show that if it had not been for Cosima, the work of Wagner would have been incomplete; that his dream of Bayreuth might never have been realized. Du Moulin argues that Cosima left Buelow, her husband, because she felt that she alone could save Wagner for the world.

Du Moulin has the most unbounded, hysterical admiration for Wagner; to him he is always "the Master"; yet Wagner, the man here portrayed, cuts a sorry figure. He is not only a superegoist—of the class defined by Charles Reade, as one who would burn down his neighbor's house to cook himself a meal; he is also a cad of the first water, sneering at men and women that had helped him in his hours of sore distress.

There were the Wesendocks with whom he had lived on the most familiar terms, to whom he was indebted in every way. Because Mathilde, of whom Wagner's wife was jealous, and not without cause, did not happen to mention the word "Bayreuth" in a letter written about performances at Munich, "The Master" was indignant, "lamenting that all his life long had been spent among miserable beings." This is only one of many instances here recorded that show Wagner's base ingratitude and enormous egotism. What would he have done as man and musician without Liszt? Yet Wagner, whose "figure is too creative and sublime to be approached by anybody," failed in appreciation and at times showed open hostility. Nor does Du Moulin neglect any opportunity to jeer at Liszt's queer but devoted friend, the Princess Carolyne Wittgenstein.

What a mess they were: Liszt, Cosima's mother, the Countess d'Agoult—though the Count, her husband, said when Liszt ran away with her, that he had acted like a perfect gentleman—the Princess, Minna the first wife of Wagner, "the Master," and even Cosima, who, let it be said to her credit, though she left Buelow to "save" Wagner, was sorry for the abandoned Hans and wished him well. Of all the characters in this tragic-comedy, Buelow comes out the best. He was no

"Stoic, Cato, the sententious,
Who lent his lady to his friend
Hortensius."

Broken - hearted, he nevertheless cherished the memory of the faithless woman and worked valiantly in Wagner's cause.

The story of Cosima's parents—their mad passion, the break after the children were born when the countess learned of Liszt's affair with Lola Montez—is told at length. How characteristic of Wagner, the philanderer who made love to women and accepted money from them, to rebuke sternly Cosima's saying "poor creature!" when she heard of Lola's miserable ending: "Such daemonic and heartless beings are not to be pitied and regretted." The early description of Cosima's early years in Paris and Berlin is delightful reading, but was it necessary to say that there was a dispute in Paris over Cosima's hair which "had been falling off badly, and the doctor accordingly said that it must be cut off, so that it might grow again more strongly"? This is not the only showing of Du Moulin's fondness for chronicling small beer. There is a well drawn portrait of Buelow's mother in Berlin. The children had stopped on the way at Weimar where their father was kind-hearted as ever "when not misled by the Princess." At Berlin they took piano lessons of Buelow, whose mother introduced them into society. Cosima was drawn to Hans who was "depressed on his Master's account." He fell in love with her. Liszt doubted whether the marriage would be a happy one. The ceremony took place in 1857. Children were born to them. Meanwhile Wagner "needed human society and assistance, but in the first place society."

So he naturally thought of Cosima; incidentally of her husband. As for Cosima, she began to hear "The call of destiny." Wagner rented the Buelows a house. Cosima assumed the dutics of the mistress in Wagner's bachelor establishment. Wagner's wife died. Du Moulin has the effrontery to write that Wagner up to the very end "had stood by his unfortunate and suffering wife in the most chivalrous way." Her death removed "a great barrier" between the widower and Cosima. She, disturbed by opposition to Wagner at Munich, wrote to the King "from the depths of her rich, limpid and yet almost elfin soul," concluding: "If I cherished a wish it would be this: that our dearest friend should leave his throne, the last among Kings, that good angels should bear his crown up to heaven, and that humanity, bereft of its god-like qualities, should drag out its miserable existence on a dead level of utter vulgarity." While Cosima was falling deeper and deeper in love with Wagner, his devoted, slavish follower, Buelow, was working indefatigably for him, advancing his cause in every way. Cosima had the "absolute consciousness that she alone could save the Master and his works. . . . The real reason which induced the Master and Frau Cosima to cast a veil of mystery over their great love—thereby, as a matter of fact, laying a heavy burden upon both their conscience and their feelings—was to be found in the deep affection of both of them for Hans von Buelow. How often did each breathe to the other the word 'renunciation'! Frau Cosima did love Hans von Buelow." Has Richard Count du Moulin-Eckhart no sense of humor? "The first thing into which he (Wagner) initiated her was his pamphlet, 'The Jews in Music'."

The story of the opposition to Wagner at Munich and elsewhere, of the intrigues in high places against him, the support of Ludwig, who at times seemed indifferent; the final triumph at Bayreuth—all this is told at a length and with minute details that will be of undoubted value to present and future students of Wagner's life, though there are pages to be skipped by the general reader. There are copious extracts from Cosima's letters which are often not without a swollen style; there is much about Nietzsche, and his desertion; Brahms is not spared; not even Buelow, whose opposition to Bayreuth shocked Cosima, who became a Brahmsian "out of gloomy resentment"—Brahms, "a rival monarch who was really incapable of maintaining himself by his own strength"—so says Du Moulin.

The book ends with the death of Wagner. "She who had saved the Master and become his tutelary genius became—the Lady of Bayreuth."

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE. First performance in Boston of "Rebound," a comedy in three acts by Donald Ogden Stewart, staged and presented at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, on Feb. 3, 1930, after a "tryout" at Hartford, Ct., on Jan. 27. Sara Jaffrey, Hope Williams. Henry Jaffrey, Walter Walker. Johnnie Coles, Robert Williams. Bill Truesdale, Donn Cook. Evie Lawrence, Katherine Leslie. Mrs. Jaffrey, Ada Potter. The author took the part of Les Crawford. Presented last night by the Copley Players, Inc.

The cast:

Liz Crawford ..... Annie Seymour
Lyman Patterson ..... Jack Storey
Marta ..... Ruth Scully
Les Crawford ..... Kirk Ames
Sara Jaffrey ..... Vera Allen
Bill Truesdale ..... Walter Abel
Johnnie Coles ..... Robert Henderson
Evie Lawrence ..... Eloise Stream
Mrs. Jaffrey ..... Ann Dere
Pierie ..... Emile Beliveau
Jules ..... Frederick Voight
Henry Jaffrey ..... Edgar Kent

In a play of this character there must be three leading characters, two men in love with a woman; a woman more or less in love with two men, one a husband, the other a former lover who persists in loving—and there are different definitions of the word love. It is true that early this month in London a new play "Happy and Glorious" had only one actor and one actress. They were alternately gay and grave through 15 scenes.

In "Rebound' the heroine is a wealthy girl who at the age of 28 is still unwed, sore because Johnnie Coles doesn't propose. Young Bill Truesdale is decidedly sore when Evie marries a man with more money than Bill can offer; so Bill, being in the market, Sara catches him on the rebound; but when they are honeymooning in Paris who appears but Evie and leads Bill, not unwilling to a morning round of cafes. Sara is peeved. She thinks of leaving her sweet William, but when Johnnie makes hot love to her, says he made the mistake of his life in not asking her to marry him, and acts as John A. Stevens in that once popular play "The Unknown—"And I will be your faithful dor-r-rg"—she asserts herself and thinks less of Johnnie who begged too abjectly. This is the substance of the comedy that contains more or less amusing situations and some entertaining chatter. Grant that it is all unreal. What do poor mortals go to the playhouse for, except to be pleased by unrealities and to put themselves in the place of heroes and heroines? They certainly do not expect that the plays now on the stage are like the Greek tragedies, purgers of passions.

The comedy evidently amused the large audience, for there was much laughter. There might have been more had the enunciation of some of the players been better. Many of the "wisecracks" failed to reach the spectators. Mr. Kent's clean-cut speech, always intelligible even when he talked in quiet tones should be a lesson to the others in the play. Miss Allen, however, in the last act, spoke distinctly and to the point.

The general performance was notably smooth when the fact that the company has not long been assembled is taken into consideration. There's room here for a theatre with the policy that has been announced. The public is prepared to support the Copley. It remains with the management and the players not to disappoint reasonable expectation.

On Monday evening Jan. 12, the play will be Lawton Campbell's "Solid South," a comedy which will then be played as a farce.

Dec 29 1930

PADEREWSKI

Ignace Jan Paderewski appeared at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon for the second Boston recital of his present American tour. An audience that had braved a wintry blizzard in response to the almost legendary glamour that hovers round his name and personality filled the hall from top to bottom, crowded the platform and stood packed against the walls. Mr. Paderewski played the following program: Bach-Liszt, Prelude and Fugue in G minor; Beethoven, Sonata in F minor, Op. 57; Schumann, Carnaval; Chopin, Ballade in F major, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Op. 27, two Mazurkas, Op. 24, No. 4, and Op. 59, No. 2, two Etudes, Op. 10, No. 4 (C sharp minor), and Op. 25, No. 12 (C minor), Polonaise in E flat minor, Op. 26, Valse Brillante in E flat major, Op. 18, Scherfio in B flat minor.

For most of those who attend concerts today, there never was a time when the name of Paderewski did not stand for all that was most transcendent in pianoforte playing and for all that was most picturesque in the personality of the musician, for 35 years have passed since the famous Polish pianist made his sensational entry on the American scene. Even among people who knew and cared nothing about music his name has been a household word, calling to the mind a vaguely romantic figure with luxuriant locks. The enthusiasm of audiences like that of yesterday and the admiration of many excellent musicians prove the spell unbroken. Even those who dislike the occasional excesses and artistic license of the romantic musician can appreciate his power and feel his charm.

Mr. Paderewski's performance of the "Appassionata" sonata was as warmly romantic as might have been expected, and appropriately so, from its mysterious, brooding opening to its exciting close; yet it was not immoderately emotional. The slow movement, otherwise beautiful in tone and mood, suffered from some curious distortions of time which caused certain measures and single notes to be stretched far beyond their normal duration. Similar rhythmic peculiarities had marred his performance of the Bach-Liszt G minor Prelude and Fugue. In the former a sudden and excessive change of tempo emphasized a contrast in mood; in the latter, the first announcement of the subject of the fugue was unusually slow, each succeeding entry picked up speed slightly, until the fugue was bowling along at a rollicking pace. Once under way, however, it moved lucidly and interestingly towards a vigorous close—one in which the bass, carrying the principal subject, was emphasized rather more weightedly than was necessary.

A charming grace and delicacy characterized Mr. Paderewski's playing of certain parts of Schumann's "Carnaval." Others, by a curious contradiction, were curiously clumsy and heavy. This enigma is the most baffling feature of Mr. Paderewski's work—a dualism which permits a most sensitive feeling for the delicacies of pianoforte tone and the gentler graces of phrasing to exist in him side by side with an excess of vigor at moments of stress and climax that frequently degenerates into noisy violence rich in inaccuracies and devoid of style. This was true, yesterday, of the conclusion of the F major Ballade, for instance, which should have a kind of passionate elegance. Perhaps the solution of the riddle lies in the possibility that Mr. Paderewski is a true romantic, so genuinely moved by musical emotions that he cannot feign an ordered and artistic emotion, but is reduced to incoherence, the fate of most human beings under such circumstances. Except for this, the group of pieces by Chopin disclosed Mr. Paderewski at his best—as master of many beauties of tone and felicities of phrase, possessor of a ma that occasionally revealed itself, forcing almost breathless attention to the slow, inevitable unfolding of a melody. It revealed him, moreover, as a superb technician, rejoicing—in the C sharp minor Etude, for example—in a miraculously rapid, light, and crisp touch, or—as in the B flat minor Scherzo—in beautifully rippling passage work. There was a fine melancholy elegance, too, in the too-rarely played E flat minor Polonaise.

Stormily enthusiastic applause brought a series of encores, beginning with a brilliantly played Hungarian rhapsody of Liszt and a transcription of the Liebestod from "Tristan." S. S.

The Theatre

Dec 28

By PHILIP HALE

Bernard Shaw's "Apple Cart" that will be seen at the Tremont Theatre tomorrow night was produced at the Teatr Polski on June 14, 1929, in a translation into Polish made by Sobieniowski, who had already translated 6 of Shaw's plays. Many have asked why Shaw went to Warsaw for a production. It seems that the city had been refused the first performance of "Saint Joan," which had already been promised to the Theatre Guild. Shaw said he would give these Poles the next play he would write. He kept his promise, but his Polish audience waited six years.

The first performance in English and in England was on Aug. 19, 1929, at a festival arranged by Sir Barry Jackson in that month at Malvern Small, among the Malvern hills. There were three performances there by the Birmingham Repertory Company, which took the play to the Queen's Theatre, London, Sept. 17, 1929, where it had a long run. There have been performances in the continental cities. In Germany the play is entitled "Der Kaiser von Amerika." In Rome last April the title was "L'Imperatore d'America."

After the trial performances in Baltimore on Feb. 17, 1930, the Theatre Guild brought the play to the Martin Beck Theatre in New York on Feb. 24.

In England the part of King Magnus was taken by Cedric Hardwicke that of Ambassador Van Hattan from the United States by James Carew; while the second act, in the nature of an interlude, called by an English critic a "super-shavian sex appeal," introduced Edith Evans as Orinthia, the King's favorite.

Shaw's preface to the published play is unusually short for him. He says that the first performances awakened "anticipations that it would be published with an elaborate prefatory treatise on democracy to explain why I, formerly a notorious democrat, have apparently veered round to the opposite quarter and become a devoted royalist.

"What was all this pother about? I had written a comedy in which a King defeats an attempt by his popularly elected Prime Minister to deprive him of the right to influence public opinion through the press and the platform: in short, to reduce him to a cipher. The King's reply is that rather than be a cipher he will abandon his throne and take his obviously very rosy chance of becoming a popularly elected Prime Minister himself . . . The comedic paradox of the situation is that the King wins, not by exercising his royal authority, but by threatening to resign it and go to the democratic poll . . .

"In short, those critics of mine who have taken 'The Apple Cart' for a story of a struggle between a hero and a roomful of guys have been grossly taken in. It is never safe to take my plays at their suburban face value: it ends in your finding in them only what you bring to them, and getting nothing for your money."

Shaw's political attitude in this play has excited widely differing comments. In Dresden the municipal authorities prohibited the performance on the ground that the comedy was subversive of republican ideals, and its production would be a danger to young democracies.

In reply to certain adverse criticisms in Berlin, Shaw asked when and where had he taught that kings were of necessity idiots; that nothing else is required for the creation of a perfect government than to give the parliamentary franchise to every Hans and Gretchen. "If this is all, and republicanism and democracy in Germany mean nothing more, God help Germany!" He added that the play is a warning signal to all who continue to dream the old dreams and chew the cud of the old speeches. "Is present-day democracy anything more than an artificial effort to give the nation precisely what King Magnus calls 'the sensation of self-government,' whereas the actual fact is it is blown hither and thither as helplessly as it was driven into the trenches in 1914 and out of them in 1918? I will not speak of his ... of England and America; that may be regarded as a joke. But it should not be forgotten that jokes—especially my jokes—have a way of coming back."

In Rome the audience found that Shaw was treating a political problem ... to Italy and reacting to it exactly as the Italians. "The British ...st, like his fellows in Italy, has now also realized the bankruptcy of ...m and democracy, and his confession is, it is understood, only slightly appreciated for having occurred 10 years later."

Shaw told Mr. W. H. Bishop that the second act, regarded by some as having nothing to do with the play, is like the slow movement, a piece ...f, in a symphony. The King is shown off duty. "What have the grave-diggers to do with the character of Hamlet? But Shakespeare understood what I understand—if you put humor into a play it must be humor. But, of course, the second act has great dramatic significance. It completes the portrait of the King, who knows that in married life the first thing is the recognition of the other's limitations. There are some things he cannot talk about to Jemima, his wife, and on the other hand, the beautiful Orinthia certainly has her limitations. It is an important scene and is not there merely to amuse. I can only conclude that the critics who did not understand it are happily married to wives who combine in themselves Orinthia and Jemima. The average man is not so fortunate. There are hundreds of nice middle-class families who do not understand ...y squabble. The scene between the King and Orinthia will serve ...se of castor oil . . . Jemima, intellectually, is good for everyday ...d Magnus knows this. Orinthia is the splendid Sunday relaxation. ... people will get on better after they have seen the second act of 'The Apple Cart.'"

When Mr. Bishop asked Shaw, "Has the play a special message for ... audiences?" he replied: "It has a special message for all audiences ... American ones."

John Ervine's "The First Mrs. Fraser," which will be seen at the ... Theatre tomorrow night, was performed for the first time at the ...t, London, on July 2, 1929. Marie Tempest played Janet Fraser; ...nley, James Fraser. The comedy will end its long run there on ... Mr. Agate thought that Mr. Ainley, being on the stage the embodiment of nobility, was hardly suited to the part of a Scotch business ... this actor the paltriest morning coat takes on the aspect of a ...arment." The first performance in the United States was at the ...Theatre, Chicago, on Nov. 11, 1929. Mrs. Fraser, Grace George; ...r, Carol Goodner; James Fraser, A. E. Matthews; Philip Logan, Lawrence Grossmith; Ninian Fraser, John Halloran; Mabel, Emily Hamill; Murdo Fraser, Eric Elliott; Alice Fraser, Annabella Murray. It was said at the time that Miss George engaged Miss Goodner in London because of her English accent, although Miss Goodner is an American.

The comedy reached the Playhouse, New York, on Dec. 28, 1929. It has been performed successfully at Vienna, Berlin, Budapest and elsewhere. The Hungarian translation is entitled "The First Wife." A vain, dour husband consults his divorced wife about his getting a divorce from his second wife, who also consults No. 1 about obtaining a divorce from No. 1's ex-husband. The two women battle. The "skill and triumph" of the one are opposed to the "sneers and capitulation" of the other. The two sons are Oxonians, whose treatment of the parents led Mr. Ervine to write the line: "One of these days there will be a terrible revolt of the old against the young."

The London Times ended its enthusiastic review of the first performance: "There is not a moment during the evening in which the play sags or in which Mr. Ervine loses control of it. In writing and performance it is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Not to rejoice in it, as the Haymarket audience unanimously rejoiced, would be to have lost all sense of the strength and finesse of English comedy in its lighter, but still serious, moods."

Looking back on the performance of "Scarlet Sister Mary," the portrayal of character that is now clearest in the mind, the most sharply defined, is that of Budda Ben by Horace Braham.

"The history of drama has been resonant with lovely voices echoing in the service of the imagination, and working on our will and our affections, but nowadays to be as much as articulate is almost to be old-fashioned. When a character in Mr. Noel Coward's 'Private Lives' wishes to question his companion about her religious beliefs (which is natural enough, since they are slipping in and out of more or less holy matrimony) does he address her about angels and ministers of grace and the blood of Christ that streams in the firmament? He does not. He says merely, 'Do you believe in ——?' and points to the ceiling. Often, as I sit at the play, I wonder whether the art of writing dialogue is not becoming the art of leaving it out."—Ivor Brown.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

Lourie's "Sonate Liturgique" will at last be performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. It was to have been played last Friday and yesterday, but it occurred to the conductor that as the text had reference to the Passion the "Sonate" was hardly appropriate to Christmastide. So the variations of Arensky on Tchaikovsky's Legend of the Christ child replaced the Good Friday music. The repertory of the orchestra includes specifically Christmas music, as Bach's Pastorale from the Christmas Oratorio; as Liszt's March of the Three Kings.

Lourie's Sonata is in four sections. For the second "Cantus Passionis" and the fourth, "Horae Passionis" alto voices are added to the orchestra.

The program of the Pension Fund concert tonight has also been changed. As it now stands it will have a miscellaneous character; yet it might have been a pleasure to hear Tchaikovsky's Serenade for strings, which has not been played here by the orchestra at the subscription concerts for many years. Tchaikovsky composed it at the time that he worked on the "1812" overture, which had been requested by Nicholas Rubinstein for the consecration of the Cathedral of the Saviour at Moscow. Tchaikovsky wrote Mme. Meck that this overture would be very noisy. "I wrote it without much warmth of enthusiasm, therefore, it has no artistic value. Nothing is more unpleasant to me than the manufacturing of music for such occasions."

Jean Lefranc at the Symphony concerts this week will play William Walton's Viola concerto. We believe that this will be the first performance in the United States. The concerto was performed at the Liege Music Festival on Sept. 4, 1930, when Lionel Tertis was the viola player. The name of Walton has been three times on Symphony programs since Dr. Koussevitzky came to Boston.

Mr. Lefranc took a first prize for viola playing at the Paris Conservatory in 1907, and in that year became the viola soloist of the Opera-Comique Orchestra. In 1911 he was the viola soloist of the concerts Cobonne. He joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1925 and on Dec. 11 of that year played with the orchestra Bloch's Suite, which he had performed in Paris with Nadia Boulanger, pianist, in 1922 and with the Colonne Orchestra in 1924. In Paris he was the viola of the Quartet Tourret; in Boston he is the viola of the Burgin Quartet.

Apropos of viola players. The Herald of last Thursday announced the death of Oskar Nedbal, on Dec. 24. He killed himself by jumping from a window while he was attending a rehearsal of his ballet "Lazy John." Born in 1874, he was one of the founders, and until 1906 the viola member of the famous Bohemian String Quartet. He also conducted for 10 years the Bohemian Philharmonic Orchestra at Prague, but in 1906 he moved to Vienna, where he conducted and composed. He died at Zagreb. He composed for orchestra, piano, violin; he wrote songs. We doubt if "Lazy John" is a "new" ballet, for Nedbal's "Lazy Hans" was produced at Prague in 1902 and at Vienna in 1903. He wrote at least four other ballets, and half a dozen operettas. The dispatch stated that he was saddened because he did not obtain a coveted position. He was born in 1874.

There is more or less mystery about the death in London of "Peter Warlock," whose songs are not unknown here. His real name was Philip Heseltine. He was highly esteemed as a musician—"his songs are amongst the finest written since 1900"—he also wrote chamber music and a suite for string orchestra, and as a writer about music and musicians. His life of Delius, his life of Gesualdo (with Cecil Gray), and his "The English Ayre" are valuable contributions to musical literature.

So Yehude Menuhin will soon fiddle in Symphony hall. He was recently praised to the skies in Paris and London. Mr. Legge wrote of him in London:

"To one who, like myself, has heard by far the greater number of prodigies in music who have played in London in the past five and forty years and more, Menuhin stands, or stood last year, at the head of all of them. He is a prodigy only in that at 12 or 13 years of age he plays music, both technically and spiritually with the ripeness of a violinist of wide experience,

and an entire freedom from clap-trap. He is indeed a perfect artist."

"The People's Symphony Orchestra of Boston is beginning its 13th year in contributing to the civic and social progress of the community.

"The orchestra had its inception in a conviction that good music, as distinguished from ragtime and jazz, had become too costly for any except the wealthy. Yet there are thousands of music lovers who are glad to pay a modest fee to hear the masterpieces of classical compositions and are musically educated enough to appreciate the work of a good orchestra. The prices are fixed at 25 and 50 cents.

"The members receive no salary. They all work to perfect themselves in their own line. They realize what playing in a symphony orchestra means to them. They are continually in touch with the well known composers and are constantly becoming more familiar with each new piece that is played. They do this for the love of music. They have no idea what their financial compensation will be until the end of the season, but they take as their recompense the joy of playing good music together and sharing in whatever funds remain after expenses are paid.

"Because the People's Symphony provides good music for the enjoyment of people of small means and because it contributes directly to the musical education of the public and affords an opportunity for students to gain experience in playing masterpieces, this movement deserves the financial support of all Boston citizens who are able to contribute."

The next concert will be held in Jordan hall on Jan. 11, at 3:15 P. M. Anton Wetik, violinist, will be the soloist.

Dec 29 1930

PENSION FUND CONCERT

The program of the concert given yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony orchestra in aid of its pension fund was as follows: Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman," prelude to "Lohengrin"; Stravinsky, Capriccio for piano and orchestra; Tchaikovsky, symphony No. 4, in F minor, op. 36. The solo part of Stravinsky's Capriccio was played by Jesus Maria Sanroma. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

An unusual feature of this, the 62d pension fund concert, was the inclusion of a recent "novelty," introduced to regular subscribers no more than eight or nine days earlier. Pension fund concerts have tended to tread the safe ground of all-Wagner, all-Tchaikovsky programs and the like, and while such a program as yesterday's may not fill the hall quite so effectively, yet much good is done by letting a significant new composition be heard outside the closed circle of subscribers to the various series of Boston symphony concerts. It was evident that Stravinsky's new Capriccio, played as it was with consummate skill and admirable spirit by both orchestra and soloist, aroused both interest and enjoyment. It merits its title more than do most similarly-named works; it is capricious in its abrupt and vehement changes of mood, in its prevailing gaiety and the contrasted and unexpected melancholy of its rhapsodic andante, in its excitingly irregular rhythms, its lively and impudent melodies. There is apparent caprice even in the strange contradictions of style that emerge from this music—the characteristic harmonic asperities alternate with euphonious banalities, reminiscences of minor 19th century music, snatches of Viennese elegance, conventional harmonic progressions slightly soured, in which the intention of parody may be guessed. The rhythmic and melodic idioms of jazz—in its lighter, happier mood—are strongly present, but only as one of the many disparate ingredients that go to make up their amusing work. Mr. Sanroma's delightfully neat and alert performance of this difficult music earned him much applause and caused him to be recalled several times to the platform. Dr. Koussevitzky received equal commendation for his and the orchestra's remarkably effective share in the performance.

The concert had opened with a finely dramatic, beautifully suave performance of the "Flying Dutchman" overture, with its foreshadowing of the later Wagner of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" and its reminiscences of the symmetrical cantilena of Weber. The "Lohengrin" prelude, with the unearthly beauty of its high-pitched floating chords, had followed.

Tchaikovsky's fourth symphony, which concluded the concert, was performed with a dramatic force and conviction, with an expressive beauty, with an unfailing appropriateness of tempo and style, that could hardly be surpassed. It was a performance which minimized the weaknesses of the work and lent dignity and vitality to its inflated tragedy. The melancholy charm of the andantine, the delicious lightness and grace of the scherzo were memorable. The orchestra surpassed itself by the beauty and virtuosity of its playing and achieved in the last movement a climax of overwhelming brilliance and power. Vigorous and prolonged applause rewarded conductor and orchestra alike.

S. S.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Madonna of the Streets"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jo Swerling from the novel by W. B. Maxwell entitled "The Ragged Messenger"; directed by John Robertson and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

May Fisher	Evelyn Brent
Peter Morton	Robert Ames
Slumgullion	Ivan Linow
Marion Clark	Josephine Dunn
Clark	J. Edwards Davis
Blink	Zack Williams
Ramsey	Ed Brady
Kingsley	Richard Tucker

A somewhat pallid and unconvincing story in itself, "Madonna of the Streets," current feature film at the Keith-Boston Theatre, gains a certain amount of color and conviction from the acting of Evelyn Brent, and in somewhat lesser degree, of Robert Ames. The title has nothing to do with the plot, save that the noble hero once informs the masquerading heroine that she has the face of a madonna. Derived from W. B. Maxwell's novel, "The Ragged Messenger," the story rambles in a manner more suited to the printed page than to the screen. There is always Miss Brent, however, contributing another of her familiar but still interesting characterizations of a sullen woman reformed by the influence of love.

May Fisher, mistress of a wealthy man, feels defrauded and angry when her protector dies and leaves all his money to his nephew, Peter Morton. This same Peter is an abnormally upright youth who runs a mission for the down-and-outers on the San Francisco waterfront and thither May betakes herself to get the cash that she feels belongs to her. By the clever ruse of pretending to be a would-be suicide she gains admission to Peter's home of refuge. He believes her story and she remains to work with him. Gradually she finds her purpose evaporating under the influence of Peter's kindness, and even the discovery that he is engaged to another girl does not bring her back to mercenary considerations. It is not long, however, before Peter breaks off his engagement and asks her to marry him. Meanwhile he discovers that his uncle had intended to change the will leaving him the money in order to bequeath it to May Fisher. At once he renounces his claim and gives up his plan to build a new mission in the country.

He and May, who had called herself Mary Smith, are married and very happy, when John Kingsley, a lawyer who knew May before, comes to her with the information that the money is hers for the asking. How things work out from then on need not be told. Evelyn Brent does excellent work as the hard, cynical girl who finds herself in love with a good man. Mr. Ames, forced to be almost unbearably noble, is likeable and almost convincing. The photography is reasonably good and the supporting cast competent.—E. L. H.

FENWAY

"Mothers Cry"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lenore J. Coffee from the novel of the same name by Helen Grace Carlisle; directed by Hobart Henley and presented by First National Vitaphone with the following cast:

Mary Knight Williams	Dorothy Peterson
Frank Williams	Pat O'Malley
Beatty Williams	Helen Chandler
Artie Williams	David Manners
Hart	Sidney Blackmer
Danny Williams	Edward Woods
Jennie Williams	Evalyn Knapp
Mary's mother	Claire MacDowell
Mary's father	Charles Hill Mailes
Sadye	Jean Bary
Karl Muller	Reginald Pasch

Mother plays and films should be regulated according to the seasons. Autumn, with its gray skies and falling leaves, would be a far more appropriate period for expositions of maternal suffering and anguish than the bright New Year just around the corner, when we should be laughing and cheerful and hopeful of the unborn days to come. However, since "Mothers Cry" is with us, let us give credit where credit is due. Miss Peterson, whose features remind one of Mrs. Leslie Carter and Miss Maude Adams when each was in her prime, make her screen debut, as far as this reviewer knows, in the role of Mary Williams, mother of four children, two weak and two strong. She plays that role with fine restraint, as becomes an actress schooled properly on the stage, and she evokes quiet sympathy for her exposition of a character given more than a just share of life's burdens.

The opening scenes take us back to 1897, with its horse cars and automobiles with doors at the back, its high collars and wire coat shapers for the men, its cotton underwear with lace insertions for the women. Mary Knight and Frank Williams are happily married. Mary bears four children, whom we see at various stages of infancy, childhood, adolescences. The husband is killed by a street car, and Mary becomes a dressmaker, to keep her brood together. Danny, the first born, a flareback from an uncle who ran away, becomes a double-crossing gangster; Beatty, a neurotic girl mouthing empty phrases about idealism, falls prey to a married man named Hart in a Palm Beach hotel where she has become a stenographer. Jennie, quiet, steady, homebody, marries Karl Muller, presents him with twins. She is her mother over again. Artie becomes a brilliant architect, with the world at his feet.

Danny disgraces the family, does time in prison, finally returns to blackmail his brother and finds Hart's letters to Beatty more profitable. Enraged when she snatches them from him he shoots and kills her, is condemned to the electric chair. Here is a bit of "The Last Mile" over again, depressing stuff, with Mary saying good-by. For ending, Artie and Mary admiring his latest architectural creation, she consoled because with all her tribulations she has had a rich life. The picture is uneven, superior in its minor details and defective in what should be its climactic scenes. Actually, it reduces itself to an individual achievement by Miss Peterson, worthy of a brighter setting.

W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Only Saps Work"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sam Mintz, Percy Heath and Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the plot by Owen Davis, entitled "Easy Come, Easy Go;" directed by Cyril Gardner and Edwin H. Knopf and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

James Wilson	Leon Errol
Lawrence Payne	Richard Arlen
Barbara Tanner	Mary Brian
Oscar	Stuart Erwin
Horace Baldwin	Anderson Lawlor
Simeon Tanner	Charlie Grapewin
Dr. White	George Irving
Mrs. Partridge	Sara Cecil
Dr. Jasper	Charles Giblyn
Murphy	Fred Kelsey
Rafferty	G. Pat Collins
Elevator Boy	George Chandler
Chef	Jack Richardson
Sergeant Burns	Clarence Burton
Detective Smith	[illegible]

If there is anyone in the entertainment world who has an[illegible] those belonging to Leon [illegible] now step forward and claim his share of the glory. At the moment, [illegible] rol, knees and all, is providing much amusement in "Only Saps Work," current screen feature at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The picture is delightfully insane and ludicrously absurd; there are singularly few moments without their laughs, and none at all when Mr. Errol is before the camera. He plays a bland burglar with collapsible legs and uncanny sleight of hand. He takes cigars out of people's pockets, tickets and money from their hands without their being one bit the wiser and without moving a muscle of his expressive countenance. We are not likely to forget his lesson to Stuart Erwin on how to become a detective.

The plot, such as there is of it, deals spasmodically with the efforts of Lawrence Payne, a wealthy youth, to get along without his father's money for two months. He takes a job as pantry boy at a health sanitarium only to find that his sweetheart has come there to stay with her father. This is bad enough, but the presence of James Wilson, the burglar, and a few other things makes matters worse. It is good entertainment that would only be spoiled by an attempt to describe it in detail. Mr. Errol is exceedingly funny, as is Stuart Erwin in his dumb and pathetic fashion. Richard Arlen makes a nice hero and Mary Brian a pretty heroine.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT AT THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Strictly Dishonorable," comedy by Preston Sturges; 8:20.

COPLEY—"Rebound," comedy by Donald Ogden Stewart, presented by the new Copley Players; 8:15.

LYRIC—"Sisters of the Chorus," comedy with Enid Markey; 8:30.

MAJESTIC—"Ladies All," comedy with Walter Woolf, Violet Heming; 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"The First Mrs. Fraser," comedy, with Grace George; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"The Street Singer," musical comedy, with Queenie Smith; 8:30.

TREMONT—"The Apple Cart," a play by George Bernard Shaw, with Theatre Guild Players; 8:15.

WILBUR—"Scarlet Sister Mary," play of the Gullah Negroes, with Ethel Barrymore; 8:30.

Dec 30 1930

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Apple Cart," a political extravaganza in two acts and an interlude by George Bernard Shaw. Produced at Warsaw in the Polish translation by Floryan Sobieniowski—King Magnus, Stepowski; Orinthia, Mme. Potocka—on June 14, 1929 at the Polski Theatre. First performance in English by the Birmingham Repertory company at Malvern Small, England, on Aug. 19, 1929—Cedric Hardwicke, King Magnus; James Carew, the American ambassador; Edith Evans, Orinthia. First performance in the United States on Feb. 17, 1930 at Baltimore, presented by the Theatre Guild of New York: Tom Powers, King Magnus; the American ambassador, Frederick Truesdell; Violet Kemble Cooper, Orinthia.

The cast of the play last night as presented by the Theatre Guild was as follows:

Pamphilius	George Coulouris
Sempronius	Ferdinand Hast
Boanerges	Ernest Cossart
Magnus, the King	Tom Powers
Alice	Audrey Ridgewell
Proteus	Claude Rains
Nicobar	Hannam Clark
Crassus	George Graham
Pliny	John Dunn
Balbus	William H. Sams
Lysistrata	Jane Wheatley
Amanda	Audrey Ridgwell
Orinthia	Violet Kemble Cooper
The Queen	Barbara Allen
Mr. Vanhattan, the American Ambassador	Frederick Truesdell
Flunky	James Grainger

As this play is called an extravaganza, and as Mr. Shaw wrote it, it reminds one of an old scene in a Negro minstrel show. Two minstrels came out. One carried a huge bassoon. "What are you going to play?" The bassoonist answered: "Anything that comes out," but as the play is a "political" extravaganza, the spectator may reasonable expect that there will be a discussion of politics: that is Mr. Shaw will express his own views through the characters used as speaking-tubes. Nor is it to be expected that his opinions of political movements and changes in the time of the action or inaction—the future—will necessarily be consistent with his views expressed in earlier plays and in sundry articles. In England and on the European continent he has been charged with inconsistencies. He wrote for years as a socialist. Today he seems to favor some sort of a monarchy and to think poorly of a democracy. It was once his delight to satirize English customs, habits, governmental traditions. Today he writes about England as if it were the one country in which life is endurable and delightful. All this—contradictions, paradoxes, changes of front—gives additional interest to "The Apple Cart." Mr. Shaw has answered his critics in a preface to the play and in letters to newspapers. He might content himself with quoting Walt Whitman:

"Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes)."

King Magnus gets the better of his cabinet. England has waxed sluggish and decadent on the results of foreign investments. Mr. Shaw has said that he is "too polite to call Demos a windbag or a hot air merchant." He wishes to ascertain by a drop of a parliamentary candidate's blood or a lock of his hair what is right with him mentally. "We could have a graded series of panels of capable persons for all employments." He would also like a refutation of democratic first principles on which refutation a genuinely democratic government could be founded. Meanwhile one must go on as best one can with "the sort of government that our present system produces." Federal legislatures or "enlarged units of local government" would help. He concludes that the "civilized way of getting along is the way of corporate action, and corporate action involves more government than individual action." He dreams of a ruling in the future by "Breakages, Ltd.," which will become powerful by monopolizing the repair market of the mechanized nation. In the play the King's private apple cart is tipped over by the American ambassador who announces the cancellation of the Declaration of Independence, and rule over England and the United States by Magnus as emperor.

Whatever Mr. Shaw intended by this play, one thing is plain; he had a good time in writing it and now enjoys what is said about it. As he himself has asked: "Why all this pother?" Mr. Monkhouse has frankly said, "There is a good deal in 'The Apple Cart' that I don't properly understand, but it stimulates one's thoughts. And there are always those jokes." Yes, Mr. Shaw is often like Artemus Ward's kangaroo: "An amoosin' cuss," but the jokes in "The Apple Cart" are often of the first water. Magnus refuses to be the emperor of the two countries. Americans? "Wops, wops claiming to be Pilgrim Fathers." But there are other jokes that are rather feeble jesting. And the moral of it all? Is it that "big business" in a corporate capacity is best

fitted to rule—Or that Magnus was not as a king, but as a "potential commoner"? Or to show that democracy has destroyed responsible government?

Although the characters are in reality—all except Orinthia—introduced to argue over Mr. Shaw's opinions, the players last night gave them form and substance; one was often persuaded that they were really human being speaking their own thoughts. Nor should any one think that because the play is about politics—"play?" say rather "discussion"—it is as dry as a parliamentary debate. It holds the attention from the beginning—when the two secretaries are chatting—to the end when the Queen begs the King to go in to dinner. And in the dialogue there are some wild and whirring words, there is a great deal of sound sense, much that sets the spectator thinking that there are wise observations in satirical form that might justly be applied to our own politics and politicians.

Then there is the delightful interlude, a diversion, which gives Mr. Shaw the opportunity of airing his views on marriage, wives and mistresses.

As we have said, the players, one and all, made the members of the cabinet, human beings whenever they were allowed to show individuality in thought and even when Mr. Shaw used them as merely necessary to his thesis. To some were allowed the fattest lines—the suavity and the courteous irony of Mr. Powers; the self-assertiveness of Mr. Cussart as the president of the board of trade; the thinly-veiled egotism of the prime minister as portrayed by Mr. Rains; the bumptiousness, the 100 per cent. "Americanism" of our ambassador, not too much caricatured by Mr. Truesdell, were conspicuous by reason of the allotted lines. Nor should the Lyistratra of Miss Wheatley and the amusing Amanda of Miss Ridgwell be overlooked; nor the domesticity of Miss Allen's Queen as opposed to the gorgeousness of Orinthia. The King spoke of his intimacy with the latter as platonic. We believe he then lied like a gentleman; as one of England's Kings in a famous divorce case of not many years ago set the example. The scene between Mr. Powers and Miss Cooper was brilliantly acted; the brilliance of this acting outstripped the text of Shaw.

A very large audience was greatly entertained.

PLYMOUTH
"The First Mrs. Fraser"

"The First Mrs. Fraser," comedy in three acts by St. John Ervine; produced at the Haymarket Theatre, London, July 2, 1929, with Marie Tempest as Janet Fraser, Henry Ainley as James Fraser, and W. Graham Browne as Philip Logan; at the Princess Theatre, Chicago, Nov. 11, 1929, with Grace George as Janet, A. E. Matthews as James, and Lawrence Grossmith as Philip; at the Playhouse, New York, Dec. 28, 1929, with the same principal players, and John Halloran as Minian Fraser, Emily Hamill as Mabel, Eric Elliott as Murdo, Annabelle Murray as Alice, and Carol Goodner as Elsie Fraser. The cast at the Plymouth Theatre last evening:

Ninian Fraser	Charles Campbell
Mabel	Mrs. Holbrook Blinn
James Fraser	A. E. Matthews
Janet Fraser	Grace George
Philip Logan	Lawrence Grossmith
Murdo Fraser	Lowell Gilmore
Alice Fraser	May Marshall
Elsie Fraser	Phyllis Elgar

Here is a play to revive one's interest n the theatre. Nothing to equal its parkle and grace and wit has been seen here this season, at least, and with hasty backward look it is dubious if Miss George ever has appeared to reater advantage than she does hrough the three fluent, flashing acts f this comedy by St. John Ervine. At he end of the first act the applause as quick and hearty. With the second urtain it became vociferous, and at the nal, when James Fraser's "first" opens he packet containing the pearl necklace, realizes that James is courting her ll over again, and confesses that she ather likes it, appreciation and approval rode high in the air. As local rst nights go, we are inclined to a onservative belief that this one, thanks a literary playwright with a rare nse of humor and to Miss George, r. Matthews, Mr. Grossmith and their ss important but wholly able associes, will be set down as one of the few iumphant events of 1930-31.

The one set shows Janet Fraser's flat Knightsbridge, a comfortable room here the lights are soft, the furnishgs restful and in good taste. It is e years since she divorced her husnd, James; and on this particular ternoon he has come to her for ade. Elsie, about 24, according to Mr. vine, is pretty, very smart, and as rd as nails. She wants to divorce mes that she may marry Lord Larne, half-wit. Janet spars with James, ho is forceful and concelted, as a successful man often is. She listens to e sophomoric arguments of her two ns, Ninian, in his last year at Oxford, coming too expert in the phrasing of agreeable remarks, and Murdo, the er, more like his father, rather dgy. These two, and Alice, Murdo's e, have their own ideas as to Janet's ure. One upbraids his father, would ve him keep away; the other holds it with Elsie out of the way Janet James should remarry. It is youth ing to bend parents to its own will. anet, thanks to Philip Logan, bachefisherman and hopelessly fond of Janet, is able to outwit the scheming Elsie. She forces her to admit that she loves Mario, a dancer, that she spent the night with him at a fishing inn after a charity ball at St. Alban's. She persuades her to elope with Lord Larne, leaving the way clear for James to divorce her. This he does, quietly and expeditiously. Then he gallops to Janet, proposes in terms of economy and self-complacency, is refused, and, when he hears that Philip Logan is sending a surprise, anticipates him for a second time during the play by sending in the pearl necklace which causes Janet to purr her joy to her bewildered offspring.

Thus Mr. Ervine introduces and disposes of two major topics, modern divorce and its manifold aspects, and the attitude of the younger generation toward their elders and life at large. His style throughout is admirable, his touch sure. His characters are clearly, charmingly drawn, their speech is neither stilted nor conventional. The players fit perfectly into the moods and the manners of the comedy. Miss George, looking wondrously beautiful, with a hint of external youthfulness in her eyes, was the finished comedienne as Janet, shrewd, kindly, tolerant, and beloved. She never once struck a false note, either when possessed by a passing deep emotion, as when she upbraided Elsie, or when, jubilant at outmanoeuvring her, she scampered out of the room with expressive flutterings of the hands; or when she observed quietly to James, "I often think how queer it is that people dislike growing old when they love old things everywhere else. I suppose a young face is very attractive and pretty, but I think an old face, with all the marks of life on it, is more beautiful still. I like the wrinkles 'round an old man's eyes and the deep lines down his face and the quietness of his ways and the calm look he has. There's some compensation in age, James, if you only knew it!"

Mr. Matthews, with his very broad Scotch dialect, his odd mannerisms, his absolute mastery of the character of James Fraser, was superb. It seemed as if one could pass a very fascinating evening in the theatre if these two, Miss George and Mr. Matthews, could simply sit and talk just as Janet and James might have talked many an evening before their divorce, or after their remarriage. No other characters would be needed. However, praise for Mr. Grossmith for his gentle Philip Logan, for Miss Elgar for her strident-voiced and coarse-tongued Elsie; for Mr. Campbell and Mr. Gilmore for their diverting juveniles, to Miss Marshall as Alice, and to Mrs. Blinn as Mabel, the model maid. Miss George incidentally wore several entrancing gowns. Also, she caused the flowers to be changed for each act. Such little details are not always so carefully provided.

W. E. G.

Jan 7 1931

NEW B. F. KEITH'S
"The Criminal Code"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Fred Niblo, Jr., from the play of the same name by Martin Flavin; directed by Howard Hawks and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Warden Brady	Walter Huston
Robert Graham	Phillips Holmes
Mary Brady	Constance Cummings
Gertrude Williams	Mary Doran
Gleason	DeWitt Jennings
McManus	John Sheehan
Galloway	Boris Karloff
Fales	Otto Hoffman
Runch	Clark Marshall
Nettleford	Arthur Hoyt
Katie	Ethel Wales
Dr. Rinewulf	Nicolas Soussanin
Spelvin	Paul Porcasi
Detective Doran	James Guilfoyle
Detective Doherty	Lee Phelps
Lew	Hugh Walker
Reporter	Jack Vance

The American theatre and Hollywood come to grips in "The Criminal Code." Martin Flavin, in his stage play, presented a sardonic contemplation of two codes, the criminal code, "basis and foundation of all law," as Martin Brady loves to mouth it; and the convict's code, "never squeal on a pal." His play, written forcefully and with sincerity, pursued its theme to a consistent conclusion, as sodden and relentless and hopeless as any drama out of Russia with its gray tale of the futilities of life. As a play, it gained serious consideration from reviewers and playgoers; it nearly won a Pulitzer prize. As a motion picture, "The Criminal Code" must bow to the traditions of the studios. There must be a happy ending. The adapters tried two expedients to bring this about, adopted the one which is now shown. According to the standards of Hollywood, this ending is legitimate enough; but this same ending defeats the intent of the play, obliterates its primary purpose.

Robert Graham, in the play, is a clean country boy recently come to a big city, to be clerk in a brokerage office. He celebrates his 20th birthday by escorting a street acquaintance to Spelvin's cafe, where, in resentment at fancied insults to the girl, he swings a heavy water bottle on the head of a rich youth named Parker, who dies the next day. Martin Brady, state's attorney, ambitious politically, would be re-elected, hopes in time to be governor. He admits that a smart lawyer could work it so that Graham shouldn't serve a single day. He could do it; but as state's attorney he must send the boy to prison for 10 years. When Graham has served six of those 10 years, Brady arrives as newly appointed warden, bringing his daughter Mary and his sister with him. Through intercession of Dr. Rinewulf, prison psychiatrist, Graham is removed from the deadly jute mills to serve as the warden's chauffeur. He is in line for parole when, following an attempted jail break, Runch, a drug addict and informer, is killed. Graham knows that Galloway, a trusty, did it, but refuses to tell the warden, and is kept for a week in solitary. At the very moment that Mary is confessing to her father that she loves Graham, and while the parole papers are on his desk, Graham, tormented beyond endurance, kills Capt. Gleason, a brutal guard, with a shoemaker's knife, and confesses, as the curtain falls. Two codes—"just the way things break sometimes"—and futility.

At first, to liberate Graham, the studio folks tried a prison riot, with the murderer identified and killed. The present ending makes a heroic figure out of Galloway. With long deferred refusal to allow another to "take the rap" for him, he confesses that he killed Runch, knifes Gleason, and falls under machine gun fire in the dungeon section. It seems that he had hated Gleason ever since the latter caused him, out on parole, to be returned to prison for taking "one lousy drink of beer!"

Mr. Huston builds up and fattens his role with characteristic skill. His most convincing scenes are with Graham, when he tries to break through his guard to reach Runch's assassin; and with Mary, when he learns of her love for the boy. Phillips Holmes invites sympathy for Bob through quiet, nontheatric methods. Miss Cummings, in her first picture, discloses a fine speaking voice. There is admirable acting by several minor characters, notably Boris Karloff as the vengeful Galloway. The shots of the prison yard, with its assembly of 2552 numbered men, and the types caught by the camera, are impressive. As for the final close-up, an embrace, with Graham, free, and Mary, tearfully happy! Well, they probably will be ending them that same way in 1980!

W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN
"The Right to Love"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Zoe Akins from the novel by Susan Glaspell entitled "Brook Evans"; directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Naomi Kellogg, the girl	Ruth Chatterton
Naomi Kellogg, the mother	Ruth Chatterton
Brook Evans	Ruth Chatterton
Eric	Paul Lukas
Joe Copeland	David Manners
Tony	George Baxter
Caleb Evans	Irving Pichel
Mrs. Kellogg	Veda Buchland
William Kellogg	Oscar Apfel

After seeing "The Right to Love," current screen feature at the Metropolitan Theatre, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Ruth Chatterton is becoming too much addicted to stunt parts. Here she plays the same person as young girl and middle-aged woman and finally portrays the latter's daughter. Photography that baffles in its ability to lie to the eye makes it possible for her to talk to and embrace herself and put a locket around her own neck. It is undoubtedly clever, but it makes one more attentive to the trick than to the drama. It is no insult to Miss Chatterton's talents to say that this triple role puts her too continuously before the camera. There are other good players in the film with scant opportunities.

"The Right to Love" is an adaptation of Susan Glaspell's novel, "Brook Evans" and it tells an interesting and often touching story, too long drawn out but invariably well acted. Twenty years ago Naomi Kellogg, daughter of a stern and puritanical father, loves Joe Copeland and gives herself to him the night before he is killed. Overwhelmed by the tragedy, she allows herself to be forced into marrying Caleb Evans, a dour farmer, who had wanted her for his wife. Caleb accepts Brook, daughter of Naomi and Joe, as his own child, but fails to win Naomi's love. Years later, when Brook is grown, Naomi tells her the truth about her parentage in order that she may feel free to marry Tony, of whom Caleb disapproves. Brook turns against her—a curiously illogical sequence—and goes to China with some missionaries. There she falls in love with a charming man, Eric and for the first time realizes what her mother understood so well: that she must fight for her right to happiness.

Miss Chatterton, carrying the heavy triple burden, is most happy playing Naomi, as girl and as self-sacrificing woman. Her Brook, possibly because the character is so unsympathetic, is less convincing. Paul Lukas, far too briefly seen, is a debonair and winning Eric, and David Manners, with even less opportunity, makes a lovable and handsome Joe. Irving Pichel does what he can with the rather pitiful, vainly domineering Caleb. The photography is soft and artistic and the direction of Richard Wallace sympathetic.

E. L. H.

Jan 3 1931

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 11th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall was as follows: Beethoven, symphony C major, No. 1, Lourie "Sonate Liturgique" in the form of four chorales (with alto voices). Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

Arthur Lourie, or Lurye, born at Leningrad in 1889 (some say 1892), was, according to a Russian biographer, a roaring and ramping "futurist" in his younger years. He was to be seen, and no doubt heard, at "The Stray Dog," frequented by writers, musicians, painters, and all entertaining extremely "advanced" views. The revolution possibly sobered him; at any rate under the soviet rule he became a government official to maintain friendly artistic relations with other nations. In 1923 he left Russia to make Paris his home. Some of his music has been performed in New York as well as in Paris; for example, his Concerto Spirituale for piano and chorus, heard in New York last March.

This sonata was performed yesterday for the first time in the United States. Composed in 1928 it was brought out in Paris last February at a concert conducted by Walter Straram, who used to live in Boston as a conductor of the ill-fated Boston Opera Company. The sonata is in four movements. The first a "Sequence" and the third a "Prose," are instrumental; the second with a text, "Cantus Passionis"—describing the Crucifixion is taken from a lesson in 'Feria VI in Parascave"—and the fourth, a hymn in three verses—"The Hours of the Passion"—author unnamed—are for orchestra and alto voices. The orchestra is composed of a few wind instruments, a few double basses and a piano.

Now a sonata in old times was a word applied to any piece of music. From the derivation of the word it is easily to be inferred that this piece of music should "sound." Whether the sound should ravish the ear or rasp the nerves, is left to the ability of the composer and the executants, and to the predilection and taste of the hearer.

Lourie's sonata, when the altos sang the sacred words—their voices were euphonious in themselves and well-trained—sounded as if bolshevistic instruments were attempting to discompose the singers, if not to jeer and mock their pious office. Seldom, if ever, have we heard such a laborious, ineffectual, needlessly cacophonic use of instruments, which, when treated kindly and skilfully, respond gratefully to the wish of a composer who would be picturesque, dramatic, or emotional by the assemblage and disposition of sounds. Puccini did his best to give musical emphasis to the torture scene in "Tosca." That music is of pastoral mellifluence compared to the excruciating sounds that came from M. Lourie's tortured instruments. The sounds were not illustrative of the Divine passion; they might have served at the black mass with Satan grinning hideously as the celebrant.

M. Lourie is not brainless; he has written fluently and often shrewdly about music, but it is easier to write about music than to write it. Years ago Fontenelle asked: "Sonata, what do you wish of me?" The hearers yesterday would not answer this question in an equivocal manner.

But there was much to enjoy in the concert; the sonate was only a passing disturbance in the air of the hall. There was a charming performance of Beethoven's symphony by a reduced orchestra; one that for clarity, fine taste, sheer beauty could not be surpassed. This performance in its way was as severe a test of the players and the interpretative ability of Dr. Koussevitzky as was the superbly glowing and stirring performance of Strauss' autobiography with its amazingly egotistic pages. Much of this tone poem is of the too fluent poorer Strauss, but the performance almost persuaded the hearer that the music was worthy the composer of "Till," "Don Juan," "Don Quixote" and "Der Rosenkavalier." Certain pages in "Ein Heldenleben" still worked their spell. Those depicting the hero's wooing, with the solo violin played brilliantly by Mr. Burgin. It was pleasant to hear the quotations from Strauss' earlier works. Then there is the peaceful contemplative ending, pages that Strauss has seldom surpassed, perhaps only in the "recognition" scene of "Elektra" and the presentation of the rose by the cavalier.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The next concerts will be on Jan. 16, 17, when Arthur Hadley will conduct. His program is thus arranged: Haydn, Symphony, E flat major, No. 1; McKinley, "Masquerade" (first time at these concerts). Hadley "Salome" (after Oscar Wilde); also Hadley's suite, "Streets of Pekin," which will be played for the first time in Boston. The conductor of the concerts of Jan. 23, 24, will be E. Fernandez Arbos.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Some have found the entrance of the Queen just before the fall of the final curtain in "The Apple Cart" an anti-climax. Mr. G. W. Bishop, talking with Bernard Shaw, thought so and told him that the curtain should have come down when the King is left alone on the stage. What was Shaw's amiable reply?

"Max Reinhardt thought so too, and did what you in your masculine idiocy suggest. Ask any woman what she thinks of your brains and Max's."

Mr. P. Beaumont Wadsworth, who had seen "The Apple Cart" four times in four different countries, contributed an account of his impressions to the Theatre Guild Magazine of last April. The players at Warsaw gave the play as a comedy of words, and ignored the extravaganza part, they hardly acted at all. "Every word of the manuscript came clearly enunciated across the footlights as though from a cold, sober lecture platform." The Interlude—the scene between Magnus and the "very golden, rather voluptuous, rather warm, rather human" Orinthia, played by Madame Potocka, was less interesting to the Polish audience than the two acts. Nor did the episode in which the American ambassador appeared—made up as Uncle Sam of the cartoons interest the audience. No doubt the sight of supposedly grave cabinet ministers bursting into song shocked the Polish and German audiences.

As at Berlin the title was "The Kaiser of America," the audience was perplexed until the entrance of the American Ambassador. Reinhardt produced the play as political comedy. The King had on each side of him one of the woman members of the cabinet. The prime minister sat at the extreme left, at the end of the table furthest away from Boanerges. (In the first act the cabinet ministers sat at a regular conference table.) This compelled the prime minister to speak loudly. All the ministers and the audience could see his face. At London he and the King were "far too private." At Berlin Werner Krauss out-Shawed Shaw. He created a far finer and nobler King than was dreamed of in "The Apple Cart."

With all due respect to Mr. Bishop, we think from his description that Krauss was thus out of the picture. Even Mr. Bishop ends his praise by saying "Whether, however, this portrait of a truly kingly King did violence to the author's conception is another question." Now Mr. Powers was indeed a King in his quiet dignity but he was also a human being, humorous, slightly cynical, yet aware of the respect due him, a ruler who would not allow the feline, purring Orinthia to lure him into abandoning his Queen. At Berlin, Orinthia, played by Maria Bard, was "modern, erotic, graceful and full of acrobatic tricks, such as climbing round the slender gilt pillars of the golden bed half-hidden in a huge alcove"—the bed as in the first act of "Der Rosenkavalier." In Berlin she played the grand piano, singing or humming at the same time. She and the King danced a little, then tumbled about. "It was a superb tour de force of production."

But what became of Shaw's conception of Orinthia, and his lines? Surely Miss Kemble Cooper's portrayal would have pleased him better. When Otto Waldburg played the American Ambassador "bathed in a visible perspiration of excitement, and blessed with a funny, certainly not American accent," he faced his double, the American Ambassador to Germany, who was laughing in his loge.

At London the King wore a dark blue ensemble, "Something in the style of a more dignified Indian prince sitting in the Indian Chamber of Princes." Cecil Hardwicke was very quiet, firm and dignified, "more the English civil servant than a King. . . . full of a now familiar Shawian common sense, but hardly of profound wisdom." Again we should prefer Mr. Powers's slyly humorous conception of the situation. Boanerges sported a clipped black beard, black cap, vivid red blouse and spoke with a strong north country accent. "I do not like the fool of the piece to be cast as a Lancashire idiot." But, dear Mr. Bishop, Boanerges is by no means a fool. He often shows true common sense.

Nor can we say with Mr. Bishop that the Interlude is "strange, ridiculous." The Orinthia in London, Miss Evans was "tall and queenly, with voice and gestures trained in artificial comedy. . . . She played the part like an 18th century goddess, whose feet of clay, although treading the boards as though they were indeed the 'plains of Heaven,' were those of a highly entertaining English duchess. . . . the cool, fine quality of her aristocratic but petulant voice destroyed in a few lines the democratic fetish. She sent rolling into obscurity all the dull cabinet ministers and the Blue Books of figures, and turned the whole Interlude, not into comic relief, but into a Heaven of escape from dull earth and all its problems." Miss Kemble Cooper richly deserves this rhapsody and even more.

From Mr. Bishop's description of the three productions we have quoted only a few lines from his long, analytical and interesting article—one might justly say that Boston's playgoers should be more than satisfied with the production of this singularly diverting and stimulating play now at the Tremont Theatre.

"June Moon," by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman, which will open an engagement at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night, was produced at Atlantic City on July 29, 1929. It arrived at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, on Oct. 9 of that year. Chicago saw the play in the following December. The story is of Tin Pan Alley. A guileless youth named Stevens, a writer of lyrics, throws up his job in a town "up-state" to seek his fortune in New York, where he meets Sears, who once made a hit but must write another to satisfy his wife and her sister, nagging him on account of their poverty. This sister, Eileen, thinking that Stevens would make money by his songs, lures him into an engagement though she knows he is in love with another girl. But one Maxie, the resourceful, cynical Maxie, an arranger of songs, plays the part of the deus et machina and there is a return to the own true love—Stevens exclaiming in horror: "I have been going around with an immoral woman." The plot is really a comment on the life in Tin Pan Alley; the song writers who rhyme "June" with "moon"; a satirical comment, now bitter, now humorous, with a dialogue stuffed with jests of all degrees. Before the play was seen in New York, Mr. Lardner prepared data about the cast:

"Norman Foster, who portrays the role of Fred Stevens, is well qualified to act the part of a song writer, as he is the stepfather of Stephen Foster, who turned out such smash hits as 'Swanee River,' 'Seleste Aida,' and 'Old Black Jolson.' Norman (as you begin to call him after a while) is married to Claudette (Peaches) Colbert, who cannot be with us, but sends regards."

"Linda Watkins won instant recognition from the critics by her portrayal of Ibsen in the play of that name, but first sprang into prominence when Gertrude Ederle swam the Nile."

"Philip Loeb plays the part of Benny Fox, a song writer, and also has charge of the distribution of all the complimentary tickets. His telephone number in New York city is Bryant 2100, or merely signal the operator and say, 'I want a policeman.' Mr. Loeb has played in Guild shows under the firm name of Alfred Lunt and Helen Westley."

"Nonsense," do you say? Yes, but it's good nonsense, what the clown in "Twelfth Night" called "exquisite fooling."

"Tin Pan Alley." Who coined the phrase? Even Mr. Isaac Goldberg, whose interesting and valuable "chronicle of the American popular music racket" is entitled "Tin Pan Alley"—one should read this book to prepare one's self for "June Moon"—does not know, but he calls him a minor American poet.

"Into an amazingly graphic—and auditive!—metaphor he crowded a description that in each of its three terms is vividly suggestive. Tin . . . it is the one metal to suit the dull reverberations of the passing popular song, Pan . . . the one instrument to sound its flat repetitions, its tinny monotony. The raucous troubadours of the obvious, the minnesingers of beery and synthetic passions, wander well off the highways of song, far from fragrant meadow and field. They populate, and sometimes infest, the alleys of the modern city where, at times, a flower pushes its way up from beneath the pavement. Alley . . . not even street. The hinterland of song, where dwell the stepchildren of art. Tin Pan Alley."

Mr. Goldberg, speaking of the song writers, says that "they know sun rhymes with one (the only one naturally); that moon and June and spoon and tune are as inseparable as ham and eggs; if they don't come together, something is wrong with the normal order of things. To rhyme June with rune would be almost lese majeste." And Mr. Goldberg asks: "What was the moral of 'June Moon'? You mustn't aim over the heads of your public. In fact if you're above that public, better hide it. If you're not an inch higher than their brows, so much the better for your chances. If the sap from Schenectady in this take-off by Lardner and Kaufman had been a trifle smarter, he would have missed out on both the song hit and the girl. As it happened, the reward for his golden mediocrity was gold and gold hair—the shekels and the blonde. Of such is the alchemy of Broadway."

According to Mr. Goldberg the "first conscious proclamation" of Tin Pan Alley was the shingle that Charles K. Harris—he died a few days ago—hung out for his little office in Milwaukee:

CHARLES K. HARRIS,
BANJOIST AND SONG WRITER.
SONGS WRITEN TO ORDER.

And have not poems been written to order by poets laureate of England? Have not symphonies, symphonic poems, choral works been written to order lately for the jubilee of the Boston Symphony orchestra?

"The drama is a language of its own, and I hold that the only purpose of writing for the theatre is not to express your views, but to speak the language of the theatre in its best, fullest and most beautiful form."—Ashley Dukes.

Bernard Shaw's reply to this dictum would be, as Horace Greeley used to say, "mighty interesting reading."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

"Letters of Hans von Buelow to Wagner, Daniela Buelow, Klindworth, Cosima, Luise von Buelow, Bechstein," is the title of the latest volume in the series "In the World of Music" published by Alfred A. Knopf in his characteristically handsome manner. The letters, which are now published in English for the first time, are translated by Hannah Waller. Scott Goddard, who has edited the translation and supplied notes, contributes an entertaining preface in which he says: "By no canons of decent human relationship could Cosima be held to have won for herself the right to act as an eager, growing child does who leaves her doll out in the rain when her attention has been led away by the gift of a real live animal." The editor of the original German edition was Richard Count du Moulin Eckhart, who in an introduction told how he obtained these letters in Italy. They had come into the possession of d'Annunzio when Daniela's villa had been seized in the Great War by the Italian government and handed over to the poet.

Eight volumes of Buelow's letters had already been published. How in the world did he, Liszt and Wagner find time to maintain so great a correspondence?

There was much about Buelow's adventures in the United States in the letters written while he was touring here, but in this latest volume there are new notes of interest. In October, 1875, he wrote to Klindworth from Boston: "The New World is to be preferred to the Old in every respect. New Englanders are a great improvement on their forbears in the old country—more receptive, warm-hearted, and amiable in social intercourse than the 'Nibelheimer' " (dwellers in fog). Buelow evidently followed in spelling the Berlin pronunciation.

"As regards material comforts, too, life is far pleasanter. If it were not for my beloved (!) countrymen, who have got on my nerves in Paris, Petersburg, and London in turn, everything would be too heavenly." He was the first to play Tchaikovsky's Concerto in B flat minor. "The performance, conducted by Lang, an American, improvised and promptly made famous by me, was very decent, and yesterday (Oct. 30), when we did it again, it was most spirited." He wrote on Nov. 24, 1875, that the concerto went much better in New York under Leopold Damrosch than in Boston. "In fact, Tchaikovsky has become popular in the New World; and if Juergenson were not such a damned jackass, but would send over a reasonable quantity of Tchaikovsky's music he could do a lot of business. I grow more enchanted every day with this glorious country, which is almost half a century (minimum) ahead of nearly every part of Europe. Whereas, before I frequently played like a pig, I now occasionally play like a god . . . Mason (Wiliam Mason) is growing rather fat. A nice fellow." In 1876

Chicago Buelow wrote to Cosima, who had left him for Wagner, that e did not intend to recross the Atlantic; he had found his real fatherland n the United States. "I am now taking the first steps to obtain a citizen's rights in this free country. I propose to spend the last quarter of my life in my own fashion and for my own satisfaction—which I find in the prosperity of my art—and to leave the rest to the grace of God." In the same letter he said that he had done his best to persuade the editor of the N. Y. Tribune to send "a serious-minded and excellent young man (a former pupil of Mr. B. J. Lang) of Boston" to report the "Ring" at Bayreuth. He speaks (and writes) French, German and American equally well and is far superior to the Englishman." This Bostonian was the late William Foster Apthorp. The Englishman was Franz Hueffer, "a semi-musician, three parts ignorant, who writes English badly." The Tribune finally sent one of its staff, who knew little or nothing about music, but wrote in an interesting, descriptive manner. In April, 1889, Buelow wrote from the Tremont House, Boston, to his daughter: "The 'old man' is really on the way to rejuvenation. This country is a veritable Canaan with St. Liberty as the mother of all good and beautiful things. This will not prevent me from returning home in great need of massage."

The letters to his daughter Daniela from her childhood till after her marriage show a tenderness that is in sharp contrast with the splenetic outbursts found in the letters to Beckstein, the piano manufacturer, and others. He writes playfully to the child, wisely to the young maiden and wife. He recommends books to her. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Gobineau's "Renaissance" and "Pleiads." He speaks of Calderon and Bourget. On the other hand he apparently gloried in his enemies. "'Many enemies, much honor,' was always my watchword and always will be." There are many bitter remarks about the Jews. Richard Strauss's father, the horn player at Munich, was an intriguer. Jaell, the pianist, played "coarsely and in the worst taste. He is going off as a pianist, our good fat Jaell, and really he will have to have a grand 'cut out' for him next to give him room to sit." Buelow's colleague at Hanover was a "clownish Jew." Hans Richter conducted "The Mastersingers" with "beery complacency." Buelow bought a return ticket from Bonn for the Cologne Festival in 1887—"it will be heavenly to escape from all the beer drinking musicians." He wrote to Daniela about the 'cellist Popper, "the Viennese Jew, whining and playing the charlatan with such appalling bad taste that I fell into the state to which you are reduced when you hear of certain lady penitents' bouquets." This or that men is "a swine," or at least, "swinish." From many allusions to Rubinstein it is evident that Buelow feared him as a rival. At Hamburg in 1882 Rubinstein "made himself so unpleasant to me that our long-threatened break became a fact. Thank God it has come to that at last! An accomplished fact can be as refreshing as a Seidlitz powder." In 1873 he had written Beckstein that to compete with Rubinstein in Russia would be madness. "We Germans are not so particularly well beloved there, as it is." When Buelow conducted in Hamburg, he had for orchestral players "only raw semi-human beings—indifferent, bored, bloodless, beer-soaked musicians."

The letters to Beckstein show that Buelow had a commercial side; that he would play this or that piano—if they were not utterly bad—to further his own interests. There was Boesendorfer, who could help him in Vienna. "This pianos are unsympathetic to me and it will cost me a hell of a lot of trouble to get accustomed to the touch, but I am afraid that Boesendorfer has too much of a power in the land and that I shall have to bite into this sour apple." He wondered if Beckstein would be vexed.

Buelow often showed his independence by the expression of opinions that ran contrary to those that prevailed. To him Christine Nilsson could not be taken seriously at Bayreuth on account of her "very mediocre talent." He advised Cosima that she would do better with Albani.

In 1892 he wrote Daniela that he liked Venice best in the Meiningen representation of 'Marino Falieri,' or in the first act of my favorite opera after 'Carmen': Donizetti's 'Lucrezia Borgia.' (I admit one has to hear it sung by singers, not screaming dolls, and only in Italy.)" He spoke of a Hungarian prima donna as "having no greater tendency to sing out of tune than our German song-cows." In his letters to Cosima after she had left him Buelow showed himself the gallant gentleman, a true friend and lover, thinking and providing for her comfort as well as the comfort of his children. Never did he write to her in reproachful or lacrymose vein.

"MOTHER GOOSE"

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Katherine Elwes Thomas has written a book, "The Real Personages of Mother Goose." She argues that these personages represent not prominent Englishmen or Englishwomen, but stalwarts for foible or eccentricity. Thus "Little Boy Blue" was Cardinal Wolsey (It's a pity that Hilaire Belloc was not acquainted with this fact when he labored on his "Wolsey"); "Jack and Jill" was Charles I; "Robbin the Bobbin" was Henry VIII; Jack Horner's "Christmas Pie" was "the title deed of the Mells Park Estate." Just as the manner the Queen of Hearts, Little Bo-Peep and others dear to children are found to be historical persons.

Miss Thomas is not the first in this field. An ingenious Englishman, John Bellenden Ker, published in 1834 a thin book which three years later was extended to two little volumes: "An Essay on the Archaeology of our Popular Phrases and Nursery Rhymes." He attempted to show that the Mother Goose rhymes were satirical, and chiefly at priests and monks; that, written originally in Dutch, "in the course of use, and through the mutability peculiar to our English) language, those forms have been confounded with others, of a similar or nearly similar pronunciation, which have subsequently found their way into the tongue and supplanted them."

Take, for example:

Diccory, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock:
The clock struck one;
The mouse ran down;
Diccory, diccory, dock.

Mr. Ker maintained that the original was:

Dick-oore, dick-oory dock;
De mae's ran op de Klocke.
De Klocke strack won.
De mae's ran toe hun,
Dick-oore, dick-oore dock.

"Dick-oore," meaning "blockhead," designates the foolish peasant, the dupe of the churchman's arrogance. Mr. Ker, then, translates or paraphrases this apparently simple rhyme into: "Thick-headed dolt, you dolt, bring out what you have for our use. The churchman is in want of a fresh supply of provisions. The churchman got at once what he demanded with such hardy impudence. Don't you hear! The churchman tells you provisions run short with him. Bring out at once, you thick-headed dolt, all what he orders so impudently."

J. O. Halliwell, an editor of England's nursery rhymes, in his preface, did not thank Mr. Ker for the invention of odd similarities, nor did he regard with favor the attempts made by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child "and other American writers, to substitute popular science in that place in the education of infants, which these truly English compositions have so long occupied. I cannot help thinking that harmless and euphonious nonsense may reasonably be considered a more useful instrument in the hands of children than that overstraining of the intellect in very early age, which must unavoidably be the result of a more refined system." This was written in 1842. What would Halliwell have said to Miss Thomas's discoveries?

Some one may yet "identify" the characters in Lewis Carroll's books. Who will the Mad Hatter, the Walrus and the Carpenter, Father William turn out to be? And who will be the Lobster of the complaining voice?

BURTON HOLMES TALKS ON FRANCE

Burton Holmes gave a travel talk with pictures on the subject of La Belle France yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. He was presented under the auspices of the Traveler's Aid Society of Boston, which was organized 14 years ago, and which has done a great work in assisting travelers in distress.

Beginning with a view of a traffic scene in New York, Mr. Holmes, who is a New Yorker when not engaged in globe-trotting, said, "This is why New Yorkers leave home." Then he went on to describe France as the country most people leave home for—though there were few enough glimpses of Paris in yesterday's picture tour and Paris means France to most Americans. But then, Paris is, as has been said before, just a suburb of New York, so perhaps it shouldn't be regarded as really part of France. However, the France brought to Symphony hall yesterday was enchanting enough to leave almost any place for—even without Paris.

From the first glimpse of a long, tree-lined avenue in sunny central France, to the snowy Pyrenees and sacred Lourdes, picturesque Le Puy, Deauville and Mount Blanc, the audience supplied a more or less musical accompaniment of groans and gasps. Groans of yearning and gasps of pleasure. Vividly interesting pictures of the war—the work of war, other than the fighting—lent a bit of grimness to the long series of scenes of charm and loveliness along the Tarn, through the Pyrenees and in southern France. American doughboys in action, baking bread, running laundries, building railroads; war-worn French troops; the cheering populace after the Armistice, when the victors marched through the Arc de Triomphe—these were scenes worth seeing again.

Some exciting views of the feats of rock climbing of Bradford Washington closed the travel revue.

Lingering most pleasantly in the memory are the scenes of Carcassonne, remnant of a past age, the home and rose gardens of America's great friend, the Marquis of La Fayette, the gardens of Claude Monet at Giverny, and fascinating Mont St. Michel, home of varied architecture and a famous omelette.

E. B.

LINO MANZONI,

By ELIZABETH BORTON

Lino Manzoni, the young Italian whose avowedly dishonorable intentions motivate that amusing play "Strictly Dishonorable" at the Colonial, is not dishonorable at all off the stage. At least, so he hastily alleged when visited in his dressing room at the theatre. To prove it, he offered in evidence the fact that his only holiday this season in America he spent at a Y. M. C. A. camp in New York state, where there were no ladies for miles around. What's more, he claims he enjoyed his vacation thoroughly, and intends to go back. All this sounds "interesting, if true," but it is a trifle hard to believe, for Mr. Manzoni has one of the most devastating faces ever designed to wring the heart of woman. Imagine a mixture of Rudolph Valentino, John Barrymore (the profile), and Douglas Fairbanks in his balmier days of toothsome smile and little if any repose of manner. Then add to it, Mr. Manzoni's own eyes, very green, and with curly lashes, his Italian vivacity, his rather boisterous boyishness, and a figure which can do without the tactful tailor's pads, and you begin to get an idea of why it is so hard to believe that there are no Lilys, Rosies, and Violets burning up his telephone wire. He says there arn't.

Yes, indeed, a handsome devil. And Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer think so, too. Two weeks ago they wired Manzoni to go down to New York for some screen tests. Last Sunday Fox summoned him. His European screen experience, his undoubted talent and good looks, his athletic ability, will have the motion picture companies after him until he capitulates, no doubt, for added to these qualities is the fact that he speaks French and Italian as well as English, and could, with very little study, be at home in Spanish too.

His English is amazing. He has only a slight accent. . . . more the remainder of a more musical inflection than our ears are used to, than any mispronunciations of English words. But when he landed in America he didn't know a word of English. He learned his part in "Strictly Dishonorable" in six weeks, by constant tutoring, "like a parrock." He tells about his early experiences in America, when he could not exchange a word of English, with the heartiest enjoyment. "I could not talk or understand, so I just stayed home and studied," he said. "To go out, what use? I am like a ghost, nobody sees, nobody hears.

"My part in 'Strictly Dishonorable' I like tremendously. It is me; I feel the same as the count. I am nine months now in this play, but still I love it. And I feel it. When I tell Isabel that we must have seven children, I can see their faces!

"You know, if I ever marry an American girl, she will be probably a southern girl, like Isabel," he mused. "The southern girl in America is like the southern girl of Italy. . . trained how to be charming. She knows what is a woman for. . . . to make her man happy."

A slight lift of the eyebrow, more quizzical than disbelieving, nerved him to defend that attitude. "But all woman know this. She know she cannot be happy unless she make her lover happy. All failure in marriage, they are the woman's fault. If she want only to please her man, how can marriage fail? Only when she is stupid, and cannot tell hiw to please him, then she blame him."

These excoriating remarks, on cold paper, seem likely to wound the independent female, who regards men as a charming luxury for the girls who can afford them. But Mr. Manzoni meant no harm, and his teasing eyes and mischievous manner took the taint of the Turk out of those forthright demands for the wife who is a combination manager, mother, doormat, nurse, companion, and ever-present-strength-in-time-of-trouble.

In fact, he went on to say that while his "friends who had married southern girls were so happee" he himself would demand more individuality and independence in a wife than south Italian girls have. "And she must understand me," he added hastily.

"But not too well?"

"But she will have to be clever to understand me," admitted the rueful Mr. Manzoni, "because me, I cannot understand myself."

Having thus exhausted the subject and possibilities of marriage, Mr. Manzoni turned his exuberant attention to roles. Now his eyes sparkled with pleasure, his gestures were more Latin, his quick smile lighted the dark face with constant revelations of brilliant teeth. Marriage, and the long dark thoughts of the shy and watchful bachelor, had temporarily clouded his naturally carefree outlook on life. Now his thoughts leaned happily, like little dogs off chains.

"I would like to play Romeo! And D'Artagnan! Romeo. . . . he is so Italian! A real Italian! I like him. I like his love for beauty, for poetry, his romantic attitude toward life. And D'Artagnan is another real romantic!"

"In order to play a role well one must somehow contrive to live the life of that man for at least a little while, he thinks. One time when he had a French student role, he went to Paris, got a room in the Quartier Latin, and lived a student life for a month. "And I got a great time!" he said, remembering gay evenings.

"The count in 'Strictly Dishonorable', I am him. I do not have to study for that. He acts just like a real Italian, of good birth and education. Too often you American playwrights do not understand the real Italian character. You make it all too naive, or all too sophisticated. It is a mixture of both."

Manzoni is a mixture of both, and enchantingly young and romantic besides. And he says his only love is his guitar. His guitar and the stage. Love of acting is in his blood; he prefers it to anything else on earth. So he says.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday, Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Jose Iturbi, pianist, see special notice.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Roland E. Partridge, tenor. Daza, Prado Verde. Ford, Since First I Saw Your Face. Lawes, Gather Your Rosebuds. Carissimi, No, Mio Core. Bononcini, Deh piu a me non v'ascondete. Schubert, der Lindenbaum, Die Forelle, Ihr Bild. Wanderers Nachtlied, Dem Unendlich. Griffes, In a Myrtle Shade. Vaughan Williams, The Sky Above the Roof. Strauss, Die Allmachtige. Dem Herzen aehnlich wenn es lang. Lalo, Aubade from "Le Roi d'Ys," Massenet, Ah! fuyez, douce image, from "Manon." Lewis M. Stark, accompanist.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Community singing, accompanied by the Ford Hall Forum Orchestra.

Tuesday, Symphony hall 3 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Wagner, overture to "Rienzi." Bacchanale from "Tannhaeuser." Introduction to Act 3 of "Lohengrin." Ride of the Valkyries: Prelude and Love Death from "Tristan and Isolde." Prelude to "The Mastersingers

of Nuremberg."

Thursday: Jordan hall, 8.15 P. M James Ferguson, tenor; Carl Lamson, accompanist Carissimi, No, Mio Core. Rontani, Or chio non seguo piu Rosa, Star Vicino Cimari, Stornello. Respighi, In alto mare. Schumann, Im wunderschoenen Monat Mai, Aus meinen Traenon spriessen, Die Rose, die lilie. Liszt, Wanderers Nachtlied, Die Lorelei. Grieg. A Swan. Lie, Snow. Grieg, With a Waterlily Sinding. Light. Hue. La Fille du Roi de Chine, Berceuse triste. L'Ane blanc. Sur l'eau. and La Bourse d'or. Buchanan, Wild Geese Griffes, By a Lonely Forest Pathway. Quilter. Fair House of Joy. Graener. So Long Ago. Old ballad, Lord Randall (arr. by Cyrll Scott).

JOSE ITURBI

Jose Iturbi, Spanish pianist, known here through a highly successful appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and two recitals at the Hotel Statler in aid of charitable organizations, gave a recital at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon before an audience of moderate size but warmly appreciative temper. He played the following program: Schubert, Sonata in A major, Op. 129; Schumann, Etudes symphoniques; Infante, Deux Pochades andalouses—Aniers sur la route de Seville, Tientos (Danse espagnole sur un rhythme populaire); Granados, El Pelele (The Puppet—from "Goyescas"); Tempo di Marcia funebre; Stravinsky, Petrouchka (Danse russe, Chez Petrouchka, La semaine grasse).

It is painful to be compelled to make so banal a comment upon the work of a Spanish pianist as that he is happiest in his interpretations of Spanish music (though almost equally successful with the Slavic-Parisian modernists). It must seem even slightly ungrateful, since Mr. Iturbi had put himself to the trouble of preparing for his audience not only the popular Etudes Symphoniques of Schumann, but also here making a somewhat more speculative investment—a sonata of Schubert's, a composer to whom much lip service is paid but whose pianoforte sonatas are less enjoyed than respectfully endured by most modern listeners. His performance was, of course, technically excellent, for about Mr. Iturbi's technique there is not much to be said except good—it is exceptionally fluent and brilliant. Nor can fault be found with his tone, which is beautiful and varied, with a great range of varied quantity and quality at instant command. But the manner of his performance was lacking in the organic unity, in the constancy of rhythm, in the elusive quality of inevitability—things that are felt in the playing of the few pianists whose performance of Schubert's sonatas carries conviction and compels attention.

More satisfying, despite some unnecessarily fluctuating rhythm, was his performance of the Etudes Symphoniques, into which Mr. Iturbi interpolated a sample of the posthumously discovered, and rarely played, variations; they are inferior to those which Schumann published and occasionally duplicate ideas which are found in the other Etudes. Mr. Iturbi played them intelligently, with beauty and brilliance, besides an unusual facility.

Both in Infante's more or less faithful elaborations of Spanish folk music—the first a descriptive piece, gaily exuberant, concerning mule drivers on the road to Seville, the second a dance fantasy on a Spanish popular rhythm—and in the more artificially decorative piece from the "Goyescas" of Granados, with its characteristic modulations, Mr. Iturbi's playing charmed by its vitality and resourcefulness, its varied color and exhilarating rhythm.

For Tansman's grotesque funeral march he found the right stolidity of pace and starkly percussive quality of tone; the declamatory outbursts that punctuated the piece were effectively delivered. He played with the utmost brilliance and richness of "orchestration" the three extracts from Stravinsky's Petrouchka. His performance of this difficult music was full of dramatic and pictorial suggestion, and yet the music suffers in concert performance from the absence of the ballet that should accompany it.

Most enthusiastically applauded, Mr. Iturbi played a number of encores, including another piece from "Goyescas"—La Maja et le Rossignol," and Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante defunte."

S. S.

FENWAY

"Man to Man"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Joseph Jackson from the story of Ben Ames Williams entitled "Barber John's Boy," directed by Alan Dwan and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Barber John Bolton .... Grant Mitchell
Michael Bolton .... Phillips Holmes
Emily .... Lucille Powers
Jim McCord .... George Marion
Rip Hendy .... Otis Harlan
Cal Bolton .... Russell Simpson
Vint Glade .... Dwight Frye

Any person who can prepare a concise, crisp and actable adaptation of a Ben Ames Williams story deserves honorable mention. Mr. Jackson seems to have done this to the tale of "Barber John's Son," written with Mr. Williams's well known passion for detail and reiteration. Thanks to Allan Dwan's intelligent direction and to a cast including enough seasoned stage players to give distinction to any picture, whatever its intrinsic value, "Man to Man" emerges as a restful, quite human photoplay. The scenes, aside from a collegiate prologue, are laid in the little town of Hardinc, Ky. The characters are simple, honest folk, for the greater part. The Boltons, father and son, are of chief interest. "Barber John," who killed the man who shot his brother, has just served 18 years in prison. His old friends, Jim McCord, the banker; Rip Hendry, the town clown; Cal Bolton, his brother, and many others stand by him. They always have agreed that John was justified in his homicidal act.

His son, Michael, sensitive and not always sensible, has quit college, has entered McCord's bank as a teller, has fallen in love with Emily, the bank's secretary. When Michael finds his accounts short by $2000, he suspects his father, because of certain peculiar circumstances. Though he had refused to meet him at the station and had held aloof since, Michael vows his father shall not return to prison, makes a written confession. The father, likewise loyal, will not have the lad ruined, so insists that he stole the money. It remains for Emily to trap the real thief, Vint Glade, a fellow-worker in the bank, jealous of Michael. The incident serves to bring about mutual understanding and affection between father and son. Romance and happiness are just around the corner.

There is nothing highly dramatic about all this; yet the picture is realistic enough to moisten an eye or to kindle a chuckle, by turns. Mr. Mitchell brings his ingratiating stage technique to play as the barber who has acquired humility and vision though the bitter years. His voice matches performance in adequacy. Mr. Marion as the kindly old banker, Mr. Simpson as the staunch brother, Mr. Harlan as the villager ever seeking a repository for tobacco juice—all are splendid, as old-timers of the stage are certain to be. Mr. Holmes, always manly, masters a southern drawl, acts with fine discretion. The others, including an unnamed but very amusing colored actor in the role of barber shop porter and cock in the Bolton home, are excellent. A picture for the entire family to see and to enjoy.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Danger Lights"

An all-talking drama adapted to the screen from the story by James A. Creelman entitled "The Record Run," directed by George B Seitz and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Dan Thorn .... Louis Wolheim
Larry Doyle .... Robert Armstrong
Mary Ryan .... Jean Arthur
Edward Ryan .... Frank Sheridan
Engineer .... Robert Edeson
The Professor .... Hugh Herbert
Joe Geraghty .... James Farley
General Manager .... Allan Roscoe

The most notable feature in "Danger Lights," current screen attraction at the Keith-Boston Theatre, is provided by the trains. The story is of the tritest and most obvious nature and not very well acted, but the moment that one of the iron monsters comes into view, it is impossible not to sit up and take notice. Whoever photographed them did so with the eye of an artist, and he deserves immense credit for the sequence depicting two monstrous engines in a tug of war. The struggle between the two great locomotives is so mighty that it completely dwarfs the feeble little affairs of men. Too seldom is the drama of mechanical objects given its full value on the screen, but "Danger Lights" proves how effectively it can be done.

The plot might almost be considered as propaganda for the railroad business. Dan Thorn, a superintendent, talks a great deal about his love for the trains and the locomotives, even going so far as to say that they make up his religion. Of course, he has a girl, Mary Ryan, daughter of a man he had once befriended, but she finds herself unable to love him as anything but a sister. Being a grateful girl, she is none the less willing to marry him, despite his homely face and the fact that he is nearly twice her age. Presently the serpent enters paradise. Dan befriends a discharged fireman, Larry Doyle, makes a man out of him and has him reinstated. Doyle and Mary fall in love and decide to run away, but while they are crossing the tracks Larry's foot becomes caught in a closing switch just as an express train is passing through. Dan, who had followed them in bitter anger, has a change of heart and releases Larry's foot in time to save his life, but is himself struck down by the train.

To save Dan's life it is necessary to get him to Chicago in five hours, so with Larry at the throttle the special train begins its record run. The opportunities this gives for great scenic beauty and spectaculor shots of the speeding train are not neglected. As for the conclusion, it is not hard to guess. In the way of acting the locomotives contribute the best work, although Louis Wolheim struggles valiantly with the role of the very noble Dan, and Robert Armstrong continues to be tough and well-meaning as Larry Doyle. Jean Arthur is an unfortunately vapid and uninteresting heroine.—E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"The Widow from Chicago"

An all-talking drama adapted to the screen from the story by Earl Baldwin; directed by Edward Cline and presented by First National with the following cast

Polly, the Widow .... Alice White
"Swifty" Dorgan .... Neil Hamilton
Dominic .... Edward G. Robinson
Slug .... Frank McHugh
Johnson .... Lee Shumway
Mullins .... Brooks Benedict
Davis .... E. H. Calvert
Helen .... Betty Francisco
Jimmy .... Harold Goodwin

After seeing Alice White grimace her way through "The Widow from Chicago," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres, it is not hard to guess why her contract with First National came to an abrupt conclusion not long ago. The truth of the matter is that she cannot act—she never could do that, but she used to be a pert and amusing little thing to look at. Now even that is gone, leaving her with nothing but a rather strident voice and a figure that is much too slim to be attractive. In this current film she is up against the usual clever and dominating performance of Edward G. Robinson, and the results are not happy.

Barring Mr. Robinson, "The Widow from Chicago" offers little that is worthy of attention. It is another underworld yarn, less convincing than most, with the old familiar twist of the girl who poses as a crook to discover the murderer of her brother. The resulting plot offers few surprises. Some of the scenes, particularly the last, are cleverly photographed, and the atmosphere of the cheap cafes and dance halls in which the action takes place is well conveyed. At the end there is a really dramatic bit when the police, in a darkened dance-hall, filled with a screaming, frightened crowd, turn a spotlight round the walls to discover the lurking figure of Dominic, the master crook, who has been trapped into a confession of his various murders.

In a role that never gets below the surface and is as full of subtlety as a billboard, Edward G. Robinson presents another of his deservedly popular criminal portraits. This time he has no accent and the omission is an improvement. Neil Hamilton, an unlikely criminal type, handles the part of a debonair gunman with easy humor, and a comic racketeer, played by Frank McHugh, provides amusement.

Also on the bill is "She Got What She Wanted," with Betty Compson, Lee Tracy and Gaston Glass. E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Strictly Dishonorable," comedy by Preston Sturges; 8:20.

COPLEY—"Rebound," comedy by Donald Ogden Stewart; 8:15.

MAJESTIC—"Ladies All," comedy, with Walter Woolf, Violet Heming; 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"The First Mrs. Fraser," comedy with Grace George; 8:30.

TREMONT—"The Apple Cart," play by George Bernard Shaw, with Theatre Guild Players; 8:15.

WILBUR—"June Moon," comedy with Harry Rosenthal; 8:30.

NOTE—The Lyric and Shubert thealres are dark this week.

By PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre—First performance in Boston of "June Moon," a play in a prologue and three acts by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. Atlantic City, July 29, 1929. Broadhurst Theatre, New York, on Oct. 9, 1929. Fred M. Stevens, Norman Foster. Edna Baker, Linda Watkins. Paul Sears, Frank Otto. Lucile, Jean Dixon. Eileen, Lee Patrick. Maxie, Harry Rosenthal. Benny Fox, Philip Loeb. Mr. Hart, Leo Kennedy. Miss Rixey, Margaret Lee. Goldie, Florence D. Rice. A Window Cleaner, Frank Conlan. A man named Brainerd, Emil Hoch. Staged by Mr. Kaufman. Songs by Mr. Lardner. Produced by Sam H. Harris. The cast last night:

Fred M. Stevens .... Thomas Gillen
Edna Baker .... Elaine Temple
Paul Sears .... Frank Otto
Lucille .... Edith Van Cleve
Eileen .... Ruth Abbott
Maxie .... Harry Rosenthal
Goldie .... Patricia Chapman
A Window Cleaner .... John Daly Murphy
A Fellow Named Brainard .... Milano Tilden
Benny Fox .... Ross Hertz
Mr Hart .... Fred Irving Lewis
A "Miss Rixey .... Adeline Ogilvie

In the Prologue an ingenuous girl Edna and an innocent youth are in a parlor car bound for New York. She is to work again for a dentist; he is to make his fortune by his lyrics hoping that Paul Sears, the composer, will find them good and profits will accrue. Here is an exposition that in the good old days was given to the audience by the butler and a coquettish parlor maid, gossiping about the affairs of the family they serve.

Stevens meets Sears who likes the boy's innocence and his lyrics. Maxie, a pianist, and adviser to publishers also likes the youth. Unfortunately for the "sap" from Schenectady, Sears has a wife and a sister-in-law, both hard boiled. The wife growls because her husband has not been fortunate in recent years. She sneers at his songs and nags him in a cutting and brutal manner. Her sister Eileen, thinking that the boy will make money, vamps him and leads him to spend his savings on her at night clubs. He thinks he will thus get ideas for "song hits." His first song "June Moon,"—the thought of the subject, aided by Edna, came to him in the parlor car—is accepted; is popular; it brings him in money—$250—before it is put on the market; there are handsome royalties; plenty of work ahead.

All this time, infatuated with Eileen, he neglects Edna. He is to marry Eileen and sail for Europe. In vain does Maxie play the good angel, give wise counsel in a humorous way. But Sears finds his wife has been with an old lover, a married man, who buys her clothes. In his rage he frees his mind about the two sisters and Stevens is free to write lyrics of the heart and home, and find rhymes for the key word of songs that will bring tears or loud guffaws.

It is a trite story that has been used and abused by hundreds of dramatists. The success of this comedy is wholly in the dialogue which might be described as a garland of wise-cracks with a dash of sentimentalism. When the comedy was played in New York, one or two critics found bitterness in the comic mixture. As the piece was played last night there was a pleasing portrayal of the manufacture of popular songs and of the characters who are engaged in it.

If Stevens failed and was obliged to go back to Schenectady to work—there would be grim tragedy. If he married Eileen, his after life would have been tragic. As the play stands, it is very amusing; no doubt true to life in the old Tin Pan alley, nor is the sentimentalism rubbed in till it is mushy and nauseating. The two gold-diggers are not unknown in New York life; Stevens, regarded as a "boss poit" in Schenectady—did not the proud inhabitants give him a banquet and present him with a suitcase, extolling him in speeches? No doubt they would have likened him to Praed, Locker, Calverley, Dobson and other writers of light verse—if they had been acquainted with these masters—possibly to Heine—though Sears was no Schumann. Everything at the end of the play turns out for the best. Sears is well rid of his wife; Edna is happy.

The performance was brisk; delightful in every way. Mr. Gillen played the unsophisticated youth, sure of success, not sure of his English, without sense to values, to the life. Miss Temple was the sweet, shy thing, shy even in her love, an excellent contrast to the experienced, bored two women all ready to tread the primrose path. Fat lines fell to Mr. Rosenthal, who delivered them as if they came to him then and there. And Miss Van Cleve insulted her husband and sparred with her sister in a manner that made one almost respect her for her clear outlook on life. But the other members of the company gave valuable assistance. Mr. Rosenthal as a pianist displayed a technic that was surprising—as regards getting over the keys.

The audience enjoyed the play greatly. Laughter was loud and incessant, even when some of the wise-cracks were not up to Mr. Lardner's high average.

Tuesday's Symphony

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the second of its Tuesday afternoon series in Symphony hall yesterday. The Wagneria program comprised the overture to ienzi," the Bacchanale from aeuser." The introduction to ct of "Lohengrin," Ride of from "The Valkyrie," h from "Tristan elude to "The erg."

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...chanale, composed for the first performance in Paris at which the gentlemen of the Jockey Club whistled and otherwise misbehaved themselves, is of a later and more mature Wagner. From "Rienzi," which is poor Meyerbeer with the overture noisily vulgar—to "The Mastersingers," was a great step—as great as Verdi's from his "Nabucco" to "Falstaff." Towards Meyerbeer, who was largely instrumental in obtaining the production of "Rienzi," Wagner showed his characteristic ingratitude, abusing him as a musician and a Jew. Tappert compiled a little dictionary of The next concert of the series will against Wagner by musicians and critics. A dictionary of Wagner's ugly remarks about other composers and about men and women who had befriended him often with gifts of money would be equally entertaining.

Yet even in this vulgar overture to "Rienzi," with its circus pomp, there are hints at the greater Wagner to come, hints at "Lohengrin" and the better pages of "Tannhaeuser."

The music that followed yesterday was familiar to the great majority in the audience. Perhaps the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin" was less known to some. The editor of the symphony's program books does not compile those of Tuesday afternoons. The compiler of yesterday's put the notes pertaining to the prelude to "Lohengrin" under the head of "Introduction to Act III." This text must have provoked amazement if one tried to reconcile the prose notes with the exultant music.

The hall was filled from floor to upper gallery. The applause was enthusiastic. And as usual, the louder the music, the louder the applause.

The next concert of the series will be on Feb. 10.

HANS WIENER

Hans Wiener, Viennese dancer, gave recital of group and solo dances last night at Jordan hall, assisted by Otto Schermann and a group of six young men. A packed house greeted this first appearance here of Mr. Wiener, attesting a widespread interest in the dance in general, and the modern German dance in particular, for it is to this school that Mr. Wiener belongs. Formerly a student at a Mary Wigman school, and a member of troups of Wigman trained dancers who toured Europe, he has been greatly influenced by the great German dancer, and reflects in his work much of her passion for simplification of the adjuncts of dancing (such as lighting and musical accompaniment), and much of her highly developed rhythmic feeling.

But it is as a composer and director of dances that Mr. Wiener should be judged. For, despite many moments of lightsome grace, agility and expressiveness, even despite a certain gay humor, and a wit not without capacity for caricature, his own dancing is limited. This lightness does not give the impression of controlled strength, as real lightness should in the dance, for the whistle that bounds in the air is not the dancer—it is the wind blowing it that dances. Wiener's slower dances have sweep and seriousness, but they lack intensity. There seems not to burn in him a flame of expression that transcends physical movement; his dancing is delightful, amiable—but not great.

However as an originator of dances, especially group danes, he reveals rare qualities. He is able to create a genuine composition of physical movement, in harmony with, but not stilted by, the accompanying musical phrase, varied and beautifully patterned by a wealth of interweaving motifs, welded together by an emotion that is capable of nuance and development. In group dances his invention is remarkably skilful, for he works with the simplest of body movements and with the simplest groupings. Yet his use of body line, interwoven with other lines, and alone, is amazingly rich in resource. It seems curious that his inventiveness, so free and productive in ensemble choreography, so soon exhausts itself in his own solo compositions.

The group dances, Salute, March in Formal Style, Slovakian Rhythms, Overture and Eight Dances, In Winged Measure, Largo, Wine, Women and Song, were remarkable for effectiveness (with great simplicity) of costuming, for rhythmic richness of invention, and for designs of interest and beauty, though not, be it confessed, of great originality, save for the lovely number among the group of Eight Dances to music by Milhaud—a body dance, with limp arms waving loosely, as in the slow tides of a deep sea. Most delightful was Wine, Women and Song, to Strauss's waltz of that name, but in no wise taking inspiration from the title, for it portrayed six fluttering damsels at dancing school, pirouetting, practising. Flitting among them, short gray coattails flying, pranced the dancing master, all complacency and pride. Mr. Wiener's jolly caricature in this dance made one wish that he had been less abstract and more humanly amusing before this last offering.

The solo dances, Golliwog's Cakewalk; Ethiopian Dance (a dignified, then ecstatic, ritualistic dance, seemingly more of Egypt than of Ethiopia); Preludium; Malaguena.

Otto Ascherman, who assisted Mr. Wiener, is doubtless a studio assistant and trainer, for his dancing, though evidently grounded in solid ballet, is stiff and strained. Excellent piano accompaniments were provided by Louis Horst. E. B.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Royal Family of Broadway"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman entitled "The Royal Family"; directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Julie Cavendish ..... Ina Claire
Anthony Cavendish ..... Frederic March
Gwen Cavendish ..... Mary Brian
Fanny Cavendish ..... Henrietta Crosman
Perry Stuart ..... Charles Starrett
Oscar Wolfe ..... Arnold Korff
Gilmore Marshall ..... Frank Conroy
Joe ..... Royal C. Stout
Della ..... Elsie Esmond
McDermott ..... [illegible]ray Alper
Hall Boy ..... [illegible]ley Stark

When "The Royal Fa[illegible] was produced as a pla[illegible] [illegible]way three years ago, its v[illegible] was not lessened by sly hints that the Cavendish family had its prototypes in that illustrious if eccentric theatrical group known the world over as the Barrymores. Though the authors made smug denial of malicious intent, there were scattered signs that these rumors might be true; yet there was in none of the individual characterizations anything sufficiently tangible to indicate purposeful effort to make their identity unmistakable. The play told brightly and dramatically of an American stage family held tightly together by what might be termed warring affections, and bound by a tradition that always there must be a Cavendish to carry on in the theatre. The entire scene of the play was set in the spacious and lofty living room of the Cavendish home. The original cast included Haidee Wright as Fanny Cavendish, Ann Andrews as Julie, Sylvia Field as Gwen, Otto Kruger as Tony, Jefferson DeAngelis as Wolfe, the shrewd, kindly, paternal manager. There were two other characters, now eliminated—Herbert Dean, Fanny's brother, "the flower of the Lambs' Club," and his wife, Kitty LeMoyne Dean, never more than a mediocre actress.

The photoplay opens with a stage door scene, Julie leaving after a performance, halting to accept the homage of admirers, riding home with Fanny in a taxicab. Odd, how studio directors like to stage these taxi conversations, introducing their characters via jolts and painted backdrops which disturb the audience and must annoy the players! Thereafter, until the conclusion, the spirit and most of the letter of the play are observed, according to Hollywood conceptions. In the play, Fanny, glorious old trouper, dies quietly and alone in her big armchair, after drinking a toast to Gwen's baby, "to the future the greatest actor of his day." Haidee Wright played that scene with affecting simplicity. The photoplay sends her on the road again, to die, of all places, backstage in a musty old Brooklyn theatre, while Julie, smothering her chances of rest and domesticity with Gil Marshall, finishes the performance for her gallant mother. In the first instance, an effective, logical curtain; in the other, a mere theatric gesture.

Miss Claire, to this reviewer, seems best to have captured the authors' intent in her portrayal of Julie, standing midway in this restless, ranting and noisy family, at one moment inclined to chuck the whole business of play-acting, the next rushing off to a late opening curtain; scolding or deriding Tony; urging Gwen to marry Perry Stuart and to forget that empty family tradition; bestowing a playful yet rich affection on the doughty Fanny. It is a role to test the intelligence and the finesse of any actress, and Miss Claire meets the test gloriously. Miss Crosman's Fanny is of more conventional mould, superficially correct but somehow lacking in that innate strength and fineness with which Miss Wright endowed this grand dame. She is Nell Gwynne or Kitty Bellairs, pitiably aged. Miss Brian's Gwen is a simple child, ingenuously sketched. Mr. Korff gives to old Oscar a dignity and courtliness which Mr. DeAngelis waived in favor of fussy benignity and tolerant humor. As for Mr. March, it appears that he fairly leaped at the chance to pillory that Barrymore whose name could be no other than John. His Tony is a mad, blatant acrobat, using his family for whatever he wants, money, passports, ways out of dilemmas. That Mr. March's performance brings vigor and color to the picture is not to be questioned, but if ever J. Barrymore has an excuse to mimic Mr. March in a picture, heaven help our rash friend, Frederic. W. E. G.

REPERTORY

"The Loves of Casanova"

A silent picture by Norbert Falk and Ivan Mosjoukine, with titles by Edwin Justus Mayer, a Cinéromans production made in France under the direction of Alexander Volkoff and presented by the Screen Guild with the following cast:

Casanova ..... Ivan Mosjoukine
Catherine II ..... Suzanne Bianchetti
Maria, Duchess de Lardi ..... Diana Karenne
Carlotta ..... Jenny Jugo
Corticelli ..... Rina de Liguoro
Countess Voronzoff ..... Nina Kosnetz

The fact that "The Loves of Casanova," current feature film at the Repertory Theatre, has been cut down from 17 reels to the present seven or eight, may account for the fact that it seems more than a little confused and strangely lacking in continuity. Perhaps Casanova may not be proper for us to observe in action, but it is hard to see why we could not have been allowed a more coherent idea of his actual adventures. The film was made in France, with great elaboration of detail and color effects which vary considerably in their effectiveness. When they are good, as in the sequence depicting the entrance of Catherine the Great into the grand ballroom of the Winter Palace, they please the eye. When they are not—and there seems to be as much difficulty abroad as there is at home in reproducing natural flesh tints—one wishes most ardently that the film would limit itself to black and white.

"The Loves of Casanova," although silent, boasts a set of sub-titles by Edwin Justus Mayer—author of "The Firebrand"—which are frequently amusing and set forth the hero's bland conceit of himself with sly humor. Unfortunately Ivan Mosjoukine in the title role is, by American standards, a pretty poor actor. He adopts the flamboyant, melodramatic, eye-rolling style of acting and the exaggerated make-up favored abroad. The ladies whom he pursues with such ardor are far handsomer and more skilful players than he, and one wonders just why they succumbed so unfailingly to his charms. The film shows him in a series of amorous adventures with ladies of high rank, even with Catherine the Great herself, a role enacted with almost regal dignity by Suzanne Bianchetti. Continually he outwits outraged husbands and kisses with proper passion the ruby lips or alabaster hands that are so willingly presented. Some of the photography is very beautiful, and the scenes in Venice and on the Grand Canal at carnival time are quite gorgeous to behold.

Also on the program is "Berlin, the Symphony of a City." This is not a travel film but a depiction of the gradual awakening of a great city. While there is a too frequent and bewildering reliance on the Russian technique of rapid and disconnected scenes, the whole effect is striking, often humorous, as when two middle-aged men indulge in a violent argument, and occasionally dramatic, in its views of rushing trains and powerful machinery in action.

The next offering of the Screen Guild at this theatre will be "Because I Loved You" ("Dich Hab' Ich Geliebt") which will open next Wednesday. E. L. H.

mal elegance; it had a warmth that suggested a genuine sensitiveness to the beauty of the music, a force and conviction in delivery that testified to a real appreciation of its significance. The voice swelled and diminished easily and responsively; a moderate measure of vigorous use only, however, seemed safe, beyond that, as in Respighi's stormy and dramatic "In Alto Mare," the limits of Mr. Ferguson's power to produce beautiful tone were betrayed, though his artistry and vitality in interpretation suffered no loss.

Three songs, well chosen, from Schumann's "Ichterliche," were sung with charming grace, and in a delicately, aptly sentimental vein. A pity, though, that in "Im Wunderschoenen Monar Mai" he confused the two stanzas and had the poetic lover first confess his love and afterward feel within himself the first faint stirrings of that noble emotion; yet perhaps the error was an inspired one and not far from the truth—especially where poets are involved. The agility and clarity of his enunciation in the light and rapid "Die Rose, die Lillie" were praiseworthy. It was good to hear Liszt's two great songs, the "Wanderers Natchlied" and "Die Lorelei," together. The former, so quietly meditative, suited the singer the better; yet "ie Lorelei," too, was beautifully sung—and played, for it is a tone poem for the piano, also. In his Scandinavian group, Sigurd Lie's delicate and suggestive "Snow" was perhaps, with Grieg's "With a Water-Lily," sung best. George Hue's group of "Oriental Sketches," discreetly tinged with local color, but not too self-consciously so, are neatly, wittily, imaginatively made. Mr. Ferguson sang them intelligently and musically, with a polished style worthy of longer experience. The songs which gave most pleasure were perhaps "La Fille du roi de Chine," "L'Ane blanc," and "Sur l'eau." The singer's enunciation in the various languages undertaken was, with some small exceptions, such as the German "ch," excellent. He was warmly applauded by his large audience. S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"The Man Who Came Back"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Edwin Burke from the play of the same name by Jules Eckert Goodman and John Fleming Wilson; directed by Raoul Walsh and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Angie ..... Janet Gaynor
Stephen Randolph ..... Charles Farrell
Capt. Trevelyan ..... Kenneth McKenna
Thomas Randolph ..... William Holden
Mrs. Gaynes ..... Mary Forbes
Charles Reisling ..... Ullrich Haupt
Capt. Gallon ..... William Worthington
Griggs ..... Peter Gawthorne
Bar le Duc ..... Leslie Fenton

The attempt to turn Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor into dramatic and emotional stars must be set down as a disastrous failure. To say artistic failure might be more truthful, for "The Man Who Came Back," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, is breaking records in New York and will no doubt do the same all over the country. Such is the fascination of the pair of popular screen lovers that they have the ability to drug the intelligence of most audiences into a blissful state where minor matters such as histrionic ability and dramatic conviction are forgotten. A worse example of miscasting that this film offers would be impossible to find, and criticism stands helpless and appalled before such outrageous mistreatment of what was once a strong and effective play.

When "The Man Who Came Back" was given in 1917 with Henry Hull and Mary Nash in the leading parts, it was a serious drama, melodrama, if you will, which dealt with such unpleasant matters as opium smoking and habitual drunkenness. In the current version, the sordid implications are slurred over, as might have been expected. Janet Gaynor is about as convincing an opium taker as Alice in Wonderland. Mr. Farrell is strongly suggestive of Peter Pan with a dirty face. What they do to the story of the rich weakling who sinks to the depths and is redeemed by a girl who loves him, is a caution. Not once does their playing carry the faintest stamp of truth.

There have been some unwarrantable alterations in the plot, the dialogue is extremely forced and the names of the principal characters have been altered. Marcelle is now Angie—presumably in order that the hero can talk about angels and halos—and Henry Potter has become Stephen Randolph. To cap the climax, we are asked to believe that hero and heroine descend to the lowest depths in only four months. The primrose path may be slippery, but it is hardly a toboggan slide. Matters are not improved by the excessive subordination of the supporting cast, which forces so capable a player as Kenneth McKenna to wander vaguely around in an ambiguous role, and limits the valid and striking Leslie Fenton to a few lines spoken off-stage.

Miss Gaynor tries very hard to characterize her part, but her delicate voice, face and figure are hopelessly against

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her. Mr. Farrell, completely at sea in what should be an appealing role, is tiresomely boyish and even occasionally cute. The only encouraging symptom we could find yesterday at the initial showing was the pretty obvious boredom of the audience. E. L. H.

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BURTON HOLMES LECTURES ON ROME

Burton Holmes began his series of travel revues this season in Symphony Hall last night. There was an audience of good size, greatly interested in the pictures and in Mr. Holmes's comments of a historical—not pedagogic but informative—and contemporaneous nature. The subject was "Rome." Little time was spent on the ancient Rome and the excavations. Of course St. Peter's was visited. Several pictures of the great church was shown; one unusual and singularly effective—a view taken through a keyhole in the palace of the Knights of Malta. The curious optical delusion with reference to pillars of the colonnades, on the sides of St. Peters, was clearly revealed by still and motion pictures.

Much attention was paid to Vatican City, with the Pope's railway now in construction, with the demolition of buildings in the rear—views that might be taken in any large American city. The castle of St. Angelo provided pictures, some of which were unfamiliar. New Rome was really the subject of the lecture—the new Stadium, the immense garage, the greatest in the world, provided with a spiral ascent, the new villas for workmen, with comfortable little suites, the great buildings for the poor, imposing government buildings—villas of the rich. The beautiful gardens again delight the eye.

There was a visit to Lake Nemi to see what could be seen of a raised barge now under canvas, but to be moved as a museum piece. One could not help admiring Mussolini's solution of the traffic problem; the efficient police. The insistence on one-way sidewalks might be adopted in some of our own larger cities—even in our own Washington street, where now no one seems even to heed the law of right and left. There were glimpses of street and cafe life—but not too many of them; not undue repetition. There were the fountains and the pines that inspired Respighi's symponic poems. A few views of the old Rome was followed by fine photographs of the moonlit Colosseum and Forum.

At the beginning of the lecture, Mr. Holmes spoke of his sojourn in Hollywood: how his traveltalks in a condensed form have been translated into French, Italian, German, Spanish, Swedish. So he—or in the case of Swedish, a double—will be seen holding forth on the screen in European and South American cities.

"Rome" will be repeated this afternoon. Next week "Oberammergau and the aPssion Play of 1930." P. H.

COPLEY

"Solid South"

"Solid South," a comedy in three acts by Lawton Campbell presented in Cleveland on May 5, 1930 with Richard Bennett as Maj. Bruce Follonsby, Elizabeth Patterson as Geneva and Jessie Royce Landis as Leila Mae presented at the Harris Theatre, Chicago, on May 19, 1930, with the same cast; produced at the Lyceum Theatre, N. Y., on Oct. 14, 1930, with Richard Bennett in the leading part; presented last evening at the Copley Theatre with the following cast:

Major Bruce Follonsby	Walter Abel
Bam	Rita Davies
Geneva	Jessie Busley
Leila	Vera Allen
Patience	Ann Dere
Rex	Robert Henderson
Elijah	Kirk Ames
Edward V. T. B. Garrison	Jack Storey
Jasper	Richard Whorf

For their second venture, the Copley Players turned from polite epigrammatic comedy to satirical farce and presented Lawton Campbell's "Solid South." Last fall Richard Bennett plumed himself with considerable effect in the role of Maj. Bruce Follonsby, the pompous, strutting old southerner who grew purple in the face at the mention of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and flourished a pistol in heated defence of his womenfolk. To inquire seriously into the justice of the playwright's representation of life among the decayed aristocracy below the Mason and Dixon line would be to break a butterfly on the wheel. It is not likely that Mr. Campbell had anything in mind but to amuse, and his somewhat obvious attempts to destroy the old theatrical legend of the chivalry of southern gentlemen and the unwavering charm of southern ladies need not cause undue alarm among the romantically minded. Last night the major's pompous and flowering declarations drew much laughter, but of an appreciative, not a condescending variety, from a large and appreciative audience.

The setting of "Solid South" is an ancient mansion, fallen to seed. There lives the major himself, a southern Democrat, a speech-maker and something of a bully without realizing it. There is his sharp-tongued sensible and kindly sister, Geneva, there is his daughter-in-law, Leila Mae, a drooping flower of southern charm, if ever there was one, and her child, Bam, a delightful and enterprising youngster. The major rules them all with a rod of iron, until one day Edward V. T. B. Garrison and his son Rex, wealthy northerners, drop in to pay a call and end by falling in love. The major's wrath at the thought of losing Bam and Leila Mae, whom he had somewhat arbitrarily dedicated to the memory of his dead son, knows no bounds, and once more the ready pistol comes out. The final solution of the problem leaves the spectator more than a little sorry for the defeated major.

The Copley Players have gained in ease and assurance since their first offering and appear thoroughly at home in this rambling, not too farcial comedy. The author may be too prolix at times and assuredly his debates on slavery are hardly necessary, but he has provided an abundance of amusing lines to fill in the gaps. To Walter Abel as Maj. Follonsby and Jessie Busley as Geneva, fall the richest plums. Mr. Abel is not temperamentally or physically suited to so pompous and artificial a role, but if he can rid himself of his present stiffness of gesture and let himself go, as indeed he did toward the latter part of the play, he should do admirably. Miss Busley, wisely omitting a southern accent, makes a more than satisfying Geneva. Vera Allen's Leila Mae is a cruelly clever caricature of a lovely southern belle, and Rita Davies makes a very likeable Pam. The other roles, particularly Robert Henderson's Rex and Ann Vere's Patience, are quite satisfactory. The single setting is both artistic and suitable. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Reducing"

An all-talking screen comedy by Willard Mack and Beatrice Banyard; directed by Charles F. Riesner and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Marie Truffle	Marie Dressler
Polly Rochay	Polly Moran
Vivian Truffle	Anita Page
Johnnie Beasley	William Collier, Jr.
Elmer Truffle	Lucien Littlefield
Joyce Rochay	Sally Eilers
Tommy Hazerley	William Bakewell
Jerry Truffle	Billy Naylor
Marty Truffle	Jay Ward

And doubt as to Marie Dressler's box office value will be dispelled after one look at the throngs swarming into Loew's State Theatre for the next six days. Glamorous romance has its Greta Garbo and its Marlene Dietrich; musical comedy its Jeannette MacDonald, and operetta its Grace Moore; but for homely, unabashed humor of the sort which is universal in appeal, the populace, just now at least, is giving the palm to the mastodonic Marie, she of mobile countenance if not of plastic figure. Moreover, it seems not to matter if she be paired with Wallace Beery, or Polly Moran, or any other. Ten minutes after the picture has started it belongs to Marie.

"Reducing" is less of a travesty on the modern beauty parlor than one might anticipate by the title. There are signs that several of the original scenes have been eliminated or modified. To be sure, Marie becomes an instrument of devastation and physical torture when introduced to Polly Rochay's various contrivances for beautifying the feminine form and features; but these glimpses, comic as they become, are brief as compared with the time and footage allotted to the story itself. At the outset we see he Truffles boarding a train at South Bend, Ind., bound for New York, where Polly, Marie's sister, has prospered and become a bit hifalutin. Marie has a hard time getting into her upper berth. "I paid for it and I'm goin' to sleep in it," she declares grimly; and as she arches her bulky body on attaining her objective, you shriek with laughter. At the Grand Central station, young Marty wedges a foot in a cuspidor, and Marie has a time with that. She and Polly, played merrily by Miss Moran, embrace and fight alternately, as sisters will. Polly rubs in the fact that she spent $200 to get the Truffles to New York. There are other wounds; but the climax comes when Marie slaps the face of Joyce Rochay, her niece, after a row in which Vivian, blond beauty of the house of Truffles, has been accused of trying to steal young Beasley, rich and fascinating. A period of hostility and separation is terminated when Marie, after hearing Joyce's pathetic story, forces Beasley to marry her, incidentally saving her own daughter from a similar embarrassing predicament. Polly, learning the truth, begs for and receives f giveness, and all ends happily.

The lines are steadily funny, as as Marie is concerned. "Smart husbands are all right," she remarks, discussing matrimony with Vivian, "but a dumb one is more restful!" When Elmer, her letter-carrier husband, who snores beautifully and plays the flute atrociously, asks "Who's at the door?" Marie retorts, "Oh, that's Lindbergh, come to take me up for a ride!" As Miss Dressler says it, it doesn't sound like a planted wise-crack; just the rejoinder of an exasperated housewife. Likewise, in sentimental passages, this richly-endowed comedienne makes her speech ring true—gruffly, pointedly, but never effusively. She wears grotesque hats, her dresses have a way of crawling up to her ears. She lives her characters physically as well as mentally. There is only one Marie Dressler. W. E. G.

Jan 11 1931

KREUTZBERG-GEORGI

By PHILIP HALE

Harald Kreutzberg and Yvonne Georgi danced last night in Symphony hall. Klaus Billig was the pianist. The program read as follows—the composers of the music names are added:

Flag dance, Wilckens; Arabian Dreams, Allende; Angel of the Last Judgment, Wilckens; Playing, Mozart; Three Miniatures in Spanish Style, Ravel; Milhaud, Caselta; Salome, Scott; Three Parodies, Sporta Ballet, National Dance, Stravinsky; Romantic Dance, Debussy; Menuetto, Bizet; Bad Dreams, Wilckens; Waltz Parody, Schulhoff; Pavane, Ravel.

Mr. Kreutzberg and Mme. Georgi are classed as interpretative dancers. They might also say that at times they are symbolists in their art. Now the words interpretative and symbolism—high-sounding words—may and often do cover a multitude of terpsichorean sins—interpretation may be merely an exhibition of inanity and awkwardness. Few today are willing to describe themselves as dancers—just dancers. Glory be to Argentina, who, though she may be occasionally prosaic, can "interpret" and even "symbolize"—without making a fuss about it or trumpeting the fact.

Interpreters through the dance postured, gestured and incidentally danced centuries before Isadore Duncan was in swaddling clothes. The ancient Greeks and Romans were masters of the art. When a very short man tried to "dance Hector," the audience jeered; when an exceedingly tall fellow represeting Capaneus danced as if to scale the walls of Thebes the cry was raised: "Mount up; you have no need of a ladder." One even danced the birth of Jupiter. In Thessaly a statue was erected to Ellation, "in memory of the well danced battle." Another danced the story of Mars and Venus and their amorous adventure.

In our younger days "statue olog dancers" were seen in variety shows. We well remember "Ajax defying the lightning"; "Damon and Pythias." When the admirable Adelaide Genee dressed as an equestrian joining the hunt came on the stage, prancing gloriously, she was the "interpreter" of health, joy, eagerness, bewitching horsemanship. She was only a dancer; so was the "peerless" Morlacchi; so was Pavlova—not to mention the great predecessors, interpreters all—but they did not stress the fact. Interpretation with them was taken for granted. In these days much hifalutin is written about the "interpretative" art. It is the fashion to sneer at the "academic," who first of all could dance and even by dancing "interpret."

Probably "The Angel of the Last Judgment" mimed by Mr. Kreutzberg was the most "symbolical" of the numbers on the program. It pleased the large audience mightily, but will some one tell us what the rushing about, the stamping and all that signified? Was the angel surveying the terrified or rejoicing crowd called from their graves, urns, the sea? Was he only separating with some difficulty the sheep from the goats? And the music, as was all of that by Wilckens, was ugly and stupid. That for the "Flag Dance" was made endurable by the grace of the dancers and their management of the colors.

Especially noteworthy was the quiet beauty of "Arabian Dreams" (Miss Georgi); the delightful "Playing" of the two with Mozart's appropriate music; the "Miniatures"; the "Romantic Dance and the Menuetto." Of the three parodies, sport was the most amusing. Better burlesques of ballet dancing have been given here in times past by dancers, or even comedians of lesser reputation. The "Salome" of Miss Georgi would not have turned Herod's head or lost John the Baptist his; nor was the pantomimic part of it significant. In other so-called dances there was so much waving of arms that arms more quietly moved were grateful. The entertainment charmed the most when there was the closest approach to what is known by the unregenerate as dancing or when the posturing came nearest to the statuesque. The "poetry of motion" was at times sadly missing.

The dancers were vigorously applauded. Mr. Kreutzberg was obliged to repeat the third Miniature.

"A MELANCHOLY MEAL"

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Stanley Baldwin after he had b fasted with the students of Glasgow Univ —he is the rector of the university—said some people regard breakfast as a melanc meal. "Whatever the cares of the day ma I always enjoy my breakfast." He did not scribe the breakfast to which he usually down. Presumably it is the English or ho one: oatmeal porridge, bacon and eggs, buttered toast, marmalade and tea. Perhaps bit of fish; perhaps a slice of cold meat fr the sideboard. No fruit. It is to be presum that Mr. Baldwin lit his pipe before he w half way through.

Whether a breakfast is a melancholy or joyous meal depends a good deal on the natu of the food served and the manner of servin it. Are we better than our fathers? They s down to sausages, chops, or steak; hot rolls various sorts including "gems"; buckwhe cakes in season; otherwise griddle cakes, oft of rice; doughnuts, pie and coffee. Pie? Yes, many households, pie. "What's pie for?" ask the Sage of Concord. Thus they were fortifi for the day's labor. And so in old English da even in the ancestral homes of the nobili there was mighty consumption of beef or mu ton, cheese and deep draughts of ale. Englan climate favored this belly-timber. And d time was given to the enjoyment of it.

Now we are told that breakfast must be light affair: a little fruit, a cereal—O hide word!—i.e. some sort of paste to plaster "innards"—perhaps an egg, a roll or a slice toast, and one cup of tea preferred to coff Suppose the coffee is execrable, which is often the case; tea only warm slops; the doughy; the toast burnt; the egg of suspic quality. Or there are spots on the tablecl if the housewife persists in that useless arti of table equipage; the glass greasy; the but not what it should be—is there not just ca for melancholy?

As for breakfast talk. Some are inclined be chipper, talkative, even jocose. A guest be anecdotical and thus think he is thrice come. A bore describes in detail his fanta dream. The cook has just given notice. man of the house finds nothing in his ne paper to cheer him. Young hopeful is impat for the page of crimes—to him the truly sp ing page. Each member of the family is haste to leave the table. The daily heated a ment of man and wife over some trifle has its piquancy. Mr. Baldwin is right in his b that to some breakfast is a melancholy n An incorrigibly cheerful sitter only thic the gloom.

CARD CATALOGUES

The Chicago civic opera company purp to perform "Don Giovanni" during its sojo of two weeks in Boston. Once again Boston will hear Leporello recount to the forsa Donna Elvira the list of Don Giovanni's quests; a list that shows the catholicity of master's taste; but this catalogue contains details concerning the personal appearance qualifications of the victims, only that the resistible rake spared neither blondes nor nettes.

A gentleman in Chicago also kept a li card-indexed list, of his female friends. It produced in court when his young wife him for divorce. These friends were rate fine cards. Some were honored by three as the famous brandy. Some were complim by a gold seal. "Jessica—Gold seal. D smokes, heavy petter, 18 years old, siz weight 109 pounds." "Melissa. Very ch "Marie. Three stars. Cute—and how! blank."

In like manner the hero of Paul Mo "Lewis et Irene" kept a notebook wit names of 413 women whom he had met the armistice. The names, addresses, and esting details were carefully noted. Lewis to study profiles, to acquaint his friend foreign literature, to develop their d he disliked eating alone. No. 411. Ge

s to spend the winter

ests from other cities at

Halphen, 28 years old, was a brunette and smoked cigars. No. 413. Jeanne de Roquebeil (Berthe, Alice), 27 years old, was literary. She knew Pierre Benoit. No. 414. Mrs. James Fergus, was 21 years old and divorced. Blond, rosy finger nails, pretty mouth, blue veins. There were many other details concerning these favored ones.

Don Giovanni is an eternal type, but neither he nor Lewis used his list for a future novel or book of memoirs. It was the Don's servant who spread abroad his master's exploits. In Chicago it was an angered wife.

The Theatre

Jan 12 By PHILIP HALE 1931

The Theatre Guild will bring out Ivan Turgenev's comedy in four acts, "A Month in the Country," tomorrow night at the Tremont Theatre. The translation is by M. S. Mandell. Mme. Nazimova will take the role of Natalia Petrovna, who is a capricious and bored lady, bored with everything and everybody—including her husband, her mother-in-law, and a shrewd country physician. She torments Mikhail Ratikin, who is devoted to her. At last she falls in love—with the tutor of her son; but her ward, Viera, also falls in love with him. A tempest rages in this teapot of a country house. The physician thinks to better matters by bringing forward a dull, honest fellow as a suitor for Viera's hand. Then there is endless talk until Ratiken and the tutor, Bieliaev, leave. Natalia falls again into boredom.

Turgenev wrote at least nine plays. The first, "Carelessness," was published in 1843. The last, "Boarding with Strangers," in 1857. A Russian critic called him the forerunner of the more modern Russian dramatists: "He was the first who had dared to bring out on the stage such simple people in simple and direct surroundings, people who, at the time when he described them, lived, in virtue of historical conditions, a more inert and lazy life than a few years later, when they were carried away by a new social movement; Turgenev guessed the path on which the continuers of the work were to travel, and he even predicted it. . . . It is not an immediately perceptible and yet an honorable place of a predecessor, after whom came not disciples, but continuers of the same work, and, naturally, talents of a greater force and elan."

According to Mr. Leo Wiener, "A Month in the Country" was produced in Russia in 1872; though it was published in 1855. Constantin Stanislavsky in "My Life in Art" gives Dec. 9, 1909, as the date of the production by the Moscow Art Theatre. He tells of a memorable experience at—was it Kiev? "We"—the Art company—"were in a Turgenev-like atmosphere, with ancient flower beds, alleys, summer houses and benches. One place in the palace park we recognized as the scenery of the second act of Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country' with which we had just ended our season in Kiev. Here there were also benches for spectators. The entire surrounding begged for a performance in the open air, in the midst of nature. We were asked to repeat the second act of the play. We consented and began our improvised performance with a great deal of aplomb. My turn also came, and now Knipper-Chekhova and I, as we are supposed to do in the play, walked along a long alley-path, repeating our text, and then sat down on a bench, according to our usual mise-en-scene, and—I stopped, because I could not continue my false and theatrical pose. All that I had done seemed untrue to nature, to reality. And it had been said of us that we had developed simplicity to a point of naturalism! How far we are from simple human speech, how conventional we saw to be what we had become used to do on the stage, considering our scenic truth to be real truth. Theorists will say, 'This is as it must be,' and they will develop a whole theory and read a thesis on relative truth on scenic conventionality. They might be right in their own way, in theory, but if they had been in my place on that occasion so important for me, at that performance in the dawn they would have understood that the trees, the air, the sun hinted to us of such real, beautiful and artistic truth which cannot, because of its aestheticism, be compared to that which is created in us by the dead wings of a theatre. Let the artist who paints the scenery for the stage be great, but there is another, all-powerful Artist who acts in mysteries and ways unknown to us on our superconsciousness. This artistic truth, hinted to us by nature, is incomparably more aesthetic and more beautiful, and, what is even more important, more scenic than that relative truth and theatrical conventionality with which it is the habit to limit theatrical creativeness."

In the production by the Moscow Art Theatre, Stanislavsky and Katchalov alternated as Ratikin; Moskvin was the physician; Mme. Knipper-Chekova the Natalia.

When the comedy was produced by the Theatre Guild at its own theatre in New York on March 17, 1930, Mme. Nazimova played Natalia; Elliott Cabot, Ratikin; Alexander Kirkland, the tutor, Bieliaev; Eunice Stoddard, Viera; Dudley Digges, Spigelski, the country doctor; Eddie Wragge, Natalia's son.

It has been said that in this play Turgenev put himself and Pauline Viardot, the great singer, to whom he was devotedly attached for many years. He lived with her and her husband in France. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out he sojourned with them in London. "If the family should go to Australia I would follow them there." In 1874 they bought together a country house at Bougival. Turgenev's delightful letters to Pauline were published at Paris in 1907. But his devotion to Pauline—there has been speculation as to the precise nature of their intimacy—did not prevent him from becoming enamored of a young actress who had a secondary role in "A Month in the Country." Her name was Maria Gavrilovna Savina. He had thought the role unimportant and was surprised at the interest she took in it; he had thought Natalia to be the chief part. He found Maria a charming woman and a sensitive, intelligent actress. To her he could confide his dreams; and his opinions on contemporaries which were not always flattering to them. She was Russian—and she was only 25; he was white haired, born in 1818. He now was allowed to live in Russia, if he wished it. The people had welcomed his return enthusastically. He asked himself, if new shoots could come from this old dried tree. When he left Maria he wrote: "I now feel that you have become in my life something that will always remain with me. I think of you oftener than I should. I love you." He asked her to spend two days at Spaaskoie, which was on the way from St. Petersburg to Odessa, where she was to play. She refused, but allowed him to accompany her for a short distance. After they parted at Oriol, he wrote to her: "I spent the night at Oriol—a good night, because I did nothing but think of you—a wretched night because I could not close my eyes. . . . I wished to seize you and bear you away to the station. Unfortunately prudence prevailed. But think what the newspapers would have said. I see the article headed: 'Scandal at the Oriol Station.' 'A Sensational Event Took Place Here Yesterday. The writer T. . . (an old man) conducting the celebrated artist S. . . . who was going to Odessa for a series of brilliant performances, as the train was leaving, as if possessed by the devil in person, seized Mme. S. at the window of the railway carriage, and in spite of the artist's desperate resistance, etc, etc.' What a row in all Russia! And yet it came near happening, almost as it nearly always happens in life."

He thought that the hour in the train when he almost felt he was a young man of 20 was "the last glimmer of the lamp; that the door that had already half opened, that door behind which something marvelously mysterious would appear, was now shut forever."

Maria, sick in the following year, consented to make a short visit at Spasskoie. For Turgenev it was a festal occasion. While he read to his guests his "Song of Triumphant Love," while he walked with them in the forest to hear "The Voices of the Night" he studied closer the character of Maria. He wrote to her later: "During those days I came to know you still better, all your qualities and your weaknesses—my affection for you is still the greater. In me you have a friend in whom you can put full confidence."

A month passed. Maria was betrothed. Two months after he learned of it he wrote to her: "Imagine this picture: Venice in October—or Rome. Two strangers in a gondola. One tall, awkward, with white hair and long feet, but very happy; the other a young woman with marvelous black eyes and hair—and we'll suppose that she also is happy. They visit the galleries, the churches; they dine together; in the evening they go to the theatre. Then—but my imagination respectfully stops. Because it is necessary for me to hide it? Or because there's nothing to hide?" He ended: "I know of no hand more agreeable to kiss than yours."

This is the story of Turgenev's longing for Maria as told by the Russians Koni and Moltchanov and repeated in French by Andre Maurois. They say that in 1883 when he was suffering atrociously from the disease that killed him he asked Mme. Viardot to throw him out of the window. (He was of gigantic frame.) She answered, "But, my dear Turgenev, you are too big, too heavy and, besides, it would hurt you." He smiled. Maria wrote to him. He answered: "Your letter fell into my gray life as a rosebud in a troubled stream. My courage has left me. I do not try to look into the future, and I no longer allow myself to dream of seeing you again. Dearest friend, I no longer dare even to think of the meaning of your words. 'Remember from time to time how pained I was at leaving you in Paris—what I then felt!' I'm sure that if our lives had met sooner—But to what good? As my German Lemme says in 'A Nest of Noblemen,' 'I look into my coffin; not toward a rosy future.'"

As he was dying he appeared to recognize Mme. Viardot: "See there the queen of queens. How much good she has done!"

When the little Turgenev Museum was opened at St. Petersburg 25 years later the custodians noticed that an old lady daily brought a bouquet of fresh roses to put before his portrait. She was Maria Gavrilovna Savina, who had fascinated him when she played in "A Month in the Country."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

Yehudi Menuhin will fiddle in Symphony hall this afternoon. Born in New York on Jan. 22, 1917, he was taken by his parents to San Francisco when he was not a year old. Soon after his arrival he was carried to an afternoon concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. "The baby remained absolutely quiet, showing great delight." The press agent does not tell us how this delight was shown. It could not have been by "Goo-Goo"—for the wonder-child was "absolutely quiet."

When Yehudi was 3 he received a tiny violin; at 4, a "child's-size instrument," and then he began to take lessons. When he was 7 he played in public with the San Francisco Orchestra. The next year he gave a recital in New York, and returned to San Francisco before sailing to Europe for further study. His recent great success in Paris, Berlin, London has been duly recorded in The Herald.

When Mr. Newman gave his Traveltalk, "Switzerland," in Symphony hall not long ago the audience saw Yehudi on the screen: at work and at play at the family's summer home at Basle. He was then pictured as a normal youngster, lively in sports, serious and absorbed in violin practice; not a bit of a prig; not a spoiled darling.

We read that in Berlin the police prevented disaster when the people, amazed by Yehudi's "transcendent feats," rushed toward him and—incidentally—"the stage"; that in London firemen were summoned to encircle the boy and save him from the enthusiastic—it should be remembered that Orpheus, a famous virtuoso in his day, was torn to pieces by women; but they did this for a different reason—and there were no firemen to save him. In New York policemen held in check "surging throngs unable to secure tickets." The passion of this press agent was not exhausted when he evolved his opening line—"The whole world had been waiting for Yehudi Menuhin." Now Yehudi has nothing to do with this ballyhooing; nor should one hold his sensible parents responsible. They never exploited the boy. No, the

zeal of his managers found a fiery vent.

We now quote from a recent article in the N. Y. Sun—from one of the weekly feuilletons written by that sane and brilliant music critic, William J. Henderson.

"There has come to this desk one sheet of matter from the publicity department of a firm of managers which gives especial joy. Any one who can inject a little fun into this sorry business of trying to make the public believe that knee-high mediocrities are giants of musical art deserves a decoration of some kind or a Pulitzer prize or what you will. So here's one cheer for the genius who sent out this paragraph:

"'In these days of prodigies, perhaps it is just as well to define terms. Any violinist, under 6, will be called an infant prodigy; any violinist, between 6 and 16, will be designated as a child prodigy; any violinist, between 16 and 30, will be known as a young violinist; any violinist, between 30 and 60, must be satisfied with being just a violinist, and any violinist over 60 shall be considered an aged master.'

"See? Kreisler and Spalding and Zimbalist and all that lot are merely violinists. That is worth living for. There is just one more classification, however, but we do not know who will have the temerity to use it. 'Mr. Slambangski, the pianist.'"

Mr. Henderson did not write nor quote with special reference to Yehudi, who is much more than an ambitious youngster with abnormal facility for fiddling. Competent judges in New York and European cities have awarded the youth discriminative praise for his musical feeling and sanity and for his remarkable technical proficiency.

Apropos of fiddlers—we like the good old word, which is much more expressive than the "violinists"—Anton Witek, remembered here as concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be the soloist at the concert of the People's Symphony orchestra this afternoon.

To go back to the word "violin." Its first appearance in English literature seems to have been about 1670, when Anthony Wood gave this short but critical biographical sketch: "Nathaniel Crew M. A. fellow of Lincoln College; a violinist and violist, but always played out of tune." George Meredith made a curious distinction in his "Amazing Marriage": "How does he enjoy playing second-fiddle with the maid while Mr. tall brown-face Tabby violins it to her ladyship?"

A great variety of music will be heard here this week if one has the courage to attend all the concerts. Mr. Martino of the "Candle Light" entertainment goes back to Frescobaldi—famous for having drawn 50,000 persons into St. Peter's to hear him play the organ—and puts on his program unfamiliar music by Italians and others. A concerto arranged by Bach is for four pianos, which recalls the wheeze attributed to Rossini. When he was asked what was worse than a flute, he answered, "Two."

Messrs. Maier and Pattison, synchronous pianists devoting their talents to music for two "instruments" will aid the Boston School of Occupational Therapy next Wednesday morning.

Mr. Gorin will baritone it, a newcomer if we are not mistaken. Arias from operas; also songs. Mr. Werrenrath will stick to Schubert, Brahms and Wolf. Some of the songs are seldom listed on programs. Mr. Werrenrath for this recital hangs out the sign: "No French, Italian, English or American need apply."

Henry Hadley, as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will conduct two of his own compositions, McKinley's "Masquerade"—which has been played here at a New England Conservatory concert and at a "Pop" concert—also a little thing by Haydn. Mr. Hadley's Pekin Suite will be heard here for the first time.

Mr. Schelling's children next Saturday morning will be introduced to Bull, Byrd, Gibbons, Monteverde, Caroso, Couperin and other ancient worthies. An unusual and interesting program for persons of any age.

Myra Hess is more conventional in her selections, but that will not dampen the ardor of her many admirers. Yet one Jenkins compiled an entertaining dictionary of "all words but familiar."

The Herald has received the following communication:
To the Editor of The Herald:

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: A SIMILE

I am Mrs. Raggles of Chicago.
I have seen the Apollo Belvedere.
And I have seen Raggles.
Give me Raggles.

I am Mr. Waggles of Boston.
I have heard Lourie's Sonate Liturgique.
And I have heard Beethoven's First Symphony.
But give me Beethoven's Symphony.

S. M. G.

We infer from this that Mrs. G did not enjoy M. Lourie's work played at the last Symphony concert, but surely she must have been impressed by the richness of the alto voices and by the music given to them by the composer, who tortured the instruments as if to favor the singers.—Ed.

The MacDowell Club orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler, will give a concert in Jordan hall at 8 P. M. on Wednesday, Jan. 21. MacDowell, three movements from the "Indian" Suite. Gretry-Franko, Kleine Ballet-Musik. Holst, Saint Paul Suite for strings. Pierne, Concert-Stueck for harp and orchestra (Elizabeth N. Allen, harpist). The MacDowell chorus will be led by William E. Weston.

YEHUDI MENUHIN

Yehudi Menuhin made his Boston debut at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. Since he has been hailed as child prodigy by all the great cities of Europe and America, it was to be expected that his concert would attract a large audience; there were very few empty seats. The program (not many violinists favor their doting publics with such good ones) was as follows:

Sonata, B-flat major (Mozart); solo Partita, E major (Bach) Concerto No. 22 in A minor (Viotti); Rigaudon (Monsigny-Franko); Guitarre (Moszkowski-Sarasate); Negro Spiritual Melody, from "The New World Symphony" (Dvorak-Kreisler); La Campanella (Paganini).

Hubert Giesen was his excellent accompanist.

Despite the nobility and expressiveness of the instrument, the violin has had, within recent memories, very few really musicianly performers. All too often it has been the sad truth that violinists did little more than dazzle; even the best of them; when one or two gifted prodigies later developed evidences of genuine musicality, the manifestation of it was greeted with surprise and delight, and whole columns written about it. But yesterday afternoon, a child prodigy played the violin whose musicality is astounding among violinists, not merely among child violinists. Mozart and Bach (especially Bach unaccompanied), demand musicality of the highest order; let it be said right away that there has been no more delightful Mozart playing here within the last five years than that of Yehudi Menuhin yesterday, and his Bach playing also should be ranked with the best to be heard. To the Viotti concerto, squeezed dry of juice by hundreds of virtuosi and generations of laborious students, he brought freshness, vivacity, and an individual, but always musical, grace and expressiveness. The group of short pieces with which he closed the announced program, displayed to the audience all the polished, resourceful, and amazing technical equipment of this boy. Paganini's Campanella, for example, is played very seldom because it is so difficult. Menuhin's double-stopping, harmonics, spiccati, agility, accuracy, and brilliance made this the high point of the afternoon from the point of view of technical mastery, and it drew a storm of applause from the audience.

The truth is that it seems unfair to discuss Menuhin as a prodigy at all, or to call attention to his accomplishments as a violinist and musician, with the fact of his age (only 13) slipping in, to qualify or intensify any statement. After the first sight of him, in blue knickerbockers, golden-haired, pink-cheeked, and chubby, the hearer forgets everything except the music he makes. Then again, when his half-embarrassed, boyish bows, arms swinging, and feet scraping uneasily, acknowledge applause, one realizes that he is still just a little boy, and will probably address his father, behind the scenes, in a childish treble.

But a musician (and a poised, individual, bold, and delicate one), he is. His tone, warm and pure, capable of nuance, dignity, delicacy, and brilliance, sings through everything he plays. His bow arm is skilful and sure; his intonation a marvel of accuracy, surpassing that of any violinist that comes to mind. His rhythm is strong and flexible, very expressive, moving. His phrasing, the ultimate test, is indescribably right, extraordinarily sensitive, always musical. Very few faults, and those of the moment, not inherent, crept in. They were of minor importance.

Here is a most unusual boy, if you are interested in child prodigies; here is a brilliant violinist, if you are interested in the fireworks of violin technique, of bowing, or of the left hand; here is a sensitive, free, and whole-souled musician, if you are interested in the art.

E. B.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The fifth concert of the People's Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall; Mr. Thompson Stone conducted. An audience of moderate size heard with obvious pleasure a program which comprised Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Beethoven concerto in D for violin and orchestra (soloist, Anton Witek), and Dvorak's symphony "From the New World." Despite occasional imperfections of detail, the work of the orchestra was as a whole careful, intelligent, and spirited, and well deserving of the warm applause with which it was rewarded.

Mr. Witek, who, as is well known, is a former concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, impressed his audience deeply by the sincerely musical and sensitive performance he gave of Beethoven's concerto. A note in the program reminded those present that it was in this very concerto that Mr. Witek, in 1910, was first heard as soloist with the Boston Symphony orchestra. The quality of his playing of the same work yesterday afternoon drew enthusiastic applause.

The next concert of the People's Symphony orchestra will take place on Jan. 25, when Marion Kingsbury, soprano, will be the assisting artist. The program will be as follows: Gounod, prelude to "Faust"; Goetz, Symphony in F; Mozart, overture to "La Clemenza di Tito" and the aria "Acco il punto" from the same opera; Tchaikovsky, Marche Slav.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Truth About Youth"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play by Henry V. Esmond entitled "When We Were Twenty-One," directed by William A. Sieter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Richard Carewe	Conway Tearle
Richard Dane, the Imp	David Manners
Phyllis Ericson	Loretta Young
Kara	Myrna Loy
Col. Graham	J. Farrell MacDonald
Horace Palmer	Harry Stubbs
Mrs. Ericson	Myrtle Stedman
Hal	Ray Hallor
Cherry	Dorothy Matthews
Babette	Yola D'Avril

What, precisely, is the truth about youth? The title gives promise of revelations which never are forthcoming, unless one is to believe that youth frequently is silly, stupid or arrogant, and just a little bit perverse. That seems to be about all there is to this picture, which actually is less of a picture than an illustrated tract, written in two languages, that of Henry V. Esmond, British playwright of 30 odd years ago, and that of modernistic adapters. How otherwise could young Richard Dane, alias the Imp, converse in impeccable English through many scenes, only to lapse into such a low expression as "Who is this guy?" as he bursts into Kara's dressing room?

In the play with Maxine Elliott as Phyllis and Nat C. Goodwin as Richard Carewe there was an element of charm and sentimental meandering which apparently cannot be, or has not been, transmitted to the screen version. Phyllis, lovely daughter of Carewe's housekeeper, has become engaged to the Imp, godson of a trinity comprising Carewe, Col. Graham and Horace Palmer, all three past the prime of life. Charley, fourth member of this loyal group, had died, leaving the Imp in their care. While it is perfectly obvious to every one else, Carewe, who engineered the engagement, does not realize that Phyllis, for some quaint reason, loves him. The Imp, who drinks, deceives and behaves like an ass, becomes infatuated with Kara, a night club dancer with a lurid past. He marries her, but on their wedding night she chucks him out when he confesses that he is not th erich youth he had painted himself. Ensuing complications are disentangled when Kara, rejoicing over the return of one of her lost sheep, releases the Imp, returns Carewe's bribe and fades out of the picture. The Imp frees Phyllis and she, proceeding straight to good old Carewe, throws herself at him for the fifth time. He loved her all the time, but wanted to make the Imp happy. What becomes of the Imp we are not told.

A dull, turgid picture, so imprinted with artificiality that never once does it create the illusion of verity, let alone sustain it. Mr. Tearle plays a lumpish role with consistent heaviness of touch; Miss Young is aggressive and attractive as the girl who thought she knew what she wanted; Mr. Manners poses exasperatingly, and Miss Loy is meagerly fascinating as the dancing adventuress.

W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Oh, For a Man!"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Philip Klein from the story by Mary F. Watkins entitled "Stolen Thunder"; directed by Hamilton McFadden and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Carlotta Manson	Jeanette MacDonald
Barney McGann	Reginald Denny
Totsy Franklin	Marjorie White
Pug Morini	Warren Hymer
Laura	Alison Skipworth
Peck	Albert Conti
Frescatti	Bela Lugosi
Costello	Andre Cheron
Kerry Stokes	William Davidson

A thoroughly entertaining bit of fluff is "Oh, For a Man!" current screen feature at the Modern and Beacon theatres. The story is frankly absurd, but it makes no pretense at anything else, and direction and acting are sufficiently good to cover up little deficiencies in logic. Among the more amusing sequences are the efforts of Reginald Denny, who impersonates a tough burglar with an Irish brogue, to pretend that he can't sing. Since everyone knows that he has an excellent voice, the result is extremely comic. Indeed, the mere sight of the debonair Mr. Denny trying to be tough is very funny in itself, but, be it said to his credit, he carries it off with conviction.

Carlotta Manson, beautiful but temperamental opera singer, is agreeably alarmed when a handsome burglar, Barney McGann, breaks into her room one night with the confession that he admires her voice tremendously and always goes to the opera to hear her sing. Finding that he cherishes operatic ambitions himself, Carlotta has him coached by her own teacher. The proving something less than a success she asks him to marry her, even give up her singing on his account, since he cannot bear to be considered merely the husband of a prima donna. It is not long before Carlotta and Barney find that their temperaments clash, for Barney has a very touchy inferiority complex, and Carlotta is a little too used to having her own way. They quarrel and make up; then when Barney brings home some former acquaintances of crime, there is a more serious scrape and Barney leaves. The disconsolate Carlotta decides to kill herself, then wishes to become a nun and finally endeavors to forget her sorrows in work. Since we are dealing with a comedy and not a tragedy, the ending finds things straightened out, but the manner of it, you will have to find out for yourself.

With two exceptions the acting is uniformly good. Jeanette MacDonald is a ravishingly lovely Carlotta, whose of temperament and amorous ecstasy seem entirely natural. Her singing is charming. Equally good is the always pleasing Reginald Denny in an unusual but highly diverting role. We can say we ever took him for a real burglar but that isn't really important. Alison Skipworth as Carlotta's maid and companion, Laura, gave a capital portrait of a calm and soothing comforter to ruffled prima donna. Albert Conti in a brief role was his suave and humorous self. The only jarring notes were Warren Hymer and Marjorite White, whose presence was quite unnecessary.

E. L.

PARK

'aptain Thunder"

An all talking screen drama adapted by rdon Rigby from the story by Hal Davitt d Pierre Couderc; directed by Alan Cros nd and presented by Warner Brothers with e following cast.

pt. Thunder	Victor Varconi
nez Dominiguez	Fay Wray
Commandante Ruiz	Charles Judels
te Morgan	Robert Elliott
an Sebastien	Don Alvarado
nita Salazar	Natalie Moorehead
ablo	Bert Roach
ank Riley	Frank Campeau
on Miguel Salazar	Robert E. Keane
edro Dominiguez	John Sampolis

Motion picture audiences have now ached the point where they can hard- be expected to take romantic and truistic bandits, be they never so ndsome, with much seriousness. They ve become figures out of a fairy ory, like Puss-in-Boots, Blue Beard, Capt. Thunder, hero of the film of at name, current screen feature at e Park Theatre. Impersonated by ictor Varconi, he is a likable and at- active rascal, totally unreal but pro- dir airy and amusing entertainment r an hour. More than once, particu- rly during the lengthy and ludicrous arangues of El Commandante Ruiz, it eame quite evident that the picture as spoofing itself and others of the me sort, but the fun was excellent d the satire not too obvious to annoy ose who still believe in Robin Hood itlaws.

The scene is set in one of those con- enient and imaginary South American epublics, where the inhabitants have hree occupations—eating, making love nd posting rewards for bandidos. The atest gentleman to provide excitement El Capitan Thunder, a debonair des- erado who prides himself on always eeping his promises. He holds up tage coaches, ties soldiers sent to cap- ure him on their horses backward, and ils in love with every pretty girl he neets. The comic Commandante Ruiz nakes speeches about him but never eems to have much luck in finding him, eward or no. Capt. Thunder, to get n with the story, swears eternal friend- hip to two persons, Ynez Dominiguez, lovely girl in love with the handsome ut impoverished Juan Sebastien, and ete Morgan, a rascally sheep stealer nd rancher, who desires Ynez. Most hivalrously, Capt. Thunder, learning rom Inez that Juan has set out to cap- ure him single-handed in order to win he reward and thus be able to marry er, allows the boy to bring him in as risoner.

Morgan, having invited the happy air to be married at his ranch, holds he reluctant Capt. Thunder to his promise of help to the extent of substi- ting himself for Juan at the nuptial remcny. It would not be fair to tell st how the gallant Thunder keeps his omises to everyone and rides off alone to the hills. Victor Varconi, with a ry heavy Spanish accent and an en- gingly nonchalant manner, makes a arming bandit and Fay Wray is a vely Ynez. Charles Judels is hilari- isly funny as Ruiz and Don Alvarado ppears as the slimly handsome Juan. E. L. H.

ANDLE-LIGHT CONCERT"

ighteenth Century orchestra, an ental ensemble, which affects tumes and devotes itself to the of the eighteenth century or outs, gave, what was described, ndle-light concert", last evening lan hall. A candle stood upon sk of each musician and upon f the anachronistic modern pi- tes, to the apparent peril of the ' white perruques (which had s been fireproofed, however, no conflagration occurred). Po- djuncts to the picturesque setting, eeble illuminants, these candles tactfully assisted in their more rian function by electric lights concealed by the hangings that draped the platform. The following interesting program was performed: Boccherini, Siciliana (first time in Boston); Mozart, Concerto in C major (piano and orchestra); Pergolesi, Sonata IV (flute, oboe, bassoon, piano); Frescobaldi, Canzone e Fuga; Gluck, overture to "Orpheus and Eurydice"; Vivaldi-Bach, Concerto in A minor (four pianos and orchestra); Couperin, Air tendre-Air contre Fugue (flute, oboe, bassoon, piano); Haydn, Finale of "Farewell" symphony. Heinrich Gebhard was soloist in Mozart's concerto; he joined also with Ethel Hutchinson, Constance Morse and Reginald Boardman in the Vivaldi-Bach concerto. Raffaele Martino was the conductor. A very large audience, keenly interested and appreciative, and occasionally amused, was present.

The note of theatricality was sounded at the outset, when the first measures of the opening piece—Boccherini's graceful Siciliano—were heard from behind drawn curtains, which thereupon parted to reveal the cast—that is to say, the orchestra— in action, in its knee-breeches and hose, its brocaded coats and waistcoats with lace ruffles at throat and wrists, its white, beribboned wigs, its twinkling candles; to reveal also Mr. Martino on his perch, valiantly beating time in a manner unknown in the period to which his costume rendered homage, and half-turning and bowing in acknowledgment of the applause which greeted and drowned the opening of the concert.

The entry of Mr. Gebhard, immediately recognizable beneath his perruque, and resplendent in a magnificent gold-brocaded coat and plum-colored waistcoat and knee-breeches, was greeted with delighted applause. To a somewhat over-vigorous orchestral accompaniment, he played Mozart's concerto—beautiful, especially in its strong and expressive opening movement—with spirited grace, interpolating an elaborate cadenza in the purest and richest Schumannesque vein. The interesting combination of flute, oboe, bassoon and cembalo (here, the piano), was heard twice. First, in Pergolesi's charmingly pastoral music, there was little individualization of the instruments; in Couperin's Air tendre, and Air contre Fugue, a more "modern" appreciation and utilization of their individual timbres, might be enjoyed, in spiritedly contrapuntal interweaving of parts. The 17th century was an honored guest at this concert in the Canzone e Fuga of the great Frescobaldi: the Canzone revealing a pleasing trace of the primitive ecclesiastical idiom, the fugue, however, powerfully architectural and strongly anticipating the voice and manner of Bach. The four-cembalo concerto into which Bach had translated a vivacious work of Vivaldi's was admirably performed, and the orchestra's favorite movement—the famous candle-blowing finale of Hadyn's "Farewell" symphony which, at the departure of the two last remaining players, left the stage in darkness, pleased the audience hugely. Very cordial applause rewarded all the participants. S. S.

By PHILIP HALE

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "A Summer in the Country," a play in four acts and five scenes by Ivan Turgenev, written in 1855 and published in 1872. Produced last night by the Theatre Guild. Translation by M. S. Mandell. Acting version by Reuben Mamoulian, and production directed by him. Settings and costumes by Raymond Lovey after designs by M. S. Dobuzinsky.

First played at the Guild Theatre, New York, on March 17, 1930. Natalia, Alla Nazimova; Mikhail, Elliot Cabot; Aleksei, Alexander Kirkland; Ignati, Dudley Digges; Viera, Eunice Stoddard; Arkadi, Douglas Dumbrille. The cast las night was as follows:

Herr Shaaf	Charles Kraus
Anna Lemenova	Minna Phillips
Natalia Petrovna	Alla Nazimova
Mikhail Aleksandrovich Rakitin	Earle Larimore
Lizaveta Bogdanovna	Virginia Gregori
Kolia	Norman Williams
Alesksei Nikolaevich, Bieliaev	James Todd
Matviel	Walter Coy
Ignati Ilich Spigelski	Cecil Yapp
Viera Aleksandrovna	Francesca Bruning
Arkadi Sergleich Islaev	Edward Arnold
Katia	Glesca Marshall
Afanasi Ivaych Bolshintsov	Henry Travers

Whether Turgenev introduced himself and Pauline Viardot in this play as Kikhail and Natalia is of interest chiefly to biographers of the great novelist and the famous singer. For playgoers, Natalia and Mikhail are only two Russians in a play concerning people living on a Russan estate of the early forties.

Natalia, the wife of the owner, is bored by her husband; at least she is indifferent towards him. She is bored by her husband's friend, Rakitin, who has long been in love with her. That he is the friend of her husband is enough, that he, too, should be boresome; even his fidelity bores her. The years are passing; there is still time for a passion; but she must not delay. A young tutor arrives. Viera, her husband's ward, falls in love with him. Natalia is jealous for she finds herself in love with this Bieliaev. Goodby to the faithful and much enduring Mikhail Rakitin. And so this otherwise excellent woman succeeds in keeping the young couple apart; in securing a clumsy fellow for Viera's hand. The tutor is obliged to leave the house. Rakitin leaves. Natalia remains with her husband. He is content, for he believes that she has been enamored of Rakitin. The rogue of a country doctor, who thinks that by bringing a suitor to Viera, he will insure peace and possibly happiness besides benefiting himself, only gains personal advantage.

Turgenev was a novelist; as a dramatist he was chiefly concerned with the development of character, with the psychology of his men and women. To do this it was necessary to tell his story, in a leisurely manner. For this development, there is need of much talk. A play without action is a stumbling-block to many. They are not satisfied with endless chatter about a love affair; nor are they greatly pleased with quiet realism. They wish to see dramatic conclusions. Realism to them is a portrayal of something definite: a murder, an embezzlement; an abduction; or people eating on the stage; a bed room not put there solely as one of the rooms in a house with a real flight of stairs leading to it; a pistol shot in the dark; a detective and the administering of the third degree. They would say to Turgenev, "Cut out the cackle; let's have something doing." Purely mental operations that lead to the losing of illusions and the shipwrecking of lives incite their yawns. But this "cackle" is to others delightful—the sluggishness of action on the part of the irresolute that leads to bloodless tragedy—all this is indispensable to understanding of the characters put on the stage by an analytical dramatist. Some novel readers are all for the elder Dumas; others find pleasure in the endless talk and the tortuous investigation of mental processes dear to Henry James.

As acted by the majority of the members of the company, this play was anything but dull. It is easy to conceive of the Doctor being otherwise portrayed. Mr. Yapp at times dropped into the vein of the low comedian. The scene between him and Viera's timid suitor was frankly farcical, which was not the dramatist's intention. Mr. Larimore gave an admirable performance of Rakitin, dignified without stiffness, emotional, but with the emotion of one quietly realizing that his devotion was futile, that Natalia was fascinated by the thought of a youthful lover. His final scenes with the tutor and the husband were finely, subtly played. Mr. Todd as the tutor did not account for Natalia's infatuation. Mr. Arnold was adequate to the calls made upon him. This husband is a singular person, accepting calmly the fact that Mikhail loved his wife, debating what was best for the three to do.

Mme. Nazimova's representation of Natalia was remarkable in its changing moods; her protestations to Rakitin; her delight in torturing him by her lightness, her selfishness, her extorting the confession from Viera that she loved the tutor; her expressive changes of countenance, her revealing intonations; her admission to Bichliaev that she loved him, would fain have him depart, would fain have him remain. In the first scene she shone as a mistress of comedy, bored by her husband, distrait when Rakitin was reading "Monte Cristo" aloud at her request. Then her final, hysterical exit!

Miss Bruning proved herself the worthy daughter of a well-graced actor, whose death was a great loss to the stage.

The play might well bear the title "The Tragic Comedians." Unfortunately there were some in the audience who giggled and laughed at every line that was charged with sentiment or underlined with ironic melancholy.

The stage settings and costumes were unusually attractive, suited to the scenes and the characters.

LYRIC

"Dracula"

"Dracula," a play in three acts, dramatized by Hamilton Deane and John Balderston from the novel by Bram Stoker produced at the Little Theatre, London, Feb 20, 1927, following performances in the English provinces; first American performance at New Haven, Sept. 19, 1927; fourth engagement in Boston; the cast last evening:

Wells	Alfreda Si
Jonathan Harker	Arnold Dal
Dr. Seward	William Melvill
Abraham Van Helsing	Maurice Morri
R. M. Renfield	Edward Forbe
Butterworth	William Olathe Mille
Lucy Seward	Marcella Gaude
Count Dracula	Courtney Whit

Again the dogs howled about the grounds of Dr. Seward's sanatorium again unearthly bats flew in through French windows, and again the mad Renfield shrieked and escaped from straitjackets and consumed flies and fatted spiders, as "Dracula," most eloquent of mystery plays, returned, newly cast, for a fourth engagement. To most in the audience it was a first encounter with this perennial visitor, and these were disposed to be fearful of what they might hear and see; in fact, they seemed eager to be frightened and startled. Others, who had witnessed previous performances and who knew the tricky turns and sudden surprises in store, were more composed, interested chiefly in the manner of the actors in this tale of the last of the Draculas, dead these 500 years, yet not dead; feeding and sustaining itself through the blood of its victims, a vampire in human form. Neither group was disappointed. There were thrills and shocks and hideous, fearful outcries aplenty. The performance was given with all the gravity of Shakespearean players, with all the sincerity at each individual's command.

Count Dracula was an elusive fiend, cunning with the wisdom of five centuries. He slept in his earth boxes by day, from sunset to sunrise he roamed at will, seeking victims who should give him good red blood to keep him going. He had caused the death of Mina Seward, was praying on her sister Lucy. Her father and her lover, young Harker, being helpless, sent for Van Helsing, a professor of demonology who had seen enough in his travels to convince him that such a grisly creature as a semi-human vampire, able to take the shape of bat or werewolf if needs be, could exist. Van Helsing expounds his theories, tests them, gradually, surely weaves about the malignant enemy a net which shall destroy its baleful influence forevermore. Strangely, he is aided by a madman, Renfield, in Dr. Seward's custody; a maniac whose speech is strangely sane, despite his eccentricities in the choice of edibles.

In the olden days it was written that practically all English believed in vampires; that it was common practice to bury suicides at crossroads—for suicides were potential vampires—and to drive a stake through the chest to insure against nocturnal excursions. So does Van Helsing, once master of the situation, drive a spike through the breast of this hypnotic and wicked marauder. Lucy is saved to her lover and her father; the last greenish light has flickered out, the dogs are done baying, the winged bats have fled.

Mr. White, by height, declamation and convincing make-up, was a sinister Dracula. Mr. Morris and Mrs. Forbes forebore commendably from temptation to overact in roles which invite such hysteria. Miss Gaudel, either as a wan and listless Lucy or as a half-won disciple of the master vampire, hideously seductive, was excellent. The others did well. Wise old Van Helsing may have driven the lethal spike, but it is quite obvious that Dracula is not dead yet. W. E. G.

SANDERS THEATRE

"Hamlet"

A tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare: presented in the first quarto version by the Ben Greet Players at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, last evening with the following cast:

Francisco	Harrison Loomis
Bernado	Victor Watts-Weston
Horatio	Rex Walters
Marcellus	Keith Beer
Ghost	W. E. Holloway
King	Reginald Jarman
Queene	Muriel Hutchinson
Hamlet	Russell Thorndike
Corambis (Polonius)	Ben Greet
Laertes	Donald Lyane-Smith
Ambassador	Frank D. Newman
Ofelia	Enid Clark
Montano	George Hare
Rossencraft	Victor Watts-Weston
Gilderstone	Peter Dearing
Players	W. E. Holloway, Frank D. Newman, George Hare, Adela Ferguson.
Fortinbrasse	Frank D. Newman
First Grave Digger	Ben Greet
Second Grave Digger	George Hare
A Braggart Gentleman	Peter Dearing
Priest	Victor Watts-Weston

It was not so very long ago that scholarly gentlemen, whose reverence for Shakespeare amounted to little short of mania, grew well-nigh apoplectic at the suggestion that the First Quarto "Hamlet" was the first draft, and as such the handiwork, of the dramatist himself. They talked loudly about the crudities and the indications of an inferior hand, completely overlooking the fact that much of this abridged version is, word for word, the same play that we usually see. The trifling fact that the First Quarto "Hamlet" is a much more compact drama, less stuffed with familiar quotations, to be sure, but easier to act, they failed to attract notice.

To the unprejudiced observer, the "Hamlet" presented last evening at Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, seemed like a shorthand edition of the "Hamlet" customarily played. It is more compact, more patently melodramatic, and, to be frank, less obscure. Hamlet's madness becomes a very obvious pretence, adopted for purposes of self-preservation, and, a point not usually made clear, the Queene denies on oath any knowledge of the murder of her husband. The famous soliloquies are abridged and transposed, but even in altered form they do not seem out of place, even though the altered phraseology may jar at times up the ear of the Shakespearian scholar. A reasonable guess concerning the origin of this First Quarto "Hamlet" is that it was taken down at preliminary rehearsals, and represents a combination of the playwright's text and the players' interpolations.

The almost Elizabethan stage of Sanders Theatre—where Forbes-Robertson played his last Hamlet in 1917—was admirably suited to the simple production set forth by Ben Greet and his company. It is open on three sides and the players, unhampered by elaborate settings, created the illusion of time and place through speech and action alone. The Hamlet of Russell Thorndike was an exuberant, youthful and determined prince, not too weighted down by grief and responsibility to enjoy the bantering of Corambis and the bravado of the players, yet with an honesty and sincerity that made his first scene with the Ghost and his interview with Ophelia moving and impres-

THE APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club of Boston gave its 228th concert last night in Jordan hall. Thompson Stone conducted the club in a program of interesting music, and Marie Murray, contralto, sang two groups of songs. A large audience was present. The program was as follows:

"Where'er You Walk," from "Semele" (Handel-Spross); "O the Pleasures of the Plains" from "Acis and Galatea" (Handel-Protheroe); "Pilgrim Chorus" from "I Lombardi" (Verdi); the Apollo Club. "Ah, Rendimi" (Mitrane) (Rossi); "An die Musik" (Schubert); "Aufenthalt" (Schubert); "Neue Liebe" (Wolf); "Liebe mir im Busen" (Wolf); Marie Murray. "Oh, Caesar, Great Wert Thou!" from "The King's Henchman" (Deems Taylor); "Rhapsodie" from Gothe's "Harzriese im Winter (contralto solo by Marie Murray) (Joh. Brahms); "Mariner Leave the Watch" from "Flying Dutchman" (Wagner); "The Beautiful Ship from Toy-Land" from "The Firefly" (Rudolf Friml); "Allah's Holiday" (Friml-Bartlett); Apollo Club. "At the Cry of the First Bird" (Guion); "Gartan Mothers Lullaby" (County Donegal); "The Clock" (Sachnowsky); "The Cloths of Heaven" (Dunhill); "Ecstasy" (Rumiell); Marie Murray. "My Hame is Where the Heather Blooms" from "Rob Roy" (R. de Koven); "All Praise to God, in Light Arrayed," adapted from "Lohengrin" by J. H. Cornell (Wagner-Salter); the Apollo Club.

Under Mr. Stone the Apollo Club, always pleasing by a gentle, musical refinement, has taken on qualities that place it among the more virile choral organizations of the city. Now their tone, while it has lost a little of the old-time grace, has volume, ringing quality, and vigor. Incisive attacks, fine fortissimi when called for by the conductor, sharper tenors, and more resonant basses may now be heard. To Mr. Stone, no doubt, goes most of the credit for this change in style. To him also goes credit for better programs. On last night's program, only two things, and those by the expatriate Viennese Friml, savored more of the motion-picture house organ concert than the serious recital. But they were well sung, and gave the chorus an opportunity to demonstrate that they have not lost the knack of singing melodiously and lightly, in the midst of new-found powers. Handel's "Where'er You Walk" was sung with smoothly modelled and expressive phrasing; "Oh Caesar, Great Wert Thou," from Deems Taylor's opera, "The King's Henchman," was given a strongly British swagger and flavor; "All Praise to God in Light Arrayed," from "Lohengrin," was the high point of the evening—rich singing, swelling confidently to a tremendous climax brought deserved applause to chorus and conductor.

Marie Murray's warm, deep voice, her intelligence, her musically poised and expressive phrasing made her singing of the Rossi air delightful. To the German songs she brought, first of all the toil of working out their difficulties (several of them are performed very seldom), and second the keenness of comprehension of a well-trained and sensitive musical and literary perception. Her songs in English were performed to the great delight of the audience, and she was forced to add extra numbers.

The next concert of the Apollo Club will take place on March 10; James Houghton, baritone, will be soloist.

E. B.

SANDERS THEATRE

"As You Like It"

A comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare; presented by the Ben Greet Players at Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, last evening with the following cast:

Orlando	Rex Walters
Adam	Keith Beer
Oliver	Reginald Jarman
Charles	Peter Dearing
Rosalind	Muriel Hutchinson
Celia	Enid Clark
Touchstone	Russell Thorndike
Le Beau	Victor Watts-Weston
Frederick	Frank D. Newman
Duke	W. E. Holloway
Amiens	Donald Layne-Smith
Corin	George Hare
Silvius	Peter Dearing
Jacques	Ben Greet
Audrey	Adela Ferguson
Phebe	Sheila Gillespie
William	George Hare
Jaques de Bois	Keith Beer

When Rosalind in her boy's disguise can stand against a background of black velvet curtains and exclaim "This is the Forest of Arden!" without raising a titter from an audience, one may truly hail the triumph of imagination over realism and of Shakespeare over the scene painters. The Ben Greet Players, presenting "As You Like It," at Sanders Theatre last evening, acted before the plainest of backdrops and with only the minimum of properties. Yet the response they evoked would have done honor to an elaborate and costly scenic production. For once it became possible to grasp how Shakespeare's play must have seemed to the audience of his time: Swift-moving, continuous in action, no distracting waits and only the rich costumes of the players to give the suggestion of their station.

It is an admirable method of producing Shakespeare, probably better for the comedies than for the tragedies which are better for a certain amount of suitable investiture. Last night one could not feel the need of artificial trees or ducal gardens. A bench or two, properly arranged were quite enough for Duke Frederick's court, and Orlando could pin his verses upon the curtains and no one objected because they were not made of wood. It was the players themselves who had to create the atmosphere and admirably for the most part they succeeded. There seems, if one may compare Sir Philip Ben Greet's company as it now stands with what it was last year, a considerable number of new recruits, and while these younger players may lack a certain polish, they do invest their action with a freshness that suits excellently well with the gay spirit of the play. An enthusiastic and responsible audience showed every evidence of enjoying their efforts last evening, and gave the lie, once and for all, to those who insist that Shakespeare's humor is not of lasting quality.

Unlike most productions of the play, one did not think of it as a vehicle for the actress playing Rosalind alone. Miss Muriel Hutchinson, who took the part, was gracious, charming and womanly; a shade too mature for the gay youthfulness of the runaway masquerading as a boy, she brought freshness of spirit and a delightful sense of humor to the part. Yet she was by no means the whole play. For once Orlando was made completely plausible by the manly, straightforward acting and pleasant quality of voice contributed by Rex Walters. He and Peter Dearing, as Charles, the wrestler, deserve great credit for the skill with which they handled the difficult wrestling scene in the first act.

The Celia of Enid Clark was a dainty and charming little person, equally at home as great lady or shepherdess. Russell Thorndike, startlingly altered from his sombre Hamlet of the evening before, made Touchstone ripely amusing and anything but a bore. In the brief part of Jacques Ben Greet mellowed the tender-hearted cynic agreeably and recited the famous "Seven Ages" speech without histrionic flourish. The other roles were satisfactorily accomplished with special mention for the dignified Duke of W. E. Holloway and the strikingly handsome Phebe of Sheila Gillespie.

E. L. H.

IGOR GORIN

Igor Gorin, baritone, sang the following program of songs and operatic airs at Jordan hal last evening:

Amarilli, Mia Bella (Caccini); Nina (Perzolesi); Der Neugierige (Schubert); Minnelied (Brahms); Aria from "Attila" (Verdi); Standchen from "Don Juan" (Mozart); Widmung (Schumann); Zigeuner Lied (Hans Peter); Pierrothe Lied, from "Die Tote Stadt" (Korngold); Abend Stern, from "Tannhauser" (Wagner); Traum durch die Dammerung (Strauss); Aria from "Nabucco" (Verdi); Aria from "Herodias" (Massenet); Hebrew Melody (Gruenberg); Jewish Folksong "Pastachal" (Gruenberg).

Mr. Gorin, who hails from Vienna, is a young baritone endowed with an unusually, and unexpectedly (for he is far from burly) large, warm, and resonant voice. It is a voice of valuable operatice potentialities, if only it can be subjected to a discipline considerably more complete than that which it at present acknowledges. To be sure, the broadly melodramtic style with which he sang a couple of early Verdi airs—from the almost-never heard or heard-of operas "Nabucco" and "Attila"—attested to either operatice experience or tarining with that end in view. Yet such faults as, for instance, his inability to preserve in soft passages the clarity and resonance that he displays in fortissimo, show that further and more careful study are needed before his excellent voice can be put to profiitable use.

A lack of refinement of style, a habit of taking excessive liberties with rhythm and tempo, marred his singing of some German Lieder and old Italian airs, although theer was enough left that might be enjoyed—enough evidence of a real feeling for the beauty of a warmly rounded phrase and of a power to convey it vocally—to inspire the hope that Mr. Gorin may overcome these faults. If he can learn to use his voice more uniformly and less violently and acquire a firmer sense of musical style, he may go far. As its was, there was a certain conviction and not a little beauty in his singing of the songs of Schubert and Brahms, and an exuberance that partook somewhat of the musical comedy stage in his treatment of a Zigeunerlied by one Hans Peter, and of a pseudo-Spanish song by Buzzi-Peccia that followed one of Mr. Gorin's encores. He was very cordially applauded by an audience of moderate size.

S. S.

MAIR AND PATTERSON

Guy Mair and Lee Patterson yesterday morning at the Hotel Statler played music for two pianos. The concert was in the series in aid of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. The program: Chopin Rondo in C major, Brahm's Mair "Love Waltzes," Schumann-Mair Scherzo for the piano quartet, Bach Bauer "Fantasia and Fugue in A minor," Brahm's variation on a theme of Haydn, Rachmaninoff "Tears" from suite Opus 5, Saint-Saens five movements from "The Animal Carnival," Dalies Frantz "Turkey in the Straw" freely arranged from Guion's version for piano solo, Schulz - Evler - Chassins Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltzes."

The perfectly matched tonal quality and style of Mr. Mair and Mr. Patterson is too well known to need comment. Only that can be said which has already been said many times: that they played with perfect ensemble, rhythmic dash, with the finest adjustment of tone balance, and with unfailing response to the mood of the music in hand. Transferred to the double keyboard, the transcription of Mr. Mair and Mr. Patterson becomes clearer, and the interplay of voice, especially in the Mozart "Rondo," is much easier to follow. The variations of the "Theme of Haydn" by Brahms, while perfectly executed, seemed more complete performed by orchestra.

From the sombre Rachmaninoff to the superficial brilliance of voice play in "Turkey in the Straw" by Frantz, and closing with a clever arrangement of Strauss's waltz by Chassins, this characteristic program was well received. One feels with regret that these two peerless performers of two-piano music so perfectly matched as to temperament, are to part. Their place in concert music will not easily be filled.

L. L. M.

"CANNY" AND "CLEVER"

By PHILIP HALE

The word "canny" is usually defined in Boston as meaning knowing, sagacious, shrewd, cautious. Thus we have the "canny Scot," of whom so many stories—many of them boresome—are told, reflecting on his thrift, i. e., stinginess. Now we are told that "canny" is not a term of "unjust derision"; that in Northumberland the word is one of respect, endearment. Even in Scotland it may mean skilful, dexterous, or as Sir Walter uses it in "The Heart of Midlothian," fortunate, lucky, favorable; also gentle, safe, as "a canny horse"; or even agreeable, comely; a term of approbation or affection. And so there are as many meanings to "canny" as Mark Twain found in the German word "zug."

Yet the meaning "shrewd" will probably remain in the minds of most of us, as we are inclined to find only one meaning for "clever," and often misapply the word. John Pickering over 100 years ago quoted Dr. Witherspoon as saying that Americans generally mean by "clever" only goodness of disposition, worthiness, integrity without the least regard to capacity; but in Britain "clever" always means capacity and may be joined either to a good or bad disposition. When "cleverness" is applied primarily to conduct and not to the person, it generally carries in it the idea of art or chicanery not very honorable.

"Clever" in the sense of good, affectionate, is still heard in New England and in other states. Soon after the publication of Walt Whitman's Dartmouth College poem, a youthful admirer of the poet called on him when he and his mother were living in Brooklyn. Walt was not at home, but his mother, a wholesome, delightful, venerable lady, entertained the visitor. She confessed that she did not understand some of Walt's poetry, but she said with warmth: "No mother could have a cleverer son."

Dr. Johnson would not have the word "clever" in any sense. "This is a low word, scarcely ever used but in burlesque or conversation; and applied to anything a man likes, without a settled meaning." For the definition "well-shaped, handsome," he quoted the sturdy English of Dr. Arbuthnot: "She called him gundy-guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was." The word originally meant skilful, dexterous with one's hands; but in English dialect it came to mean handsome, well made; good, kind, well-behaved, benevolent; honest, respectable, industrious; truthful, accurate; neat, smooth; a clever horse was gentle, or agile, good at fences; chief, principal; then of inanimate objects, well made, satisfactory. To speak of a clever book is to misuse the word.

On Cape Cod one may hear the word "comical" used as a synonym of singular, curious. In English provinces it may mean odd, unusual, queer; or disagreeable, pert, impertinent; capricious, dangerous, hazardous. Porson writing of quaint words found "comical" to mean unwell, out of sorts. He quoted a Worcester man saying: "I baint justly righteous in my inside, I feels very comical." Suppose Mr. Jones were called a clever, canny, comical person. What sort of a man would he really be in the eyes of various English provincials?

Mariechen	Margot Lion
Oberregisseur Lechner	Carl Ebert
Frau Werner	Sophie Pagay
Edith Karm	Trude Berliner
Justizrat Korner	Fritz Alberti
Direktor Sommer	Hans Mierendorff
Sanitatsrat Brink	Jaco Furth
Der Theaterdirektor	Jans Sternberg
Dr. Inspizent	Herman Picha
Der Conferencier	Andre Pilot

At the Repertory Theatre there may now be seen a highly interesting picture, with special appeal for those who understand the German language. For "Dich Hab' Ich Geliebt" is the first all-talking picture in the German language to come from Germany, and when compared with the first dialogue films made in this country it is a remarkably finished product. The photography is clear, the recording for the most part quite satisfactory, and the leading lady Mady Christians, consistently beautiful and a good actress. So clearly do the players speak that anyone with a knowledge of German should have no difficulty in following them, but even without this knowledge the pantomime is quite graphic enough to explain the action.

Granting the film its many merits and a sizable audience seemed full appreciative of them yesterday afternoon, the film is overlong for the slight story it tells, and there is too much of the theme song that gives the story its name. At one time it seemed as though we were about to be inflicted with a backstage life drama, full of tears and chest heaving, but the plot turns instead to the problem of a successful musical comedy prima donna who gives up her career for marriage. Ingo Lund, half in love with her singing partner, Otto Radney, is bethrothed to Dr. Hubert Baumgart, a serious and very busy young physician. They are married and she puts the stage behind her, forgets Otto and sets herself to be a good wife and mother. For a while she is very happy and then, by insidious degrees, she finds herself longing for her old life.

A chance meeting with Otto when visiting a night-club with her husband brings matters to a climax, for Ingo feels that Hubert, although affectionate and considerate, has little need for her in his work. She refuses Otto's plea to return with him to the stage but Hubert, warned of their meeting by a jealous admirer of Otto, decides that a separation is in order. Inge returns to the stage again and fails, and in the end is reconciled to her husband. Mady Christians, a lovely blonde, sings pleasingly and does an intoxicated bit that is excellent. Hans Stuwe is convincing as the serious Hubert and Walter Jankuhn is a stolid Otto, although his voice is pleasing in quality.

E. L. H.

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

In a program of original character sketches given last night at Hancock hall by the building fund committee of Choate school, Miss Skinner thoroughly convinced a large and appreciative audience that good theatre does not necessarily mean a company. She is so creative and sufficient unto herself that not for a moment does the stage seem empty. She draws upon the feeling and imagination of her listeners with a skill of a master violinist or accately phrasing a Chopin Nocturne. Her sketches are fresh, adroit and original. Her self-written lines are not only witty and alive, but her hesitations, glances and pauses make her unseen company as real as though they were beside her on the stage. Her program gave her the opportunity of portraying every emotion.

Miss Skinner possesses a beautiful speaking voice, which enhances every inflection and accent—an artist, who does not depend upon personality alone to entertain. One could go on and on definitely exclaimng about her charming manner, her artistry and her beauty but suffice to say, a evening spent with Miss Skinner and her sketches in days of mechanical reproductions, an evening of pure enjoyment.

L. L.

SHUBERT

"A Wonderful Night"

"A Wonderful Night" ("Die Fledermaus"), an operetta in three acts; music by Johann Strauss, book adapted by Fanny Todd Mitchell from "Le Reveillon," a farce by Meilhac and Halevy; staged by Jose Ruben, and produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Majestic Theatre, New York, Oct. 31, 1929; performed last evening at the Shubert Theatre with the following cast:

Latzo Garbo	Clifford Newdahl
Adele	Greta Alpeter
Rosalinde Grunewald	Gladys Baxter
Max Grunewald	Archie Leach
Dr. Von Lubke	Joseph Lertora
Bochmeister	Robert Pitkin
Frieda	Mary Wilkins
Prince Kosloksky	Hal Conkling
Frau Hickenlooper	Sallie Stembler
Blotz	Bernard Gorcey

For the second time in 15 months a Boston audience has been privileged to listen to the languorous waltzes, the

merry mazurkas, the prancing polkas, the graceful gavottes and the sprightly schottisches characteristic of old Vienna. Noel Coward created or cunningly redressed these fascinating rhythms and tempos in "Bitter Sweet," that charming romance of London and Vienna, set to music. Last evening came Johann Strauss's score of "Die Fledermaus," 56 years old, yet as sparkling and delightful as if it had been composed yesteryear. Not that this score is a novelty to the world. It has been heard in Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London, New York, but apparently never before in operatic form in this musical centre of the East, called Boston. Can it be that, save for the Messrs. Shubert, we never would have heard it?

Previous productions have been known as "Nightbirds," "The Merry Countess." The present title, "A Wonderful Night," is as good as any. The book, from its first writing, has never been cited as of extraordinary brilliancy, or more than mediocre drollery. Always it has been the score which has carried the performance. So it was last night: the score, and two voices, those of Miss Baxter as the masked Rosalinde—she was Mathilda at the New York premiere, and of Miss Alpeter as Adele, the saucy maid—she was Kathie in New York. There are no singing voices among the men, but that matters little. The two women, the orchestra and the excellent chorus are enough for a full evening's enjoyment.

There had been apprehension in certain musical breasts that a band of 20 musicians could not do justice to the sweeping beauties of the Strauss score. The story runs that Mr. J. J. Shubert, hearing this, was eager to expand his orchestra for the opening performances at least to 30; that the local musicians' union insisted on the entire engagement or not at all; and that Mr. Shubert, indignant, decided to chance it wah his usual 20. He had feared, in fact, that a larger volume would jeopardize the effect of the voices from the stage. In this it seems that he reasoned sanely. Which brings us to that prodigious mechanical time-saver, the revolving stage. Even on such a spacious floor as the Shubert offers, this stage on a stage forced the ensembles almost onto the footlights. Depth must be sacrificed, settings trimmed. The ballroom at Prince Koslofsky's, for instance, an impressive picture in black and gold, with old rose window drapes and heavy glass chandeliers and dark, rich tapestries floating aloft, should have been on larger scale for the ballet, and for the wild, ranging dancers of the czardas. Besides giving this effect of close quarters, the revolving stage set the singers forward, thrust their outflung voices full in the faces of the audience.

As for the story, Max, a gay young husband who is as generous to his maid

s to his wife i namorous attentions, is ranted a night's respite from service f nine days in jail for a minor inraction of the municipality's laws. ochmeister, the prison warden, arrests arbo, Hungarian tenor, whom he finds Max's salon, tete-a-tete with Rosande. When his wife hears that Max as gone to the prince's ball, after fibing to her, she follows, masked. Max akes love to her, but she does not unmask. In the end he discovers that osalinde is worth cultivating, permaently. Bochmeister and Blotz, the ailer, played squeakily by Mr. Gorcey, urnish most of the comedy, with Miss lpeter's aid as the artful maid.

The latter, improving as the evening assed, sang the jocund laughing song n the second act with verve and tonal udacity and surety, for which she was oundly applauded. Miss Baxter was est in the czardas, combining a rich nezzo-soprano with admirable dramatic hrasing. She is an unassuming but very competent artiste. Mr. Leach, who clenches his teeth when he talks, cted the amatory Max as if he were ut of a London music hall. Mr. Pitkin was noisily amusing in his inebriated scenes, Miss Stembler laughed inordinately as the ponderous Frau Hickenslooper, Mr. Newdahl was earnest as the Hungarian intruder of the first act The costumes were oddly attractive Mr. Hoff conducted discreetly through out. W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

Charley's Aunt"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by McGrew Willis from the play of the same ime by Brandon Thomas; directed by Al ristie and presented by Columbia with e following cast:

ord Fancourt Babberly	Charlie Ruggles
my Spettigue	June Collyer
harlie Wykeham	Hugh Williams
onna Lucia D'Alvadorez	Doris Lloyd
ephen Spettigue	Halliwell Hobbes
la Delahay	Flora Le Breton
ck Chesney	Rodney McLennon
itty Verdun	Flora Sheffield
r Francis Chesney	Philip Smalley
rassett	Wilson Benge

There can be few among theatreoers and screen fans who have not, at ne time or another, been privileged to ee "Charley's Aunt." Once again it as been revived and the hearty laugher of audiences at the New B. F. Keith Theatre bears testimony to the evergreen quality of its humor, first set forth about 40 years ago. This time it is the ascendant Charles Ruggles who dons the petticoats of Lord Fancourt Babberly and prances around in corkscrew curls, black silk bonnet and long skirts. No one needs to be told at this late date that Mr. Ruggles is one of the select band of spontaneously funny actors in pictures and the amusement to be derived from the current film is due almost entirely to his efforts.

"Charley's Aunt" is filled with the broadest sort of slapstick humor, with excursions into downright vulgarity. It is overlong, at times slightly dull and more than a little crude. Yet all criticisms are forgotten during the hilarious antics of Mr. Ruggles. His mobile countenance presents a continuous succession of ludicrous expressions, from the utmost enjoyment, when kissing his friends' girls, to abject dismay when discovered, still in his his disguise, in the act of smoking a large black cigar. His would-be mincing, prancing gait. his absurdly falsetto voice, his coy hide-and-go-seek with two elderly gentlemen are genuinely funny. In the few instances when he is not burlesquing to his heart's content he makes rather a nice-looking old lady. A master of pantomime always, he is here given every opportunity to make the most of his uncommon gifts. More's the pity that his material was so shop-worn and so obvious.

The plot hardly needs any outline at this late date. Briefly, Lord Fancourt Babberly, a young nobleman with a taste for amateur theatricals, consents to pose as the elderly aunt of his fellow student, Charley Wykeham, in order to help the latter propose to the lady of his heart, Amy Spettigue. Charley and his room-mate, Jack Chesney, who wishes to marry Kitty Verdun, are expecting Charley's aunt, Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez, a wealthy widow from Brazil, but she fails to show up in time for the luncheon they are giving for the girls. Babberly becomes more and more involved in deception, particularly when Amy's guardian tries to make love to him, but everything ends very matrimonially and happily. Of the supporting cast, the best work is contributed by Halliwell Hobbes, as Stephen Spettigue, and Wilson Benge as Charley's long suffering man servant, Brassett. June Collyer and Doris Lloyd are suitably charming. E. L. H.

METROPOLITAN

"The Gang Buster"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the story by Percy Heath; directed by A. Edward Sutherland and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Charlie (Cyclone) Case	Jack Oakie
Sylvia Martine	Jean Arthur
Mike Slade	William Boyd
Zella	Wynne Gibson
Andrew Martine	William Morris
Pete Caltek	Francis MacDonald
Carlo	Albert Conti
Gopher Braut	Tom Kennedy
Faulkner	Harry Stubbs
Sammy	Ernie Adams
Otto	Constantin Romanoff
McGintey	Pat Harmon
Lieutenant	Joseph Girard
Taxi Driver	Eddie Dunn

Mr. Oakie, champion delineator of sap types, offers a pleasant hour or more in "The Gang Buster." As a very green, fresh and ingratiating youth from Arkansas, trying to sell accident insurance in a big city, where gang leaders control the chief industries, Oakie ambles into trouble and out again unscathed, unabashed. When he is pleased with himself in his role of Charlie "Cyclone" Case, he rocks on his heels and grins and seems about to break into a tap dance. We rather wish he would just to disturb ever so lightly the merry round of wisecracks which emerge from that amiable orifice which is part of the Oakian stock in trade. Only once does he depart from the even good nature which guards him even in his most perilous moments. Then, abruptly, he justifies the sobriquet of "Cyclone" and sails into William Boyd, who as tough leader of a tough gang has immured the fair Sylvia until he can obtain incriminating papers from her father, his one-time attorney. Boyd, who probably could toss Jackie out of a window any time he felt like it, tries to make the encounter easy for him. Like the rest of the picture, this fight is funny as well as phony.

"The Gang Buster" actually is a neat if unpolished travesty on gang warfare. Mike Slade and Pete Caltek, rival headmen, decide to fight it out after a flourish of guns in a surprise meeting in one of Slade's retreats. Meantime young Case has saved the life of Andrew Martine, has met his daughter Sylvia and sets forth as a lone knight to rescue her when he hears of the kidnapping. Armed with a wrench purchased from his taxi driver, Charlie pummels his way into Slade's castle, rescues Sylvia and helps the police, who have been summoned by a neighbor, to round up the gangsters. We leave him and Sylvia happy, yet crying. Why? The fag end of a tear bomb, left by the police, had its own little joke, for the picture's tag. For once nothing Mr. Oakie might say could be funnier.

W. E. G.

MUSIC

REINALD WERRENRATH

For the first time in 10 years, as he remarked to his large and friendly audience, Reinald Werrenrath stood on the platform of Jordan hall last night. His purpose was to give "an intimate recital" of German Lieder with "informal comments," and to return, after years of mixed programs of uneven quality, to his first love, as he phrased it; namely, the German Lied. This was the popular American baritone's program, devoted to the three greatest writers of the German art song—Schubert, Brahms, and Wolf: I, Franz Schubert—Aufenthalt, Nachtstueck, Der Doppelgaenger, Who is Sylvia, Gruppe aus dem Tartarus. II, Johannes Brahms—O wuesst ich doch den Weg zurueck, Tambourliedchen, O kuehler Wald, Sonntag, Von ewige Liebe. III, Hugo Wolf—Zur Ruh', zur Ruh', Auf ein altes altes Bild, Lieber Alles, Lebe Wohl, Liebesglueck. Harry Spier was the accompanist.

The "comments," some read from manuscript and others more really informal in effect, were of two kinds. A short discussion of the salient characteristics of the composer in question preceded each group; each song was introduced by a few sentences of elucidation or description—often in apt and poetic terms. Less formal, but also less pertinent, less likely to assist in the enjoyment of the music, were Mr. Werrenrath's casual reminiscences of how this or that song first swam into his ken; of how he had waded through Schubert's or Brahms's or Wolf's complete works to discover songs that everybody else was not singing; of how long ago his pioneering spirit led him first to sing the songs of Hugo Wolf. There was a belated and hardly necessary defence of Brahms against a charge of excessive intellectualism and against some ancient and amusing strictures by the late Henry T. Finck—who had described Johannes as a dressmaker, "a kind of musical Worth."

To put his audience into the right frame of mind, Mr. Werrenrath had begun by telling of a party of friends whom he had invited to his New York apartment, and who had stayed late into the night, playing the piano and listening to music—"They were a good gang," he said, and to whom, about 1 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Werrenrath began to sing the songs he loved best, the very songs that formed last night's program. He asked his audience to imagine Jordan hall transformed into an ordinary room, like the scene of that party, and to throw off the formality of the concert hall. He asked his hearers to listen to him as to one singing the music he loved best. The response cannot have failed to be gratifying to the singer.

Mr. Werrenrath warned his audience that he had not yet completely recovered from an attack of bronchitis, and spoke deprecatingly of the condition of his voice. It was not easily to be detected, however, that he was singing under unusual difficulties. The vocal faults which most stood out were those which the mind has long associated with his singing, regretfully. Though his performance of a song occasionally failed to suggest the mood which his preliminary remarks announced—Schubert's Aufenthalt is an instance—yet in general there could be nothing but praise for the spirit and intelligence that underlay his interpretation of the admirable and wholly unhackneyed selection of songs that formed his program.

The enthusiastic applause of Mr. Werrenrath's audience brought the following additional songs: Schubert's Meeresstille, Brahms's Sapphische Ode, Wolf's Bitterolf. S. S.

A Boston Author's Clever Mystery Tale Which Has No Horrors

SPHINX, a novel by Florence Converse. 311 pages. Price $2. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

By PHILIP HALE

The cover describes this novel as "a mystery." The mystery is not of the hair raising, blood-curdling order; it is concerned with the coat pocket of Jonathan. In which pocket did he hastily put a little gold sphinx; did he take the one in the museum or the copy that he had hastily made as a gift to his newly married wife? On shipboard the one he took away disappeared as he was showing it to fellow-passengers. He was haunted by the thought that the lost sphinx was the original. What would the curator of the museum think of him? Should he write and tell them of the loss? Should he keep mum? What should he do when the curator and experts met him, for they were coming to Italy?

The story is a pleasant one, a mixture of fiction and descriptions of Italian cities and Italian life, with psychic characters, who could trace the history of the little sphinx from its maker of centuries ago. A roguish pet monkey was in the company of the rich banker, Mr. Belknap, who was taking him to his wife—Mr. Belknap was almost as psychic as Mr. Petersen, who rejoiced in a "vibratory" method. This agreeable Petersen was professionally a "restful gymnast." His system of corrective muscular and nervous exercises extended, by what he termed a series of hygienic paradoxes, from the pituitary gland to the pedal digits, and had proved effective for stammering, cardiac murmurs, asthma and disorders of the diaphragm, colitis, and rheumatic affections." A fine fellow, this Mr. Petersen, even if visiting Italian places he saw visions of century-old events.

Miss Longstreet, a demure Carnegie librarian from Ohio, was visiting Europe for the first time. Miss Val Stickney by her chatter made trouble for Jonathan and his pretty wife. Miss Stickney was crossing to study European tea shops before opening a coast-to-coast chain of Main Street Tea and Waffle Bungalows at Sachem's Head, Ct. She had invented fourteen recipes for fudge cake. There was the banker Belknap's passionate daughter Sue, who assaulted violently poor Jonathan in his studio in Florence. "Sue Belknap," he said with desperate firmness, "I won't have you weeping on my shoulder, alone with me in my studio." There was an aristocrat Italian who loved Mr. Belknap's other daughter. He was arrested because he did not approve of Fascist methods; but he escaped, was disguised as a monk, and finally crossed the border for a happy home with Sally in the United States.

William Black, a once popular novelist, invented characters merely as accessories to scenery which he described at tedious length. Miss Converse's men and women are always in the foreground; her descriptions aid the reader in knowing the men and women.

Jonathan's wife was lovable in spite of the fact that like Mr. Silas Wegg she dropped into poetry, but it was her own. She was brave and consoling while Jonathan was in doleful dumps over the loss of the sphinx. When it was found in a strange hiding place troubles were by no means over. If he had cut a distinguishing mark under the base of the copy—this entertaining novel would not have been written.

Large Audience Enjoys Films Of Oberammergau

Burton Holmes began his screen representation of Oberammergau and the Passion Play last night in Symphony hall by indulging in reminiscenses of his early years; how as a boy, attending an illustrated lecture on the play by John L. Stoddard in Chicago he vowed then and there that he, too, would go to Oberammergau. Perhaps he even then dreamed of future lectures in which he would be his own showman and talker.

He has seen the play several times. On his first visit he had the desire of his boyhood; he met Mr. Stoddard in the village, stayed in the same cottage, sat next to him in the then primitive theatre.

One of the most interesting features last night was the illustrated comparison between the village and the artistic life of 1904 and 1910 and that of 1930. One regretted that a visit had not been made in one of the earlier years when the village and the performance were less sophisticated; when famous performers were in their prime. What if the seats in the theatre were without backs? What if the rain might fall on the heads of the devout and those merely curious?

The many views of the picturesquely situated village were accompanied by those of the buildings; the houses painted in a deceptive manner so that a window with a man sitting behind it seemed real—though there was no window, no man; such was the artist's skill. There were pictures of a sacred nature on walls. There were views of interiors—bed rooms with beds that were instruments of torture, known today by sojourners in German and Austrian villages—hard beneath with the enormous stuffed coverings—beds as a rule all too short.

The contrast between the costumes of the tourists coming to the play in

earlier years and those of the tourists of 1930 was amusing. Audiences in the future will no doubt laugh loudly at the fashions of 1930, as the audience laughed last night. Mr. Holmes regretted the modernization that had changed the appearance and the character of some of the old buildings—ground floors now used by shop-keepers.

There was a wealth of pictures showing the actors of the past and present, the arrival of tourists, the theatre as it was and as it is, the crowds entering and leaving for the recess. Then came the tableaux that precede the play, not so naive as those of former years, yet even now Adam and Eve have replaced their fig leaves and are more decorously attired. The scenes in the play were reverently reproduced and treated by the audience with reverence. The title of this uncommonly interesting travel talk might well have been "Oberammergau During Forty Years."

There will be a repetition this afternoon. Next week the subject will be "North Africa"—the mysterious land, that has seen many conquerors from men in prehistoric days to those of today who wonder at the ruins that bear witness to the glory of the past.

P. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

As Dr. Koussevitzky is taking a vacation of two weeks Henry Hadley, the conductor of the Manhattan orchestra of New York, was the leader yesterday afternoon. He will lead tomorrow night. The conductor of the concerts next week will be Enrique Fernandez Arbos. Mr. Hadley arranged this program: Haydn, Symphony No. 1 E flat major. McKinley, "Masquerade" (first time at these concerts). Hadley, "Salome," tone poem (after Oscar Wilde). Hadley, Suite "Streets of Pekin" (first time in Boston).

Mr. Hadley, cordially welcomed, was loudly applauded throughout the concert, as conductor; and in the latter part, as composer. He has had much experience as a conductor in cities of this country and of Europe; Buenos Aires, and Tokio are not foreign to him. It was a great pleasure to hear the Symphony by Haydn, a composer who is much neglected, and when attention is paid to him by conductors the Symphonies chosen are thrice familiar. Dr. Koussevitzky rejoiced the audience by bringing out the "Horn" Symphony. The one chosen yesterday is as fresh as if it were composed last year. It has vitality; it overflows with high spirits; here and there are passages that are singularly "modern"; harmonically and in mood. Mr. Hadley's interpretation was not perfunctory, as is too often the case when a conductor deigns to notice Haydn; nor was it too reverential. The music appealed to him; he knew what he wished for the performance; the orchestra sympathized with him; the result was delightful.

Mr. McKinley's "Masquerade" was played in Boston for the first time at a concert of the New England Conservatory of Music's orchestra late in 1929. Last June it was heard at a "Pop." concert. Composed in 1924, it waited a public hearing till it was performed in 1926 at a New York Stadium concert. It has been played by symphony orchestras of Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, New York, Syracuse. The composer, born at Yarmouth, Me., in 1895, is now a member of the New England Conservatory's faculty. He disclaims any program or descriptive intention for his "Masquerade." The title suffices.

This music is agreeable to hear, while it is playing, but it leaves no definite impression; it does not disclose marked individuality. When it breaks into what is loosely known as "jazz," the rhythms lead one to expect pages that are exhilarating, exciting. The hearer remains calm, and longs for a less refined, less genteel handling. After all, frank vulgarity in moderation, is not displeasing in compositions of this order. Not that a musical masquerade should be a tonal orgy, but it should quicken the pulse and stir the blood. Even the most refined composer should be able to let himself go occasionally, as Beethoven did at the end of the "Egmont" overture and in the finales of the "Eroica" and the Seventh Symphonies.

Hadley's "Salome" was performed for the first time in this country by the Boston Symphony orchestra in April, 1907. It was composed before 1905. It made a favorable impression when it was first heard here. The audience yesterday evidently enjoyed the various sections that tell in tones the story of Salome and John the Baptist according to Wilde, who invented the character of Salome (unnamed by the evangelists), having been fascinated by pictures, legends, tales and poems in which she is the dancing heroine. Mr. Hadley's tone poem was highly creditable to him at the time he wrote it. Frankly descriptive, it has picturesque pages. If there are measures that show the influence of the Strauss of the tone poems—even in Mr. McKinley's "Masquerade" there is a fleeting reminder of Till Eulenspiegel's impudence—there are many more that are Mr. Hadley's own. The dance section is not too deliberately oriental in character, which is a blessing, for there has been far too much pseudo-orientalism in music. When Mr. Eichheim gives us the real thing, bringing the native instruments with him, the effect is chiefly the gratification of curiosity—and this in spite of all his skill and taste as a musician.

Mr. Hadley conducted a series of orchestral concerts last September in Tokyo where his suite "Streets of Pekin" was first performed. There are seven short movements. There is no attempt to be rigorously, phonographically oriental. In fact, the Suite might easily bear another title. Occasionally a theme pops up that Mr. Hadley may have heard, as he sojourned in the east, but the treatment throughout the Suite is European-American. Two of the slow movements have genuine charm—especially the one with the expressive violoncello solo, beautifully played by Mr. Bedetti. These movements might as well have been entitled "Nocturne" and "Moonlight on the Hudson." The Suite is interesting; there are skilfully orchestrated pages. It is the work of a well-grounded musician who happened to be in the east and paid his compliment by giving his new work the title "Streets of Pekin," wtih sub-titles which would give the local color not to be found in the music itself.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Mr. Arbos has arranged the following program for next week: Corelli, Suite. Cesar Franck, Symphony in D minor; De Falla; Suite from "El Amor Brujo;" Albeniz, "El Albaicin" and "Navarra" (arranged for orchestra by Arbos).

LOEW'S STATE

"One Heavenly Night"

An all-talking and singing screen operetta adapted by Sidney Howard from an original story by Louis Bromfield; directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Lilli	Evelyn Laye
Count Mirko	John Boles
Otto	Leon Errol
Fritzi	Lilyan Tashman
Janos	Hugh Cameron
Liska	Marian Lord
Zagom	Lionel Belmore
Papa Lorenc	George Bickel
Egon	Vincent Barnett
Almady	Henry Victor

When a little group like Louis Bromfield, Sidney Howard and George Fitzmaurice put their heads together, it is safe to assume that by some legerdemain they will so reshape and decorate a sow's ear that it blossoms forth as a silken purse. They seem to have effected some such magic with "One Heavenly Night." Directed expertly, set substantially and artistically, photographed skilfully, and acted with spirit by an evenly balanced cast, one is surprised when all is said and done that here is little more than a clever variation of the ancient Cinderella theme, set off with a dash of tinkling music, and distinguished chiefly by the presence of the heroine of Noel Coward's operetta, "Bitter Sweet."—Miss Evelyn Laye. The role of Lilli, the obscure cigarette girl in the Budapest cabaret who longs to become a replica of the dashing and popular Fritzi Vajos, blonde chanteuse, exacts far less of her histrionically than did that of the Marchioness of Shayne. Her Lilli is charming, whether in simple frocks or in costly black velvets or lacey white gowns. She is arch, demure, regal, and always distinctive. Her eyes are mirrors of her moods, her speaking voice is perfect. We know that she sings divinely; yet some little imp in the recording devices has done something malign to her singing voice. There is a crackle in it which hurts the ear and does the fair Evelyn rank injustice. By such wholly mechanical imperfection is her screen debut marred. Our faith in her as a comedienne of style, refinement and keen intelligence remains unshaken. Let Mr. Goldwyn try again, give her a straight part, without music, if needs be, in a sparkling comedy, and note what happens.

The story of "One Heavenly Night" opens with a riot at the Cafe Concert Magyar, when the devilish Fritzi invokes aid from the gallery against a too possessive army officer and his companions. Banished to Zuppa, a country place, to remain until the affair blows over, Fritzi elects to stay in hiding with her latest admirer, fat old Zagom, and to send Lilli away as her proxy. Otto, cymballum player with the cabaret orchestra, who has taught Lilli how to sing and had become her self-appointed guardian, goes with her. Count Mirko, young, rich, chief justice of the town, treats her at first as he would the real Fritzi, boldly, amorously. Lilli, worsted in such an encounter, escapes in a pelting rain, awakes to find that she loves him. When Fritzi, routed from her hiding place by the police, arrives, Lilli flees back to Budapest; and Mirko, learning the truth, follows, to declare his honorable love, to offer marriage.

Leon Errol and Hugh Cameron provide the comedy. Mr. Errol cuts a ludicrous figure on a bicycle, mixes a deadly punch, smashes costly antiques, tries to post a letter while inebriated. It is gratifying that he has forgotten to trade on that famous wobbly leg, useful to him in many a past musical comedy. Miss Tashman, whose talents seem to have been kept in subjucation, blossoms forth brilliantly as the gorgeous Fritzi. Mr. Boles sings well, acts easily. Here likewise are possibilities hitherto unsuspected.

W. E. G.

SCHELLING CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The first of Ernest Schelling's concerts for children this season took place yesterday morning in Jordan Hall. The following music was played by members of the Boston Symphony orchestra: Lulli, Overture to "Cadmus." Old French traditional Branle de Poitou and Chanson et danse basse. Bydr, the Carman's Whistle; Monteverdi, Danze del Ballo delle Ingrate; Gibbons, Pavane and Gagliarda. Caroso-Respighi, Balletta con Gagliarda. Saltarello et Canario. Scarlatti, Tocata. Couperin-Strauss, Carillon and Tourbillon. The Children sang "The Minstrel Boy."

Mr. Schelling's purpose was to show the children how symphonies, suites, overtures were developments of early dance tunes. People first sang; then they danced and often sang at the same time. Pictures on the screen illustrated the court and peasant dances. There were portraits of the composers. Mr. Schelling's comments and explanations were, as in his former concerts, informative and entertaining.

Some of the music played was interesting chiefly from a historical view. It was selected to show the development of symphonic and chamber music from simple forms. The overture by that scapegrace and libertine Lulli served as a prelude. The old French airs were melodically charming by reason of their naivete and tender melancholy. They had been arranged for strings by J. B. McEwen. Bantock arranged "The Carman's Whistle" with its variations. Mr. Schelling might have told the subject of Monteverdi's ballet. How, when the curtain was raised, the jaws of Hell were revealed, while in the foreground Venus, Eros and Pluto debated whether the Ingrate should be allowed to go back to earth for a time. Pluto gave consent that they might be a warning to the ladies in the audience if they were also disposed to treat cruelly their lovers. The shocking examples were represented by eight women dancers, and eight men dressed as women. The latter wore terrifying masks. Pluto after the ballet urged the ladies to take pity on their lovers. Then the "Ingrate" returned to Hell, but one turned and sang a lament that is even now dramatically expressive, intense. The music of Gibbons showed his contrapuntal mastery, but was not otherwise pleasing. Respighi's arrangement of old Italian airs was more to the children's taste. They were delighted with Richard Strauss's transcription of the clavecin pieces by Couperin, especially delighted by the Carillon in which the celesta has a prominent part.

The next of these concerts which are enjoyed by parents as well as children and prepare the older members of the audience to appreciate better, more intelligently the Symphony concerts, will be on Saturday, Feb. 14. The program will comprise "Le Tambourin de Triomphe," by Destouches; a dance suite from Rameau's "Acante et Cephise;" a Suite by Bach, and a Tambourin and Gigue by Gretry. Dorothy Gordon will sing three folk songs, a Bavarian, an Alsatian, a Spanish. The children will be asked to sing—and the parents may also lift up their voices—"'Taint Gwine Rain no Mo'."

MYRA HESS

Myra Hess's second recital of the season brought with it yesterday afternoon the usual spectacle—usual, that is, for her, though otherwise almost unknown—of a Jordan hall filled to overflowing with an excitedly appreciative audience. Miss Hess has become a habit. She played the following program yesterday: Scarlatti, Two Little Sonatas; Mozart, Sonata in G major; Brahms, Sonata in F minor, Op. 5; Schumann, Papillons, Op. 2; Ravel, Pavane pour une Infante defunte; Debussy, Poissons d'Or; Albeniz, Triana (from "Iberia," book 2).

All Miss Hess's accustomed good taste and even more than her usual, and considerable, delicacy and charm went into her playing of the sonatas of Scarlatti with which her concert opened. The exquisite tenderness of the first, the sparkling gaiety of the second, were conveyed with almost unbelievable lightness of touch—a touch characteristically gentle rather than brilliant—and with a pleasing fantasy of manner. Her Mozart, a trifle less carefree, more studied in its effect, was hardly less pleasing, however. "The Mozartean style" is an awe-inspiring abstraction frequently invoked as a criterion by which to judge performances of Mozart's works. But in what does this style consist? No tablets of the Mozartean law have, so far as we know, been found on any Sinai near Salzburg. One would suppose, however, that any performance that showed a sensitive appreciation of the qualities of the music itself—its shapeliness and measure, its tenderness and its humor, its beauty free from emotional excess, its mixture of ingenuity and ingenuousness—and which enabled the hearer to perceive and enjoy these qualities, would obviously be Mozartean without the need of access to any revealed or transmitted "tradition."

Judged by this sufficiently exacting rule, Miss Hess's delightful performance should have satisfied lovers of Mozart in all but its occasional lack of spontaneity. Yet there is direct evidence that the prodigious Wolfgang Amadeus was very conscious and naively proud of the little musical tricks and quirks by which he pleasantly surprised and mildly startled the good people of his time.

In Brahms's F minor sonata Miss Hess attempted a more romantic and more grandiose style. In this she was not wholly convincing, despite all her vigorous and perhaps whole-hearted striving. The first and last movements were often too heavily pompous, with alternations of an equally heavy sentimentaltiy that placed the weaknesses of this early Brahms in an unkindly glaring light. The Andante expressivo—which would in any case have been greatly improved by being labelled and played as an Allegretto—was quite insufferably dull as the Adagio into which Miss Hess transformed it. In her vigorous desire to prevent the Scherzo from becoming an elegant valse, she went to the opposite extreme and made it too roughly violent and rather clumsy. The funereal Intermezzo, however—perhaps that part of the sonata which most eloquently forecasts the later and greater Brahms—was played very beautifully.

The grace of Miss Hess's version of Schumann's "Papillons," the exquisite simplicity and dignity with which she played Ravel's "Pavane," left little to be desired. Her tone painting in Debussy's impressionistic "Goldfish" was admirable but her treatment of its melodies inaptly sentimental. Nor, despite its brilliance, was her treatment of the Spanish music of Albeniz thoroughly successful; blame the romantic tradition that expressive performance of music is impossible without at least a slight distortion of rhythm. The audience was even more than usually enthusiastic.

S. S.

Stradivarius Quartet

The Stradivarius Quartet (Wolfe Wolfinsohn, first violin; Alfred Pochon, second violin; Nicolas Moldavan, viola; Gerald Warburg, violoncello) gave the third and final concert of the season in the central court of Fogg Art Museum at Harvard University last evening. Once more these players brought to the museum throngs of listeners who filled all the corridors and adjoining rooms and the picturesque balconies. The program last evening was wide ranging. It began with the precisions and the quaint charm of Haydn's Quartet in G major. Here were gently undulating moods, never stormy, always genial, yet sounding a varied and interesting course. Next followed a brief bit by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, an Adagio sostenuto, originally the introduction to the Concerto for piano and strings in E flat. This piece came to the attention of the players through Prof. G. B. Weston, in whose library the manuscript reposes.

For modern touches, the audience heard a skillfully contrived arrangement by Mr. Pochon for quartet of Debussy's sauve and softly curved melody, "La Fille aux cheveux de lin," familiar piece for piano, and Mr. Schelling's "Tarantella," a brisk, frolicsome piece, amusing in context. Smetana's Quartet in E minor, the emotional "Aus Meinem Leben," brought the concert to a close. Agree or disagree with the musical tenets of the composer and this product of his as we will, there can hardly be much difference over the quartet's playing of the piece. They lent it every deftness, every grace, every warmth they could muster, enhancing its effectiveness with true musicianship.

This series of concerts at the museum, now concluding its second year, fills a definite need in the community it ministers to. Attendance is always large and alert. Students come in large numbers to these fine concerts, whose proximity is an additional inducement. Whoever has watched the listeners at these concerts and also listened to the skill and polish and musicianly quality of the players may well hope that these delightful evenings may again bring pleasure and stimulation in another season.

C. S. B.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

It has been said that Turgenev, writing his comedy, "A Month in the Country," now playing at the Tremont, introduced himself in the character of Ratikin, and told the story of his relations with Pauline Viardot by representing her as Natalia. But Mme. Viardot was not like Natalia, nor was Turgenev's character like that of Rakitin. The dramatist, though he was devoted to Pauline, had many love affairs. Ratikin thought of no other woman than Natalia. Pauline wrote many letters to Julius Rietz, a famous operatic conductor in his day. These letters translated into English were published in the Musical Quarterly. They were entitled "Letters of Friendship," but their tone was warmer than that of friendship. Pauline had three daughters, but it is not recorded that Turgenev caused the mother jealousy by transferring his devotion to the eldest, Louise Pauline Marie, who married the General Consul Heritte; a woman who had made a name for herself as a composer and teacher of singing.

Last month a play by Gladys Parrish, "The Borrowed Life," was produced in London with Turgenev, named Stanin, the hero, and Mme. Viardot (Pauline Malige), the heroine. Stanin is represented as living in the house of the opera singer and her husband. Russians come to France to persuade the great author to return to his native country. Among them Dmitri Arkov, the son of an old friend. The novelist refuses to go until he learns that Pauline's daughter has promised Dmitri to go back with him as his wife. Then Ivan decides to accompany them. "His love for Pauline has been for twenty years frustrated, but her vitality has been necessary to him. Now, following her daughter, he will recapture, not the past itself, for mother and child greatly differ, but a vitalizing sentiment that is the spring of his life and work." He tells Pauline of his decision, but as he tells, he finds it impossible to go. Alan Napier played Stanin; Miriam Lewes, Pauline.

Pauline Viardot was a remarkable woman, and not only as an opera singer. She composed songs; and three of her operettas were performed at Baden-Baden. Her edition of classic songs with critical prefaces is highly prized. She also taught singing. Born in 1821, she accompanied her father, Manuel Garcia, and his company, which included his daughter Maria—afterward the famous Malibran—to New York in 1825, when Italian opera was given for the first time in the United States. At Mexico City Pauline took her first piano lesson. She studied the piano later. She appeared in concert in 1837 at Brussels; as an opera singer two years later in London. Her fame spread through Europe. She "created" the role of Fides in "Le Prophète"; Sapho in Gounod's opera. She took the part of Gluck's Orpheus when the opera was performed to full houses at the Theatre Lyrique, Paris, 150 times. Berlioz was not the only one who raved about her in print. She was far from being handsome of face; but she was an accomplished actress, imposing and yet majestic, widely read, brilliant in conversation. She died at Paris in her 90th year.

Surely Turgenev did not think of her when he made Natalia, the heroine of his comedy. Pauline was not bored by her husband, by Turgenev, nor would she have fallen in love with a timid youngster.

In this comedy the Russians in the translation speak English, yet when Ratikin reads "Monte Cristo" aloud he reads from the Russian translation. This seems absurd. If he had read Dumas's French, it would have been more natural, for that language was familiar to Russians of Natalia's station. Perhaps it was thought that by hearing a few words of Russian, an American audience would be convinced that the men and women on the stage were Russians in spite of the fact that the dialogue was in English.

The history of "A Wonderful Night" ("Die Fiedermaus"—"The Bat") is a curious one. A comedy "Le Reveillon" by Meilhac and Halevy—they both became members of the French Academy—was produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, on Sept. 10, 1872, with great success. The leading comedians were Mmes. Olivier, Valerie; Messrs. Geoffroy, Lheterier, Hyacinthe, Lassouche. There have been English versions of this play, as W. S. Gilbert's "On Bail" produced on Feb. 12, 1877, at the Criterion, London, played in Boston at the Park Theatre.

Nat Childs and Dr. Frank Harris wrote an adaptation which was called "The Lark" and brought out with some of Strauss's music at the Boston Museum on March 29, 1880. J. B. Mason, Geo. Wilson, A. Bell, Rose Temple, Alice Carle, Carrie Hapgood were in the cast. The orchestration was by John J. Braham.

A Viennese theatre director, Steiner, bought the rights of the French comedy for Vienna, but he turned over the piece to another director, one Janner. Neither one dared to produce the play on account of its subject. So it was given to Haffner and Genee, who made a libretto with the ideathat Johann Strauss would write the music. Strauss gladly accepted the task. "Die Fledermaus" was produced at the Theater an der Wien on April 5, 1874. Eisenstein, Szika; Rosalinde, his wife, Marie Geistinger; Frank, the director of the prison, Friese; Prince Orlofoky, Miss Nittinger; Dr. Blind, Rott. The operetta at first met with no success in Vienna. There were only 16 successive performances. The libretto displeased the critics and the greater part of the public. Of all cities in the world, Vienna found not only "trivialities," but "immorality." The music was warmly praised—but the libretto—shocked the finer sensibilities. Even Hanslick, a warm admirer of Strauss, was forced to say that while the music entertained, the rest of the show was "in bad taste." Taken to other German cities the opera triumphed gloriously.

Meilhac and Halevy, however, did not relish the transformation of "Le Reveillon" into an operetta libretto. They not only put every obstacle in the Austrian's way, they would not allow a production in Paris, and insisted on another libretto which was at variance with the music. The operetta changed to "La Tzigane," with a libretto by Delacour and Wilder, was produced at the Renaissance, Paris, on Oct. 30, 1877. The criticisms were unfavorable. There were "too many waltzes." One critic wrote: "They say Strauss is the composer of high-life; that's not my opinion. I like Lecocq better." Yet there were 63 performances that year. There was another attempt with a more literal translation by Paul Ferrier; the title, "La Chauve-Souris" when Mlle. Lavalliere was the Prince. The crinoline of Mlle. Saulier—"which showed amusing 'dessous' to be seen"—excited the favorable attention of the critic. The Viennese conductor, young Bodansky, conducted. There were 56 performances. In March, 1930, "Die Fledermaus"—called a lyric comedy—was performed in Paris at the Theatre Pigalle, in the original German by opera singers from Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Carlsruhe, with Bruno Walter, conductor.

Does Mr. Bodansky, now at the Metropolitan Opera House, remember the Parisian adventure of 1904?

A Paris correspondent wrote of the performance of 1930 in praise of the operetta: "The false nostalgia and sickly sentimentalism of jazz, the 'stunning' rhythms which often conceal an entire absence of technique are beginning to pall. It is yet too soon for the reaction to have produced a new style, but in the mean time the music of Strauss, which produces gaiety through the expression of all that is light and amusing, and not by the monotonous evocation of the sufferings of a home—and lovesick—Negro, seems almost unbelievably satisfying."

In Italy the title is "Il Pipistrello." In London the English version by Gladys Unger was produced at the Lyric Theatre on Dec. 30, 1911. The title then was "Night Birds." "Die Fledermaus," adapted by Hamilton Aide, had been produced at the Alhambra, London, on Dec. 18, 1876; at Drury Lane on June 22, 1895. At His Majesty's the operetta was produced on July 4, 1910. Joseph O'Mara was the tenor; Passmore, the jailor, Muriel Terry, the Prince.

The first performance in English in New York was at the Casino on March 16, 1885; Eisenstein, Mark Smith; Rosalind, Rosalba Beecher; Prince Orloffsky, Emma Ellsner; Franke, De Wolf Hopper; Adele, Mathilde Cottrelly; Dr. Falke, George Taverner; Frosch, Charles Plunkett; Blind, E. H. Van Vechten; Joan, A. W. Mafflin; Melanie, Agnes Folsom; Faustienne, Minnie de Rue.

Pauline Hall made her debut in German opera at the Thalia Theatre, New York, in "Die Fledermaus" on April 11, 1885. This was after Marie Geistinger brought "Die Fledermaus" to the Old Bowery, New York, in 1884. She was accompanied by Gustav Adolfl. There were many other German performances in New York.

Then there was "The Merry Countess" at the Shubert, Boston, on Jan. 6, 1913. Fritzi Scheff, billed as Fritzie von Busing, Jose Collins, Maurice Farkoa, Martin Brown, who as the Prince danced deliriously. The Metropolitan Opera Company gave a performance in Boston on March 8, 1905. Mmes. Sembrich, Weed (the Prince), Alten; Messrs. Dippel, Goritz (the jail director), Reiss, Muelhmann and others. Nahan Franko conducted.

In Reinhardt's revival at Berlin last spring a revolving stage was used.

"The Racket," which will be seen for the first time in Boston, tomorrow night, was produced at the Shubert-Belasco theatre in Washington on Oct. 31, 1927. It reached New York on Nov. 22 of that year. The theatre was the Ambassador. Captain McQuigg was played by John Cromwell. An Unidentified Man by Edward G. Robinson; Irene Hayes by Marion Coakley; Miller, by Hugh O'Connell; Dave Ames by Norman Foster. "The Racket" is by Bartlett Cormack, who was a reporter on the Chicago American. It was said to be his first play, "a photographic transcript of certain strange events which actually occurred one blustery night last November"—this description was written in October, 1927—"in a police station on the outskirts of Chicago." Capt. McQuigg, an honest police captain who cannot be handled, is the hero. He and his co-mates represent virtue; the politicians and the bosses are the crooked, vicious fellows. There are three newspaper reporters—one a cub, rather innocent, but of an inquiring mind, just out of a western college. The only woman in the play is a cabaret singer, experienced, not easily disconcerted, but not a bad lot at heart. There is good gun play; plenty of excitement, according to the New York critics, one of whom described the piece as a "high-power, highly entertaining melo-

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

At the concert of the Boston Flute Players this afternoon, a Rhapsodie for two flutes, clarinet and piano, by Honegger, will be played for the first time in Boston. It was composed in 1917 and is playable also by two violins, viola and piano.

Apropos of Honegger, some music he wrote for the film "Napoleon" will be performed by the Chamber Orchestra of Boston at the Repertory Theatre a week from today. "Napoleon" is not on any list of the composer's works. Mr. Slonimsky tells us that this music was written for a silent film produced a half a dozen years or more ago at the Gaumont Palace in Paris. He adds in his interesting program notes: "The music for 'Napoleon' is gentle, but it ought to survive cinematic oblivion."

This concert should interest greatly hearers of the extreme right wing and those of the extreme left. The composers represented will be Mozart—by a piece written to ridicule unskilled composers; Charles Ives, who lives at Redding, Ct., and in New York, and has composed extraordinary instrumental and vocal music—extraordinary in every way; Robin Milford, an Englishman, born at Oxford in 1903—"his music is entirely lacking in the horrisonant combinations for which modern music is unjustly notorious"—Alejandro Caturla, a Cuban, born in 1906. He went to Paris and Fontainebleau to study with Nadin Boulanger, who has mothered so many young American composers—it would be more courteous to say that she has been a fostering sister to them—and Paul Allen, now living in Brookline, who took the Paderewski prize by his "Pilgrim" symphony, has lived many years in Italy, where his opera, "The Last of the Mohicans," was performed. That reminds us: we must read the novel again. Do boys revel in Cooper today? When we were young there were abridgments of the Leather Stocking series for ingenuous youth. For men who have reached the years of disillusionment the parodies by Thackeray and Bret Harte are probably more entertaining.

This afternoon Mr. Gigli will lift up his voice in song. "Blanquita" by De Crescenzo is unknown to us, nor have we heard any song by De Minuendo. It should be a pleasure to hear Handel's aria which has been much abused by the instrumental arrangements known as Handel's "Largo."

Miss Church tomorrow will play "El Albaicin" by Albeniz; next Friday and Saturday the Boston Symphony orchestra, led by our old and esteemed friend Mr. Arbos, will perform Mr. Arbos's orchestral arrangement of the piece, which is said to "translate all the poetry of the gypsy quarter in Grenada." Debussy was fond of this piano piece, which was played for the first time by Blanche Selva in 1908 at Mme. de Polignac's in Paris. Debussy wrote of "El Albaicin," which is the third part of "Iberia," that one finds there "the atmosphere of Spanish evenings which smell of carnations and brandy. The music is like the muffled sounds of a complaining guitar in the night, with brusque awakenings, with nervous starts. It is as if some

one without exactly reproducing folk tunes had heard and drank them, so that they came into his music so that the line of demarcation is not perceived." Yet we are told that Albeniz, living in Paris in 1893, did not like the music of Debussy, found "Pelleas and Melisande" disagreeable—but Debussy in the last years of his life continually played "Iberia" and Liszt's "Jeux d'eau de la Villa d'Este." Albeniz's favorite French composers were d'Indy, Dukas and Gabriel Faure.

So the Bach Cantata Club will perform Mozart's "Requiem" tomorrow night. This will give a test of musicianship to the hearers, to see if they will name correctly the pages written by Mozart and those that are the work of another hand.

Mr. Sandridge has on his program of Tuesday, Samoyedes by Vellones. Who is Vellones, and what are Samoyedes?

The MacDowell Club orchestra will play on Wednesday night Holst's St. Paul suite for strings. This suite has no reference to Minnesota, nor does it portray scenes in the life of the apostle. Holst, as music master at St. Paul's girls' school from 1905 on, wrote in 1909 incidental music to "A Vision of Dame Christian," a masque at this school, and in 1913 this suite for strings.

It is a pleasure to find Miss Ruth Culbertson drawing liberally on Griffes for her piano recital. His death was one of the greatest—if not the greatest—loss that American music has yet sustained. For he was only at the beginning of his musical career; MacDowell had already accomplished much.

Mr. Metcalf has also gone to Albeniz, whose "Evocation" is the first number in the series "Iberia." It is a "'fandanguillo' as dreamed by a composer of Biscay"; not related to the jota in "Navarra," a posthumous piano piece by Albeniz, which Mr. Arbos has orchestrated and will conduct at the next Symphony concert. Henri Collet has called attention to the poetic "copla" which breaks the monotony of the constant harmonic progression of an unvaried "cell"; also to the finale pppp (sic) with its curious modulations to far distant keys.

To go back a minute to Mr. Ives, born at Danbury in 1874. We should like to hear his Three Pieces for unison chorus and orchestra. (A Man, The Masses, An Election.)

We are told that Lilli Pons, the new coloratura soprano at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the day she was to make her debut took, unaccompanied, a walk of two hours in Central Park, then down to Fifty-seventh street, bought a couple of dresses, then walked "nonchantly" into the opera house and proceeded to make up for Lucia. The statement that Zenatello and Maria Gay "guided her to the astonishing place she occupies today" brings to mind the good old days of the Boston opera company.

But Mr. W. J. Henderson, on whose opinions we rely, says that Miss Pons is in danger of being "killed by ridiculous publicity and the frantic demonstrations of a claque which has become an intolerable bore to every disinterested operagoer and which has always stopped applause from the general audience. . . . She is just a slender young woman to whom nature gave a very pretty voice, not 'phenomenal,' with a serviceable range from C to F in alt. . . . She ended 'Caro nome' in 'Rigoletto' with a high E. All of which has not the slightest musical or dramatic importance, but ravishes the ear of a human public always hungry for tonal specialties. Miss Pons has exhibited good taste in ornament, which is decidedly to her credit. Her shouting public would shout still more vociferously if she ruined every air by excess and unfitness of trimmings."

John McCormack, who will sing in Symphony hall next Wednesday night, talked to Mr. Karl K. Kitchen of the N. Y. Sun a few days ago.

"When John McCormack confided to me that he would rather attend a prize fight than a grand opera performance, I admitted that I'd rather hear him tell a few stories than sing for me." And many of the stories were good and new. Mr. McCormack, speaking of the present state of Ireland, quoted Oliver St. John Gogarty as saying in the Senate: "It's no longer treason to take a bath and wear a dress suit in Holy Ireland."

GIGLI

Beniamino Gigli, noted tenor of the Metropolitan opera company, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. He was assisted by Kathryn Newman, coloratura soprano. Miguel Sandoval was accompanist. The program was as follows:

Mr. Gigli—Ombra mai fu (Handel), Caro mio ben (Giordani), Intono all' idol mio (Cesti), Aria, Una furtiva lagrima, from L'Elisir d'Amore (Donizetti). Miss Newman—Aria, Qui la voce, from I Puritani (Bellini). Mr. Gigli—Canzone siciliana, Serenata triste (Guarnieri), Vurria, Neapolitan Song (Sandoval), Core 'ngrato, Neapolitan Song (Cardillo), Un reve (Grieg), Blanquita (De Crescenzo). Miss Newman—Niemand hat's geseh'n (Loewe), Pastorale (La Forge), The Beautiful Blue Danube (Strauss-La Forge). Mr. Gigli—Aria, O Paradiso, from L'Africaine (Meyerbeer).

If the fairly numerous empty seats which were to be seen in certain parts of the hall caused any pain to the eminent tenor, the vociferous enthusiasm of those who occupied the others must have soothed the hurt effectually. Mr. Gigli was in form; many a ringing B flat went hurtling into space, to the great delight of his hearers, and many a flowing phrase of suave and slightly too honeyed cantilena caressed the ear. Both phases of Mr. Gigli's singing prove how well he knows how to use his instrument; his shortcomings are defects of taste rather than technique, for he clings to the extravagances of the operatic style, to the emotional exaggerations of the Neapolitan folksong, and to the mannered and artificial graces which the "bel canto" often carries with it.

So, with an elegance not free from traditional affectations, he sang his group of old airs, not disdaining to add—for "effect"—a little upward leap to the gracefully simple final cadence of Handel's Ombra mai fu, the arietta from the opera "Xerxes," which has become so prodigiously popular in the form of an instrumental Largo.

An abundance of emotional emphasis colored his performance of Una Furtiva Lagrima, and of a group of those Sicilian and Neapolitan songs—deep wells of passionate melancholy—which he sings always with such completely convincing warmth. In Grieg's Un Reve, this Italian tenor chose for some reason to sing, pleasantly enough, a French translation of a Norwegian song to his American audience. His share in the program ended officially with an excellent performance of Meyerbeer's O Paradiso, but Mr. Gigli's generosity and the loud applause of his admirers brought forth many encores. Among them was a song in which Mr. Gigli loudly and repeatedly implored Life to come to him today (Sunday); another—Good-by—in which he announced archly that his heart belonged to everybody, and several operatic arias, including M'Appari (from "Martha"), La Donna e Mobile (from "Rigoletto"), sung with a superabundance of knowing humor and much rolling of the eyes, the dream from "Manon," Ridi Pagliacci, E lucevan le Stelle (from "Tosca"), and doubtless others, too.

Miss Newman, who sang a coloratura air of Bellini's and some songs, displayed a very pretty and extremely agile voice, not quite as free, however, as it was pretty, nor quite as true in ascending flights as it was agile. She sang very easily, gracefully and with a good deal of charm both her aria and a group of songs, particularly Loewe's sprightly Niemand hat's gesehen, which she sang in a very neat and lively German, and La Forge's arrangement of Strauss's Blue Danube waltz as a brilliant coloratura air. She was applauded very cordially by a pleased audience and added some other songs.

S. S.

Jan 19

FLUTE PLAYERS' CLUB

The Flute Players' Club of Boston gave a delightful concert yesterday afternoon at the Boston Art Club. The following music was played:

Quintet, for two violins, viola and two 'cellos (Boccherini); Rhapsodie, for two flutes, clarinet and piano (Honegger); quartet (M major), for piano, violin, viola and 'cello (Chausson).

The following players took part: Gaston Elcus (violin), Norbert Lauga (violin), Louis Artieres (viola), Alfred Zighera ('cello), Jacobus Langendoen ('cello), Georges Laurent (flute), George Madsen (flute), Paul Mimart (clarinet), Jesus Sanroma (pianoforte).

The most interesting piece of the afternoon was Honegger's rhapsodie, which was given its first Boston performance. This is very sure, sensitive, and skilful contrapuntal writing, consisting of fresh and charming tunes so melodious as to be the results of improvization rather than the hot-house plants that most tunes for part writing are . . . pruned carefully for the needs of the composer. The rhapsodie falls into three sections. An opening, pastoral atmosphere colors the first few minutes of music; the two flutes, and the clarinet interweave a tender and simple melody, and the piano provides for it a background of softly humming tones, like the dying sounds of bells. Then a second theme is used, the two flutes sharing it in sections, one taking it up imperceptibly where the other leaves off, while the clarinet sings around and about them both. Then, with sudden electrifying chords, the piano introduces the virus of fortissimi and staccati into the peaceful musical landscape, and excitement follows. Then, returning to the gentle singing of the first two themes, the piece draws to a close. It is lovely music, nowhere offensive to the ear or the intelligence, unburdened by the sugar of extraneous harmony to make melody more palatable for the ear unused to transparencies. It was splendidly performed.

The quintet of Boccherini (which contains the minuet beloved of the Pops audiences, and of violin soloists) is a beautiful work, embodying qualities of chamber music writing that often seem more of the 19th century than the 18th. Boccherini was a prolific and facile writer of chamber music, a contemporary and admirer of Haydn. But his music, while ingenuous, as was Haydn's very often, is less jovial, more graceful. It is frequently rather intricate, a little overornamented, for the underlying value of the melody, and yet always clear, neat, and refreshing. The allegro con spirito is as lovely and varied as the beloved minuet, and deserves to be as often played in other arrangements (if arrangements should be encouraged—there are some who shudder with horror at the thought).

The quartet of Chausson is much like early, and rather thickened, Debussy. Langorous, ecstatic, or redolent of a poetic melancholy, Chausson's music sweeps along, like the hurrying winds of heaven, that are always blowing, one knows not where, nor to what special purpose. Occasionally one chafes a little at the wealth of pure beauty that Chausson drapes around rather trivial themes; here and there one tires, momentarily, of the constant undercurrent of yearning. But when this almost over-lovely music is played by such musicians as those who played it yesterday, with a pianist who can lend vigor and excitement to the score, it is well worth hearing.

E. B.

PARK

"The Boudoir Diplomat"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Tom Reed and Benjamin Glazer from the play by Rudolf Lothar and Fritz Gottwald entitled "The Command to Love"; directed by Malcolm St. Clair and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Helene	Betty Compson
Baron Valmi	Ian Keith
Mona	Mary Duncan
Greta	Jeanette Loff
The Ambassador	Lawrence Grant
Krakowitz	Lionel Belmore
Potts	Andre Beranger

If Mr. St. Clair could have had his own way throughout, there is little doubt that "The Boudoir Diplomat" would have proved an inoffensively naughty screen farce, following as consistently as possible the intriguing plot of the stage play. But, as the film was reeled off at the Park it soon became evident that Will Hayes, careful censor of all Hollywood and Astoria screen products, had cut ruthlessly into the most interesting sequences. As a result, those who had seen the play felt that some one had cheated, while those who had not seen it experienced a sense of bewilderment. They thought that they knew what might have happened had no surgical operation intervened, but they were not sure, and so they felt perturbed. In other words, "The Boudoir Diplomat" is amusing farce as far as it goes, but it could have been more coherent, and more cynical.

In the play the parties to a new treaty under consideration are France and Spain. In the photoplay they are mythical principalities. There are many outdoor scenes, war manoeuvres, garden parties, to preface the boudoir incidents. Baron Valmi, he who was Gaston, a military attache, in the play, is engaged to Greta, but his superior, the ambassador, keeps him busy on delicate missions of sentiment, thereby acknowledging that the wives of important officials are actually the final arbiters in issues of international import. Valmi is very good at such tasks, being handsome, youthful, discreet and resourceful in any emergency. He has an affair with the ambassador's wife which he willingly interrupts, under orders to persuade the war minister's wife that a treaty would be of mutual benefit. The war minister has opposed such an alliance. Valmi finds the Countess Mona a willing ally, but finds it increasingly difficult to hold the two women and their husbands in safe channels when the slightest slip would mean exposure and disgrace. The picture finds a way out by introducing Greta at the last moment as Valmi's bride, whereas in the play Gaston had escaped by asking transfer to Peru. In either case the tag is quite the same. "Where shall we find his equal"? asks the ambassdor, to which Helene and Mona echo, disconsolately, "Where"?

Miss Compson and Miss Duncan play in light and suave manner the two matrons who dally with love diplomatically, as it were. The latter makes a very brief appearance in white silk pajamas, only to be whisked from view by the horrified Mr. Hayes. In the play they were red pajamas, and they were allowed more freedom. Mr. Keith, though saturnine in features, gives crisp or silky meaning to his amorous speeches, and Mr. Grant is admirable as the too trusting ambassador. Mr. Belmore, as the war minister, asks Valmi to paint his wife's miniature. In the play the war minister called to urge Valmi to obtain for Mona the Order of Virtue, until then never awarded to a Spanish woman. Such ironic touches as this are denied the films, more's the pity.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Going Wild"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Humphrey Pearson and Henry McCarty from the play by Mr. Pearson entitled "Going Up"; directed by William A. Seiter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Rollo Smith	Joe E. Brown
Jack Lane	Lawrence Gray
Peggy Freeman	Laura Lee
"Ace" Benton	Walter Pidgeon
Ruth Howard	Ona Munson
"Rickey" Freeman	Frank McHugh
May Bunch	May Boley
Hernden Reamer	Harvey Clark
Edward Howard	Anders Randolf
Sammy Cantor	Sam Cantor
Robert Storey	Arthur Hoyt
Simpkins	Johnny Arthur
The Conductor	Fred Kelsey

Where would motion pictures be without their two favorite plots: The Cinderella story for romance, and for comedy, the merry tale of the slightly weak-minded imposter who is, without warning, forced to prove himself an expert aviator, automobilist or jockey? The second of the two pops up again in "Going Wild," current screen feature at the Keith-Boston. The plot was used in "Going Up," a musical comedy, and in "The Aviator," with Edward Everett Horton, and for several silent films, but it is still good for a satisfactory number of laughs. On this occasion, it is Joe E. Brown of the cavernous mouth who takes the central role. The best things in the film were his burlesque account of a thrilling air-combat to an enraptured dinner party, and partially successful effort to turn his bed, with the assistance of a vacuum cleaner and a pulley, into a combination of a bucking broncho and an airplane. The final scenes, dealing with his ludicrous helplessness when actually in the air, were amusing but hardly fresh.

Rollo Smith and Jack Lane, newspaper reporters on a spree, decide to help out Peggy Freeman and her brother, Rickey, by posing as a noted aviator, Robert Storey, in order to draw guests to the Freeman Hotel which is perishing for lack of custom. The plot succeeds until "Ace" Benton, a real flyer who had known Storey in France, challenges Rollo, the imposter, to prove himself a flyer. The test is to be in the form of an endurance contest, the first man down to earth being the loser. Scared out of his wits, Rollo is on the point of leaving town when he finds that Peggy is in love with him and counting on him to win. Fortified by the promise of Jack Lane that there will be a real pilot with him when he takes off, Rollo—who has never flown in his life—agrees to go through with it. At the last moment, Peggy, ignorant of the state of affairs, locks up the pilot and goes in his place, and then things begin to happen.

Joe E. Brown plays the timorous Rollo with cheerful good humor and cleverly simulates the necessary agonies of terror, especially during his physical examination before the flight. The rest of the cast have comparatively little to do.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Under Suspicion"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by Tom Barry; songs by James F. Hanley and Joseph McCarthy; directed by A. F. Erickson and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Alice Frell ..... Lois Moran
John Smith ..... J. Harold Murray
Doyle ..... J. M. Kerrigan
Darby ..... Erwin Connolly
Frell ..... Lumsden Hare
Inspector Turner ..... George Brent
Suzanne ..... Marie Saxon
Maj. Manners ..... Herbert Bunston
Ellen ..... Vera Gerald

The producers of "Under Suspicion," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres, went to a great deal of trouble to find the handsomest scenic background in the great Northwest. The mountains, many of them snow-capped, the still lakes and winding streams are all beautiful, and far more interesting, if the truth must be told, than either the characters or the plot of the film itself. There were possibilities, even drama of an old-fashioned sort, in the yarn of the noble scion of a British family who took on himself the guilt of his brother—he had revealed important military secrets to a woman spy in Paris during the war—and came to Canada to enlist in the Royal Northwest mounted police under an assumed name. Somewhere along the way all verisimilitude was lost, and the remainder is a slow moving, indifferently acted and strangely implausible yarn.

J. Harold Murray plays the nobleman in disguise who calls himself John Smith, and Lois Moran is Alice, the daughter of Capt. Frell. Mr. Murray is a more than agreeable young man who is unfortunately possessed of an excellent tenor voice. Unfortunately, because he is forced to sing at every possible moment and a few impossible ones, thus hiding the more important fact that he is a perfectly good actor. If this film doesn't spoil all his chances in films, perhaps he will be given a non-musical picture that will allow him to be a straight romantic comedian. We are sure he could do it. Miss Moran is pretty and sweet, but accomplishes next to nothing in the way of acting. She, too, is in need of better things. The best of the cast, including such seasoned troupers as J. M. Kerrigan, Lumsden Hare, Herbert Bunston and Erwin Connolly, manage to get pretty well lost in the shuffle. There is a fairly exciting sequence in the beginning when Mr. Murray rescues Miss Moran from drowning, and another at the end when he saves her father from a forest fire.

Also on the bill is "Divorce Among Friends," a light little comedy with James Hall, Irene Delroy and Lew Cody.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL — "Strictly Dishonorable." comedy; 8:20.
COPLEY—"The Racket." Chicago gangster play; 8:20.
LYRIC—"Dracula." mystery play; 8:20.
PLYMOUTH—"The First Mrs. Fraser," comedy, with Grace George; final week; 8:30.
SHUBERT—"A Wonderful Night," Johann Strauss's operetta; 8:20.
TREMONT—"A Month in the Country," play by Turgeney, with Mme. Alla Nazimova; 8:20.
WILBUR—"June Moon," satirical comedy, with Harry Rosenthal; 8:30.

Jan 20 1931

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Racket," a melodrama in three acts by Bartlett Cormack. Presented by Alexander McKaig at the Shubert Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Oct. 31, 1927; the Ambassador Theatre, New York, on Nov. 22, 1927. Capt. McQuigg, John Ormweil; An Unidentified Man, Edward G. Robinson; Pratt, Willard Robertson; Miller, Hugh O'Connell; Dave Ames, Norman Foster; Irene Hayes, Marion Coakley.

The cast provided by the Copley players last night was as follows:

Pratt, of the Tribune ..... Kirk Ames
Miller, of the Herald Examiner .. Jack Storey
Sergeant Sullivan ..... Mark Kent
Patrolman ..... Emile Beliveau
Lieutenant Gill ..... Lawrence Adams
Assistant State's Attorney Welch ..... Morton L. Stevens
Cook ..... John J. Cox
Detective Sergeant Delaney .. Frank Harrington
Policeman Johnson ..... Charles Adams
Captain McQuigg ..... Walter Abel
Dave Ames, of the City Press ..... Robert Henderson
..... Richard Whorf
Irene Hayes ..... Adelyn Bushnell
Sergeant Schmidt ..... Josef Lorenzo
Mr. Meyer, of Reilly, Platka & Cohn ..... Eliot Lothrop
Herman Kublacek ..... Curtis Rhea
An Unidentified Man ..... George Coulouris
Another Patrolman ..... Herbert Lawrence
Cook ..... Dugald Olmsted

The play is one of battle, murder and sudden death. The scene is Chicago; the actors are policemen, politicians, crooks; the heroine is a hard-boiled singer in a night club, but not a bad girl at all. And so though the first performance was in 1927, the melodrama may justly be called, "a drama of contemporaneous human interest," to borrow a pet description of Augustin Daly of comedy or shocker.

Let no one think for a moment that there were no honest, high minded police captains in Chicago. Captain McQuigg was a respecter of the law, believing in its enforcement, and for this reason he was sent from his easy precinct to an outlying one, for the political ring so wished it. This ring obeyed the orders of the boss of the bootleggers who had promised votes in the river wards. McQuigg had been so thoughtless as to arrest a minor bootlegger in the gang.

McQuigg even in his new precinct finds work to do. He again is imprudent, but is roused to action. A brother of the great boss is brought in to the captain's station house, arrested for stealing a motor car. To ensure brother's safety the high-mucka muck shoots the cop that made the arrest. This pleased those in the audience who were wondering when the seen and effective shooting was to begin; legitimate curiosity, for the station house was in Chicago.

Then comes the war to the sawed-off shotgun and automatic, not to mention the spraying machine-gun between gallant and virtuous McQuigg and the Italian boss gangster who rejoices in the name of Scarsi. It might spoil the pleasure of the audiences at the Copley this week if we should describe the details of this struggle and trumpet the name of the victor, but we may be permitted to say in strict confidence that Irene Hayes does not carry the cub reporter, as those who insist on a "love interest" might expect, even demand. This reporter, Dave Ames, found that Chicago was no abiding place for him. When he saw a man murdered he exclaimed: "This is like working in a butcher shop." He would go to New York. But David would find that there's still good shooting in the sky-scraping metropolis.

Mr. Cormack, the dramatist, was, perhaps is, a reporter on the Chicago American. It is natural that reporters should figure in this play. Now the stage newspaper man is as a rule "nothing like it." One of the most amusing of the class is the inaccurate reporter in Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma." He is the one truest to type that we have seen. Mr. Cormack introduces Pratt, Miller and Dave. Whether a city editor would keep any one of the three on the staff, should be left to a jury of newspaper men. The cynical Miller talked too much; Pratt was easy-going; Dave, a nice boy, disillusioned, dreading to go back to women's clubs, births and deaths after his thrilling experiences in the station house, fired himself. A likable youth, this Dave, so full of illusions, so eager to do the right thing that Irene fancied him too well to vamp him; furthermore Dave did not wish to be hampered in his conquest of New York.

The play is undoubtedly a faithful picture of conditions that existed in Chicago when Mr. Cormack wrote it; no doubt exist today, perhaps in a lesser degree. The melodrama is interesting; it is often exciting, piping hot. It's a relief to see occasionally a melodrama of this type, in which the wise cracks are rude, crude and in the natural speech of the characters; not as in our modern society comedies, merely an anthology of labored epigrams spoken without reference to the characters of the men and women on the stage; comedies depending on "witty lines," verbal fireworks that at times do not go off, leaving only a smudge. It is also pleasant to see the heroine of a play not forced to rely solely on sex-appeal; though Miss Bushnell is well-favored.

The performance was for the most part brisk. The characters were well defined by the players, especially by Mr. Henderson, the cub reporter; Mr. Stevens, the assistant state's attorney; Mr. Kent, the Sergeant Sullivan; and Mr. Rhea, the oily humbug of an alderman. The policemen were sufficiently gallant; the Italian boss was plausibly portrayed by Mr. Coulouris. Miss Bushnell, whose entrance was greeted with prolonged applause, was appropriately pert, reckless, even violent, and in her talk with Dave not too sentimental. The performance that now is foremost in the mind is Mr Stevens's careful study of a political state's attorney's character. How delightfully clear was his enunciation! As for that all the players were constantly intelligible.

THAT LIQUID AMERICANIZER

By PHILIP HALE

Certain Americans touring in Europe, when they find cocktails in cafes and restaurants, hotels and even some private houses, glow patriotically and say to themselves: "These foreigners are becoming really civilized." It matters not to them whether the cocktail tastes as furniture polish might reasonably be thought to taste; whether the cocktail is warm or suggests by its odor and appearance a preparation for falling hair: The inciter to a wolfish appetite marks a growth in the Americanization of the world.

The French view with alarm the increasing consumption of cocktails, not because the drink is alcoholic, but because it is an insult to a wisely ordered dinner with choice wines of the country. To them the cocktail is a palate destroyer. Only the degenerate of their countrymen, the epicures say, those who patronize London tailors and would have English words of sport in the Dictionary of the Academy, will cocktail it before seating themselves at table.

Yet the habit grows in spite of remonstrances and denunciations. Pierre Veber objects to the women of France imbibing the drink that ravages the stomach and taints the breath. When a sweet maiden told him she had substituted orange juice he was so pleased he could have kissed her. "We should be glad," he wrote in Candide—(the weekly, not the romance that excited the wrath of the guardians of our morals), "that this substitution is now found in cafes; the orange is one of our richest colonial possessions; the more of them consumed, the better our financial condition." Thrift, good Pierre; the characteristic and praiseworthy thrift of your nation. The Academie de Medecine is called on to stem the cocktail tide. Professor Sergent says that if cocktails are served to guinea pigs, they die. This reminds one of the famous drops of nicotine on a cat's tongue; but as Calverley said of cats, we are not as guinea pigs.

Professor Henri Claude, very much shocked by women who smoke too much and boast of their ability in shaking cocktails, speaks of their consequent irritability—it leads to divorce, when the shakers are wives—loss of memory, general mental weakening. On the other hand Groselaude takes the matter lightly. He tells of an American who was reproached for imbibing a series of cocktails. "It's true I take one before each meal. It makes another man of me. Why should not this other man have one?" Why should there not be a debate in Boston Symphony hall? Mr. Chesterton—he would take either side merely for the fun of it—and the lady that left New England to dry all Florida.

Even in Germany the stinging cocktail is an Americanizer. Alfred Richard Meyer's "Des Herrn Munkepunke Cocktail und Bowlenbuch" published in Berlin gives recipes in verse. Last September in a land of wine—also excellent beer—Switzerland in fact—the International Geneva Association of Hotel and Restaurant Employes, organized "the first International Cocktail Competition." Recipes were mixed by competitors on the appointed day. Those sent by post were mixed by an expert under supervision. Whether members of the League of Nations took part in the competition was not stated.

MARJORIE CHURCH

Marjorie Church, pianist, gave a recital at Jordan hall last evening, playing the following program: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in G minor; Scarlatti, Sonata in D major; Beethoven, Sonata, Op. 109; Mompou, Canco i Dansa, Nos. 3 and 4; Granados, Danza Espangnola, No. 6, and Danza Lenta; Albeniz, El Albaicin; Liszt, Feux Follets; Scriabin, Three Preludes; Chopin, Ballade in F major.

As becomes a pupil of Godowski, Miss Church has an exceptionally facile and well-developed technique. She uses it with a lack of ostentation that amounts almost to a fault; there were moments, indeed, when a somewhat freer exuberance would have added to the effectiveness of her playing. She played clearly and expressively a Prelude and Fugue of Bach (from the "48"), perhaps overstressing the first note—normally unaccented—of the fugue subject at each of its reappearances, but achieving a more than ordinarily lucid articulation of the parts. In a Scarlatti sonata she admirably suggested the tonal quality of the harpsichord and the style of performance appropriate to it, with its lightly chattering staccato repetitions, its light and rapid passage work. Miss Church's performance of the beautiful E major sonata of Beethoven was thoughtful and well planned, realized with beauty of tone and unity of structure.

To the Spanish music she played she imparted a musing, improvisatory quality very different from its usual, somewhat brutal insistency, and very charming, somewhat as though the guitarrist were musing of past dances rather than providing the exciting stimulus for dancers present. What brilliance was there seemed to illumine the music gently, not with garish violence. The not wholly Hispanic freshness and quasi-pastoral beauty that lent variety to Hompu's music were most pleasing. Hardly less so, however, the things of orlental monotony that characterizes Albeniz's "El Albaicin" and the manner in which Miss Church played it.

The pianist's extraordinary lightness of touch partly defeated itself in Liszt's "Feux Follets," since the almost inaudibly delicate right hand was occasionally overshadowed slightly by the percussive left, besides being in itself rather deficient in significant accent which would have given point to its capricious dance. The early Scriabin Preludes were played gracefully; Chopin's F major Ballade warmly, sensitively, and with a romantic spirit free from extravagance.

In response to enthusiastic applause, Miss Church added a waltz and a D minor prelude of Chopin—both delightfully played—and an arrangement of a favorite violin piece of Kreisler. S. S.

BACH CANTATA CLUB

At their fifth meeting the Bach Cantata Club gave Mozart's Requiem Mass, in Emmanuel Church last night. G. Wallace Woodworth conducted. The soloists were Amy B. Townsend, soprano; Nancy Loring, alto; Steuart Wilson, tenor; C. W. Locke, bass.

At performances of such great music as Mozart's Requiem Mass the hearer is tempted to resent flaws and inadequacies, and to cavil bitterly at anything less than perfection. But rather one should be glad of a chance to hear such music with fair frequency, if at all; let him make mental compensations for the things that he thinks are lacking in the performance—it is almost always necessary to do this to some degree, no matter what the music or the performance. Let it be said then, that the Bach Cantata Club took the trouble to learn and present Mozart's Requiem, and that it gave a performance which, while it lacked both vigor and delicacy, at least erred nowhere in taste, and followed the score with fidelity if not with imagination and fervor.

For definite faults, each section of the organization contributed some. Mr. Woodworth did not vary the quantity or quality of tone from his chorus enough to make perceptible effect in the church; the chorus lacked incisiveness in entrances, made diminuendi, accelerandi, and other nuances rather clumsily; the soloists sang without much evidence of sensitiveness to the Mozartean phrase, and the soprano was so uneasy in her higher register that she was frequently off pitch; the orchestra lent none too certain rhythmic or tonal support.

But it is not fair to set down these facts without saying that even to hear this music played and sung note for note, without polish or perfect accuracy, is a pleasure no lover of music should deny himself. The richness and variety of the score, the glowing life of the very pages that dropped from Mozart's dying hand (for he left it unfinished, and it was subsequently completed by a pupil of his, Francois Xavier Sussmayer), the grace and tenderness of some of the quartets, these transcend performance.

The Bach Cantata Club is to be congratulated in thus temporarily departing from the works of the composer to whom they have (at least in name) dedicated themselves, and encouraged to continue in an effort to perfect themselves in the presentation of great works of choral music.

E. B.

Jan 21 1931

Tuesday: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Justin Sandridge, pianist. Beethoven, Sonata op. 28. Chopin, Scherzo's in B flat minor, Polonaise in C minor, Grand Valse Brilliante. Brahms, Intermezzo from op. 118, Rhapsody, No. 2 op. 79. Liszt, Liebestraum, Concert Etude in D flat, Second Legende. Rachmaninoff. Valse, Vellones, Samoyedes, Pick-Mangiagalli, La Danse d'Olaf-Toch, Der Engleur, Lecuona, Malaguena.

Jan 22 1931

JOHN McCORMACK

An enormous audience thronged Symphony hall last night to hear a recital—the first in two season—given by John McCormack. Mr. McCormack's collaborators in this concert, for which the Alumnae Association of Emmanuel College was responsible, were Alfred Boylington, violinist, and Edwin Schneider, accompanist. The program was as follows: Mr. McCormack—Minnelied (Old German Love Song, 1460), Since First I Saw Your Face (Old English, 1600), Alma del Core (Caldara). Mr. Boylington—Arioso (Bach), Spanish Dance (Sarasate). Mr. McCormack—I Tempi assai Lontani (Respighi), A Widow Bird Sate Mourning, Love's Secret (Bantock), There (Parry); Irish Folksongs: The Snowy Breasted Pearl (Arr Robinson), The Next Market Day, She Moved Through the Fair, Kitty My Love (Arranged by Hughes). Mr. Boylington—Prayer from Te Deum (Handel-Flesch), Caprice No. 20 (Paganini). Mr. McCormack—What an Irishman Means by Machree (Ernest Torrence), words by F. P. Donnelly, S. J., The Fairy Tree (Vincent O'Brien), Far Apart (first

time. Edwin Schneider). The Prayer Perfect (Oley Speaks; words by James Whitcomb Riley).

This admirable artist and incomparable singer of ballads has succeeded, as few others have, in the complete fusion of word and tone, until his singing could almost be described as infinitely musical speech. To this he adds a marvelously controlled and apparently inexhaustible breath. Since all this was the ideal—clearly expressed—of the old Italian masters of singing, his singing of old Italian airs—and, for the matter of that, of old English, French, or German—is almost inevitably worth hearing. And since in the singing of folk songs and ballads, the words are at least as important as the tune, Mr. McCormack's beautifully clear and immediate enunciation is no small factor in his success in this genre also, though the charm of his voice and manner, and his power to convey convincingly the humor and the sentiment of the songs of his race, are equally essential ingredients in the enduring popularity of this delightful singer.

Last night, as at any concert of his, the beauty of his singing of old classic airs and modern songs was inevitably overshadowed by the native charm and effortless humor, and occasionally the passionate warmth, which pervaded his Irish folk songs. "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," the songs so excellently arranged by Herbert Hughes, the many others which, one after the other—with no affected hesitation—Mr. McCormack lavished upon his audience in response to its spontaneous and delighted applause, showed the singer at the height of his power to please.

Mr. Boyington's performance of his share in the program was carried out with taste, beautiful tone, and good technique.

S. S.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Illicit"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harvey Thew from the story by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin; directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Anne	Barbara Stanwyck
Dick Ives	James Rennie
Price Baines	Ricardo Cortez
George	Charles Butterworth
Margie	Natalie Moorhead
Dukie	Joan Blondell
Mr. Ives	Claude Gillingwater

It has long been a custom among theatrical producers to try out new plays on the dogs, meaning the provinces, before submitting them to the scornful appraisal of metropolitan audiences. The Warner Brothers are trying a variant of this tradition. They are trying out on the screen a play for the stage, written with stage technique, and hampered by the fact that once filmed as written it could not be changed in dialogue or situation save by wholesale cuts. If, as planned, "Illicit" ever does reach the stage, it should be possible to trim a few yards of verbosity from it, and perhaps to inject one good dramatic "punch." Even then, it will need the physical presence of that pallid wag, Charles Butterworth, to provide essential comedy relief, to interrupt with droll levity the endless flow of argument anent that restless problem, companionate marriage. In public forums, in the pulpit and on the stage this topic has been buffeted about but never settled. It isn't settled in "Illicit."

Anne Vincent and Dick Ives, playful yet sincere lovers, have been taking week-end trips, which finally become talked about in their Park avenue set. Father Ives tries mild intervention, counsels marriage as the only safe and true course, is set down gently by Anne. When Dick argues with her, she cites the wrecked lives of her parents, says she would avoid similar unhappiness. She wants a few years of untrammelled freedom for her love with Dick. She confesses that if she ever became actually jealous she would rush him off to the altar. Well, she does marry him, the gossips stop talking. But married life becomes conventional and tiresome. Dick resents her friendliness with Price Baines, but does not conceal his own interest in Margie True, who hopes to catch him on the rebound, a la Donald Ogden Stewart. So the Ives twain part, so to remain until Margie corners Anne, serves notice that she and Dick are going to Bermuda on one of those week-end affairs. Anne cries into the telephone as she mendaciously assures Baines that now she is really happy. Dick, who had run away from Margie at the last moment, creeps into the room. Anne embraces him, happily. That horrid old companionate marriage complex is dead. What killed it? Jealousy, of course.

Miss Stanwyck is a fascinating little actress in that she implies thoughts and moods as much by apparently casual gestures as by her speech. Her Anne is just a pretty girl, trying to believe something is of tangible worth when it is mere shoddy hypothesis. Mr. Rennie, sorely in need of a haircut, is otherwise an engaging Dick, and Mr. Cortez smiles ingratiatingly in two scenes with Miss Stanwyck. Mr. Butterworth is very amusing as Georgie, with his boasts to various waters, including Minnetonka, and to Mother's day, his bits with the de luxe perambulator and as the exterminator man. Without him, "Illicit" might be classed as a rather prolix "talkie" tract.

W. E. G.

REPERTORY

"The Lady of the Lake"

A picturization of the poem of the same name by Sir Walter Scott, produced by James FitzPatrick in the highlands of Scotland and brought to the screen with a musical score written by Nathaniel Schildkret and played by the Victor Concert Orchestra; presented by the Screen Guild, with the following cast:

James FitzJames	Percy Marmont
Ellen	Benita Hume
Roderick Dhu	Lawson Butt
Lord Moray	John Garrett
Malcolm Graeme	Haddon Mason
Margaret	Hedda Bartlett
Douglas	Douglas Payne
Allan Bayne	Leo Dryden

Bringing a classic to the screen is a risky process, for there are too many persons with differing ideas who must be satisfied. James FitzPatrick has dared a great deal of tradition in Sir Walter Scott's most famous narrative poem, "The Lady of the Lake," now showing at the Repertory Theatre for the current week. On the whole, he has been successful, for the production is one of great scenic beauty, having been photographed at the actual locations of the poem: Loch Katrine, the surrounding country and Stirling Castle in all its crude ruggedness and strength. Scott's poem is followed pretty exactly, save for a certain amount of condensation, and quotations from his very lines make up most of the subtitles. With all due respect to Scott, they seem pretty stilted and more than a little embarrassing to the actors who are supposed to speak them.

In the leading role, that of James FitzJames, the masquerading King of Scotland, appears a familiar player, none other than Percy Marmont, who deserted these shores some time ago. He is the most convincing of the cast, for he wears his costume as though he were accustomed to it and acts with dignity and fine simplicity. As Ellen, the Lady of the Lake, Benita Hume is attractive, but too stiff and stagey to be quite satisfactory. Roderick Dhu, the famous chief of Clan Alpine, is stalwartly portrayed by Lawson Butt. There is an appropriate synchronized musical score.

This picture is followed by an interesting short subject, the life history of a carnivorous plant, known as the Sundew, and by the second feature, "Lost Gods," a pictorial record of the Franco-American expeditions and excavations in Lybia under the direction of Count Byron Khun de Prorok, the archaeologist and explorer. It is an intensely interesting picture, showing half a dozen historic and prehistoric cities in and around the Sahara desert. Among the most amazing discoveries were 7000 urns found in the temple of Tanit at Carthage, each one containing the bones of a child sacrificed to the blood-thirsty goddess. Beautiful mosaic floors, as brilliant now as when they were first laid, tell vividly the story of these vanished people. In one tomb are uncovered the relics of a dancing girl of 2000 years ago, with her rouge box, cymbals and bracelets beside her.

Utica is another ancient city extensively explored, and later the expedition visits Cro-Magnon caves and a strange city built of mud and salt with houses eight stories high. The real object of the expedition was the discovery of the tomb of the White Goddess, legendary ancestress of the savage Touaregs, a white race living in the Sahara. The men veil their faces and let their hair grow, while the women, strikingly handsome, go unveiled with short locks. The discovery of the tomb with its priceless relics brings the picture to a close. There is a synchronized talk by Count Prorok throughout.

E. L. H.

Mary Wigman,

By ELIZABETH BORT

Mary Wigman, who is to the modern dance what Pavlowa is to the Russian ballet and what Isadora Duncan was to the interpretative dance—the leader and founder of the whole modern German dance school — the woman who freed the dance from a weak and inept dependance on music, arrived in Boston Monday. America has received her with cordiality: nine performances in New York sold out in 12 days, and she had never set foot on American soil before a few weeks ago. She is a phenomenal figure in the art of the dance, a sort of priestess of freedom and power of expression in an art that has always leaned for support against other arts.

She is not a young woman, but her spirit is compellingly strong. Everything about her seems to radiate energy—her tall, well-muscled, robust figure; her strong-fingered, thin hand; her hair, dark chestnut red, that stands out from her head as if it were alive; her face, with its almost fleshless look of boniness; her dark gray eyes, strangely set in gaze, unwavering. Imagine the body of a stalwart goddess, the head of a feminine Beethoven, the same thick hair, deep-set eyes, heavy brow, small, almost shapeless nose, small, self-contained mouth, and heavy jaw.

"I did not come to my conclusion that the dance should be freed from music because it is and should be an independent art, with a language and expression of its own, as has music, by any conscious mental processes, or by strongly emotional or theoretical reasoning," she said. Her voice is husky and very low, tuoched with the throaty German accent.

"My ideas on this subject developed from practice, as I worked. I love music, and the best and greatest of music always make me have a desire to dance to it . . . But when I was working by myself—that is, not studying any more—I found that after the first few dance movements that coincided with the composer's musical intent, I was lost. The feeling used to frighten me. 'Why,' I thought, 'do I stop, nonplussed like this, while the music goes on with the same theme, to new developments?'

"The answer, after much unhappy striving, finally came to me. Music is complete, an art sufficient unto itself. Dancing can add nothing to it. Music is not enriched by visual—or danced—interpretation; it is made poorer. The dancer can do nothing but detract from the great classic music, because she has not the same language. Rather than give to the great classic movements that do not really express them, and rather than damage the perfect created art of music by cutting it up in order to take from it what themes and rhythms the dancer can use—I thought that the dance must face its lacks and its resources. It may stop trying to fit itself to an already complete and perfect art, and it must become self-sufficient. The dancer should express her art in its own peculiar language of movement, with perhaps just rhythmic accompaniment . . . drums, or bell sounds . . . or little snatches of primitive themes . . . or she should dance to folk music, which grew up with, and is really a part of the dance.

"For my dances I use occasionally sounds that suggest the color of the emotion of my dance . . . dark, or light and free, or heavy and sorrowful. And I use rhythms sounded by drums or other percussive instruments. Or I use music that I have composed for my dance, myself.

"The dancer must play on her body as the violinist does on his instrument. She must conquer every muscle, nerve, and sinew, unless it is really her slave. Then when she wishes a movement to express some inner feeling, she may really be able to do it with her body, and not, as is so often sadly the case with dancers, with a little of her body, and with much hopeful imagination. The dancer's training is to learn everything between the opposite poles of relaxation and tension. By constant exercise she must maintain the discipline of her muscles.

By PHILIP HALE

Mary Wigman danced last night in Symphony hall for the first time in Boston. Her fame had been trumpeted and tromboned before she landed in New York. The public was informed that she 'conveys psychic parables." She has opened "a new magic window on art." She is a "priestess," not a mere dancer. She is like a banner delivering a message from some new and heavenly empire." One is fascinated by her "aesthetic alchemy." "Masks sob on her face." "Her dances of efflorescence are flashes of a magic fata morgana." Her figure exhales light and perfume." (Alexander the Great prided himself on the sweetness of his bodily odor; Herbert of Cherbury stated in his autobiography that, changing his shirt, he exhaled the perfume of violets.) So it is not surprising that Mary Wigman "Throws off the unessential" in her dances.

Rhapsodists in New York sang paeans in her honor when she first expounded her terpsichorean gospel—say, rather, her Wigmanian gospel. The newspapers published columns, appreciative, analytical, hysterical about her doctrines and her practical application of them. Strive as these enthusiasts did, they could not vie with the delirious Europeans; their vocabulary was soon exhausted, nor were they so inventive in metaphors and comparisons. They all agreed with her that there should be only a rhythmic accompaniment for twinkling feet, sculptural gestures, smiling or tortured face. Bring on the drum, bells, clappers, tambourine or cymbals. If there is a fiddle let it play only folk-tunes. Music is one art; the dance is another. To use a work by Cesar Franck for a "philosophical" dance is nonsense. The one all-important instrument for a dancer is her body. She must play on it as a virtuoso on a violin.

Last night Mary Wigman, having escaped for an evening from the glare of a publicity that has been ruinous to certain singers and players on musical instruments, arranged this program for the expectant audience. Invocation, Face of the Night, Pastorale, Festive Rhythm, Summer's Dance, Storm Song, Zigeunerweisen, and Gypsy Moods from the Dance Cycle, "Shifting Landscapes." A Witch Dance from "Visions." Monotony Whirl Dance from "Celebration." Hans Hasting and Meta Menz played the piano and some primitive instruments, drums, etc.

There was little of the beauty and sensuousness that we have been accustomed to associate with the stage dance. There was much that was inexpressive, angular, even ugly. There are conventions in this new art as rigorously observed as those that regulated the movements of dancers in the old school. There was a uniformity in waving of the arms; in calisthenic raising one and then the other towards heaven; of changing suddenly from a pose to running madly across and around the stage. One saw that movements of Isadora Duncan and her school often furnished the foundation for the contemporary employment of arms, wrists, legs and feet.

"Face of the Night" would no doubt have been dramatically effective if one could have seen the dancer's face. The stage was so darkened that this was impossible. Still there was the forcible impression of groping, terror and mystery. In the "Pastorale" there was genuine beauty as there was in "Summer's Dance." The "Whirlwind Dance" was simply a tour de force; the "Witch Dance" more or less amusingly grotesque.

On the whole, this school of dancing is to be classed with the German post-war architecture and music. Pantomime is more the matter than dancing, for sudden advances and retreats, one leg and then the other suddenly stamping, this incessant arm-waving, with a command over the arms reminding one of Ruth St. Denis's "snake business"—the Ruth St. Denis of the earlier years—all this cannot be called dancing.

An agreeable feature of the entertainment was the music, with its rhythms, with endlessly repeated little patterns, music of a haunting monotony, which more than once pleased the ear when the dancer was disregarded, forgotten.

A large audience was enthusiastic in approval. The dancer was often stormily recalled.

RUTH GULBERTSON

Ruth Gulbertson, pianist, gave a recital at Jordan hall last night, playing the following program—Bach, French suite in G major; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 110; Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso; Griffes, The Night Winds. The Foun-

"CHILD PENURY"

By PHILIP HALE

"Paul Napoleon Roinard has just died in the Latin quarter. He was a poet. He died in poverty. The one was the consequence of the other."—Dispatch to the N. Y. Sun.

Epigrammatic, but not necessarily true. If there are poets who have died in a Grub street garret, there have been others who have dined on stewed meats and claret and slept on flowery beds of ease. As has often been remarked, Milton sold "Paradise Lost" for five pounds, but he never heard the wolf at his door. Poets have died in poverty, but not always from neglect, not always unappreciated. Take the case of Roinard. His poems are found in French anthologies. When he published his "La Mort du Reve" in 1902, there was a banquet in his honor, offered by artists and writers, no less a man than Rodin as president. Roinard had no difficulty in placing his prose articles with magazines and newspapers of France and Belgium. It was the man himself, not the Muse that was at fault. An anthologist describes him as one of the last types of the bohemian writers: "Of irregular habits, savage, disdainful. He had cut adrift from his family when he was young; he was a man for Murger, for Puccini's opera. His talents were various: He painted, he drew illustrations for magazines, he wrote plays, he even went on the stage. It was not poetry that ruined him.

Poets today are not like those of Dr. Johnson's time; not of the class lampooned by Pope and Swift. Alfred Noyes has found poetry lucrative. Mr. Guest can live luxuriously. Mr. Kipling, a poet of considerable reputation, can command his price. Paul Valery's publisher asks an absurdly high sum for his thin volume. If a poet starves in these days it is because he is not what Artemus Ward called a "boss poet" or because he expects to subsist on his verse alone. Roinard would probably have been unhappy if he had not been miserable.

of the Acqua Paola, Scherzo; oln, Polonaise, Waltz, Berceuse, antelle.

Miss Culbertson, a winner of the on and Hamlin piano prize at the England conservatory a few years shows herself to be a young plan- of intelligence and taste, endowed a neat and nimble, though not scendent technique. The several ce movements of Bach's G major nch suite—Allemande, Courante, bande, Gavotte, Bourre, Loure and nc—played in a style delicately var- to accord with their traditional con- ted character, were all nevertheless d with the gentle discretion which e modern way of dealing with the of the 18th century keyboard posers. A more sharply incisive ment of the lively Gigue, especially he reappearances of the theme in bass, might, however, have been orred.

r rendering of the central item of program, Beethoven's A flat sonata, 110, was vigorous, thoughtful and ly felt, though Miss Culbertson was wholly able to prevent this great k from seeming episodic. She ap- red also to find some difficulty in ding up tone of sufficient sonority power to suit her purposes. The it in this sonata is at least some es the composer's, for in demanding reat crescendo upon single notes as- ding slowly into the highest part of keyboard, enough to balance a simi- crescendo in descending trills in the s, he was asking the impossible and getting the character of the instru- nt for which he was writing.

Miss Culbertson played very pleasing- the remaining, and shorter, pieces t completed her program. A very anish insistence of rhythm pervaded performance of Ravel's "Alborada Gracioso," though the graceful lodies that are occasionally mingled nost inextricably with its brilliant d vigorous movement some times led to receive complete justice. The pressionistic, romantic and luxuriant- planistic pieces of the too-seldom ard Griffes were excellently played. The pianist received, in addition to e applause that was her due, many less deserved flowers. S. S.

YMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

lque Fernandez-Arbos, as a guest, cted the 13th concert of the Bos- ymphony orchestra yesterday aft- n in Symphony hall. The program as follows: Corelli, Suite; Franck, hony in D minor; De Falla, suite the ballet-pantomime, "El Amor "; Albeniz, two pieces, "El Albai- and "Navarra," piano pieces trans- d for orchestra by Mr. Arbos.

relli was known to the symphony ence by his "Christmas" concerto. suite played yesterday consists of rabande, a Gigue and a Badinerie, rm equivalent to juggling or fool- a term found in a concerto by . Ettore Pinelli, a Roman mu- n of note, took these movements a book of Corelli's sonatas, and ed taste in the selection. How he did to the original music is own to us, but there is fidelity to old grace and spirit; there is no mpt at impudent modernization, mately; for the music is charming ts simplicity—the Sarabande with imple tenderness; the Gigue, fresh sparkling, not overlabored and n out as is too often the case in n's movements of this nature; the inerie precisely what the title in- tes. Mr. Arbos gave the necessary nces with a fine regard for the it of Corelli's period, and did not to give undue importance by over- ducting. How beautiful this old ic is! What a spell it works, and what simple means! The trouble so many of contemporaneous com- rs is that they cannot write simply, they have few musical ideas; so y are forced to follow the frog in the le, or they strive to startle an audi- e by desperate endeavors to be orig- l, thinking that they will be like enbach's Archduke Ernest:

"Original! Original!
Comblen je suis original!
Non rien n'est plus original,
Qu'un Archiduc original!"

d that the hearers will shout in orus:

'Oui, c'est un original!"

In Mr. Arbos's reading of Franck's mphony many features of the detail, tures in the thematic development re brought out, but not in a manner check the musical flow; not as if tain passages—revealed clearly to e audience for the first time—were many digressions, but as if they were ustrations, comments on the treat- ent of the fundamental ideas; and so e ultimate triumph of faith over the rments of doubt was all the more orious. The performance was thus etically dramatic: the drama was that of the questioning soul. Too much stress has been put on the singular goodness, the child-like innocence of Franck's character. It has been wisely said that in the soul of every saint, evil lurks. Blessed is the holy man that realizes this; thus is he humanized! It is curious that when Franck tried to portray evil, when the hosts of hell were supposed to be wicked in song, as in "The Beatitudes," he only was conventionally operatic in Meyerbeer's worst manner. The mental struggle between doubt and faith inspired the composer of the symphony. No wonder that after the performance of yesterday the orchestra joined the audience in tumultuous applause.

Excellent as was the performance of De Falla's music, an interpretation arresting through the understanding and the fire of the composer's friend and countryman, it still holds good that ballet music, whatever its intrinsic worth, suffers by separation from the action. The reading yesterday was splendid in vitality, dash and color, but the music would have been thrice as significant if it had served to emphasize the strange drama on the stage.

It is fortunate for Albeniz that he is not known by his own orchestration of the pieces in "Iberia." Mr. Arbos urged Albeniz to arrange them for the orchestra, but in the two that were ready for performance the composer showed little skill. It was meet and proper that Mr. Arbos himself should undertake the task. The symphony audience heard "La Fete-dieu a Seville" and "Tirana" two years ago when the transcriber was a guest conductor. Yesterday it heard "El Albaicin" and "Navarra," the first from "Iberia"; the second a posthumous work which was left unfinished. Deodat de Severac completed it for the piano, but his musical nature was not en rapport with that of the Spaniard. Mr. Arbos in his arrangement completed "Navarra" as a Spaniard should. It is not probable that any other countryman was the man for the task; Mr. Arbos has a peculiar gift for orchestration. He is master of finesse as well as gorgeous coloring. And so yesterday the music of Albeniz seemed the soul of Spain—the Spain of the Moors and the gypsies.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts to be conducted next week by Dr. Koussevitzky will comprise: Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro for Strings"; Sibelius's symphony No. 7, and Strauss's Symphonia Domestica.

ROSA RAISA ILL; OPERA REPERTORY IS CHANGED

Due to the sudden illness of Rosa Raisa, the managing committee of the Boston-Chicago Opera Association has been obliged to make two changes in the previously announced repertory of the Chicago Civic opera company.

On Tuesday evening "Il Trovatore" will be given instead of "The Jewels of the Madonna." Claudia Muzio and Antonio Cortis will appear in this opera.

Next Saturday evening "La Traviata" will be substituted for "The Masked Ball." John Charles Thomas will sing on this evening as originally stated and the management is pleased to announce that in this opera Tito Schipa, the noted lyric tenor, will sing Alfredo to Mme. Muzio's famous Violetta.

HOLMES'S SUBJECT IS NORTH AFRICA

The subject of Burton Holmes's travel revue shown and heard in Symphony hall last night was "The North African Tour." The pictures and the talk of the experienced traveller were interesting, extremely so.

Years ago Mr. Holmes went to Fez by caravan. There were no roads. The journey was slow and toilsome. Last season he flew from Toulouse via Rabat to the same city, where the fez is still worn, where life is as it was centuries ago. The French, with their genius for bringing in improvements and at the same time respecting the beliefs and the customs of the native people, have constructed fine roads throughout Morocco. They have done the same in Algeria—their colony, while Morocco is under their protection—and in Algeria buildings have been erected with a view to preserving the oriental character of the ancient towns.

The audience accompanied Mr. Holmes to Rabat, where the Sultan was seen accepting tribute from the tribesmen; where dashing horsemen, splendidly mounted, gave the Powder Play for his pleasure.

Casablanca, now a great port, was visited, as was the famous city of Marrakesh. Constantine, amazingly situated, Biskra, made familiar to Americans by the once popular novel and play, Sidi Okba, were visited before the travellers reached Touggourt, Timgad, Lambesi—cities that brought memories of Roman and Byzantine conquerors—and incited to a rereading of that fascinating book "The Vanishing Cities of Northern Africa"—including Dougga, Susa, Qalrouan, Tozeur, and Djemila.

There were many country scenes as well as those of shops where trades and manufactures are as those of past hundreds of years. The picture of tourists "enjoying" a camel ride in the Sahara amused the audience. Tunisia was a subject new to many. The description of this country was to some the feature of the revue that was fraught with interest throughout, though to others "Visions of Timgad" and the Roman colosseum at El Djem were also leading features.

All in all this travel revue is, so far, the most engrossing of the present series; one of the best that Mr. Holmes has given in his long career. It will be repeated this afternoon.

Next week "The Grand Tour of Europe"—London, Paris, Brussels, Bruges, Amsterdam, Vienna, Florence, Venice, etc., with Mr. Holmes offering helpful suggestions to those proposing to visit Europe next summer or at any time. P. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Little Caesar"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Francis Edward Faragoh from the novel of the same name by W. R. Burnett; directed by Mervyn Le Roy and presented by First National with the following cast:

Rico Bandello ..... Edward G. Robinson
Joe Messara ..... Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Olga Strassof ..... Glenda Farrell
The "Big Boy" ..... Sidney Blackmer
Police Sergt. Flaherty ... Thomas E. Jackson
Pete Montana ..... Ralph Ince
Tony Passa ..... William Collier, Jr.
Arnie Lorch ..... Maurice Black
The "Fence" ..... Lucille La Verne
Sam Vettori ..... Stanley Fields
Otero ..... George E. Stone

You may vow that you will never, never sit through another "gangster" photoplay as long as you live; and then, if you are fortunate and wise enough to see "Little Caesar," you will recant vociferously. Not only recant, but applaud and shout praises, not for gangland pictures in general, but for E. G. Robinson in particular. For Mr. Robinson has taken his Nick Scarsi out of the stage play, "The Racket"; his Charley Yong out of the film play, "East Is West," fused them into his own knowing conception of the character of Caesare Rico Bandello, and created one of the most impressive screen figures of the times.

In itself "Little Caesar" is substantial entertainment, skilfully written, directed, photographed and performed; but topping every visible merit is the progress of this ignorant, minatory, ambitious and fatally vain little Italian, who, from humble beginning as a filling station bandit, forces his dominant personality on to various powerful predatory groups in a big city and climbs nearly to the top, to crash to earth through his own consuming conceit. His favorite taunt to rival leaders whom he was about to depose had been, "You can still dish it out, but you can't take it any longer!" And when Police Sergt. Flaherty had him cornered in a 15-cent bedhouse, where Rico overheard some bums reading aloud a newspaper yarn, intimating that he was yellow and always had been, what did Rico do? Snarled and hissed and bolted for the nearest telephone to defy and to revile the patient Flaherty. It was the ego in the man that killed him, not that raking machine gun fire from his uniformed pursuers.

As Mr. Robinson portrays this man, who believes only in himself, who sneers at the word love, who combs his hair as he prepares to kill, who fondles his noisy scarfs, his diamond ring, his gift watch of platinum, stolen, of course, as if they were pets; who is too quick with his gun and who has no compunction in shooting down McClure, the crime commissioner—one is fascinated as if watching a malevolent snake: yet coupled with fascination is pity. Rico, when tested, could not kill Joe Messara, his one pal, who wanted to quit through love of Olga, the dancing girl. After all, there was something human in this warped creature. Mr. Robinson reveals every trait unerringly.

The others are splendid, without exception; Mr. Fairbanks as the honest Joe, Mr. Cillier as the Italian boy, killed on the steps of the church where he was to confess to Fr. McNeil; Messrs. Black and Fields as rival racketeers, Miss Farrell as Joe's girl, Miss La Verne in one scene as a witchlike "fence," Mr. Jackson, repeating his familiar detective formula. Good, all of them, to Mr. Robinson's best. W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Inspiration"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the play, "Sapho," dramatized by Clyde Fitch from the novel of the same name by Alphonse Daudet and produced by Olga Nethersole with herself in the leading part at Power's Theatre, Chicago, Oct. 31, 1899; directed by Clarence Brown and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Yvonne ..... Greta Garbo
Andre ..... Robert Montgomery
Delval ..... Lewis Stone
Lulu ..... Marjorie Rambeau
Odette ..... Judith Voselli
Marthe ..... Beryl Mercer
Coutant ..... John Miljan
Julian Montell ..... Edwin Maxwell
Vignaud ..... Oscar Apfel
Madeline ..... Joan Marsh
Pauline ..... Zelda Sears
Liane ..... Karin Morley
Gaby ..... Gwen Lee
Jouvet ..... Paul McAllister
Gavarni ..... Arthur Hoyt
Haland ..... Richard Tucker

It seems strange that no more satisfactory story could have been found for Greta Barbo than "Inspiration," current screen feature at Loew's State Theatre. It is a rehash of the old Clyde Fitch-Alphonse Daudet play, "Sapho," in which Olga Nethersole and Hamilto. Revelle made such a sensation 32 years ago. No fault can possibly be found with Greta who moves through the creaking situations and dragging plot as though she believed in it all. She is lovely and langorous, moving, tragic and at times exquisitely flirtatious, enough to spur any man on to great works of art, but her surroundings are somewhat less than satisfying. The sight of a group of smartly dressed American men and women, with pronounced American or English accents, pretending to be a set of carefree, insouciant Bohemians, whose morals are as scanty as the cothes worn by their models, is perilously close to the ludicrous.

All this is written with regret, for it is hard to comprehend why the combination of Greta Garbo, as star; Clarence Brown, as director, and a supporting cast headed by Lewis Stone should have produced so vaguely loitering a story. Since Daudet's time there have been too many Marguerite Gauthiers and Margherita Cavallinis for his heroine, Yvonne, to be especially striking or interesting. "Inspiration" tells how Yvonne, beautiful artists and sculptors' model, living under the protection of one of the wealthiest men in Paris, falls in love with Andre, an unsophisticated young man from the provinces. She gives up everything for him only to have him turn against her when he finds out about the past.

To make the break complete, Andre plans to marry a childhood sweetheart, Madeline, only to find that he cannot put Yvonne out of his mind. Chance throws them together again but only for a brief time, for Yvonne finds out about the approaching marriage. Once more they separate and are reunited, but Yvonne ends things in the only possible way.

Aside from Greta Garbo's exquisitely sympathetic and charming performance the picture offers little in the way of good acting. Lewis Stone, usually so finished and arresting a performer, is quite at sea in the strange role of the philandering Delval, who takes women and leaves them without pity. Marjorie Rambeau is entertaining as Lulu, a low comedy lady of easy virtue, and Karin Morley, a newcomer to the screen, gives a very touching portrayal of Liane, the young girl who cannot endure the desertion of Delval and kills herself. Robert Montgomery, a satisfactory player in straight comedy, is entirely miscast as the unsophisticated Andre, and seems acutely conscious of being a misfit. The film as a whole is artistically photographed but overlong to hold the interest. E. L. H.

ALBION METCALF

A recital by Albion Metcalf, pianist, took place yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. A large audience heard Mr. Metcalf play the following program: Beethoven, Andante Favori in F major; Schumann, Sonata in G minor, Op. 22; Chopin, Fantasie-Impromptu, Etude in A flat major; Alabieff-Liszt. The Nightingale; Brahms, Intermezzo in B flat minor, Rhapsody in E flat major; Toch, The Juggler; Albeniz, Evocation; Debussy, The Dance of Puck; Balakireff, Islamey (Oriental Fantasy).

The "Andante Favori" of Beethoven with which Mr. Metcalf opened his program is as seldom played today as are the master's "Bagatelles," though in it, as in them, there is charming and unpretentious music well worthy of attention; not so long ago, however, the "Andante" was one of the crowning glories of many a young lady's repertoire, and in its mild way it is indeed a display piece. It makes use, incidentally, of a brilliant pianistic device upon which Schumann later based his Toccata. At Metcalf's hands its lyric passages fared pleasantly enough but for the pianist's unfortunate habit of laying a heavy stress upon what should have been the unaccented beginning of the oft-repeated opening phrase. The livelier portions of the piece were blurred and marred by a certain manual

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"Topaze," a comedy by Marcel Pagnol, will be brought to the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night by The Professional Players of Boston. The comedy was produced at the Theatre des Varietes, Paris, in October, 1928, when the part of Topaze was taken by Andre Lefour; Pauley played Castel-Benac, the rascal who had made himself a municipal councilor; Jeanne Provost took the part of Suzy Courtois, the seductive mistress of Castel-Benac and the mother of one of Topaze's pupils. For Topaze is a teacher in the Muche boarding school. He is in love with the daughter of the director. She makes sport of him. Topaze teaches the pupils principles of the strictest morality. He will not stand for favoritism, and a complaining mother succeeds in ousting him. Forced to give private lessons, he falls in with Castel-Benac, whose mistress sees in Topaze just the man to further her lover's schemes. When Topaze learns their nature, he at first revolts, but Suzy smiles on him, so that he, too, becomes unscrupulous and greedy for money. He even succeeds in putting Castel-Benac out of doors and appropriating Suzy. When an old and highly moral colleague of his at the school visits him, he persuades him to be his secretary to join in his nefarious business.

Pagnol, who has enriched himself by this comedy which has been played with phenomenal success in the leading cities of the European continent, is the son of a schoolmaster who, living at Marseilles, looked toward Paris for a decoration, but looked in vain. Marcel was graduated at the University of Toulouse with the degree of doctor of philosophy. He taught for a short time at the Lycee Condorcet in Paris, receiving 1500 francs a month. He thought of the theatre; wrote "Merchants of Glory." Paul Nivoix collaborated. This play was brought out by the Theatre Guild in New York on Dec. 14, 1925. Pagnol's "Jazz" and "Marius" ("Marseilles") were much more successful in Paris.

He is described as about 32 years old, small, wiry, clean shaven. A reporter of the London Daily Chronicle wrote: "He has a poet's locks and the sparkle and humor of the laughing Midi is in his eyes." Less lyrical was the reporter who wrote: "Should you be in Paris, in a little cafe near the Theatre des Varietes, and see a swagger young man in a pink suit, yellow tie and green spats, that would be Marcel Pagnol."

Pagnol contributed last year an article to the French magazine Bravo, in which he stated that, having completed "Topaze" in 1927, he sent seven copies of the play to as many Parisian theatre directors. They all accepted it. Andre Antoine advised the manager of the Varietes.

"But he hasn't even seen the manuscript."

"I've spoken to him about it," replied Antoine.

"Send him the play. 'Topaze' must be done at the Varietes, because that is the proper setting."

Pagnol was enchanted with the idea. "But I was also somewhat fearful. I had often seen young men in dinner clothes, older men in full dress and fashionable ladies in evening clothes in the lobby of that theatre. I was apprehensive that the audiences at this aristocratic house would not be interested in the boarding school of M. Muche, nor in the fate of an unfortunate devil who did not even wear spats. That is why I begged Max Maurey on several occasions not to produce 'Topaze' at his own theatre . . . He refused to be discouraged." Wise, far seeing Max Maurey; for the play had an enormous success in that theatre, running for months and months. It is still billed at the Varietes.

Clarence Derwent, who took the part of Castel-Benac, when "Topaze" in Ben W. Levy's translation was produced at the Music Box Theatre in New York on Feb. 12, 1930, wrote that any cut seemed like sacrificing a choice morsel of vitriolic satire. "To cite one instance, Castel-Benac, the grafting municipal councilor, explains in the scene with his lady love (or 'what not' as he blithely refers to her) that his wife keeps a sharp eye on all his dubious deals, and invariably claims her share of the pickings. The thing has become automatic, he states, and he goes on to relate that the previous year, when he gave George Bernard Shaw the freedom of the city, nothing could convince her that G. B. S. had not paid handsomely for the honor. She claimed 20,000 francs for her share."

At the first performance in New York, the chief parts were cast as follows: Topaze, Frank Morgan; Castel-Benac, Clarence Derwent; Suzy Courtois, Phoebe Foster.

Mr. Forrest Wilson, who knew Pagnol before he became famous, says that the dramatist took his extraordinary and unexpected success in boyish fashion. 'He simply revelled in the limelight and in his new sense of prosperity. I met him one day with his overcoat side pocket crammed with 1000-franc notes wadded in with envelopes, clippings and what-not. Instead of banking his royalty check that day, he had cashed it for the pleasure of carrying the money. Yet the success did not otherwise turn his head. He did not move from his cheap little apartment, or even refurnish it. He bought the valley in which he had played Indian; he bought every phonograph version of the music of 'Show Boat' he could find—and then he forgot wealth and fame to plunge into the staging of 'Marius.'"

London has been the only city where "Topaze" was received with indifference. The leading players on Oct. 8, 1930, were Raymond Massey, Frank Cellier and Alice Delysia. According to several critics the players seemed tired and listless. Topaze was mistakenly treated as a supremely sympathetic character. "The sudden change to knavery entirely alters the whole mood of the play." In the Observer of Jan. 4 Mr. Edward Thompson of Oxford wrote: "Mr. St. John Ervine is puzzled by the failure in London of 'Topaze,' so successful elsewhere. I saw it in New York, and it stands out as one of three delightful theatrical experiences in America—Ed Wynn ('The Perfect Fool'), 'Green Pastures' (a movingly reverent and lovely play) and this hilariously funny and cynical thing. If 'Topaze' failed in London it may have been badly acted; or perhaps it was because we are becoming such dull dogs. Critics who put up with the banning of 'Green Pastures' (after howling at the censorship of what is really objectionable and without merit into the bargain) are plainly serving the public poorly."

Laurence E. Johnson's comedy "It's a Wise Child" will be seen at the Tremont tomorrow night. The play, having been performed at Atlantic City on July 22, 1929, reached the Belasco Theatre, New York, on Aug. of that year. Joyce Stanton, Mildred McCoy; Bertha, Leila Bennet Harlan Briggs played G. A. Appleby Sidney Toler, the iceman; he loved so dearly the "ruined" servant Bertha that he couldn't sleep nights, so he married her to get some sleep. The lawyer, James Stevens, was played by Minor Watson; Roger Baldwin, Stevens's rival, by Humphrey Bogart. And there was Helen Lowell, who portrayed Mrs. Stanton.

This comedy, like the "Bachelor Father," treats illegitimacy in the ultra-modern manner. A servant is dismissed because she may be an unmarried mother. Joyce Stanton, wishing to free herself from an engagement with one Appleby, and wed Baldwin, a youth of her own age, tells her older suitor that she is in danger of having a fatherless child. This settles her case in Appleby's eyes; even Baldwin shies. There is one youth however, who comes up to the scratch. Joyce is chiefly disappointed in that everyone believed her story. Stephen Rathbun of the N. Y. Sun informs us that a first nighter thought Joyce was in haste to get married "In fact, she rejected two men and fell in love with a third in less than 72 hours, which only shows how fast Eros can work in a comedy."

"Nina Rosa," a musical play by Otto Harbach, with music by Sigmund Romberg, to be seen tomorrow night at the Majestic Theatre, has had a succession of heroines. When it was announced for a production at Detroit on Oct. 20, 1929, Harriet Bennett, who had been imported from Australia though she sang and danced well, was hardly of the Peruvian type. In Philadelphia Yvonne d'Arle replaced her for one performance. "She looked very little a lady who might have spent her life among gauchos, in 'case a lady would." Then came Berna Deane. In St. Louis it was Margaret Carlisle's turn. . . . Last Ethelind Terry appeared for the New York opening at the Majestic Theatre on Sept. 20. 1930. Mr. John Mason Brown of the Evening Post wrote that "all in all, 'Nina Rosa' is one of the very best of the elaborate operettas that the Messrs. Shubert have produced."

To the Editor of The Herald:

If I were young again, and had the knowledge gained by a lifetime knowledge of Boston, and 55 years of theatrical life, there is a chance here, which is now ripe, and which lain dormant nearly 40 years, constantly growing worse, for what I have in mind. I would say to a number of superior actors, I propose to build an organization, similar to that of the Theatre Francais, and for any actor to be a member of, or to have played with, shall constitute an honor and a distinction greater than money. While a member your salary will be small, but your future will be brilliant if you have the ability to make it so, as I believe you have, or I would not approach you.

I would state this idea to the owners of this ideal theatre for this plan, the Hollis Street Theatre, and I believe win them to it.

I would produce comedies, tragedies, melodramas, farces, old or new, and there is a wealth of old plays of great value, but there would be no fads or long runs, and I would cater to that great public that has been estranged from the theatre, by indecency, inaudibility and impossibility, so that the head of every family would have no hesitancy in taking their children, or allowing them to go unattended, but I am no longer young.

The right man could succeed in this, but who is he? The great occasion always produces the Napoleon, the Washington or the Lincoln. I can think of but one possible man for such an achievement, and one other problematical; the first being George Tyler, and the other, Winthrop Ames, and failing these, an utterly unknown man. Perhaps Mr. Clive.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

The Chicago Civic Opera Company will open its season of two weeks at the Boston Opera House tomorrow night. The opera will be "Lohengrin," the first of the five Wagnerian works to be performed for the benefit of the faithful and the belated converts who, coming into the fold after Wagner's genius was fully recognized, are the more hysterically enthusiastic.

In "Lohengrin" Emma Redell (Elsa) and Rudolf Bockelmann (Telramund) will be heard here for the first time. The official biographers of the Chicago company assure us that Miss Redell was born at Baltimore. She studied the piano, but, seeing the error of her ways, took to singing, and to support herself, was a stenographer. Having taken singing lessons in Vienna (1922) she made her debut as Tosca at Altenburg (from which town in 1455 the Knight Kunz von Kariffungen carried off the young princes who founded the royal and ducal families of Saxony). As in 1881, there was a cafe near the theatre—it is probable it is there now—Altenburg is a fine town for a debut. Mr. Bockelmann, trained as a philologist—a knowledge of languages is at times of use to a singer—served in the world war, sang on the stage for the first time as the Herald in "Lohengrin." This was at Leipsic. He was afterward engaged at Hamburg (1926). He has appeared at Covent Garden and at Bayreuth (1930), where he has been re-engaged for the 1931 season.

The other chief singers in "Lohengrin," Mme. Olszewska, Messrs. Malson and Kipnis, are known here.

As Mme. Raisa is ill, "Il Trovatore" will be performed instead of "The Jewels of the Madonna." Claudio Muzio and Antonio Cortis will take the parts of Leonora and Manrico respectively in Verdi's opera.

In "Die Meistersinger" Mmes. Raejdl and Sharnova, and Messrs. Colcaire and Habich come as strangers. Mme. Raejdl has four children. She will take the part of little Eva. A Czechoslovakian, she studied at Vienna; sang there at the State Opera House—in "Madama Butterfly"—her Nor-

ian husband Oestvig was the faithless B. F. Pinkerton—absit omen! sang leading roles at Hamburg, Berlin. At the first performance of uss's "The Egyptian Helen" she took the part of Althra, the Princess-ician. The late Adolf Weissmann wrote of her, "a young charming er, who, however, acted and sang more like a soubrette than a princi-singer." She should be an admirable Eva.

Oscar Colcaire is an excellent tenor with an unusually good voice. (We k from personal knowledge.) Born at Lexington, Ky., educated at Cin-atl University and at Yale, he was a first violinist in the Cincinnati phony orchestra. Having studied singing at Nice and Milan, he first ared in opera at Turin in 1926 as the Duke in "Rigoletto." He after-d sang at Venice and toured, as Edgardo Prence, with an Italian com-r (the Netherlands, Portugal and Spain).

Sonia Sharnova, the contralto, is a Chicagoan by birth of Russian ent. She studied at Nice, and there went on the stage. She has sung on Riviera, and been engaged for Italian opera houses. In Berlin she stud-the Wagnerian operas.

Eduard Habich, baritone, the Beckmesser, has sung at Berlin, Munich, reuth and London.

The other singers in "Die Meistersinger"—Messrs. Maison, Ringling, De-e, Kipnis—are no strangers.

Wednesday evening, "La Boheme" with the delightful Claudia Muzio Mimi; Mme. Pavloska, and Messrs. Cortis, Bonelli, Lazzari, Defrere. Sal-ore Baccaloni is a newcomer. This bass-baritone has appeared at Milan, ny other Italian cities, Buenos Aires and London. De Falla's ballet-ntomime "El Amor Brujo" will follow "La Boheme." The music has been rformed here in concert form by the Boston Symphony orchestra, and do dances have been performed in Boston by Argentina. The ballet in its iginal form calls for only a few dancers or mimes and a small orchestra.

Thursday evening, "Pelleas et Melisande" with Miss Garden, of course; Mmes. Claessens and Freund; Messrs. Vanni-Marcoux, Cotreuil—but not he graceful Mojica. Barre Hill will be the Pelleas, a college man, who has ung with symphony orchestras in this country; in England in concerts.

Friday evening, "Die Walkuere"—Mmes. Redell, Van Gordon, Olzewska; essrs. Strack, Bockelmann, Baromeo.

Saturday afternoon, "Don Giovanni." Frida Leider—her first appearance is season—Mmes. Burke, Raejdl; Messrs. Vanni-Marcoux, Hackett, Lazzari, accaloni, Baromeo. Saturday evening, "La Traviata." Mme, Muzio; Messrs. hipa and Thomas.

The operas next week will be as follows:

Monday—"Tristan and Isolde": Mmes. Leider and Olszewska; Messrs. Strack, ockelmann, Kipnis, Defrere.

Tuesday—"Aida"; Mmes. Muzio, Van Gordon, Burke; Messrs. Marshall, Far-ichi, Baromeo, Lazzari. Mario Laurence was at first announced as Radames. hy this change? The company has been in need of a heroic tenor since the mirable Ansseau was allowed to leave.

Wednesday afternoon—Massenet's "La Navarraise" and "Le Jongleur de otre Dame." All for Miss Garden. In "La Navarraise"—who can forget the roine as portrayed by Mme. Calve, later by Mme. Gerville-Reache?—the ale parts will be taken by Messrs. Means, Maison, Viouille, Dua. In "Le ongleur," written by Massenet for men only—but he yielded to Miss Garden's ense persuasion—Messrs. Formichi, Cotreuil, Ritch, Ringling, Nicolich, De-re. Wednesday night—"Tanhaeuser," Mmes. Redell, Leider; Messrs. Strack, ckelmann, Baromeo, Habich.

Thursday—"Otello," Mmes. Muzio and Claessens; Messrs. Marshall, Vanni-arcoux, Baromeo.

Friday—De Forest's "Camille" (first time in Boston), Mmes. Garden, aessens, Glade; Messrs. Hackett and Baromeo. By the way, Verdi wrote an era entitled "La Traviata," and Claudia Muzio's portrayal of Violetta is morable.

Saturday afternoon—Smetana's "The Sold Bride"—often called "The Bar-ed Bride" (first time here). Mmes. Raejdl, Olszewska, Sharnova, Burke; essrs. Strack, Kipnis, Habich, Baromeo, Ringling, Dua. Saturday evening, ucia di Lammermoor," Mmes. Salvi and d'Hermanoy; Messrs. Colcaire, Bonelli, tch, Lazzari, Oliviero.

No "Carmen" this season. It's just as well, for who would play Don e to Mme. Olzewska's Carmen? Yet it might be agreeable to see the sion now used at Copenhagen. It occurred to the more or less ingenious el Breidahl that the text was sadly in need of revision, so he turned the py woman into "a real working girl instead of a coquettish maid; who ke the simple language of ordinary folk instead of academic circumlo-ions." Perhaps this would sound better in Danish. We were under the pression that neither Prosper Merimee's nor Bizet's heroine was of "or-ary folk."

But the proposal of Paralyticus Schoepfrich, published in the Allgemeine sik-Zeltung, to arrange "Lohengrin" as a short opera is not so bad. He uld not have any music, "for this music is antiquated, exploded and sim-a waste of time." Romantic bombast should be thrown overboard. There uld be no tragic ending for "there have been no heroes since Bernard aw became the master of the German stage." Quick changes of scenery now so possible that "Lohengrin"—"with proper concentration"—could given in less than a quarter of an hour, so there would be enough time the unwearied audience to enjoy the cinema, radio, golf, football, races, ing matches and other entertainments.

A performance of "Tristan and Isolde" without music will be given in nna next March. Passages in the love scene of the second act will be tailed, only the Steersman's song and the lines for the sailor, the horns ing the hunting, and the shepherd's tune are to be retained. There be no orchestra.

They are doing all sorts of queer things to opera in Germany. At lin a good deal has been cut out of Gounod's "Faust." Siebel's part has n shortened and given to a baritone. (We have seen Siebel in Boston n by a tenor, and we missed the legs of the conventional Siebel, which some cases atoned for Miss Squallini's false intonation in the "Flower" .) The settings are "semi-realistic and semi-formalized." The Soldiers' ch takes place in one direction while the setting moves in the other.

And Richard Strauss is revising Mozart's "Idomeneo," adding music to nd otherwise "improving" it.

The honorable history of the Chicago Opera Co. has been told in an rtaining manner by Edward Moore, the music critic of the Chicago une. His "Forty Years of Opera in Chicago," a volume of 430 large es, well illustrated and handsomely published by Horace Liveright, New k, is a valuable contribution to the history of music in this country. re is a wealth of anecdotes, also a store of statistical information, casts, Open the book at random. One finds Percy Hammond reviewing "The of the Golden West." Speaking of Bassi as Dick Johnson: "Some way or other a top note does not sound well when emanating from a supposedly desperate person in leather pants and a flannel shirt. And in the last act they do a most cruel thing to him. They tie his hands and make him sing."

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF

Sergei Rachmaninoff gave his first Boston recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. A large audience enjoyed the following program:

Andantino and Variations (Schubert-Tausig); Davidsbundlertanze, opus 6 (Schumann); Scherzo, B minor, and Scherzo, B-flat minor (Chopin); Prelude in G major, and Etude Tableau in C minor (Rachmaninoff); Etude, D-flat major, Valse Impromptu, Carnaval de Pesth (Liszt).

Each return of this great Russian pianist is a genuine delight. His musicianship and his virtuosity are as widely recognized as they are unusual; but to these superb abilities he adds other, less overwhelming, but no less satisfying qualities. No matter how impetuous or exciting the music he is still able to play accurately, with wrong notes so few and so seldom that the mind is not forced to rationalize about them. Also, he respects his instrument, for no matter how tremendous the volume of tone he achieves, it is always tone, sonorous and full . . . not noise. Further, he strikes an intelligent and refreshing medium between the playing of the more romantic type of pianist (which still appeals to many a warm-hearted music-lover), and that of the more self-contained and reasoning type, who build up performance not solely on the dictates of inspiration and personal taste, but also a good deal on what the composer intended. That Rachmaninoff combines unusual fidelity to printed score with personal vitality and sensitiveness of interpretation makes him the great artist.

His playing of Chopin yesterday was, as usual, magnificent. The crisp sparkling passage work, the rushing rhythms, the strong string tone of the piano singing through it all, made the B minor Scherzo marvelously effective. With only a pause in which he improvised exuberantly and brilliantly for a moment, he rushed into the B-Flat Minor Scherzo, giving it an insistent and furiously compelling interpretation, rather than a mysterious one, as is more often heard.

The Davidsbundlertanze of Schumann were played with power and variety, lovely tone and incisive, clearly-developed rhythms. These are charming pieces, though they will not live as long in the memory of man as other music Schumann wrote unpreoccupied by the idea of shaming the musical Philistines of his day.

The three selections from Liszt's music, and the two pieces of his own that occupied the second half of the program, Rachmaninoff played with all his clear, straightforward thinking, musical sensitiveness, a masterly dynamics.

Insistent applause compelled him to add to his announced program, and after encores which included a Melody of Gluck, and Moussorgsky's Hopak, he settled down to the inevitable C Sharp Minor Prelude—his tactful musical adieu to a greedy audience. E. B.

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clumsiness that often characterizes Mr. Metcalf's playing of the more strenuous kinds of music. Why this should be so it is hard to understand, for his technique seems excellent; partly, no doubt, it is the extravagant and clumsy arm movements to which he has recourse occasionally that spoil his aim; in any case it seemed sometimes as though the louder the note or chord he was to play, the more likely it was that he would miss it.

Apart from this falling, which the cultivation of a somewhat calmer manner might easily remove, Mr. Metcalf proved himself an intelligent and interesting pianist, extremely sensitive at each moment to the emotional meaning and structural function of the music he is playing. He is keenly attentive to its details, yet able to impart a sense of intensity and purposeful movement that is often exciting. The first movement of Schumann's G minor sonata, for instance, was played admirably, in such a manner as to revivify and give dramatic force to music that, in the hands of most pianists, has ceased to interest. His playing of the delicately beautiful Andantino was sensitive, but his ill-judged violence and inaccuracy spoiled the Scherzo and the final Presto.

A curious weakness which betrayed itself in the posthumous A flat Etude of Chopin was Mr. Metcalf's apparent inability to play two notes in the left hand against three in the right; the bass thus lost the even flow it should have. Almost everything else was, however, played excellently. Especially delightful were the imaginative humor with which he gave meaning and point to Toch's "Juggler" and Debussy's "Dance of Puck," the alternate strength and grace of Brahms's E flat Rhapsody, the brilliance which did not obscure the lively lilt of the song in Liszt's elaboration of Alabieff's "Nightingale."

Mr. Metcalf was warmly applauded and induced to add to his program.

S. S.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The following program was performed yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall at the People's Symphony orchestra's sixth concert of the season: Gounod, Prelude to "Faust"; Goetz, Symphony in F; Mozart, Overture and Air "Ecco il Punto," from "La Clemenza di Tito," Tchaikovsky, Marche Slav. Marion Kingsbury, soprano, was the soloist, and Mr. Stone, as usual, conducted the orchestra. The concert was broadcast.

It was a program well adapted to the purposes and present powers of the People's Symphony orchestra. In bringing forth the rarely played Symphony of Goetz, the orchestra even did pioneer work of a kind to which it might well devote itself occasionally with profit. Many minor works, such as this, are well worth the trouble of resuscitation; though labor applied to the study of neglected symphonies of Haydn, for instance, would be still more valuable.

Mrs. Kingsbury's performance of the varied and difficult air from "La Clemenza di Tito" was dramatically effective. This singer has made notable progress in her art since her last appearance in Jordan hall. Her voice has grown firmer, steadier, fuller, and of more even quality. Her declamation of the recitative was full of meaning and expressive variety. Her singing of the air itself gave evidence of careful and intelligent attention, both to the formal style of the music and to the emotional content of the words. She was warmly applauded,—the orchestra too, for its excellent work.

The next concert of the People Symphony orchestra, on Feb. 8, will have the following program: S. S.

Finlandia (Sibelius, Peer Gynt Suite (Grieg), Siegfried Idyll (Wagner), Pianoforte Concerto in A major (Liszt), waltz, "Tale from the Vienna Woods" (Strauss), March of Homage (Grieg).

CHAMBER ORCHESTRA OF BOSTON

Under the auspices of the Screen Guild—the organization which at present occupies the Repertory Theatre—there took place yesterday the first of a series of Sunday afternoon concerts of modern music to be given by the Chamber orchestra of Boston, Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor. The program—its modernness mitigated by a single eminent exception—was as follows: Arthur Honegger, Napoleon, a Film-Suite (I. Napoleon, II. Les Ombres, III. Romance de Violine, IV, Chaconne de l'imperatrice, V. Danse des nfants); Charles Ives, Three Places in New England (I. The St. Gaudenc in Boston Common—Col. Shaw and his colored regiment, II. Putnam Park, Reading Centre, Ct., III. The Housatonic at Stockbridge); Robin Milford, Suite for Chamber Orchestra (Prelude, Air, Minuet and Trio, Quick Dance); Alejandro Caturla, Bembe; Paul Allen, Montezuma; Mozart, A Musical Joke (Allegro, Minuetto and Trio, Presto).

Mr. Slonimsky and his Chamber orchestra have not been heard here for many months, though New Yorkers crowded Town hall to make their acquaintance last week. It was high time that another of their amusing and stimulating programs was heard here. That which they played yesterday contained only two works which earlier concerts had made known to Boston—Mozart's "Musical Joke" and Robin Milford's Suite. It revealed a conductor grown in authority and skill, an orchestra playing with greater conviction and readier response, than formerly.

Honegger's accompanying music to the French film "Napoleon," fragmentary, soothing though it may be to ears attuned to the later Honegger, harmless and even saccharine though many a measure of the "Romance de Violine" and the "Chaconne" maybe is not music of which its composer need be ashamed. Individuality and eloquence shine through it very clearly here and there; the hand of a skilled and resourceful craftsman is evident, both in the shaping of its material and in its orchestral coloring.

Charles Ives, whose "Three Places in New England" Mr. Slonimsky's program notes describe as "transcendental geography by a strange Yankee genius," is certainly a strange and interesting composer, though it would be rash to say, with no better foundation than a single hearing, that he is or is not a genius. This work, sketched in 1903-1908, and written in 1914, is modern in the exact manner of those painters whose canvases—so redolent of this chaotic age—are a patchwork of jagged fragments overlapping, dovetailing, with an added complexity which painting cannot rival, namely that of a bewilderingly crowded simultaneity, an extraordinary contrapuntal freedom. This is especially true of the second of the pieces, in which the American village band is not so much parodied as portrayed in a jumble of fragments and splinters of popular band tunes, dancing in an all-pervading cacophony that somehow does not seem meaning-

less. In the first of the pieces, inspired by the Boston Common memorial to Col. Shaw and his colored regiment, the obscure and brooding suggestion of Negro tunes is mournfully punctuated by a muffled drum-beat.

Caturla's "Bembe," a "group of Afro-Cuban rhythms in modernist attire by a Cuban with Parisian background," is so free from any of the cliches of modern music that it gives an impression of being authentically "Afro-Cuban," or nearly so. It is baffling, bare, querulous, with something of that pathos that primitive art frequently reveals. But it is a Negroid music absolutely untouched by Moody and Sankey or by the sickliness of Broadway.

The music that followed Caturla's piece had so obviously nothing whatever to do with Montezuma or the Aztecs and seemed so clearly a piece of inferior light operatic music of the more sentimental kind, that one assumed that the program had been altered, and it was a surprise, at the close of the piece, to see Mr. Slonimsky beckoning towards a rear seat, whence presently Mr. Allen himself arose and acknowledged applause.

Milford's delicate and charming Suite and Mozart's delightful parody of the musical conventions of his time, with its farcical ending, were admirably performed and pleased the audience greatly.

The applause was extremely cordial. It is to be hoped that these concerts, which Boston needs as a stimulant and irritant—it hardly matters which—will become a regular institution. S. S.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Kiss Me Again"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy adapted by Henry Blosson from the musical comedy, "Mlle. Modiste," by Victor Herbert; directed by William A. Seiter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Mlle. Fifi	Bernice Claire
Rene	Edward Everett Horton
Paul de St. Cyr	Walter Pidgeon
Marie	June Collyer
Francois	Frank McHugh
Count de St. Cyr	Claude Gillingwater
Mme. Cecile	Judith Voselli
General de Villefranche	Albert Gran

The prestige of Victor Herbert as foremost composer of operetta and musical comedy in his day will not be enhanced through this studio production of one of the most melodic of his numerous works. The song which Fritzi Scheff made famous now becomes title and theme song of the screen effort. Others, like "The Mascot of the Troop" and "I Want What I Want When I Want It," along with minor tunes now confined to invisible orchestral accompaniment, are utilized, sometimes effectively, once at least ludicrously. The story has been brought up to date, if introduction of a radio and employment of certain words and phrases familiar on every vaudeville stage may be deemed appropriate and opportune. There are many view of the outside and inside of Mme. Cecile's shop, now devoted to gowns rather than millinery; there is a brief excursion to Algiers, where Paul languishes as a member of the Legion while Fifi, graduated from the shop, makes rapid ascent as prima donna, singing before the crowned heads of Europe. There is a ballet in which the dancers do not pretend to caper in unison with two coryphees known as the "Sister G" in the foreground practicing what is known in vernacular as muscle dancing. All is in color, which is frequently effective; but the aid of color alone cannot bridge the abyss between the stage and the screen in presentation of any operetta, good or bad. There still are close-ups which loom too large and ensembles which shrink to tiny figures; and, save when Miss Claire sings, the recording both of singing voices and of instruments is not exactly satisfying.

Victor Herbert and Henry Blosson based their "Mlle. Modiste" on the pretty love affair of Fifi, a Paris milliner's apprentice, and Capt. Etienne de Bouvray, nephew of gouty old Compte de St. Mar. In the film, Etienne has become Paul, who sings a few measures in his Algerian camp, and nowhere else. Hiram Bent, a rich Yankee tourist, played originally by the same Mr. Gillingwater who now squeaks out "I Want What I Want When I Want It" in place of a robust baritone, like William Pruette or Delmar Poppen, has disappeared, along with Mrs. Hiram Bent. To replace their comic scenes Mr. McHugh, miscast as a French Francois, mugs and perpetrates stale jests bravely. Mr. Gran, as a deaf old general whose daughter Marie is in love with Rene but is supposed to be engaged to Paul, has little chance to be amusing, and Mr. Horton, by right a droll farceur, is in similar plight.

Miss Claire alone moves serenly and brightly through the maze. She sings splendidly the theme song and the mascot number, with its male chorus and its rolling of drums; and she acts with all the verve of a comedienne who knows what the character in hand demands and who is able to meet those demands. For the present generation, and particularly those who seem quite satisfied with what they see and hear on the screen, "Kiss Me Again" doubtless will give adequate entertainment. Those whose evenings in the theatre date back a score or more years will find far more satisfaction in their memories of those same evenings than in any substitution, however artfully coated, now offered them. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Other Men's Women"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by William K. Wells from the story by Maude Fulton directed by William Wellman and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Bill	Grant Withers
Lily	Mary Astor
Jack	Regis Toomey
Ed	James Cagney
Haley	Fred Kohler
Peggy	J. Farrell MacDonald
Marie	Joan Blondell
Bixby	Walter Long

It's been quite a while since we've had a sight of the engaging young actor known as Regis Toomey, so that it was quite a pleasure to meet him once again in "Other Men's Women," current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. Don't let the title mislead you, for the picture is not an emotional society drama, merely a little triangular table set near a big railroad yard. It is reasonably interesting, chiefly owing to Mr. Toomey and Mary Astor. Both of them give honest and genuinely moving performances that help greatly to redeem the lack of credibility in the closing sequences.

Jack and Lily are married, presumably happily, until Bill, a lifelong friend of Jack's comes to live with them. He and Lily fall in love with each other, but for Jack's sake they decide that the best thing to do is separate. Jack gets wind of what is up and more or less forces a confession from Bill, while they are running one of the locomotives at night. They fight and in their excitement leave the engine to its own devices. A collision follows in which Jack is badly hurt and blinded. Bill takes the responsibility and nearly loses his job. A few weeks later, Jack, nearly frantic at the loss of his eyesight and infuriated by the thought that Lily is sticking to him only because he is helpless, sends her away, giving as an excuse the danger of a flood caused by days of incessant rain.

Filled with remorse, Bill decides to get rid of himself for good and offers to drive an engine with a train of flatcars loaded with cement out on to an undermined bridge in an effort to save it from collapse. Permission is refused, but Jack gets wind of Bill's intention, gropes his way to the yards and climbs aboard the train. Bill follows him in order to dissuade him, but Jack realizing that he has misjudged his friend and his wife, manages to knock him out and throw him from the locomotive cab. The train moves out on to the doomed bridge which gives way under the added weight. There is an epilogue indicating happiness for Bill and Lily. Mr. Toomey, despite awkward situations and unfortunate lines, does admirably as the hot-headed self-sacrificing Jack. His pleasant voice is a distinct asset. Mary Astor makes a sympathetic and appealing Lily and Grant Withers is fair to middling as Bill.

Also on the bill is "Jaws of Hell," an English film centring around the Charge of the Light Brigade, with Cyril McLaglen and Benita Hume. E. L. H.

PARK

"Free Love"

An all talking screen comedy-drama adapted by Edwin Knopf from the play by Sidney Howard entitled "Half Gods"; directed by Hobart Henley and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Hope Ferrier	Genevieve Tobin
Stephen Ferrier	Conrad Nagel
Rush Bigelow	Monroe Owsley
Helena	Bertha Mann
Pauline	Ilka Chase
Judge Sturgis	George Irving
Dr. Wolheim	Reginald Pasch
Ada	Zasu Pitts
Dennis	Slim Summerville
Dr. Mannering	Richard Tucker

When Sidney Howard's play, "Half Gods," was given in New York last season it didn't last very long and was pretty harshly spoken about. Transferred to the talking screen under the title of "Free Love" and now showing as the feature film at the Park Theatre, it fares somewhat better. It isn't a masterpiece even now, but it does provide an amusing hour or so of comedy drama dealing with the problems of married life among the young. The most original turn in the story, and the one most heartily appreciated by the audience, comes toward the end of the film when Conrad Nagel, playing a long-suffering young husband, says to his exasperating wife: "Darling, you've had this coming to you for a long time," hauls off and hits her so lusty a crack on the jaw that she goes down for the count. Under the circumstances he was hardly to be blamed, for he had put up with a great deal.

Hope and Stephen Ferrier, at the end of six years of marriage, find themselves in a state of constant bickering. Hope forgets to pay the gas bill, while Stephen talks a great deal about getting eight hours of sleep every night and monopolizes the mirror while dressing for breakfast. Finally, in an excess of self-pity, Hope starts going to a psycho-analyst, who tells her that she is an intuitive introvert married to an infantile extrovert and that she should lead her own life as she pleases. She promptly takes her two children and goes to a hotel. Begged by Stephen to return, she sets her own conditions, and soon takes up with Stephen's best friend, Rush Bigelow. Stephen promptly knocks him out, only to be told by Hope's sister, Helena, that he should have spanked Hope instead. One thing leads to another until poor bewildered Stephen doesn't know what to do but get drunk. In the end comes the long needed punch and a reconciliation.

One can hardly take the picture as a serious preachment on the way to cure foolish wives, but as entertainment it is all right. Conrad Nagel plays the well-meaning, likable, blundering Stephen with the proper earnestness and lack of humor. Genevieve Tobin has occasionally annoying mannerisms, such as a hollow high-pitched laugh and slightly strutting gait, but on the whole gives a good idea of a spoiled but attractive young woman. Zasu Pitts contributes one of her lackadaisical maids and Ilka Chase offers some pithily amusing remarks. Monroe Owsley is a plausible young man about town.—E. L. H.

FENWAY-SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Men on Call"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by James K. McGuiness; directed by John Blystone and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Chuck	Edmund Lowe
Cap	William Harrigan
Helen	Mae Clark
Joe Burke	Warren Hymer
Mrs. Burke	Sharon Lynn

Mr. Lowe and Mr. Harrigan are pals in the coast guard service, somewhere out on the Pacific coast. Mr. Harrigan, as Cap, had picked Mr. Lowe, as Chuck, off a park bench one summer's day, and had converted him from a railroad engineer, down and out because he ran the division superintendent's special past a signal into a freight train, into the best man in the coast patrol. Chuck had run past the signal after walking out on the girl he thought he was going to marry. It seems that a very snoopy and fresh reporter had just told him that Helen, the girl, had been involved, quite innocently, in some sort of a scandal back in the big city. She had run away, changed her name, joined some troupers and was happy at prospects of a home with Chuck, when the bad news came. Chuck, being somewhat of a dolt, and narrow-minded, waited not for explanations. He believed what he read in the newspapers, and let it go at that.

Well, after the boys are comfortably settled in their pretty little coastal station, Helen reappears. Chuck had fished her out of the water, and he and Cap set her up in a cozy little shack, off the government property, to make it socially and morally correct. Before that Chuck had torn up all her letters. He remains cold, so Cap makes up to her, gives a dance in her honor, proposes marriage. When Chuck tries to save his pal from such a fate, Cap, with a very carefully measured blow, sends Chuck down. Chuck, looking up and realizing that it is just Mr. Harrigan and not Victor McLaglen who hit him, magnanimously refuses to fight. Then comes a view of a big schooner riding off-shore in almost flat calm. The craft is supposed to be afire, with a gasoline cargo. Chuck and Cap are burned in the rescue work, lie side by side in a hospital and, pals again, wait for long-suffering Helen to enter, made up as a nurse. Who finally gets her? Don't be silly!

The players do what they can with such ancient material. Mr. Hymer, who once was counted among our most odious gangster specialists, seems to have taken to comedy of late, and he is good at it as the guardsman who has to give most of his paycheck as alimony to a harpy of a wife. Miss Clark is acceptable in a role which makes Helen less of a heroine than an ingenue, and Mr. Harrigan plays Cap bluntly and simply. But, considering Mr. Lowe's professional stature and his many admirable past performances, why did he ever submit to such indignity as is forced on him in "Men on Call?"

W. E. G.

Jan 27 1931

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

By PHILIP HALE

"Topaze," a comedy in three acts, adapted by Benn W. Levy from the French of Marcel Pagnol, presented at the Plymouth Theatre by the Boston Professional Players last evening. First performance in Boston. First performance of the French original at the Varieties, Paris, in October, 1928; still running at that theatre. New York at the Music Box on Feb. 12, 1930. Frank Morgan, Topaze; Clarence Derwent, Castel-Benac; Phoebe Fost Suzy Courtois.

The cast last night was as follows:

Topaze	Frank Morg
Ernestine Muche	Barbara Barond
Muche	Harry Plimp
Tamise	Harry Davenp
Le Ribonchon	George Spelvin
Suzy Courtois	Catherine Willa
Baroness Pitart-Vignolles	Essex Da
Castel-Benac	Clarence Derwe
A Butler	Richard Bow
Roger De Berville	Nicholas J
A Stenographer	Fanny Davenp
Another Stenographer	Claire Stan
A Gendarme	Stapleton Ke
An Old Man	Halliam Boswor

PUPILS AT PENSION MUCHE

Cordier	Frank Pete
Durant-Victor	Freddie Stan
Pitart-Vignolles	Joseph McGarri
Seguedille	Harry Murr
Tronche-Bobine	James McGui
Jusserand	George Canto-Jar
Bertin	James Guina
Blondet	Richard Off
Bleriot	Peter Boyl
Mentez	Martin Post

Some have seen "Topaze" in New York; some have applauded the performance in Paris; the story of the good man who went wrong is familiar to many who have not yet met the characters on the stage. It has been said by a friend of Pagnol that the producers in New York, in order to shorten the comedy, threw overboard nearly half of the original last act. And in all cases where one does not see or hear the section that is omitted in the play, those who have seen it, assure the unfortunate one that it is the best part.

But as adaptations go, it seems as if Mr. Levey had worked skilfully. It has been hinted that he at times blunted the barbed satire; softened its fierceness. However this may be, the exposure of greed and corruption; the slight of a good, poor, and discouraged schoolmaster turning to graft, and the accomplice of a rascal—these remain. The satire is bitter enough as it stands in English; satire that is of universal application.

Would the Pagnol of the earlier part of the play have developed in real life into a scoundrel? Would this shy schoolmaster, timid with the girl he loved—she used and mocked him—at last have had the courage—also consider the expense—to take to himself the former mistress of Castel-Benac? The apparently incredible has happened in life. A weak, goody-goody fellow or one that fondly believed all men were honest, all woman virtuous has more than once turned swindler and rake.

The lack of space prevents a closer study of the play. This must be reserved for next Sunday; only a few words can be published now about last night's performance. It is enough to say that the comedy as it stands is extremely witty in the satirical vein; that its thrusts at municipal councilors, politicians of high and low degree, blackmailing newspapers, are keen; nor are the sycophancy before influential parents and the browbeating of underteachers confined to the headmaster Muche.

The performance was excellent. Mr. Morgan as Topaze, was a pathetic figure as the wronged schoolmaster, yet a self-respecting man. His yielding to temptation after he was no longer ignorant of his employer's knavery; the influence of Suzy when he revolted; and then the crescendo that led to the climax of rascality—here was a vivid portrayal abounding in masterly, effective details. Could there be a smoother, slicker, more resourceful scoundrel than the Castel-Benac of Mr. Derwent? One liked the rascal as one admired the actor. Miss Willard, an old friend of Boston's theatregoers, gave us a subdued mistress-accomplice, a schemer first of all, and so she played her part. An audience that filled the theatre was warm in approval.

MAJESTIC

"Nina Rosa"

"Nina Rosa," an operetta in two acts, music by Sigmund Romberg, book by Otto Harbach, lyrics by Irving Caesar; produced by the Messrs. Shubert in Detroit, Oct. 20, 1929, with Guy Robertson and Harriet Bennett as Jack Haines and Nina Rosa Stradella; at the Forest Park Theatre, St. Louis, by Milton Shubert, May 29, 1930, with Mr. Robertson and Margaret Carlisle, and at the Majestic Theatre, New York, with Mr. Robertson and Ethelind Terry, Sept. 20, 1930, presented by the Messrs. Shubert at the Majestic Theatre last evening, with the following cast:

Chinaman	Richard Koch
Yana	Belle Sylvia
Corinna	Armida
Bob Wilson	George Anderson
Jimmy Blakely	Jack Sheehan
Don Fernando	Clay Clement
Pablo	Leonard Ceeley
Jack Haines	Guy Robertson
Slivers	Don Barclay
Nina Rosa Stradella	Margaret Carlisle
John Craig	Frederic Persson
Elinor Haines	Marion Marchante
Chiquita	Peggy
Gaucho Dancer	Stephen Cortez

"Nina Rosa," operetta of Peruvian mines and mountains, of daggered gauchos and bare-limbed gauchorinas, or whatever they call their womenfolk down in the flame-tinted country, came to Boston last evening, with several reputations behind it. For one, it has introduced more prima donnas in the title role than any other musical piece of similar age, which is about 15 months. For another, it has a Romberg score, in this instance, robust, dra-

ud of varied rhythms. Fur-
re had been much talk of a
t between hero and villain
the second act caps a series
ts and counter-threats, and
as calculated to make previous
of knives and flirting of snake-
em like the pastimes of chil-
play.

anticipatory reports proved
lina Rosa" has its virtues, and
nesses. It has been mounted
endid disregard of expense in-
the application of paint on
scenery is concerned. Snow-
mountains, gaudy haciendas,
e streets in Cuzco, mysteri-
els and caves having to do
bulous mine of gold—wherever
ic artist roamed his brush
oquent. Likewise in costumes,

are many-hued garments for the
garments which often stopped at
aistline and re-appeared around
houlders. Evidently, too, Peruvian
lisdained the use of hosiery, per-
because of the climate, or cus-
t matters not which.

story is of romance and intrigue,
Jack Haines, an American en-
, and Don Fernando, a scheming
ian, striving each for possession
rich mine. Nina Rosa has an in-
by reason of her deceased father's
al ownership, which unfortunately
not be proved. Don Fernando has
y Pablo, a strutting fellow who
Nina Rosa. Since she loathes
nd adores the American, trouble
ensue. In declamatory attacks and
ciferous song they fight it out,
ing at last to man's primitive
ns, with Jack the bruised but
victor. To these fiery moods and
Mr. Romberg has matched his
militant, sentimental, or comic,
Harbach, the author, would have
the main the book is well written.
only when humor is needed that
Rosa" becomes an object of com-
ation.

en Mr. Ceeley, Mr. Clement and
Armida, the dancer, were at their
the operetta took on genuine il-
. The two men are excellent
, and Mr. Ceeley throws himself
his role, dramatically and vocally,
all the fervor of an operatic tenor.
obertson, in contrast, is a conven-
musical comedy hero, holding his
notes jealously, taking liberties
tempo and rhythm which are apt
nfound and to vex the orchestra
. Miss Carlisle, replacing Miss
nd Terry, who declined to favor
n with her presence, was coldly
in deportment, redeeming her-
however, with a clear soprano sing-
ice. Messrs. Barclay and Sheehan,
tively inane and noisy, struggled
comedy roles. Peggy and Cortez
gave diversion with dances once
t and later graceful. Mr. Rubens
cted. An earnest artist, he al-
too many encores, and apparently
little or no effort to curb the
e of his choristers. They would
filled the Boston Opera House to
arthest corner. In the Majestic,
sound rebounded against the rear
and bombarded the rooftrees. Mr.
rg could not have written his
entirely fortissimo. W. E. G.

TREMONT
Wise Child"

omedy in three acts by Laurence E.
n, produced by David Belasco at the
Theatre, N. Y., on Aug. 6, 1929.
ildred McCoy as Joyce Stanton, Minor
as James Stevens, Sidney Toler as
Kelly, Leila Bennett as Bertha, Helen
as Mrs. Stanton and Harlan Briggs
A. Appleby; presented last evening
Tremont Theatre with the following

tanton .....Helen Lowell
eabody .....Olga Kralow
.....Leila Bennett
anton .....George Walcott
Baldwin .....Joseph Striker
Stanton .....Mildred McCoy
Stevens .....Minor Watson
Appleby .....Harlan Briggs
Kelly .....Sidney Toler
eabody .....Porter Hall

a pleasure to report that "It's
Child," after long runs outside
, opened last evening at the Tre-
Theatre and amply justified the
bestowed on it. The subject
discussion is the parentage of a
edly illegitimate baby, but the
r is that of light comedy, and so
y is it handled by the author,
urence E. Johnson, and the ex-
cast—imported practically intact
New York—that it kept last eve-
audience in constant gales of
r. Much credit is due to the
n of David Belasco, for under
elage the actors play lightly and
lly, never lapsing into low farce
erical seriousness.

situation is this: Joyce Stanton,
y girl living in a small suburban
wishes to break off her engage-
G. A. Appleby, a pompous, mid-
l man, because she thinks she is
with Roger Baldwin, a good-
impecunious bank clerk. G. A.
lamant, she finally tells him—
aring of the misadventures of
the family maids—that she is
have a child. He flies into a
aks off the engagement and
spreads the news all over town.
fires Baldwin and Joyce's
Bill, from their jobs in his
Joyce, greatly to her dismay,

finds that everyone believes her story, and that her aunt, Mrs. Stanton, has called in James Stevens, the family lawyer, to straighten things out. Every man in sight is accused of being the father of the prospective infant, until Stevens, who really loves Joyce, announces that he is the guilty man and is, of course, disbelieved. In and out of the family fracas rush Joyce's temperamental sister, Alice, and her forlorn husband, Otho, whose very submissiveness cannot clear him. Everything is finally straightened out, but the manner of it should be left to future audience to discover.

Considering the time that most of the actors have been in the play, their spontaneity is most refreshing. Mildred McCoy, as the distracted Joyce, is charming humorous and skilful enough to suggest to the audience without difficulty that she was lying all along, while to her fellow players her fibs were most convincing. Minor Watson makes an excellent Stevens, patient, understanding, and helpful, as Joyce remarked, "Just the sort of man to have around the house." Harlan Briggs' pompous, sputtering G. A. Appleby may have been a bit the wrong side of caricature, but he evoked much laughter, none the less. Comedy honors, however, go to Leila Bennett as the maid, Bertha, with her lackadaisical way of delivering simple-minded lines that nearly stopped the show more than once. Equally good is Sidney Toler, as Cool Kelly, the iceman turned bootlegger, whose picturesque profanity gains much by the way he slings it out of the corner of his mouth. The others were quite satisfactory.

A large audience gave every indication of enthusiastic appreciation.—E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Strictly Dishonorable," comedy, last week; 8:20.

COPLEY—"The Racket," melodrama, last week; 8:20.

LYRIC—"Dracula," mystery play; 8:20.

MAJESTIC—"Nina Rosa," Romberg-Harbach operetta; 8:15.

PLYMOUTH—"Topaze," comedy-drama, with Frank Morgan; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"A Wonderful Night," Johann Strauss's operetta; 8:30.

TREMONT—"It's a Wise Child," comedy 8:20.

WILBUR—"June Moon," satirical comedy, last week; 8:30.

SYMPHONY HALL—Sophocles's "Elektra," Greek tragedy, with Mme. Marika Cotopouli; tonight only; 8:30.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: The Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Lohengrin," an opera in three acts by Richard Wagner. The cast:

King Henry.....Alexander Kipnis
Lohengrin.....Rene Maison
Elsa of Brabant.....Emma Redell (debut)
Telramund.....Rudolf Bockelmann (debut)
Ortrud.....Maria Olszewska
The King's Herald.....Desire Defrere

Conductor, Egon Pollak
Stage Director, Dr. Otto Erhardt

Boston's annual fortnight of "grand" opera—grand in scale and lavish in style—opened up last night with all the accustomed magnificence of display. This city may be wary of lending its countenance to the precarious attempts of unknown and rashly venturesome newcomers to make opera a slightly less rare phenomenon in these parts, but to the tried and established excellences of the yearly visitors from Chicago its welcome is glad and unrestrained. The theatre appeared to be completely filled last night, and it will be a matter for surprise if it is not equally filled for most of the remaining 15 operas. It may have seemed to many people a trifle rash to open with Wagner instead of with the time-honored "Aida." If so, the brilliant success of last night's production, the enthusiastic warmth of the applause that expressed the feelings of the audience, proved the idea a badly mistaken one. "Lohengrin" has all the elements that made Verdi's opera so effective as a propellant designed to give a bright send-off to an opera season: it has the large and resplendently-clad chorus, plenty of gleaming arms and armor, quartets of trumpets on the stage; it has a beautiful and symmetrically shaped lyricism that lingers in the memory and permits singers to display their skill and the beauty of their voices. It has its vocal quartets and its big, dramatic choruses, and finally an impossible, legendary plot, no more than sufficiently complicated to exercise the mind pleasantly. And for people for whom these things are not all, there is much of the eloquent and visionary beauty that Wagner's later works were to unfold with greater force and richness and individuality of expression.

Last night's production was one upon which great care had obviously been expended. Admirable stage direction—imaginative and intelligent—was balanced by excellent performances on the part of orchestra, chorus and principals. Two new singers were introduced to Boston. Emma Redell, an American with European training and experience, sang the part of Elsa. She has a beautifully smooth and expressive lyric voice which is at its best in the medium part of the voice and when used without great emphasis. Its upper register is a trifle hollow and muffled; its stronger tones develop a slight edge and tend to depart slightly from the truest pitch. The many charmingly lyrical airs allotted to Elsa gave Miss Redell the opportunity to reveal the best qualities of her voice and a gracefully expressive style in phrasing. Her acting was adequate. Rudolf Bockelmann, who played the sinister role of Telramund with outstanding intelligence and dramatic power, has a finely resonant baritone voice, which he uses skillfully. Both singers were most warmly applauded.

Mme. Olszewska's darkly passionate and flashing portrayal of Ortrud, her brilliant singing, caused the audience to forget the Wagnerian proprieties and applaud in the middle of a scene. Rene Maison sang the part of Lohengrin better than might have been expected. His singing had a virile quality, a silver timbre, that suited the role splendidly. Only occasionally, in amorous passages, did he allow a hint of languishing sentimentality to creep in—but it was no more than a hint. It is difficult to imagine any German tenor at present in this country doing half so well as did Mr. Maison in this part. Mr. Kipnis's majestic King Henry, Mr. Defrere's resonant singing as the herald were both excellent. All the singers, besides M. Pollak and Erhardt, were called repeatedly before the curtain.

Tomorrow's opera will be "Il Trovatore," with Mme. Muzio and Mr. Marshall. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

S. S.

BRONCHIAL AUDIENCES

By PHILIP HALE

The manager of the Municipal Theatre at Potsdam has provided a large supply of cough drops which have been placed in the foyer and the buffets for the free use of patrons. Those in the audience who are not suffering from colds, with the players on the stage, have been driven nearly frantic by the continuous coughing of the afflicted.

The psychology of the cougher, male or female, in public places deserves consideration. Suppose the entertainment is a concert, a symphony concert. Mrs. Thudicum is advanced in years; Miss Walloper is, to borrow a phrase of Artemus Ward, between 30 years of age. Whenever the brass instruments are belching furious gusts, and the drums are thundering, no sound of coughing will be heard from the two estimable ladies or from others. The moment there is a lull; as soon as there is a patch of blue sky in the orchestral storm, there is solo, sometimes ensemble barking; there is a demoniacal fury in these bronchial assaults on the ear.

Contemptuous or angry looks from those free from colds who are sitting in the seats of the scornful are as barbed and winged words: "Why didn't you stay at home? Now that you are here, if you must cough, why don't you go out in the corridor?" The coughing is redoubled in intensity; it grows defiant: "Yes, I'm coughing. What are you going to do about it?"

There is what is known as a "glorious burst of sound" on the stage. The cougher does not attempt to vie with it; she is waiting for measures of wood-wind sweetness, or even for the "soulful" adagio.

A few days ago at Washington, D. C., a Spanish pianist, the excellent Jose Iturbi, playing a sonata by Mozart, suddenly stopped, and did not resume until a coughing lady had left the room. For this he was taken to task by some, in spite of the fact that Mozart did not write the sonata for the piano and cough obligato.

But would free cough drops placed near the inner doors of our concert halls put an end to the bronchial nuisance? Would not some, eager to enjoy anything that is free, divert the drops from their intended use, help themselves liberally, not needing them, but wishing to see what they were like; taking a handful home for the children or for rheumy Uncle Amos?

There are others who would prefer the drug given out at the box offices in Arthur Helps's imaginary city. This drug, pleasing to the eye, had a peculiar property; it enabled one to sleep during a performance and at the same time show in one's face intelligence and appreciation of what was going on. It's a pity that Helps did not give the prescription for this drug, which would comfort those in the Symphony audience distressed by contemporaneous music of the radical composers and yet who do not wish to be classed as Philistines.

SHOULD HAVE SAID IT

Gen. Pershing has decided the vexing question. He did not say "Lafayette, we are here!" He gives the credit to Col. C. E. Stanton, who admits and at considerable length that Gen. Pershing is right in this matter.

Plutarch and others have published sayings of famous men, soldiers, philosophers, statesmen; of witty courtesans from Lais to Ninon Lenclos. Thucydides and Livy were not alone in writing speeches for the men in their histories, as in England eloquence has been attributed to men who did not speak the flaming words.

An entertaining anthology of memorable sayings that have not been said could be compiled, as Cambronne's at Waterloo: "The guard dies, but never surrenders!" What Cambronne did say was an emphatic monosyllable, which led Victor Hugo to declare that Leonidas was then summed up by Rabelais.

Did Goethe, dying, ask for another candle when he said "Mehr Licht," or was there a reference to the celestial light about to break upon his vision? Were "This is the last of earth" and "I shall live" uttered in extremis by American statesmen? Was "Et tu, Brute?" the invention of an ingenious biographer?

It is pleasing to believe that heroic souls, or great men not wholly great, spoke nobly when others would have whimpered or been silent.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The third concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Monday night series took place in Symphony hall last evening. The program comprised Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and Concerto in D minor for the piano; Ravel's orchestral arrangement of Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition." The pianist was Hortense Monath.

Strange to say, the least familiar piece on the program was the piano concerto, least familiar to the Symphony audiences, though a favorite with young pianists who daringly hope to play it some day in public. Other concertos by Mozart have been heard here within the last dozen years, but the one in D minor has been unaccountably neglected.

As for the symphony, it cannot be too familiar. With each repeated hearing the wonder grows. One might ask whether "Pictures at an Exhibition" as now orchestrated is not Ravel's more than Moussorgsky's. This question, however, is of purely academic interest when the performance was as engrossing as it was last night.

In the concerto Miss Monath showed herself a musician of no small abilities. A pupil of Schnabel, and known already in Boston under the name of Hortense Husserl, she possesses a fine technic and a force that few women are endowed with. She played with taste and warm feeling. She is not yet master of her qualities which often results in an unpleasantly hard attack and predominance of the bass and minor parts. Her scale work is beautiful, and she is especially happy in light passage work. The accompaniment was beautifully played.

L. B. D.

JN 28 1931

"IL TROVATORE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: The Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Il Trovatore," an opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi; libretto by Salvatore Cammanaro, based on the Spanish drama by Gutierrez. The cast:

Leonora .....Claudia Muzio
Inez .....Alice D'Hermanoy
Count of Luna .....Richard Bonelli
Manrico .....Charles Marshall
Azucena .....Cyrena Van Gordon
Ferrando .....Virgilio Lazzari
Ruiz .....Lodovico Oliviero
An Old Gypsy .....Gildo Morelato
Incidental Dances by Harriet Lundgren
Messrs. Foley, Strechneff and the Ballet
Conductor .....Roberto Moranzoni

If "Il Trovatore" is to retain its hold upon the favor of a public increasingly critical of dramatic absurdities and ineptitudes, it will be largely by virtue of such performances as that given last night as the second offering of Chicago company's present visit to Boston. Under Mr. Moranzoni's energizing baton the performance sped along at a pace which knit the piece into something more coherent than a mere loose succession of airs charmingly expressive or bombastic, of lilting tunes unaccountably imposed upon bloodcurdling narratives, and of tuneful choruses, all sung by people in old Spanish costumes, brandishing swords aimlessly and taking part without conviction in a complicated action which not even they seem to understand completely.

Mme. Muzio's graceful and superbly expressive singing as Leonora, from

the delightful contilena of "Tacea la notte" and the sparkling "Di tale amor" to the culminating beauty of the Miserere, was one of the chief joys of the evening. Her voice, a little unresponsive at first, soon warmed up to its accustomed flexibility and brilliance. Her acting carried conviction. Mr. Marshall, a rather burly Trabadour, did some excellent work once he had recovered from a laborious beginning with the offstage song, "Deserto sulla terra," which so pardonably incensed the Count di Luna. His voice, while it does not easily lend itself to the expression of subtle or tender sentiments, has brilliance and security—qualities not to be despised in an opera full of such bravura airs as "Di quella pira." Miss Van Gordon's Azucena was something of a triumph. She threw herself into the part with a force and conviction that was none the less free from exaggeration. Her singing had a brilliance and a dramatic intensity that earned her some of the most enthusiastic applause of the evening. Mr. Bonelli's intelligent and forceful impersonation of the villanous Count di Luna, and his warmly resonant singing, made his work especially deserving of praise. Mr. Lazzari sang well as the hard-bitten Ferrando and other minor parts were equally well filled.

The lively and graceful incidental dances of the ballet were a delightful feature of the performance.

The house was filled with an enthusiastically appreciative audience which warmly applauded the singers and the conductor as they appeared before the curtain.

This afternoon Wagner's "Die Meistersinger" will be performed; tonight, Puccini's "La Boheme," followed by De Falla's ballet, "L'Amour sorcier." S. S.

SYMPHONY HALL

"Elektra"

"Elektra," a tragedy by Sophocles, in modern Greek, translated from the German version by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; presented by Marika Cotopouli, under the auspices of the Hellenic Association of Boston, at Symphony hall last evening with the following cast:

Clytemnestra ..... Katinka Paxino
Elektra ..... Marika Cotopouli
Chrysothemis ..... Popy Panayiotou
Aegisthus ..... Yannis Apostolides
Orestes ..... Alexis Minotis
Foster Father of Orestes .. Char. Spiliopoulos
The Waiting Woman ..... Maria Thiviou
The Train Bearer ..... Lela Patrikiou
A Young Serving Man ..... Chr. Tsaganeas
An Old Serving Man ..... Takis Syrakos
The Cook ..... Nikos Thiveos
Overseer of Serving Women . Despina Thiveos

An audience as unusual as the occasion was notable assembled last evening at Symphony hall to see Mme. Marika Cotopouli, the remarkable Greek actress, play Elektra in Greek for the first time in Boston. It was an audience of compatriots almost exclusively, and as such they made themselves very much at home, one woman even calling out loud for the players to speak more distinctly. Unquestionably they enjoyed themselves, for many had seen Mme. Cotopouli in Athens and were welcoming her as an old friend. They managed to fill three-quarters of the hall and showed much enthusiasm. To one ignorant of the Greek tongue, it was hardly less enthralling than to those to whom it is entirely familiar. It was not quite the "Elektra" of Sophocles that one saw, but Hugo von Hofmannsthal's German version of the tragedy translated into modern Greek. The choruses are absent, but the main outline of the original remains. Elektra is still the brooding, passionate genius of revenge, an embittered woman living only for the sight of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus dead by the axe with which they slew Agamemnon.

Greek scholars and students have discussed at length the respective merits of and the differences between the "Elektra" of Sophocles and the play of the same subject by Euripedes. Some have deplored the latter dramatist's softening of Elektra's character, which permits the bitter lamentation and remorse over her slain mother, and the half smothered impulse to pity the slaughtered Aegisthus despite the wrong he had done her. Sophocles held to the narrower path: his Elektra is unwavering in her desire for revenge, breathing fire and nursing the remembrance of the last, living only for the return of Orestes to carry out the deed of retribution. It is along these lines that Mme. Cotopouli has carried out the character, yet her Elektra is not quite the one that might be conceived from a reading of Sophocles' tragedy.

In some sort, as the text has been modernized, so has the conception and execution of the central figure changed. Mme. Cotopouli's Elektra is no stately figure in class drapery moving slowing across the stage but a slender, dishevelled, almost demoniac woman, seething with passion and hatred, whose movements marvelously pictorial, are those of a caged animal that seeks to glut itself on slaughter. There is tremendous power in the actress' depiction of unwavering hatred; so vividly indeed, does she convey the tense excitement and brooding horror of the tragedy to her audience that she almost breaks down the barrier of the unfamiliar tongue.

The setting, three broad steps against high bluish gray curtains, made an effective background for the frequently beautiful colors of the costumes. Of Mme. Cotopouli's supporting cast, the dream-haunted, red clad Clytemnestra of Katinka Paxino and the gentle, shrinking Chrysothemis of Popy Panayiotou stood out. E. L. H.

"DIE MEISTERSINGER"

BY PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Chicago Civic Opera Company, afternoon performance "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg," opera in three acts and four scenes. Text and music by Richard Wagner. The cast was as follows:

Hans Sachs ..... Rudolf Bockelmann
Veit Pogner ..... Alexander Kipnis
Kunz Vogelgesang ..... Theodore Ritch
Conrad Nachtigal ..... Edouard Cotreuil
Sixtus Beckmesser ..... Eduard Habich
Fritz Kothner ..... Robert Ringling
Balthazar Zorn ..... Giuseppe Cavadore
Ulrich Eisslinger ..... Lodovico Oliviero
Augustus Moser ..... Barre Hill
Herman Ortel ..... Howard Preston
Hans Schwarz ..... Antonio Nicolich
Hans Folz ..... Eugenio Sandrini
Walter Von Stolzing ..... Rene Maison
David ..... Oscar Colcaire
Eva ..... Maria Rajdl
Magdalena ..... Sonia Sharnova
A Night Watchman ..... Desire Defrere
Conductor, Egon Pollack

The audience filled the house from top to bottom. In spite of the fact that it was so cold on the floor that women sat in their wraps and many men in their overcoats, there was evident enjoyment of the performance, which was one of almost uniform excellence; in some respects the best that has been given here since the Metropolitans visit with Arturo Toscanini conducting. Even those yesterday to whom much of the music—especially that of the first act—is a long drawn out, colossal bore—were pleased by the voices and vocal skill of the chief singers and by the ability and musical sensitiveness of Mr. Pollak, who had constantly in mind the lyrical passages allotted to the singers and the orchestra and allowed them all to sing, that is, when Wagner permitted it.

Walter and Eva are only the conventional operatic lovers—Walter, who finally succeeds in fashioning his song to the satisfaction of the crowd—little Eva, whose maidenly innocence and goodness resembled the attributes of the Southern maiden who was kind to poor old Uncle Tom. Father Pogner is a close relation of King Mark, the Landgrave, Henry the Fowler, and other stage basses, cardinals, priests, what not. But Hans Sachs, Beckmesser and David have individuality.

Sachs is a romantic idealist even if he is a cobbler. Not too sentimental, though he had for a moment a weakness for little Eva. To him Wagner gave the finest music in the opera. Though Sachs has his artistic ideals, he has sound sense, also sly humor. He was thoroughly understood and portrayed to the life by Mr. Bockelmann, whose vocal performance was refreshingly free from the choppy delivery that is so dear to many German singers who believe that they thus follow the Bayreuth tradition.

Beckmesser is too often misunderstood; represented as a merely snarling, envious fellow, who is expected to make the audience laugh, particularly in the Hans Wuerst scene of the second act, where the portrayer often clowns it. But Beckmesser was a fine fellow in his way; not a man to drink with, but one that had a high respect for art as he understood it. He was by nature an ultra-conservative. If he were attending symphony concerts in Boston he would be the first to protest against Dr. Koussevitzky's introduction of so much contemporaneous music. Mr. Habich, who made his first appearance here, has, first of all, a good commanding voice. His first act was excellent. Afterward he fell into the common mistake of representing Beckmesser as a contemptible object, worthy of abuse, deserving punishment. Nor did Mr. Habich do well in making the serenade so ridiculously grotesque. He ought in this to think better of his voice.

David is lovable. He has youth and ambition; he overflows with spirit and good nature. Gladly would he see Walter from the beginning succeed in song and in his suit. Mr. Colcaire, who also sang here for the first time has a pleasing voice, flexible, powerful enough. As singer and actor he has marked intelligence. He is a valuable addition to the company, a tenor that should go far in his career.

The Eva was Mme. Raejdl, a young woman of charming personality, with a rather small but agreeable, well-trained voice. She was a sympathetic Eva, not too demure, not distressingly simpering nor kittenish. She and Mme. Sharnova, the nurse, are newcomers. The latter as Magdalena was fussy in her action; with uneasy arms, a superfluity of gesture without significance. Mr. Maison sang freely and well as Walter and bore himself manfully as knight and lover.

The pages of ensemble were effectively sung. The chorus in the finale of the second act brandished almlessly for the most part their staves and stood as if they were wondering what the row was all about. The orchestra was generally satisfactory.. The stage settings were more than adequate. That of the church scene was beautiful.

The opera tonight will be "Pelleas et Melisande." Mmes. Garden, Claessens, Freund; Messrs. Hill, Vanni-Marcoux, Cotreuil. Mr. Cooper will conduct. It is to be hoped that the temperature of the house will not force the men in the audience to conceal the splendor of their shirt-fronts.

LA BOHEME

Last night's opera was Puccini's "La Boheme," presented by the Chicago Civic Opera Company with the following cast:

Mimi ..... Claudia Muzio
Rudolph ..... Antonio Cortis
Marcel ..... Richard Bonelli
Colline ..... Virgilio Lazzari
Schaunard ..... Desire Defrere
Musetta ..... Irene Pavloska
Alcindore, Benoit, the Landlord .... Salvatore Baccaloni
Parpignol ..... Ludovico Oliviero
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni

"La Boheme," unique among operas for a combination of romantic appeal, genuine pathos, and lovely airs, was made unusually convincing last night by the expressive singing and acting of Claudia Muzio. Mme. Muzio can always be depended on for a fine performance, but last night she outdid herself. Her Mimi was enchantingly naive, but not too sweet; young, vivacious, and charmingly gauche. Mimi's illness she simulated more successfully than any other actress that comes to mind who has sung the role here recently. Her singing was a masterly piece of work, emotionally expressive, but also showing the ravages of Mimi's disease with delicate skill. She received an ovation.

Antonio Cortis as Rudolf gave his role a jauntiness and humor that were refreshing, and as usual he sang brilliantly. Mme. Pavlovska's Musetta, not very satisfactory in the second act, was moving in the last.

Mr. Moranzoni's conducting gave the music all it demanded of sentiment, humor, pathos, and spirit.

A word should be said for the staging. This year's production had many bits of stage business that seemed spontaneous, and added notably to the success of the opera.

A ballet, "El Amor Brujo," to music by Falla, followed the opera. The cast was as follows:

Candelas ..... Harriet Lundgren
Carmelo ..... Edward Caton
Pedro ..... Bentley Stone
The Spirit of the Flame .. Julia Barashkova
The Spectre of Pedro ..... Sven Larsen
The Old Witch ..... Michael Arshansky
Voice ..... Jenny Tourel
Conductor, Frank St. Leger

Except for an interesting shadow device for revealing the spectre of the murdered gypsy lover, last night's ballet was disappointing. The furious savagery of the music was nullified by choeography of the most conventional type, with all the important dancing done by a gaudy chorus instead of by the characters of the tale themselves . . . the tortured, superstitious Candelas, Carmelo, and Lucia. (Lucia did not come into last night's ballet at all.) The stage setting was not calculated to act as a background of relief to the eye, and against it the multicolored costumes of the dancers made only confusion. It is too bad that this powerful ballet, and the excellent dancers of the company, should not have been mated by a more gifted choeographer. Mr. St. Leger's conducting, however, was very good. E. B.

EFREM ZIMBALIST

Efrem Zimbalist played the violin yesterday morning at the Hotel Statler ballroom, under the auspices of the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. His program was as follows: Folies d'Espagne (Corelli-David); Adagio from Concerto in D minor (Spohr); Concerto in A major (Mozart); Concerto in G minor (Hubay); From a Loved Past (John Powell); Pastel (Joseph Achron); Waltz in A minor (Schubert-Achron); Fantasie on Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Le Coq d'Or" (Zimbalist).

Theodore Saidenberg accompanied him.

Efrem Zimbalist, one of the late Leopold Auer's most distinguished pupils, does not show the interpretative manners or peculiarities so characteristic of most pupils of the great Russian. His technique is practically flawless, except for occasional minute deviations from pitch, but aside from this, he is not like any other exponent of the most famous violin school of our day. He is, while less technically dazzling than many another Auer pupil, and while less consistently pleasing as an interpreter than some others, completely himself. His playing is always characterized by a thoughtful restraint free of the slightest hint of sentimentality, but not cold, and by a musicianship as individual as it is interesting.

Yesterday in his playing of the Mozart Concerto he revealed the special qualities that make his playing delightful . . . a clear, rather sharp tone, lively but refined; neat phrasing (though here and there his bowing might have been objected to); and a rare (in a violinist) rhythmic security. Perhaps it is from too much practise without accompaniment, or because the smoothly flowing finger-work and bowing of a good technique tempt him into unnecessary speed, the violinist, more than any other musician, is likely to err in the setting and maintenance of rhythm. This error Zimbalist never falls into. His rhythmic sense is markedly musical and dependable. In the Mozart yesterday he accented rather too heavily though it was a delight to hear Mozart played in other than formlessly tripping style. Accents should be there, to give vitality and meaning to the wealth of passage work; but Mr. Zimbalist's were perhaps too energetic. His interpretation of the whole concerto would have us see in Mozart, not the graceful virtuoso who composed in the drawing room, but a changeable and virile person, capable in intensities and seriousness.

His playing of Hubay's rhapsodic, gypsyish concerto was remarkably brilliant, poised, and free. Among the shorter pieces of his program, he displayed the crystalline tone, the delicately clean-cut bowing and fingering, the quiet poetry of interpretation for which he may always be counted on.

A large audience attended, and applauded heartily. Encores were granted. E. B.

ISA KREMER

Isa Kremer, singer of ballads and folksongs, gave a concert in Jordan hall last evening for the benefit of the Pioneers of Palestine. She was assisted by Nicholai Kassman, violinist. The accompanists were Isaiah Seligman and Elly Kassman. Miss Kremer's program was as follows: Rossia (Folk song); Le Petit Navire (French lullaby); Little Boy Blue (MacFayeden); Chi Vuol la Zingarella? (Paisiello); Warnung (Mozart); A Maaseh (Folk song); Geh ich mir Spatzieren (Folk song); Nein, Mama, Nein, Mutter (Folk song); Eins und Eins; Shein bin ich Shein; Children Songs; A Youngele von Poilen (Folk song); Mahetunem gahen (Folk song); Picaninny Song (Jacobs-Bond); Phillys und die Mutter (Folk song); Little Sparrow (Folk song, arr. by Brockway); Bibikey Kiz (Folk song, arr. by Eichenwald); Ciociari (Folk song). Mr. Kassman played Pugnani's Praeludium and Allegro (as arranged by Kreisler), and Sarasate's "Gipsy Airs."

Miss Kremer's style is that of the so-called diseuse—half actress, half singer—who will make of a song a drama in little or use it as the means of creating a comic or a pathetic character or situation, permitting herself all that freedom of gesture and play of the features which the ordinary recitalist, schooled in a tradition of restraint, must deny herself. Most of the songs which Miss Kremer sang in this manner were folk songs. One, however, was an old Italian air that frequently figures on conventional recital programs—Paisello's "La Zingara." This, too, the singer dramatized, imagining herself as the gipsy girl, coyly seductive, advertizing her not-quite-occult powers. She did it neatly and amusingly. Another was Mozart's "Warnung," a warning to fathers to keep their charming daughters under lock and key; Miss Kremer gave it a delightful mock solemnity.

Her folk songs—French, English, German, Yiddish — were sung vividly and, for the most part, with piquant humor or with comic pathos. Her diction was admirably clear; her voice no less so—indeed she used it often with a skill which many a conventional singer might envy, when it did not suit Miss Kremer's purpose to imitate, for example, the voice of a child or the manner of a hoyden. Her audience was extremely appreciative and applauded her enthusiastically.

Mr. Kassman's share in the program was performed with all his accustomed boldness of style—verging occasionally upon harshness, and with his usual remarkable agility. He was applauded warmly and induced to add to his program. S. S.

'PELLEAS ET MELISANDE'

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: "Pelleas et Melisande," lyric drama in five acts and 12 scenes, by Maurice Maeterlinck; music by Claude Debussy. Performed by the Chicago Civic opera company. The cast last night was as follows:

Pelleas ..... Mr. Hill
Golaud ..... Mr. Vanni-Marcoux
Arkel ..... Mr. Cotreuil
Le Petit Yniold ..... Miss Freund
Un Medecin ..... Mr. Nicolich
Melisande ..... Miss Garden
Genevieve ..... Mme. Claessens
Conductor ..... Mr. Cooper

There was a new Pelleas, a respectable but not romantic Pelleas; a Pelleas that

did not make one forget the excellent Mr. Mojica. Where is that versatile and accomplished tenor? He is reported to have left Hollywood for Spain. It is easy to say where he should be—still with the Chicago company if only for Debussy's opera. Nor did Mr. Cooper, who probably appreciates the worth of this music, appreciates it in the rough, cause one to forget Mr. Polacco, whose absence is a serious loss to the company, a conductor who was largely instrumental in giving it the reputation it enjoys, a conductor not easily replaced.

Mr. Hill has a good figure and a good voice, though the latter was inclined to be throaty. His diction was intelligent, but one missed the indefinable something that sets Pelleas apart from the run of operatic tenors, this Pelleas

living in a land not known to geographers or travellers of any century, a tapestry young lover called to life by Melisande. The difference between the creator of the role, whom we saw in New York—he did not come to Boston—and the tenor of last night was noticeable as was noticeable in the case of Mr. Mojica, the moment of his entrance, summoned by Arkel. There was on the one hand a mysteriously romantic apparition; on the other hand a tenor.

Mr. Cooper's reading of the score was rather spasmodic. There were sudden uncalled for explosions—haltings as if to gain breath for a dramatic outburst—restlessness when there should have been calm. The corkscrew movements of the baton no doubt contributed to the impression of uneveness in the interpretation. The orchestra itself was euphonious and Mr. Cooper allowed it at times to be truly eloquent.

The feature of the performance was the superb portrayal of Golaud by Mr. Vanni-Marcoux. Always a commanding impersonation, dramatically and by his singularly clear and impressive diction, last night it seemed to have even gained in subtlety and in force. Never had he acted here before the scene with little Yniold, the preceding scene with Melisande over the lost ring, with so great a power that was more than physical. The agony of jealousy was at its height; the knowledge that Pelleas

was far the younger and Mesilande was but a woman.

Miss Garden's Melisande is more nervous, more anxious about details than in former years. This was especially to be marked in the opening scene and in her play at the well. The old feeling that the lyric drama is as a dream within a dream was missing. Yet what Swinburne said of Coleridge—he was lonely and incomparable as a poet—might be said of "Pelleas et Melisande." It is of no school; it follows no traditions; it has no successor.

If last night there was a less mysterious atmosphere on the stage it was not that repeated hearings had staled the drama and the music.

The very large audience was reasonably appreciative, as far as curtain calls were concerned, but there was some who during the orchestral interludes chatted amiably about topics of the day.

The opera tonight will be "Die Walkuere"; Mmes, Redell, Van Gordon, Olzewska; Messrs. Strack, Bockelmann, Baromeo. Mr. Pollak will conduct.

METROPOLITAN

"Scandal Sheet"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Vincent Lawrence; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Mark Flint ..... George Bancroft
Noel Adams ..... Clive Brook
Mrs. Flint ..... Kay Francis
Franklin, the Publisher..... Gilbert Emery
McClosky ..... Lucien Littlefield
Regan ..... Regis Toomey

The climax of "Scandal Sheet," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, is said to be derived from a tragedy that caused much talk in newspaper circles less than a decade ago. The incident is not depicted as it actually occurred, however, and the picture presents a story that is almost entirely fictional. It is another newspaper yarn, but there are no drunken reporters and no disillusioned wailings. The atmosphere of a big tabloid news sheet office is convincingly suggested and the characters are surprisingly true to life. The chief fault is the insistence of the leading character that everything that is news must be printed, regardless of its effect on innocent persons. The direction of the expert John Cromwell is good, barring over-indulgence in close-ups, and the acting satisfactory, particularly that of Kay Francis.

Mark Flint, managing editor of the "Bulletin," a highly successful tabloid, prides himself on his willingness to print anything that is news, not caring how much harm news may make. The publisher of the paper, Franklin, tries to restrain him, but Flint announces that he will resign if ordered to suppress anything. Flint's only soft spot is his wife, Edith, a darkly handsome young woman, fond of her husband but falling in love with a prosperous banker, Noel Adams. The bank of which Adams is president gets into temporary financial difficulties that can be cleared up without loss to any one if the matter is not made public. Flint gets wind of what is happening, calls on Adams and is about to grant him 48 hours to clear up the mess when he sees trunks packed and a steamship ticket on the table. He then informs Adams that the bad news will come out that afternoon.

Flint had made a mistake about the trunks, however: Adams was not trying to make a getaway on account of the bank trouble but because he expected Edith Flint to go with him. She comes to tell him that she cannot leave Mark, but when Adams tells her what has happened she decides to stay. Hearing an extra being cried on the street, they go to the window and are photographed from without by reporters sent by Mark to catch Adams. After seeing the picture of his wife in another man's arms, Mark goes home and drags the truth out of Edith. Then, leaving word at the "Bulletin" to hold the presses, he goes again to Adams. The conclusion is clever, a shade melodramatic, but undeniably effective.

George Bancroft gives an unforced, interesting performance as Mark although he does not seem quite the right choice for the part. There is a suggestion of softness about his acting that robs all but his most ferocious moments of real conviction. As the faithless wife, Kay Francis, looking more decorative than usual, plays with a variety of emotional shading and a mingling of seriousness and lightness that are thoroughly effective. Clive Brook looked the part of Adams to the life but seems singularly bored with the whole affair. Good work in smaller parts is contributed by Gilbert Emery and Regis Toomey. E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky's reappearance on the platform of Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, after his vacation of a fortnight, was greeted by vigorous and prolonged applause. He had arranged this program for the 14th concert: Elgar, Introduction and Allegro for string orchestra, op. 47 (first time at these concerts perhaps the first time in Boston). Sibelius, Symphony No. 7, op. 105. Strauss, Symphonia Domestica.

Elgar, like cricket, Punch, and the "glorious bit-tah beer," is an English institution. Even Bernard Shaw, who before he turned his attention to dramatic work and various schemes for reforming society and bringing in the millennium, was a brilliant music critic, writing fearlessly and with full understanding, declared some months ago that Elgar is "one of the greatest composers in the world." Sir Edward, not to be outdone, said in a presumably hoarse voice choked with emotion: "Shaw is the best friend to any artist." Blest is the tie that binds.

In this instance is it not possible that G. B. S. was unduly heated by free indulgence in his habitual vegetables?

Take the piece heard yesterday. It was first performed over 25 years ago when Elgar was at the height of his creative powers. He had already sent out his overtures Cockaigne and In the South; also his Enigma Variations. What does one find in this Introduction and Allegro? Careful workmanship, a mastery of form and thematic treatment, sound, orthodox instrumentation, but little or no poetic thought, no imagination, little noteworthy melodic invention. A highly respectable work that arouses in the listener only respect for the maker.

If Elgar were the only British composer, one would not be surprised at finding leading critics in this year of grace analyzing at some length a march of his recently produced; speaking of its "effulgence," proclaiming it to be a masterpiece. But there are Delius, Bax, Vaughan Williams, Holst, Ireland, not to mention others. It should not be forgotten that Elgar is "Sir Edward." The title may impress even music critics.

Mr. Lawrence Gilman was right in characterizing Sibelius's seventh symphony as "enigmatic, puissant." Is it also, as he says, "strangely moving"? It is not a symphony for an afternoon's careless pleasure. The music is not descriptive, pictorial, decorative; it has no literary basis. In his earlier works Sibelius sought inspiration in Finland's epic "Kalevala." The works thus inspired, will be more generally popular than the later symphonies. (The first and second have already made their way; the people hear them gladly.)

The music of Sibelius is never frankly sensuous. It seldom accepts the canons of obvious beauty. His musical soul is proud, regardless of popular applause. In his latest works he seems to be writing for himself; to be absorbed in introspection and the expression of what he finds that is dear and important to himself alone. There are noble ideas, fleeting and haunting passages, in this symphony, but the plan and the conclusion of the whole are not easily grasped; nor could Sibelius give any explanation that would satisfy a doubting Thomas or a man from Missouri. He would simply say: "That's what I felt; that's what you may or may not feel." So it goes back to the famous definition of music by Walt Whitman. Jones is reminded by the instruments of Sibelius; Ferguson has ears and he does not hear, much less feel.

Strauss, on the other hand, made musical copy of his wife, interesting baby, and himself. He takes the hearer into the nursery, bathroom, bed chamber, and probably the kitchen, though no rapt admirer of Richard has pointed out the section of music particularizing the pots, pans, and servant giving notice. Here is skill wasted on the unimportant; gorgeous orchestral robes covering an insignificant body, as in Thackeray's picture of Louis XIV in royal dress and without it. The splendor of the performance was great; the enjoyment of the audience corresponded.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for Feb. 13 and 14 comprises Pilati's suite for piano and string orchestra (first time in Boston); Honegger's symphony composed for the orchestra's jubilee (first performance; Loeffler's "La Bonne Chanson" and "Pagan Poem."

HOLMES CONDUCTS 'TOUR OF EUROPE'

Burton Holmes is nearing the end of his present series of Travel Revues, to the regret of the audiences that have found pleasure in the fine photography and in the lecturer's descriptions, comments and advice to prospective tourists. The subject of last night was "The Grand Tour of Europe." Cities were visited from England to Austria; cities of France and Italy. Objects of interest were treated historically, pictorially and anecdotically.

There was a time when the "grand tour" was considered essential to every English gentleman's education; but then the toil, the vexations, the expense and even the dangers were great. Travellers no doubt exaggerated their trials and tribulations, for the English looked on all foreigners with their justly celebrated insular eyes. Yet some of these old records of adventures are delightful reading today, especially for those who can take advantage of modern comforts and conveniences, or travel with still greater ease as companions of Mr. Holmes.

The "tour" will be made again this afternoon. Next week there should be a large attendance—though belated—at the coronation scenes in Abyssinia, whose line of Kings boasts descent from Balkis, Queen of Sheba, and King Solomon. A. M.

"DIE WALKUERE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Die Walkuere," music drama in three acts by Richard Wagner. The cast:

Wotan ..... Rudolph Bockelmann
Fricka ..... Maria Olszewska
Hunding ..... Chase Baromeo
Sieglinde ..... Emma Redell
Siegmund ..... Theodor Strack
Brunnhilde ..... Cyrena Van Gordon
Helmwige ..... Thelma Votipka
Gerhilde ..... Irene Pavloska
Ortlinde ..... Alice D'Hermanoy
Waltraute ..... Sonia Sharnova
Siegrune ..... Jenny Tourel
Rossweisse ..... Coe Glade
Grimgerde ..... Ada Paggi
Schwertleite ..... Constance Eberhart
Valkyries
Conductor ..... Egon Pollak

The brooding magnificence of Teutonic mythology occupied the stage last night, in the second part of "The Ring of the Nibelungen." The popularity of "Die Walkuere," which has induced the Chicago Civic Opera company to bring it to Boston once again, leads to the speculation whether the visitors will some day bring us the complete cycle. We hope they will. If audiences are interested in following the legend as Wagner has unfolded it and translated it into sound, they can hardly be satisfied with this fragment. But we suspect strongly that the majority of those that come again and again to hear "Die Walkuere" are drawn to it, mainly by their concert-hall acquaintance with the famous ride—how much more thrilling in the opera house, with the added splendor of women's voices—partly by the love-duet of the first act, the beautiful passages between Wotan and Bruennhilde in the third, by the fire music, and by the magnificent orchestral accompaniment in which the drama so much more vividly flows than upon the stage. There can hardly be many listeners hardy enough to persist in trying to understand the long series of narrations, discussions, indecisions and dissensions which comprise most of the action of this work, and there can hardly be great curiosity as to what comes before and after.

Under Mr. Pollak's dynamic leadership, the orchestra last night was magnificently eloquent and dramatic, yet always sensitively considerate of the singers. The staging suffered, as usual, from its unsuccessful attempt at realism. The impossible clouds of the second act, jerkily moving in spirals; the languid fight of Hunding and Siegmund—with comically regular alternation sweeping the ground with the point of a spear and describing a slow semicircle in the air with a sword—were outstanding flaws.

The Wotan of Mr. Bockelmann, the company's excellent new baritone, was a tragic and morose, rather than a commanding and imposing figure. There is truth in this conception of the character of the henpecked God with his exasperatingly curtailed omnipotence. Miss Van Gordon made a brilliant success of her singing of the part of Bruennhilde—a dramatic soprano's role. Her handsome and impressive figure, her clear, ringing and expressive voice, were splendidly adequate to the part. The stirring cry of the Valkyrie rang out tellingly—with no more uncertainty about the highest of its notes than we have heard from many a reputed soprano. Miss Rodell's beautiful lyric voice expanded gratefully and expressively in the music of Sieglinde—which does not require a voice of heroic mould. Her acting had greater force than might have suspected by those who saw her in "Lohengrin." The part of Siegmund was excellently played by Mr. Strack, a German tenor with a resonant and pleasing voice. Mme. Olscewka's magnificently passionate and queenly performance as the jealous, dominating spouse of Wotan was an outstanding feature of the evening. Mr. Baromeo's Hunding was sufficiently menacing and surly.

The audience was extremely appreciative, bursting into applause several times during the progress of the acts, and applauding the singers and the conductor with much energy upon their appearance before the curtain.

This afternoon, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" is to be performed; this evening, "La Traviata," by Verdi. S. S.

LOEW'S STATE

"New Moon"

An all-talking and singing screen operetta, adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler from the stage operetta of the same name by Oscar Hammerstein, 2d., Frank Mandel and Laurence Schwab; directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Lt. Michael Petroff..... Lawrence Tibbett
Princess Tanya Strogoff..... Grace Moore
Gov. Boris Brusiloff..... Adolphe Menjou
Count Strogoff..... Roland Young
Potkin ..... Gus Shy
Countess Anastasia Strogoff. Emily Fitzroy

With rightful homage to Robert Halliday and Evelyn Herbert and all the nondescript baritones and sopranos who have sung it either via the stage or the radio, "Lover, Come Back to Me" was never really sung until Mr. Tibbett and Miss Moore took it up. Those doubting this statement might drop into Loew's State some time in the next six days and hear two glorious voices joined in this plaintive exhortaton or, separated, singing it as solo. Twice yesterday afternoon applause rippled through the house for this now famous ballad. That applause would have been louder were it not for the shy attitude inbred in all motion picture audiences toward the screen—that timorous sense of futility in bestowing audible approval of photographed figures which cannot hear or acknowledge such approval. Time may conquer this mass diffidence. We may even have a claque for certain shrinking violets of the screen.

The good ship "New Moon" now sails the Caspian sea, not the blue Caribbean. Its passengers and crew are Russians instead of French. The new narrative, patterned though it be, is no worse than the original, in fact its humor is more pointed. Mr. Tibbett, who seems at his vocal best in the habiliments of a Caucasian brigand or a Muscovite army officer, has become Lt. Michael Petroff. In like reasoning, he needs a beautiful princess to inspire his histrionic best, so Tanya Strogoff is created to stir his honest passions. For rival he has Boris Brusiloff, governor of a province, affianced to Tanya, yet none too sure of her affections. Michael, too presumptuous, must be given a dangerous post, the garrison at Darvas, noted for mutinies and Turcoman invasions. Since wit must punctuate every musical comedy romance, Roland Young becomes Tanya's uncle, shrewdly observant, cynical, crisply amusing. For the rest, there are Russian dances aboard ship, dangerous flirtations under Boris's vengeful eyes, and stirring scenes at Darvas, when Michael shoots down two of the ringleaders of the surly Russian soldiery and later leads these men, to the rousing strains of "Stouthearted Men," in a nocturnal

attack on the beleaguering enemy. And, of course, as Mr. Young dryly observes, the princess must lash Michael with her riding whip for his studied insults, before she weeps contritely on his manly breast. Then a priest unites them in marriage, so that when Boris arrives he must acknowledge himself beaten in his love quest.

One of the best numbers is an interpolation, "The Farmer's Daughter." Mr. Tibbett sings this to some Russian girls in the steerage. Tanya hears him, insists on a literal translation. In English he contrives nimbly to gloss over the salacious lines of the original, yet the dullest mind can find the missing words. The recording of his voice is perfect, that of Miss Moore's a bit uneven. Yet no mechanical opposition is able to conceal the beauties of these two voices, or the faultless technique behind them. Here is an operatic coalition, which should not be dissolved. For once the singing screen has worthy exponents. W. E. G.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Fighting Caravans"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Edward E. Paramore, Jr., Keene Thompson and Agnes Brand Leahy from the novel of the same name by Zane Grey; directed by Otto Brower and David Burton and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Clint Belmet	Gary Cooper
Felice	Lily Damita
Bill Jackson	Ernest Torrence
Lee Murdock	Fred Kohler
Jim Bridger	Tully Marshall
Seth	Eugene Pallette
Couch	Roy Stewart
Jane	May Bagley
Amos	Morgan Farley
Faith	Eve Southern

It begins to look as though "The Covered Wagon," memorable as it was, should never have been made. Ever since it flashed on the screen it has been endlessly and tiresomely imitated, each situation growing a little fainter and less exciting than the one before. "Fighting Caravans," current screen feature at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, is neither the best nor the worst of the lot, but it should be the last. Unquestionably it cost a great deal of money; equally true, it is beautifully photographed by Lee Garmes, who deserves most of the credits due to the production. The fact remains, however, that the results are profoundly dull, the plot of the skimpiest and most childish and so long drawn out and thin that not even the acting of Ernest Torrence, Tully Marshall, Gary Cooper and Lily Damita can redeem it. Like "The Covered Wagon," it is most effective when dealing with big things, such as the grandeur of the natural backgrounds, the great white-topped wagons dragged by panting mules across the dusty plains and over the snow-covered mountain passes and the warding off of the Indian attack. Also like its predecessor, it is weakest when trying for sentiment or low comedy.

The plot is of the most elementary sort. Clint Belmet, a rangy young scout hired to go with a provision train to California, becomes attracted to a French girl, Felice, bound in the same direction. Clint's guardians, Bill Jackson and Jim Bridger, two grizzled old Indian fighters, resent his turning sentimental and try to keep the young people at odds. When they are not interrupting the love affair they are shooting mugs of whiskey off one another's heads and getting maudlin drunk. Meanwhile the wagon train moves on to California. The climax is an Indian attack in the course of which Bridger and Jackson are killed, leaving Clint and Felice to make up.

So beautiful are the backgrounds and so dramatic the story that lay behind those pioneering days that it seems a pity no more stirring picture could have been evolved. The trouble is that it apes "The Covered Wagon," without catching its dramatic sweep. There is a plethora of dialogue, none of it very good, that slows up the action badly, especially when Mr. Torrence and Mr. Marshall turn whimsical and prattle of their deep affection for each other. Neither of these two excellent actors seem able to get anything out of his part; it is all so obvious a make-believe. Gary Cooper walks through his part with a noticeable lack of interest. He's just Gary in a buckskin suit, pretending to be a woman-hating young scout, but he doesn't believe it and neither do you. Lily Damita makes a charmingly vivacious heroine who brightens the picture considerably. The rest of the cast, including Eugene Pallette, Eve Southern and Fred Kohler, are pretty well submerged. The camera man is the best actor of them all. E. L. H.

Feb v 1931

"DON GIOVANNI"

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House: Chicago Civic Opera Co., afternoon performance, "Don Giovanni," dramma giocoso, text by the Abate da Ponte; music by Mozart; produced at Prague on Oct. 29, 1787. First performance in the United States at New York on May 23, 1826; at Boston on April 8, 1850.

The cast was as follows:

Don Giovanni	Mr. Vanni-Marcoux
Donna Anna	Mme. Leider
Don Ottavio	Mr. Hackett
Commendatore	Mr. Baromeo
Donna Elvira	Mme. Burke
Leporello	Mr. Lazzari
Masetto	Mr. Baccaloni
Zerlina	Mme. Raeidl
Conductor	Mr. Pollak

The Don Giovanni of the opera should be an elegant personage, so irresistible a lover that even his mere presence causes the most straight-laced lady of high or low degree to palpitate and glow. One has seen Dons on the operatic stage who have been without these indispensable qualities. When a famous German baritone took the role here many years ago, William Foster Apthorp dismissed him as having "South Cove Elegance." A Don Giovanni at the Berlin Opera House was wooing the daughter of a city merchant, who objected to the singer because he was in opera. The merchant was persuaded to visit the theatre. The suitor took the part of Don Giovanni as best he could. When the merchant went home, he withdrew his objection. "Marry him," he said to his daughter, "if you love him. I've seen and heard him. He's a worthy, respectable fellow, and I'm sure he'll make you a devoted husband."

Any manager may hesitate about putting "Don Giovanni" on the stage. Unless the stage is of the revolving kind, or if simple back-hangings do not allow quick changes of scenery, the opera may easily become only a concert performance with the singers in costume; for there will be tedious waits, and little or no continuity of action. The performance gains in value when the theatre is small. It is not necessary to have a huge orchestra. At Prague the theatre was planned for a small room in which intimate relations could be quickly established between singers and audience. The orchestra numbered 26 players; there were of the first order. But there is the question of singers. How many today can do justice to the beauty and purity of Mozart's music? There must be a dramatic Donna Anna, a tragic figure, though the opera is of a "gay, joyous" nature, with a happy ending—Leporello repenting—an ending that is seldom if ever given in this country. The music of Donna Elvira is not for many sopranos; Zerlina should be simple, not too arch with the Don or with Masetto; the latter should not clown it. There is need of a bass that gives sepulchral dignity to the Statue; of an accomplished tenor to whom his airs are something more than a vocal exercise. Add a conductor who loves Mozart. All this for an opera that for nearly 150 years has excited the admiration and wonder of the musical world.

The performance yesterday was warmly applauded by an audience that filled the house. There were many curtain calls. An ingenious arrangement of certain scenes — as one in front of the curtain — lessened the usual number of waits. The stage settings were some of them conventional but effective; the greater number were of the futuristic order, not in accordance with the period and place of the action. The noble dames were more appropriately costumed. The stage management was excellent. It was a pleasure to see the finale of the first act as Mozart intended it to be, without the usual crowd of guests with the Don forcing his way through, sword in hand; only the chief characters remained, and Don Giovanni and Don Ottavio were seen fencing as the curtain fell. The pace of the opera was brisk owing to the speed without loss of distinctness with which the recitatives were taken. Donna Anna's aria in the second act was wisely omitted. It is not in keeping with the rest of the music and sopranos as a rule only labor through it.

This may be said of Mmes. Leider and Burke. When they were not inclined to force their tones, their voices were agreeable. The moment they pushed tones, or even sang with dramatic intensity, the voices lost quality, were wiry and shrill. The part of Donna Anna calls for a woman of greater tragic intensity in song and action than Mme. Leider possesses, or if even the theory of E. T. A. Hoffmann is entertained, that Giovanni had seduced her and though he was her father's murderer, she loved him to the end.

The two sang intelligently if not always pleasantly. Mme. Burke was especially effective vocally in the balcony scene. Mme. Raejdl's Zerlina was not too vivacious, girlish, a Zerlina of uncertain intonation. Mr. Hackett was called before the curtain again and again for the singing of the two arias. His phrasing was noteworthy; his uncommon command of breath was finely shown in "Il mio tesoro"; recitatives with him were much more than chatter to be hurried through without rhetorical or dramatic significance. It is not surprising that he is invited to take this role at La Scala in some weeks.

Mr. Vanni-Marcoux's Don Giovanni won admiration when he sang here under the reign of Henry Russell. The portrayal is now even more vivid. While there is no distracting elaboration, no point is neglected; the details all contribute to the striking portraiture: The finesse of this extraordinary actor was shown in his masterly treatment of the recitatives with every line having its just weight without departing from the conversational tone. A gallant rake, gallant yet capable of cruelty towards his victims, stood before one; a man who might have said with the French nobleman that God would think twice before damning a gentleman of his quality.

Mr. Lazzari was a capital Leporello, one of the best, if not the best we have seen in many years. Edouard de Reszke was logy, playfully elephantine in comparison. Mr. Baccaloni's Masetto was no more farcical than was expected by the audience. The voice of Mr. Baromeo was the voice of the Statue, whose face, by the way, was singularly red in the cemetery.

Mr. Pollak, as the singers, respected Mozart's music, and he also respected and cared for the singers. His reading of the score was thoroughly musical, always sympathetic, fluent, vital.

"LA TRAVIATA"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Evening performance: "La Traviata," libretto based by Piave on Dumas the younger's famous play; music by Verdi. Venice, 1853; New York, 1856.

The cast of last night:

Alfredo Germont	Mr. Schipa
Giorgio Germont	Mr. Thomas
Gastone de Letorieres	Mr. Oliviero
Baron Dauphol	Mr. Defrere
Marquis d'Obigny	Mr. Sandrini
Doctor Grenvil	Mr. Nicolich
Violetta Valery	Mme. Muzio
Flora Bervoix	Mme. d'Hermanoy
Annina	Mme. Eberhart
Conductor	Mr. Moranzoni

The Violetta of Mme. Muzio and the Alfredo of Mr. Schipa are familiar to Boston's opera goers. Mr. Thomas as a concert singer and in operetta has often been applauded. It was to be expected that the performance of Verdi's beautiful and moving music, music that is lyrically dramatic, as in "Il Trovatore" and "Rigoletto," would charm the ear and touch the heart. Violetta is not a coloratura role, as some rashly say. Her only florid air is the expression of a recklessly joyous and passing mood. The role is pre-eminently lyric, and in this role Mme. Muzio shines as singer and as actress. The soul of Violetta was revealed in song as by the acting, compelling yet always under the control of the finest art. She and Mr. Schipa have kept alive the traditions of the pure Italian song, both fortunate in the vocal gift bestowed on them by Nature. Mr. Thomas added greatly to the keen enjoyment of the evening by his voice and the manner in which he employed it.

The performance as a whole has not been surpassed here, if it has been equalled within the last 30 years. Chorus and orchestra were excellent. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with the gusto of an accomplished musician, paying tribute to the great Verdi, master of tenderness and passion. The audience —there were no vacant seats—was enthusiastic from the beginning to the end.

JASCHA HEIFETZ

At Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, a recital by Jascha Heifetz—the only concert with which he is to favor Boston this season—gave keen pleasure to a large, though by no means a capacity, audience. With the admirable assistance of Isidor Achron as accompanist Mr. Heifetz played the following program:

"The Lark" (poem in form of a rondo), Castelnuovo-Tedesco; Fantasy, Bruch; Romanze (in memory), Auer; Waltz in A major, Schubert-Achron; L'Apres-Midi d'Un Faune (Extrait du Prelude), Debussy; Danza de la Gitana, Halffter-Heifetz; Tzigane, Ravel.

It was a program that departed slightly from tradition. No ancients began it; no sonata or concerto—nothing, at any rate, that bore the name—formed its centre and apex. The piece by the contemporary Italian, Castelnuovo-Tedesco which opened the concert took advantage of the title chosen—as others have done—to provide many and difficult florid passages for the violin, none of which seemed to worry Mr. Heifetz unduly. It also, however, appeared to make pretensions to being seriously considered as mu[sic] though without conspicuous succ[ess], being a medley of styles, ranging fr[om] pseudo-Debussian harmonic impr[es]sionism to the most sentimental co[m]monplace. Bruch's Fantasy—[the] "Scotch" Fantasy, Op. 46—dates fr[om] the end of that period when a roman[tic] interest in Scotland, with its pict[ur]esque scenery, melancholy and liber[ty-]loving Highlanders, and its Ossia[nic] poems, pervaded the literature [and] music of continental Europe. Most [of] the great romantic composers, fr[om] Beethoven to Brahms, wrote variati[ons] on Scotch tunes, made settings of po[ems] by Robert Burns, or wrote overtures [on] Scottish themes. Bruch's Fantasy [has] several tunes of more or less Scot[tish] flavor. Upon one of them he has w[rit]ten, in his second movement, a set [of] uninspired variations. His "warl[ike]" final movement (Allegro guerrero) is [an] energetic development of "Scots W[ha] Hae." Mr. Heifetz played the Fan[tasy] with evident absorption, with a [tone] which seems to have grown r[ichly] warmly beautiful and liquidly flex[ible,] with a fine energy when the mu[sic's] mood required it, but with a phra[sing] whose dynamic modulations tended [too] easily to become sentimental.

Auer's Romance was played—se[nsi]tively and expressively—as a tribut[e] to the late famous teacher of Heifet[z] and many another virtuoso of the vio[lin]. It was not said by whom the ar[rangement] of Debussy's Apres-mid[i] d'un Faune was made. It served a[t] least as a pleasant makeshift for th[e] infinitely more illusive orchestral form of this charming music. Mr. Heifetz['s] own arrangement of Halffter's "Danz[a] de la Gitana" proved excellently effec[tive]; the guitar-like accompaniment made use, at one point, of percussion—the pianist's right hand marking [a] syncopated accent on the under-si[de] of the keyboard; in like manner th[e] Spanish guitarist is permitted [to] thump his instrument that rhythm[ic] excitement may be accentuated. Ravel's "Gitana" gypsy music receiv[ed] tribute. This piece, which so symp[a]thetically and so acutely—though without direct quotation—summarizes t[he] pungent characteristics of that rha[p]sodic music which Liszt and Brahms d[id] so much to make widely known, w[as] performed with magnificent spirit a[nd] technical skill by both Mr. Heifetz a[nd] his accompanist. They were applaud[ed] enthusiastically. Many encores, [as] usual, followed the regular progra[m,] among them an interesting and charm[ingly] graceful piece in Spanish vein [by] Nicholas Slonimsky, "Aroma de Le[y]endas." S. S.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Royal Bed"

An all-talking screen comedy drama ad[apt]ed by J. Walter Rubin from the play [by] Robert Emmett Sherwood entitled ["The] Queen's Husband"; directed by Lowell S[her]man and presented by Radio Pictures [with] the following cast:

The King	Lowell Sher[man]
The Queen	Nance O'N[eil]
Princess Anne	Mary A[stor]
Granton	Anthony Bus[hell]
Premier Northrup	Robert Warw[ick]
Ambassador Birten	Alan Ro[scoe]
Crown Prince	Hugh Tr[evor]
Phipps	Gilbert Em[ery]
Fellman	Frederick [Burton]
Laker	Carroll N[ye]
Major Blent	Desmond Rob[erts]
Ladies in Waiting	Lita Chevret, Nancy Lee Bl[ythe]

Lowell Sherman must have had [a] perfectly wonderful time directing "[The] Royal Bed," current screen feature [at] the Keith-Boston Theatre, and since [he] produced so amusing a film it is h[ard] to chide him, even mildly, for his pr[etty] consistent monopoly of the spotli[ght]. He takes the part, written for Rol[and] Young when "The Royal Bed" was "[The] Queen's Husband"—a far more ap[pro]priate title, by the way—of a ge[ntle] whimsical king in a mythical mo[dern] kingdom who is completely domin[ated] by his masterful, ambitious wife. [It] is a rich part, filled with amusing l[ines] that were just meant to be spoken [with] Mr. Sherman's eyebrow obbligato. [The] supporting cast is handsome, cap[able] and beautifully dressed; every one [has] a good time playing romance, and [you] could find lots worse ways of amu[sing] yourself than seeing "The R[oyal] Bed."

Such plot as there is, aside from [Mr.] Sherman's neatly spoken epigrams, [is] how Queen Martha wishes to marry her daughter, Princess Anne, to a no[ble] boring princeling of undesirable rep[uta]tion while Anne, romantically in [love] with her father's secretary, Gran[ton,] pleads to be released from so unplea[sant] a marriage. The queen depart[s for] America to bring home money—w[as it] possible that the author had in [mind] the kingdom of Rumania?—and a [revo]lution of sorts breaks out. The [king] arranged for Anne and Granton [to] elope in the midst of the excite[ment] but when he sees he is in danger [he] refuses to go; the king asserts hi[mself,] overbears the insufferably arro[gant] Premier Northrup, and the trouble [sub]sides. The queen returns and plan[s for] the wedding go on apace. Trouble [when] the revolutionary element breaks

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

As "Topaze" is now performed at the Plymouth Theatre in Mr. Levy's ptation the final curtain falls on Suzy, forsaking Castel-Benac, whose tress and accomplice she had been, and admitting her love for Topaze, a self-satisfied crook. Quantum mutatus ab illo! Could this Topaze be guileless, foolish schoolmaster whose highest ambition was to be known "Doctor of Moral Philosophy"?

The ending of the original version as it is performed in Paris is dif- nt, superior in that it is the climax of the long crescendo of irony. You ember the school teacher Tamise, who tells Topaze that he will bring ut the latter's betrothal to Muche's daughter. In the production at the mont he disappears after the first act. In the French production after aze has turned Castel-Benac out of doors and made Suzy his own, nise calls, simple, ingenuous as of old. Topaze points out his folly. No, honesty is the best policy. Little by little Tamise is persuaded. The suc- s of Topaze corrupts him. He dreams of becoming Topaze's secretary hat he also may engage in "affaires," i. e., be a swindler.

Topaze as a school teacher tries to show how a man with ill-gotten gains ot happy, is not respected; his conscience gives him no rest. The answers he pupils to their master's questions are not only amusing in them- es; they all aid in establishing the ironic mood. The honesty of Topaze refusing to change the marks of the baroness's little boy, though she les and Muche hints and warns, though the refusal will probably cost aze his position and his coveted degree, makes his subsequent downfall more dramatic.

How well this school scene was played! It might easily have been de- rately farcical, but teacher and pupils were true to nature. When Ernes- , the daughter of Muche, takes advantage of the teacher's timid love hirk her own duties, one would wish more coquetry, confused glances, g on the part of the actress. As she played, this Ernestine was only ectful, grateful for the teacher's kindness.

It was in this first act that Mr. Morgan attained the high point of his rayal; the attempt to keep the unruly boys in order; the amiable plati- es concerning the conduct of life; the scene with the angry baroness in h his obstinate honesty and truthfulness were as foolishness, if not worse, he eyes of Muche; the dignity with which the teacher took his dismissal; pathos of his quiet leaving the schoolroom, not knowing what he would without family, friendless, the tarrying to carry with him every detail he shabby room, the return from the outer door to bear away the stuffed k with which he had hoped to arouse the boys' interest in natural his- ; the expression of all this was thrice admirable.

In the performance the character of Suzy was not so sharply defined that of Topaze or of Castel-Benac, or even that of the blackmailing r's messenger. For a sympathetic accomplice of a swindler, this Suzy listless, apparently indifferent to the various schemes. Miss Willard Suzy's sad story with the becoming mock-pathos. Was the lack of niteness otherwise due to the dramatist or the actress? We learn in course of the play that Suzy had been taken from poverty—from the er—to quote her lover—that she was extravagant; that she was useful him in his schemes. The only evidence we have of this usefulness is ability to serve cocktails. Her acquisition of Topaze to aid her husband easy, requiring no seductive wit. He at first thought that the sum, e in his eyes, given to him immediately, was only an act of thinly- uised charity. Then the woman's dress, her perfume, intoxicated him. layed, Suzy was not a beguiler, not one by her actions to awake lurking sion. When she saw that Topaze was master of the situation she made effort to make him hers, to bind him to her. Or was her coolness cted that it might raise his temperature? She did not impress the tator as having a calculating machine for a heart. In fact she made marked impression. Perhaps she did not find it necessary to simulate t she did not feel, but the audience is not informed how she had any hold on Castel-Benac or his victims, some of whom were surely men he world, susceptible to a woman's lures.

How many in the audience the first night understood the allusion to spasian's monument" which entered into the amusing story of the graft t came from the successive placings of a "lavatory" before the cafes in town? Suetonius would enlighten the curious in doubt. The name of Roman emperor was first given early in the reign of Louis Philippe to ptacles mounted on axle-trees circulating in the streets of Paris. The ir will now sing:

"La Vespasienne
Parisienne
A l'observateur arrete
Offre asile et commodite."

In the short review published in The Herald last Tuesday morning due ute was paid to Mr. Derwent, whose Castel-Benac was an engaging ras- It must almost have been a pleasure to be swindled by him. His en- nter over the telephone with the blackmailing editor aroused the ad- ation of even the soft-voiced messenger.

Delightful was the story of how the diploma was finally procured for aze, by Castel-Benac reminding the Baroness and her influential friend he source of their revenue. The award to Topaze, the crook, recalls by irony the decoration awarded to the wife of the Spanish minister of in "The Command to Love." Yes, Topaze was indeed a philosopher, e so in his triumph over Castel-Benac than when he lost his position he Muche school.

Other French dramatists have put swindlers known as important men usiness on the stage, but how many have combined as Marcel Pagnol er satire with gaiety and wit? He shows the corrupting influence of ey, on municipal and state politics, on men of "affaires," schoolmasters es not even the pompous humbug of a Muche fawn on Topaze and try orce Ernestine into his arms, now that he is rich—the girl indecent in eagerness? No one escapes this influence of money, this craze. Now that nol has greatly enriched himself, will he escape it? Those who know answer, "Yes."

"Jonesy," a comedy in three acts by Anne Morrison and Joan Peter Toohey, will be the play at the Copley Theatre tomorrow night. It is described as a comedy of youth. There are Henry and Anne Jones; Mrs. Henry Jones and Wilbur Jones. There are two plumbers and a policeman besides six other characters. The play was seen at the Bijou Theatre, New York, on April 9, 1929. Mr. Lockridge in his review wrote: "Everything happens at once and there is no particular cause for anything . . . There are two or three surprises for every minute—some the surprises you expect, and others such as would never occur to anyone, but did, somehow, manage to occur to the authors. And it grows progressively more diverting, as a good farce should."

In New York Nydia Westman played the musical comedy comedienne; Donald Meek took the part of Henry Jones; Spring Byington, Mrs. Henry Jones.

"Jonesy" is the boy who has not been allowed to grow up. The part was played by Raymond Guion. Miss Westman, "a determined little seeker after a husband," was described by the Commonweal as having a "slate pencil" voice. "Jonesy," said this last writer, is "the kind of play that highbrows get snobbish about, and that all the rest of the world enjoys hugely, because, underlying its commonplace hokum and its elaborate farce situations, there is a basis of sound thinking and human truth."

"Barbara," which will be produced here at the Wilbur Theatre next Tuesday night, was written by Gennaro Mario Curci, described in 1929 as a "brilliant operatic authority who first knew fame when his sister-in-law and pupil, Amelita Galli-Curci, sang." This play won that year the first prize offered by the Literary and Theatrical Chronicles of Naples, in which city it was produced.

It was performed at the Gallo Theatre, New York, on Nov. 17, 1929, with Elvira Curci-Caccia as the heroine. "She has been on the stage since the age of 5," wrote Walter Littlefield, "acting chiefly under her uncle, who directed the play last evening in an admirable manner, and married the author of the piece six years ago." Will some bright-eyed boy put this last sentence in so clear a form that no one will suspect the uncle of marriage to the author?

Mme. Curci-Caccia had at that time, and undoubtedly has today, "a Madonna-like face—type cinquecento—expressive eyes and prehensile hands," while Mr. Isaacson described her as a "beautiful, exotic, fragile woman, speaking in a voice as sweet and delectable as honeyed candy." The play reveals Barbara as a woman without a redeeming quality. There is a fine scene of jealousy that leads to picturesque and effective strangling.

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

"La Navarraise" and "The Sold Bride," to be performed here by the Chicago Civic Opera Company, are not familiar to the younger generation of operagoers; the latter has not been performed here as an opera. "Camille," by Forrest, will be played here for the first time. We use the word "played" advisedly.

"La Navarraise," revived for the sake of Miss Garden, who will also take part in another opera by Massenet next Wednesday afternoon, was suggested to Massenet by a short story that Jules Claretie contributed to Figaro Illustre. In this story the peasant Araquil is the leading figure. Massenet wrote the opera for Emma Calve, so the librettists, Claretie and Henri Cain, obligingly put Anita in the foreground. It has been said that Mascagni wished the libretto, but could not obtain it; also that another opera bearing the title was produced at Constantinople.

"La Navarraise" was produced at London on June 20, 1894. The cast was noteworthy: Mme. Calve, Anita; Alvarez, Araquil; Plancon, Garrido; Gilibert, Remigio; Bonnard, Ramon; Dufriche, Bustamente. Flon conducted. The first performance in the United States was at the Metropolitan New York, on Dec. 11, 1895, with Mme. Calve the heroine. When the Metropolitan brought it to Mechanics building in the following February the singers were Mme. Calve; Messrs. Lubert, Plancon, Castlemary, Maguiere, De Vries. Bevignani conducted. Mme. Calve's portrayal of Anita was remarkable for its dramatic intensity, its tragic force. It even rivalled her performance of Santuzza.

Another striking portrayal of the girl of Navarre was by Mme. Gerville-Reache, a great artist, who died too soon. The production was by Oscar Hammerstein at the Boston Theatre on March 31, 1910. The others in the performance were Messrs. Dalmores, Devries, Haberdeau, Crabbe, Nicolay. Henriquez de la Fuente conducted. "The Daughter of the Regiment" was the accompanying opera: Mme. Tetrazzini, John McCormack, Charles Gilibert.

The story is of the last years of the Carlist war. Araquil loves Anita, but her parents object to his poverty. The Spanish chief Garrido has offered a reward to any man who will capture Zucarraga, the Carlist. When the Carlist is hurt in battle Araquil poisons the wound and claims the reward. The sum is paid but the disgusted Garrido orders Araquil to be shot. Anita's father consents to the wedding before the execution, but Anita contemptuously refuses. This is Claretie's story.

In the opera Anita offers to capture the Carlist for the named sum. She rushes to the enemy's camp. Araquil is told that she was seen asking for Zucarraga. "He is said to be very fond of women—he is young and good looking." Anita returns with blood-stained arms. Garrido, horrified, gives her the money under promise of secrecy. Now she can wed Araquil. He appears wounded to death in his attempt to rescue Anita. Finding her with the money, he is sure of her infidelity. Bells toll for the dead Carlist. Araquil then suspects the truth. He dies with the words "The price of blood—horrible." Anita, going mad, with wild laughter, throws herself on her lover's body.

The opera is now chiefly famous for a charming orchestral nocturne played while the soldiers sleep.

On Wednesday the singers will be Miss Garden; Messrs. Maison, Vieuille, Cotreuil, Dua. In the accompanying opera "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Miss Garden; Messrs. Formichi, Cotreuil, Ritch, Ringling, Nicolich, Defrere. Mr. Cooper will conduct "La Navarraise"; Mr. Lauwers, "Le Jongleur."

Smetana's "The Sold Bride" is known in Boston chiefly by its brilliant overture which has been played many times. The librettist is Karel Sabina. Smetana wrote the music during the years 1862-1866. The opera was produced at Prague on May 30, 1866. It was then a simple operetta in two acts with spoken dialogue. Smetana added later a male chorus in praise of

beer for the first act; a dance, the Skocna, and an aria for the second. This version was performed in 1869. Still later the two acts were enlarged to three. In its definite form the opera was produced on Sept. 25, 1870. The composer had been accused of Wagnerism in his former works. He made a public declaration: "'The Sold Bride,' gentlemen, is in reality only a playful jest. I composed it without great ambition because it was pretended that I was a Wagnerian and could not write in a light or nationalistic manner. Then I ran to Sabrina for a libretto and composed in the manner of queening a pawn even if it were Offenbach's. And I had a good time. And sec, what a fine festival for me!" The first performance of the opera in the United States was at the Metropolitan, New York, in Max Kalbeck's translation into German from Sabrina's Czech, on Feb. 19, 1909. The opera had been announced for the Metropolitan's season of 1903-04 in an English translation by Charles Henry Meltzer.

Smetana changed the spoken dialogue into recitative for the production at Leningrad in January, 1871.

The curtain rises on a Bohemian village at the time of the spring fair. Hans and Marie are sad, though they are betrothed; her father Kruschina has determined she should wed Wenzel, the son of his old friend Mischa. Marie declines to follow her father's behest. Kezal, a marriage broker, comes on the stage. The villagers dance "The Hen." The second act takes place in the village inn. The "Furiant," another national dance, enlivens the scene. Wenzel, a half wit, stutters a song. Kezal offers Hans 300 crowns if he will renounce Marie. At first Hans says "No," but he consents on the condition that she shall be married only to a son of Mischa. The paper is signed. The village women do not approve.

Strolling players arrive in the third act, there is more dance music. The actress Esmereida shows Wenzel how, disguised as a bear, he may dance with her in the entertainment to come. Marie will not believe Hans has sold her. She is shown the receipt. She and Hans, after she has poured out her grief, sing a lively duet. She upbraids; he is more and more joyous. Mischa and his wife declare Hans to be their long lost eldest son. So Hans has his bride and the 300 crowns, while Kezal, dramatically wrathful, leaves the scene.

The success of this opera led to Smetana's appointment as conductor of the opera house. (His deafness obliged him in 1874 to give up all conducting.) The appointment gave him great honor, a small salary (1200 florins), many enviers and enemies.

The singers Saturday afternoon will be Mmes. Raejal, Olszewska, Sharnova, Burke; Messrs. Strack, Kipnis, Habich, Baromeo, Ringling, Dua. Mr. St. Leger will conduct.

Other operas this week:

Monday—"Tristan und Isolde," Mmes. Leider, Olszewska; Messrs. Strack, Bockelmann, Kipnis, Defrere. Conductor, Pollak.

Tuesday—"Aida," Mmes. Muzio, Van Gordon, Burke; Messrs. Marshall, Formichi, Baromeo, Lazzari. Conductor, Moranzoni.

Wednesday evening—"Tannhaeuser," Mmes. Redell and Leider; Messrs. Strack, Bockelmann, Baromeo, Habich.

Thursday—"Otello," Mmes. Muzio and Claessens; Messrs. Marshall, Vannini, Marcoux, Baromeo. Conductor, Moranzoni.

Friday—"Camille" (music and English text by Hamilton Forrest; French version by Jean Lockie): Mmes. Garden, Claessens and Glade; Messrs. Hackett and Baromeo. Cooper, conductor.

Saturday night—"Lucia di Lammermoor," Mmes. Salvi and d'Hermanoy; Messrs. Colcaire, Bonelli, Ritch, Lazzari, Oliviero. Conductor, Moranzoni.

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once more on account of Northrup and the officious ambassador, Birten. This time the king, determined that his daughter's happiness shall not be ruined, arranged her marriage to Granton and then goes to take his medicine from his wife.

In the delightful part of the gentle king, who would rather play checkers with his footman than attend to affairs of state, Mr. Sherman enjoys himself greatly and is highly amusing at the same time. In the beams of the spotlight he radiates pleasure, expands visibly. Mary Astor is a lovely Princess Anne and acts with real feeling and charm. Nance O'Neill draws a handsome, humorless queen with broad and effective strokes, while Robert Warwick burlesques the resplendent Northrup to his heart's content. Anthony Bushell is a satisfactory Granton. Hugh Trevor caricatures a spoiled royal sprig with keen sense of humor and Gilbert Emery plays entertainingly as the king's favorite footman, Phipps. E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Follow the Leader"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by William K. Wells and George White from the musical comedy by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson entitled "Manhattan Mary;" directed by Norman Taurog and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Crickets	Ed Wynn
Mary Brennan	Ginger Rogers
Jimmy Moore	Stanley Smith
Sam Platz	Lou Holtz
Ma Brennan	Lida Kane
Helen King	Ethel Merman
George White	Bobby Watson
R. C. Black	Donald Kirke
Bob Sterling	William Halligan
Fritzie Devere	Holly Hall
Two-Gun Terry	Preston Foster
Mickie	James C. Morton

Out of the vast annual product of the motion picture mills there are certain works which should be preserved for posterity. To this select group belongs "Follow the Leader," in which, choosing to forget an unhappy experience several seasons ago in a silent film called "Rubber Heels," Mr. Wynn now makes his screen debut. If he is not the funniest and the least offensive of musical comedy drolls of the present day he at least ranks high in the list. Parents take their children to see Ed Wynn on the stage as they would to see Fred Stone or Tony Sarg's Marionettes, or some other harmless but thoroughly amusing entertainment. Ed Wynn will look and sound just as funny 10 or 20 years from now as he does at present, and it is for that reason, bearing in mind that some day he must retire from public view, that anything he does for the talking screen should be preserved for boys and girls of the next generation to enjoy.

"Follow the Leader" is an abridged version of "Manhattan Mary," the musical comedy which George White presented several years ago. In its new form it gives convincing demonstration of what can be done in the films with a bulky stage piece when capable hands are set to it. The rollicking narrative of Crickets, the acrobat-waiter who perforce becomes leader of the Hudson Dusters, a hoodlum gang on New York's lower East side, loses none of its essential angles; rather it gains in speed through its compactness. Mr. Wynn's infectious chuckle is startlingly present. He is a ludicrous figure in his eccentric raiment. His voice reproduces perfectly. He still boasts of his uncle, Herbert Foster, still introduces his fantastic inventions for self-preservation in the eating of grapefruit, soft boiled eggs or corn on the cob. He even brings in a brokendown white equine when a tough customer in Ma Brennan's restaurant declares that he is so hungry he could eat a horse. In brief, not to see Ed Wynn, or to admit that one never has seen him, is to confess to loss of one of the more important pleasures of life.

There is a story of course, about pretty Mary Brennan, who becomes a star in a George White show, chiefly through the guileless machinations of Crickets, and whose romance with Jimmy Moore, the saxophone tooter, has a happy termination. To raise and to bring down the curtain a male chorus offstage sings the "Broadway" number Ethel Merman sings once in a cafe scene. No one misses the rest of the music. As long as Wynn is on the screen, which is much and often, laughter and chuckles are in order. The supporting cast is excellent, the photography clear, the direction expert. "Follow the Leader" deserves your applause.

W. E. G.

REPERTORY

"Cyrano de Bergerac"

A screen drama adapted from the heroic comedy of the same name by Edmond Rostand; American version by Don Bartlett, directed by August Genina and presented by the Screen Guild with the following cast:

Cyrano de Bergerac	Pierre Magnier
Roxane	Linda Moglia
Christian de Neuvillette	Angelo Ferrari
Comte de Guiche	Humbert Casilini
Ragueneau	Alex Bernard
The Duenna	Gemma de Sanctis

It is good to have the chance to see "Cyrano de Bergerac" once again, even though the magic of Rostand's lines must be gleaned from English subtitles. The picture into which the play has been made is now showing at the Repertory Theatre under auspices of the Screen Guild and merits a visit. It was made in France not long ago with loving care and an eye for historical detail that greatly enhance the interest. All the photography is in natural color, some of which is excellent, and almost all of which adds to the verisimilitude and attractiveness of the film. In the title role is Pierre Magnier, one of the foremost French classic actors of the day, who was seen a few years ago at the Boston Opera House with the company of the Theatre Port. St. Martin.

The play is too familiar and too well beloved to require any detailed synopsis of plot. No liberties are taken in the present instance with the story which Edmond Rostand evolved from the legends surrounding the Cyrano of history. Cyrano remains the same hot-tempered, generous and affectionate swordsman who, debarred from love because of his hideous nose, makes love to his adored cousin, Roxane, in behalf of the handsome lack-brain, Christian de Neuvillette who caught her fancy. We see him fighting off the hundred bravos sent by the Comte de Guiche to kill a drunken poet. Once more he speaks for Christian beneath the balcony, wins him the kiss and holds off the jealous De Guiche until the marriage is performed. The scenes at the siege of Arras, where Christian lays down his life and Cyrano's lips are sealed, still hold their power to move. At the end, the courageous death of the indomitable Cyrano, his love revealed and briefly rewarded, fighting the creatures of his delirious brain beneath the trees of the shadowed convent garden, may still bring unashamed tears.

M. Magnier, a stalwart, humorous, proud and lovable Cyrano, dominates the film throughout. One could only regret that the film was silent for his voice would have added greatly. The plump worshipful little Ragueneau of Alex Bernard seemed to have stepped right from Rostand's pages, and the Roxane of Linda Moglia was a lovely and gracious figure. The subtitles are taken from the play, many of them coming from the translation made by Brian Hooker for Walter Hampden.

Also on the bill is "South Seas," an entertaining record of a trip taken by Gov. and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot and their son in their yacht among the islands of the Pacific. E. L. H.

PARK

"Chiselers of Hollywood"

An all-talking drama adapted to the screen from the story by Ida May Park; directed by William O'Connor and presented by Willis Kent with the following cast:

Roxanne King	Phyllis Barrington
Virginia King	Rita La Roy
Beth King	Sheila Mannors
Miles Gaynor	Edmund Breese
Barry Gaynor	Donald Reed
Deputy	Charles Delaney
Coroner	Jack Richardson
The Director	Dell Henderson
Jim, the Butler	Sid Taylor

The curren feature film at the Park Theatre, "Chiselers of Hollywood," is another of those object lessons for small town girls who aspire to careers in motion pictures. Produced by Willis Kent, an independent film-maker, it is heavily moral and highly improbable. The entire picture is a series of object lessons concerning the wages of sin, the price that girls must pay who accept jewelry and clothes from wealthy middle-aged men, and the tried axiom that virtue is always rewarded for sacrifice by matrimony.

The plot, to make things as simple as possible, tells what happens to three sisters, Roxanne, Virginia and Beth King, who come to Hollywood to become film actresses. Roxanne gets a position as secretary to Miles Gaynor, an oil magnate, and starts an affair with Miles' son, Barry. Virginia takes extra parts and begins to build up a reputation. Beth stays at home and cooks the dinner. Roxanne is one of the innocent children who don't know what jewels and fur coats mean and accordingly accepts Miles's invitation to go to his hunting lodge for dinner. Virginia gets wind of it and hurries in pursuit, throwing up her big chance at the studio. Close behind her comes the unsuspecting Barry to pay his father a visit. Roxanne, meanwhile, bitterly disillusioned by Miles's behavior, throws his bracelets at him and finally shoots him. Virginia, arriving at the crucial moment, shoves Roxy into the bedroom and takes her place with the gun. It is all very confused, but we learn in the end that Miles had died of heart failure, that the gun was loaded with blanks and that Barry loves Virginia instead of Roxy.

Two players of good reputation, Edmund Breese and Rita La Roy, playing Miles and Virginia respectively, do all that they can to make the situations plausible. Charles Delaney offers an amusing bit. E. L. H.

FENWAY

"Ex-Flame"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by George Draney and Victor Halperin from the play entitled "East Lynne," dramatized by J. R. Pitman from the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood; directed by Victor Halperin and presented by Liberty Productions with the following cast:

Sir Carlyle Austin	Nell Hamilton
Lady Catherine Austin	Marian Nixon
Beaumont Winthrop	Norman Kerry
Barbara Lacy	Judith Barrie
Umberto	Roland Drew
Kilmer	Joan Standing
Argentinian	Jose Bohr
Keith	Cornelius Keefe
Stuart, Jr.	Little Billie Haggerty

Here is a version of an old novel and stage play not only modernized but reduced to the minimum as far as emotionalism is concerned. It actually is less of an adaptation than a variant on the theme of the errant wife, originally Lady Isabel, who eloped with the villanous Sir Francis, came home finally to see her child die, and to beg forgiveness of her husband, Archibald Carlyle. Nothing very serious happens in "Ex-Flame." There is no villain, nor for that matter, any hero. Isabel, now become Lady Catherine Austin, runs away from home when she finds Barbara Lacy in the embrace of her husband, now Sir Carlyle Austin. She takes up with various lovers, following the quite respectable though sudden demise, in her apartment late at night, of Beaumont Winthrop, best behaved of the lot. Sir Carlyle, her friends and the press made a thorough scandal of that episode, and the wife, desperate and forlorn, travelled in this country and that, trying to forget.

Finally, reading that Sir Carlyle and Barbara are about to be wed, his divorce decree becoming final, Catherine hastens back to England, tries to kidnap the child, Stuart, and is caught. So affected is Sir Carlyle that he turns his back on Barbara, clasps Catherine in his arms, and brushes away ever so lightly all the miseries of the past. As the picture ends little Stuart jumps up and down on his luxurious bed, delighted at this abrupt but apparently genuine reconciliation between his parents. No happier conclusion could have been devised, though its benign authors scarcely would claim it to be original.

It is too much to expect that Hollywood players can imitate the speech and manners of English men and women. Scorning to be other than what they are, the members of the cast of "Ex-Flame" enact their scenes unaffectedly, according to directions. Searching criticism of their performances would be a sad and a fruitless task.

W. E. G.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Tristan and Isolde," 8:00.
COPLEY—"Jonesy," farce comedy; 8:20.
LYRIC—"Dracula," mystery play, last week; 8:20.
MAJESTIC—"Nina Rosa," Romberg-Harbach operetta; 8:30.
PLYMOUTH—"Topaze," comedy, with Frank Morgan; 8:30.
SHUBERT—"A Wonderful Night," Johann Strauss's operetta; 8:30.
TREMONT—"It's a Wise Child," comedy; 8:20.

Note—"Barbara," a new play, with Mary Nash, opens Tuesday evening, at the Wilbur. The Colonial is dark.

Feb 3 1931

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Jonesy," a farce in three acts by Anne Morrison and John Peter Toohey. Produced at Atlantic City on Feb. 18, 1929, New York at the Bijou Theatre on April 9 of that year. Jonesy, Raymond Guion; Henry Jones, Donald Meek; Mrs. Henry Jones, Spring Byington; Diana Deveraux, Nydia Westman.

The cast last night was as follows:

Anne Jones	Anne Seymour
Mildred Ellis	Rita Davies
Mrs. Jones	Jessie Busley
Katie	May Beal
A Plumber	George Spelvin
Henry Jones	Morton L. Stevens
Wilbur Jones	Robert Henderson
Billy Morgan	Richard Whorf
Diana Deveraux	Alice Dalton
Stanley Jackson	Jack Stores
Mr. Silverberg	Frank Harrington
Policeman	Jack McGann

Wilbur Jones, known in the college which he has just left, is familiarly known as "Jonesy." His father, timid in the presence of his wife, and his mother cannot believe that their boy has grown up "Jonesy" has fallen in love with Diana an actress in an undraped show that has attracted the attention of the police. She is a nice girl who wishes a career. Her uncle, one Jackson, a self made man, objected. Henry Jones and his wife are horrified at the thought of their son contemplating marriage with a stage woman, whose role calls for scanty costume even if it becomes her. And Wilbur, to pay a gambling debt has sold his father's motor car for three months. Old man Jones hopes that Jackson will appoint him to a lucrative position, but does not know that Diana is Jackson's niece. Nor does Mrs. Jones know it. Diana comes to the house to see Wilbur. Mrs. Jones abuses her looks on her as a "lost woman"; tells her to keep away from Wilbur. When the parents learn Diana's identity, the

PEN IN HAND

By PHILIP HALE

he courts at Bordeaux have decided that a band has the right to open his wife's letters n read them. If an American husband were enitted by decree of law to do this, would be able to read them?

When the handwriting of American matrons maidens is especially handsome, it is often gible. It is not easy to differentiate be- en "c" and "i"; "w," "m," "n," "u" and "v" r not to be distinguished. Yet at the first ce one exclaims: "What a beautiful hand!"

n the late forties to the seventies our well- r women wrote in what was known as the an hand. The expression "fine Italian d" could be applied to chirography as well so an act of trickery or treachery perpetrated n intriguing Italian merchant or statesman. ater, stiffly perpendicular handwriting came fashion with letters formed as if they were ted. Still later the appearance of distinct- s was preserved, but the purport of the sen- ces was blind. A lack of punctuation and a ton disregard of capitals added to the read- dismay and indignation. Yet one would willingly receive a message of affection from bella, chilled by the typewriting machine. n a courteously worded rejection of a mar- e proposal should be written by the refusing nd.

It is a mistaken idea that women no longer ne as correspondents. There may not be a dame de Sevigne, a Lady Mary Wortley ntagu in these hurried, restless days, but contributors to the letter boxes of news- ers are many, indefatigable and sometimes ertaining; welcomed, when the communica- ns are written on one side of the paper, by tors who may find material in them for an torial article, approving or combating. Nor men so voluminous correspondents as in the ys of Horace Walpole. The telephone is a to even gracefully worded notes. It puts invited at a disadvantage. There must be answer then and there; no time for a rea- able excuse for refusal; for a note that uld increase the regret of the hostess at the posedly unavoidable absence.

One of the most charming maidens in fiction the heroine of "The Golden Butterfly"—was rposely brought up in ignorance of reading d writing. This was before the telephone was own. She did not lack wooers, who were rough necessity the more direct and persua- e.

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sternation is great.

Mrs. Jones had, before she saw Diana, t her husband to the railway station warn her against any attempt to se- ce Wilbur. Henry found her pretty, d by meeting her, failed to keep an gagement with Jackson. As if all this re not enough material for a farce, nry accuses Silverberg, who had ught his car unknown to Henry, of ealing it. The street brawl leads to enry's arrest, and the prison yawns r him, but he secures bail. This does t lead Jackson to think him desirable r the vacant position. Wilbur, by his neek, finally wins Jackson's favor and e girl and saves his father from dis- race.

The farce is a pleasing revelation of not incredible home life. One sur- rise for the audience follows another. hat youths are often misunderstood, nappreciated by parents who treat em as if they were still children, is nown to all. Wilbur is a young fel- w of the Booth Tarkington species, king himself seriously, believing his weetheart is the only woman in the orld, talking lightly of suicide if a arent stands in his way, cocksure of is making his way in the world.

The Copley Players gave a robust nd loud performance. Nearly every- ne showed remarkable vocal power; here was constant "raising of the oice," with the exception of Miss Dal- on's Diana who took even Mrs. Jones's insults quietly. In other words, the line n old play bills characterized the per- formance: "the screaming farce," the audience enjoyed it hugely; enjoyed the amusing situations and complications, the frantic running about; the general din and the "mugging" of Mr. Stevens. The first night success was indisput- able.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—The Chi- go Civic Opera Company in "This- n und Isolde," a music-drama in ree acts by Richard Wagner. The st:

istan	Theodore Strack
ng Marke	Alexander Kipnis
olde	Frida Leider
rwenal	Rudolf Bockelmann
lot	Eduard Habich
angaene	Maria Olszewska
Shepherd	Octave [illegible]
e Helmsman	Antonio Nicolich
A Sailor's Voice	Giuseppe Cavadore
Conductor	Egon Pollak

Wagner's great music drama, into which he concentrated the essence of the scattered and rambling Tristram legends—lending a metaphysical color to the frank mediaeval simplicity of the love of Tristan and Isolde, giving a symbolical force to the central incident of the love potion—unfolded itself against last night on the stage and in the orchestra. "Tristan und Isolde" is of course symphonic poem as well as music drama, and of the two concurrent versions of the action that proceed on the stage and in the orchestra pit, the latter is usually by far the more successful in recreating and conveying the glamor and the emotional intensity, the beauty and the inevitable tragedy of the story. So it was last night. The incomparable richness and magical suggestion of the music, its surging rhythmic power, its no less eloquent hesitancies, captured the mind by way of the ear when the dissatisfied eye provided an imperfect channel of access to the desired illusion. And this despite an orchestra that was by no means impeccable in detail—woodwin and strings were sometimes agonizingly out of tune—though the absorbed and inspired, deeply sentient leadership of Egon Pollak was wholly admirable for its vitalizing and significant guidance of players and singers alike.

On the stage, the curtain rose upon the usual immovably static ship. We do not suggest that the boat should be roked by mechanical means; it cannot be doubted that the thing is possible, though it would be unreasonable to add unnecessarily to the worries of singers (the Rhine-maidens of the first act of "Das Rhinegold" have been known to be attacked by mal-de-mer); but the Irish channel, now one of the roughest stretches of water on this terraqueous planet, may have been different in the days of Tristan and Isolde. The young sailor sang in his nose, as sailors will. The intelligent and industrious singers who played the principal roles were heard in the same parts last year; it is not their fault that in the broad glare of light that floods the first scene they conveyed little of glamor, but one may legitimately object to the broad smiles of satisfaction with which, as the magic potion coursed through their veins, they fell into each other's arms. Little was there of painful ecstasy, tragic foreboding. The transition from Isolde's paroxysms of hatred and Tristan's noble reserve to this smug satisfaction was too much. Both sang well; Mme. Leider a trifle too violently, perhaps, in the passionately resentful music of the first half of the act. Both were to reach the height of their powers in the tenderly idyllic duet of the second act, where they sang with exceptional beauty of tone and phrase and mood, and in the tragic third act. Mme. Olszewska, a little too dominating and vociferous a Brangaene in the first act, performed her share of the second beautifully and with admirable tact. Mr. Bockelmann's fine performance, as the faithful Kurwenal, was as intelligent as was to be expected from this excellent newcomer. The exquisite beauty of Mr. Kipnis's singing as King Mark was almost the most moving, certainly the most perfectly finished, feature of the performance. His acting as the deceived and disappointed old king had a restrained and noble pathos that was infinitely touching and true.

A word must be spared for the admirably conscientious and imaginative make-up of the chorus in this as in other operas of the Chicago Civic Opera Company's repertory.

It has been transformed into a body of perfectly plausible and picturesque persons who are not out of place in their setting.

The applause of the very large audience was as usual most enthusiastic.

Tonight's opera is "Aida."

Feb 4 1931

WILBUR THEATRE

"Barbara"

"Barbara," a drama in three acts, adapted by Jean Bart from the Italian of Gennaro Mario Curci; performed in Italian at the Gallo Theatre, New York, Nov. 17, under auspices of the National Dante Alighieri Society; produced in Englishi for the first time on any stage at the Wilbur Theatre last evening, by Messrs. Cooper and Daniels, with the following cast:

Paolo Vanni	Rollo Peters
Sandro	Donald Douglas
Lina	Genevieve Belasco
Lewis	Horace Sinclair
Don Carlos von Weigand	Jules Epailly
Barbara	Mary Nash
Gomez	Alberto Cariollo
Riccardo Vanni	Herbetr Braggiotti

Years ago Gabriel d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, persuaded Eleanora Duse, that tragedienne of titantic stature, to appear in America in several of his neurotic plays. Those were unfortunate days for Mme. Duse, since American playgoers refused to express pleasure in her portrayals, and her tour became a rout. Now, nearly 30 years later, comes an Italian teacher of operatic aspirants, with a play lacking even the poetic fervors or the theatric extravagances of a d'Annunzio work, and relying, in its translation to the English-speaking stage, on a female playwright whose one contribution, "The Squall," was a mere transient sensation; and in its performance dependent on players who, however, seasoned and versatile, are scarcely competent to assume the manners and speech of a group of Latin and Gallic lay figures. "Barbara," as it was unevenly performed last evening seemed an artificial, stilted, verbose and quite pointless inquiry into the question—how long can a physically attractive Jezebel hurt and hate her lovers before one of them strangles her. It takes three acts, set in the studio of Paolo, in Paris, to reach that punitive moment. It is a pity that it could not have been reached at an earlier period.

Paolo Vanni, who has a wife and child in Rome, has as his model a girl whom he literally picked out of the streets of Paris one night when she was drunk, and homeless. He admits that she has been an excellent model, yet is loathe to admit that she has inspired him to paint his best works, that she actually has created within him that which artists call genius. To his brother, Riccardo, who comes on from Rome to see what is going on, he denies that Barbara is his mistress, though she dwells under his roof. Yet he will not quit Paris and go home. Barbara tries to ensnare Riccardo, who, to save Paolo, would take her away with him. In idle moments she inflames Sandro, a rustic and also a model, with a virginal Bettina back in his village. A blackmailing Paris journalist named Gomez (drops in frequently to collect checks on Paolo's bank with his signature forged by Barbara, in return for humorous magazine articles hinting at a strange spell which she as model exercises over Paolo as artist. There is much talk of love and hate, of pictures and purchases. There is much drinking out of foreign-looking bottles.

Miss Nash, who has appeared frequently in Boston in choicer roles and vehicles, does her desperate best to make Barbara plausible. She drapes her in pyjamas and other sheer raiment, she smokes and poses and has tantrums, as all models proably do. But she is not consistent. One moment she is speaking the language of a gutter rat, as Paolo once calls here; the next she utters phrases fitting for refined drawing rooms. She hates to be hurt,—for evidently Paolo does not love her; but she never hesitates to hurt others. This Barbara evinces not one virtue. Paolo is a weak character, forced to beg for favors from this selfish, sex-ridden woman. Riccardo is the stronger, quietly compiling evidences of Barbara's perfidy intent solely on his brother's salvation. Sandro, stalwart, simple, solves the problem for all. In his final posing with Barbara for the painting, called "The Nymph and the Satyr," which is to command a princely purchase sum, he throttles her as he would a vicious animal. Mr. Douglas perpetrated this justifiable act with praiseworthy realism. Mr. Braggiotti was quietly effective as Riccardo, the secondary players were acceptable enough in roles which were never exacting. One pitied Mr. Peters as his lines eluded him repeatedly, he moved as one dazed. He was as one who did not quite know what it was all about. Perhaps, a month from now, he still may not know, much less care.

W. E. G.

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Chicago civic opera company. "Aida," opera in four acts; Plot by Mariette Bey, French prose by Camille du Loche, translated into Italian verse by Antonio Ghislanzoni; music by Verdi. Produced at Cairo, Egypt, on Dec. 24, 1871.

Aida	Mme. Muzio
Amneris	Mme. Van Gordon
Amonasro	Mr. Formichi
Rhadames	Mr. Marshall
Ramphis	Mr. Lazzari
King of Egypt	Mr. Baromeo
Messenger	Mr. Cavadore
Priestess	Mme. Burke
Conductor	Mr. Moranzoni

Has any one ever heard "Celeste Aida" sung as Verdi indicated—the final measures piano and pianissimo. As a rule the tenor bawls these measures, bawls with the full strength of his lungs, with eyes bulging, with arms outstretched towards the gallery, expectant of applause, courting it. If a tenor cannot sing "Celeste Aida" as it should be sung, 'twould be better to omit the air, as was done at the Berlin Royal Opera House in the eighties whenever Albert Niemann ventured to take the part of Rhadames.

Mr. Marshall, an honest laborer in the operatic vineyard, is not noted for vocal or dramtic finesse. Last night we were on the side of Amonasro, the Ethiopian King and his attractive daughter (Homer characterized the Ethiopians as "blameless," Zeno used to visit them). Amonasro is one of the finest apparitions on the stage. Verdi gave him music that fits his proud station and burning patriotism. How dramatically his entrance is prepared! The Nile scene is the most superb in the opera; this scene belongs to the rebellious King and his daughter. The music for Rhadames, stirring as much of it is, is of the earlier Verdi, except the measures with the accompanying trumpets.

And it was in this scene that Mme. Muzio shone brilliantly though the final note of her opening and nostalgic lament was a little below pitch. She was thrice admirable in the pathetic and beautiful passage after her father had thrown her from him.

The late John F. Runciman once wrote that the drama in "Aida" does not begin till the Nile scene. Would he have had the two preceding acts of exposition thrown aside? The drama begins at once with the evident rivalry of princess and slave. And in these acts Mme. Muzio sang with a dramatic force that musically equalled her exquisite lyricism in "La Traviata." Mme. Van Gordon was more attractive when she took matters quietly and did not force tones till they wobbled.

The chorus was effective throughout. Mr. Moranzoni kept his forces well together in the temple scene and in the triumphal march; he gave now a passionate reading of the orchestral score and now a poetic interpretation according to the character of the music and the situation. The ensembles were vigorous, though charming effects were gained from the chorus in the temple scene where the music of the priestess was sung delightfully. The opera was lavishly mounted. The settings were striking. Let no archaeologist shatter illusion and declare that they were not truly Egyptian. The management of the great crowd, with the various entrances and the evolutions of the ballet would have been creditable to any famous opera house. The great audience was justly enthusiastic.

This afternoon Massenet's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "La Navarraise"; tonight "Tannhaeuser."

CHICAGO OPERA CO.

By PHILIP HALE

Boston Opera House, Chicago Civic Opera Co. Matinee, double bill: "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," miracle in three acts. Poem by Maurice Lena; music by Jules Massenet. Monte Carlo, Feb. 18, 1902. Marechal, le Jongleur; Renaud, Boniface.

The cast yesterday was as follows:

Jean, le Jongleur	Mary Garden
Boniface	Mr. Formichi
Le Prieur	Mr. Baromeo
Un Moine poete	Mr. Ritch
Un Moine peintre	Mr. Ringlinz
Un Moine musicien	Mr. Defrere
Un Moine sculpteur	Mr. Nicolich
Deux Anges	

Mr. Lauwers conducted

The double bill drew a large audience, the bill and the fact that Miss Garden was to be seen in both operas. In "Le Jongleur" her voice was thin, weak, wiry. Perhaps she was saving herself for "La Navarraise" in which she was to appear for the first time in Boston.

The performance of "Le Jongleur" was otherwise an excellent one. The singing of the monks in ensemble and in solo work was superior to the music that Massenet gave them. His peculiar talent is shown chiefly in the music for Boniface, the Prior and in the orchestration. Mr. Baromeo characterized the Prior vocally and dramatically in an admirable manner; the monks who cultivated the arts and were jealous as to the leadership in these arts added greatly to the success of the performance, the feature of which was Mr. Formichi's portrayal of good, simple, kindly Boniface, the one inmate of the monastery who did not need a miracle to show him that the jongleur was a human being. Massenet gave to Boniface the famous legend of the sage bush written in his deliberately naive manner; for once not affectedly. It is a charming page. Mr. Formichi caught the spirit of the legend and the music, nor did he with his superb voice seek to give the recital swollen importance. Noteworthy also was his entrance with the stuff for the kitchen and the jar of wine, with his comments on the good fare. As Boniface he sank his individuality as he did in the role of Amonasro last Tuesday night. By the way, referring to the Ethiopian king and his daughter Aida, we quoted Homer's epithet "blameless" for that race and added, "Zeus" visited them. The linotype or the proofreader had inside information, for "Zeus" was changed yesterday morning to "Zeno." As that justly celebrated philosopher denied strenuously that there is such a thing as motion, it is more than doubtful that he would have stultified himself by going so far from home.

The management of the stage was again masterly. Mr. Lauwers showed authority and taste in his conducting. The working of the miracle was without flaw or hitch.

Shall we ever see "Le Jongleur" performed as Massenet wrote it; as it was always played, with the jongleur a tenor, until Massenet was persuaded to satisfy Miss Garden's ambition? Lily Manco Capac, the Peruvian inca, pr

Massenet could never say "no" to a woman.

"Le Jongleur" was followed by "La Navarraise," lyric episode. Text by Jules Ciaretie and Henri Caln. Music by Jules Massenet. London, June 20, 1894, Emma Calve, Anita.

Yesterday's cast:

Anita.....Miss Garden
Araquil.....Mr. Maison
Garrido.....Mr. Vieuille
Remigio.....Mr. Cotreuil
Ramon.....Mr. Ritch
Bustamente.....Mr. Defrere
Mr. Cooper conducted

Is it not likely that Massenet, knowing the success of a short opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," said to himself, "I'll show them what I can do in a tragic way"? And so he deserted his favorite heroines, light skirts repentant or incorrigible, and threw gunpowder instead of his favorite "parfum yonique" in the nostrils of his audience. "Yes," one hears him say, "now I'll go in for thunder and guns and all that."

Massenet had a keen sense of theatrical effects; so has Miss Garden: "La Navarraise" is first of all a theatre piece with music appropriately melodramatic. The pages for Anita and Araquil are of little musical importance. The music worthy of the better Massenet is in the description of the meeting when the jota was danced, and in the instrumental nocturne. Miss Garden did not improve the former by dancing a few steps. That jota was in Anita's memory, not in her feet when Araquil's father was regarding her sourly. The part of the girl of Navarre had been taken here by two great operatic tragedians: Mme. Caive for whom the opera was written; Mme. Gerville-Reache. The music calls for a dark and passion-fraughted voice, which is not Miss Garden's. She made a brave attempt at portraying Anita. She rushed about, was spectacular, at times truly effective; but this opera is not for her. Mr. Maison sang and acted with a conviction and a force that gave reality to his impersonation. Mr. Defrere delivered Bustamente's song in soldierly fashion. The others had little to do but did that little well. Mr. Cooper conducted in his own peculiar manner, and was more at home than he was in "Pelleas et Melisande." The stage business held the attention: the shooting, even if it was mostly into the air, the movements of soldiers, the bringing in the wounded.

There were many curtain calls for the participants in the two operas. It is only just to state that the afternoon was Mr. Formichi's.

"TANNHAEUSER"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Tannhaeuser," a music drama in three acts by Richard Wagner, performed by the Chicago Civic Opera Company. The cast:

Herman, Landgrave of Thuringia.....Chase Baromeo
Elizabeth.....Emma Redell
Tannhauser.....Theodor Strack
Wolfram of Eschenbach.....Rudolf Bockelmann
Walter of the Vogelweide.....Giuseppe Cavadore
Biterolf.....Eduard Habich
Henry the Scribe.....Lodovico Oliviero
Reinmar.....Antonio Nicolich
Venus.....Frida Leider
A Young Shepherd.....Helen Freund
"Venusberg" Bacchanale danced by Ruth Pryor, Edward Caton, Julia Barashkova, Sven Larsen and the ballet.
The three graces: Harriet Lundgren, Evelyn Chapman, Naomi Smith.
Conductor, Emil Cooper.

With "Tannhaeuser" the Chicago Civic Opera Company last night made the last of the five excursions into Wagnerian opera that have marked the present visit to Boston. The company has proved itself more than equal to the task—a heavy one—of presenting Wagner worthily. It possesses a nucleus of principal singers that for all-round competency could not easily be surpassed at present, meticulous and intelligent stage direction, and, in Egon Pollak, a conductor of exceptional gifts. Mr. Cooper, who conducted last night's performance, faced inevitable, though odious, comparisons with the conductor of "Lohengrin," "Die Walkuere," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan." He acquitted himself of his task energetically, with decision, even brilliantly, though one might complain upon more than one occasion that the volume of sound which his urgent gestures drew from the orchestra drowned not only the voices of the soloists but even those of the valiantly striving chorus. Even without the necessity of competing with an exuberant orchestra, singers are heavily taxed in this opera, and last night's soloists, even the robust Tannhaeuser and Wolfram, did not fail—after much singing—to betray their excusable fatigue.

Mr. Strack made an exceptionally manly, personable and plausible Tannhaeuser. He is that rarity—a tenor who can sing well and yet look like a strong, healthy, and active human being. The fact that he looked—and looked as though he felt—a trifle uncomfortable while singing his self-accompanied love-songs to Venus is not to be counted against him. His acting in general was finely varied, forceful, and intelligent. His singing, sensitive and of beautiful quality in its tenderer accents, rose to heights of ringing power. Mme. Leider's singing as Venus was excellent; she succeeded in looking and acting the part as well as may be expected from any singer capable of singing it. Miss Redell, though her voice is most ingratiating in music lighter than much of that allotted to Elizabeth, sang with a fervor and a rhythmic energy that lent force and conviction to her work, and with a skill that carried her admirably through an exacting role and brought her well-deserved applause. Mr. Bockelmann's singing, a little uneven last night in its purely vocal aspects, was, at its best, exquisitely musical; his thoughtful acting made a truly sympathetic Wolfram. The finely impressive singing of Mr. Baromeo as the Landgrave was deserving of high praise. All were warmly applauded.

The Bacchanale and the magnificent music of the Venusberg scene drew equally cordial applause.

This evening's opera will be Verdi's "Otello." S. S.

Feb 6 1931

"OTELLO"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera company. "Otello," a lyric drama in four acts. Libretto by Arrigo Boito translating and adapting Shakespeare's tragedy. Music by Verdi. Produced at Milan on Feb. 5, 1887; Otello, Tamagno; Iago, Maurel; Desdemona, Mme. Panteleoni. New York, April 16, 1888, Otello, Marconi, later Italo Campanini; Iago, Galassi; Desdemona, Mme. Tetrazzini (Cleofonte Campanini's wife). Boston, Grand Opera House, April 30, 1888, Otello, Italo Campanini; the others as in New York.

The cast last night was as follows:

Otello.....Mr. Marshall
Iago.....Mr. Vanni-Marcoux
Cassio.....Mr. Ritch
Roderigo.....Mr. Oliviero
Lodovico.....Mr. Baromeo
Montano.....Mr. Nicholich
A Herald.....Mr. Sandrini
Desdemonia.....Mme. Muzio
Emilia.....Mme. Claessens
Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Verdi and Boito at first thought of naming their opera "Iago" and developing the villain's character; hence probably Iago's monologue which was not suggested by anything in Shakespeare's tragedy. It could be omitted without impairing the action. Whether in these days—there are no more Tamagno's—Iago is not the leading figure in the opera, is open to discussion. When Edwin Booth played the part, he overshadowed every Othello except Salvini. Even Tamagno, marvelous as he was in the entrance scene, in the great tragic moments and in the murder of Desdemona, could not sing the love music at the end of the first act, but with white tones and false intonation he bleated like a goat.

Now the good qualities and the limitations of Mr. Marshall as actor and singer in heroic roles are familiar here. Mr. Vanni-Marcoux last night took the part of Iago in Boston for the first time. The role should make a singular appeal to him through what Victor Maurel was never weary of discussing; the psychology of the part, one that should call forth the subtleties of any baritone's art. Actors and Shakesperian commentators have given various reasons for Iago's hatred of Othello: that he suspected his wife of being false to him with the Moor; that he resented the promotion of Cassio; that it was his nature to do evil, that he enjoyed working mischief for mischief's sake. Aided as a singer is by Verdi's music, he cannot on the stage give marked support to anyone of these theories; he must take the character as Shakespeare shaped it and present Iago as outwardly frank and honest; inwardly a diabolical schemer, suspicious of every woman's virtue, looking on Othello as a stalwart gull, credulous, easily deceived, yet one whose reason could be shaken by jealousy and rage.

Mr. Vanni-Marcoux gave a portrayal that was picturesquely Italian in its treacherous grace. Verdi was extraordinarily successful in wedding music and text; music on the stage and in the orchestra pit that characterizes the singers, emphasizes the gentleness and purity of Desdemona, the vindictiveness of Iago, the growing jealousy that at last crazed Othello; the sadness of the opening measures of the last act, music that drips melancholy, told of the deed to be done. Mr. Vanni-Marcoux's Iago was that of one plotting even in his earlier lighter moments. The joviality of the drinking song was assumed. Iago was not a man to let the cannikin clink unless he were to profit by it. And so till his stoical end the grace, the outward courtesy, shown even in his poisonous song was thrown aside the moment he was alone, as when he proclaimed his "Credo." Nor did he, as some have done, shudder when he came to think of the end of all; to him annihilation was an indifferent affair. The portrayal was one that would bear careful study; study of movement, changes of countenance, use of heightened speech and song for a highly dramatic characterization. Nor for a moment alone with Othello was Mr. Vanni-Marcoux obviously anything but a devoted friend.

Mr. Marshall had stirring moments in his performance of the crushing role; moments that were pathetic, moments that were tragic. One could have wished a Cassio that would have given greater plausibility to Iago's hints and awakened without them Othello's jealously. It is enough to say of Madame Muzio that if she were the Desdemona of whom Verdi must have dreamed, she was also Shakespeare's.

Chorus and orchestra were under Mr. Moranzoni's firm and eloquent direction. What a opera this "Otello" is—one of the few operas in any language, of any school to which the term "great" can be justly applied.

The opera tonight will be Forrest's "Camille," which will be performed for the first time in Boston.

METROPOLITAN

"Once a Sinner"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by George Middleton; directed by Guthrie McClintic and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Diana Barry.....Dorothy Mackaill
Tommy Mason.....Joel McCrea
Richard Kent.....John Halliday
Serge Ratoff.....C. Henry Gordon
Kitty King.....Ilka Chase
Mrs. Mason.....Clara Blandick
Mary Nolan.....Myra Hampton
James Brent.....George Brent
Hone Patterson.....Sally Blane
Marie.....Ninette Faro
Pierre Lodi.....Theodore Lodi

"Once a Sinner," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, had the great advantage of being directed by Guthrie McClintic, a man who knows the theatre, knows moreover how to make his people walk naturally and talk without undue straining for effect. He handles a familiar plot with a certain smoothness and tact that helps to cover up the places that may have worn thin with time. He is helped in this by several good performances, notably those of John Halliday and Ilka Chase. The former plays a sympathetic and attractive man of the world with such finesse that he focusses most of one's attention on himself rather than on Dorothy Mackaill, the nominal star. Ilka Chase offers another of her worldly wise ladies of leisure, delivering her lines with a relish that won approval from an audience which did not take the dramatic climaxes in the story too seriously. Miss Mackaill is straightforward and sincere; she does not seem altogether convincing, however, and is treated rather badly by the camera. Joel McCrea, a wholesome, not too handsome youngster, handles an implausible role with all the earnestness he can muster, and C. Henry Gordon is satisfactory in a minor role.

The picture presents the old problem of whether a girl can live down her past. Diana Barry, formerly the mistress of the wealthy, middle-aged Richard Kent, marries an unsophisticated young inventor, Tommy Mason. She tells him what her life had been, but he refuses to know the name of her lover. A year later Mason receives a telegram asking him to come to New York; some firm is considering financing his invention. Reluctantly Diana accompanies him and soon discovers that it is Kent who is backer of the enterprise. Mason does not know this but he resents the fact that so many persons seem to know Diana and finally turns insanely jealous, demanding that Diana reveal the identity of the man who had loved her. Unable to endure the constant wrangling, Diana leaves her husband and goes abroad. In the end it is Kent who brings them together.

The outstanding attraction on the stage program yesterday afternoon was Duke Ellington and his celebrated Cotton Club band. They roused the audience to loud, even vociferous applause, which continued without pause through the 10-minute trailer that followed their appearance. Ellington plays the piano and conducts, while the members of the orchestra do their specialties, producing a lively, rhythmic, ear-piercing din. They have their own idea of jazz and it is undeniably effective.

E. L. H.

Feb 7 1931

"CAMILLE"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera company. First performance in Boston of "Camille," an opera in a prologue and three acts. English text based by Hamilton Forrest on "La Dame aux Camellias" by Dumas the Younger; the libretto translated into French by Jean Lockie. Music by Forrest. Produced in French by the Chicago Civic Opera Company at Chicago on Dec. 10, 1930. The cast last night was as follows:

A Page of 1850.....Oonna Park
A Page of 1930.....Alberta Baat
Count De G——.....Mr. Arshansk
Joseph.....Mr. Venable
Armand.....Mr. Hackett
Gaston.....Mr. Ritc
Prudence.....Mr. Claessen
Marguerite (Camille).....Miss Garde
Saint-Gaudens (A Man About Town).....Mr. Barre Hi
Julie.....Mme. Glad
Count Giray.....Mr. Nicolic
The Lady On the Piano.....Mme. D'Hermano
A Waiter.....Mr. Olivier
Marguerite's Butler.....Mr. Du
Nanine.....Mme. Freun
M. Duval.....Mr. Baromeo
The Doctor.....Mr. Nicolic
Paul.....Mr. Strechno
M. Robert.....Mr. Cavadol
Jacques (A Pianist).....Mr. Danscrea
The conducter was.....Emil Coope

This opera, if opera it may be called, was mounted luxuriously. The production must have been an expensive one. The wonder is that the managemen of the Chicago Opera Company accepted the work; that the singers could have been persuaded—with the exception of Miss Garden—to undertak the extremely difficult and ungratefu roles.

The libretto is in its main feature a vulgarization of a story that th younger Dumas told simply and pathetically; or of his play in whic Mme. Bernhardt and Mme. Modjesk not to mention others, showed grac and refinement, as well as gaiety, passion, self-sacrifice and anguish.

The music is by a young man wh has not yet learned his trade. Whe the music is not chaotic and futil there is an attempt to catch the spir and expression of the French scno graced by Debussy and Ravel; but M Forrest has neither technical spite n poetic feeling. The prologue brin Armand and Camille together in a opera box. The music is inconsequer tial even in the conversational yet

first act is chiefly a spectacle h reflects creditably on the man- of the stage. Only once or twice the composer establish a mood is suited to part or situation—in the beginning of the Father's to Camille in the second act; in a few pages at the beginning e final scene in the bed chamber. music for the most part is dull, terably once and this is a fault to be forgiven. The jazz music hich so much has been said is ordinary type.

would seem that this opera were ned chiefly to allow Miss Garden to fy her ambition and to show the able Mme. Claessens as Prudence, d, weavy in motion, inarticulate in h, through over indulgence in wine. Garden is far from understanding appreciating the character of as's heroine. She has created a ne of her own fancy, not attractive, ympathetic, not true to the French of the "grande amoureuse." She ws her gestures for this heroine other characters in which she erly shone. She may embrace nd wildly, she may run up and and about, gesture frantically, with self-pity, scream with rage—s artificial. No one can be per- d that her Camille ever existed. was little for her or for any one e stage to sing. Mr. Hackett made host of what was given to him. Mr. should attend a dramatic school acquire ease and significance on tage. When one considers the na- of the music, vocal and orchestral, s surprised that the performance so smooth. Mr. Cooper was, no , largely responsible for this.

er the second act the audience—ed the theatre—was enthusiastic. oubt this was largely due to the scene on the stage, with the ing, the yelling, the dancing to that had little or no merit except unced rhythm.

re was pleasure as one sat through era in remembering Verdi's beau- music in "La Traviata," and the rable performance a few nights f Claudia Muzia as Violetta.

opera this afternoon will be na's "Sold Bride." The season will onight with "Lucia di Lammer-

Great Russian Dancer Tells of a Remarkable Stage Career

THEATRE STREET: The Reminiscences of Tamara Karsavina; preface J. M. Barrie; 45 illustrations; E. P. Dutton & Co. 341 pp. $5.

By PHILIP HALE

Karsavina, a glory of the Russian ballet when it was at the height of fame, never visited Boston as a member of Diaghilev's company, but in September, 1924, she danced in Symphony hall without stage settings and in an congenial atmosphere of a concert auditorium. In her interesting volume of memoirs she says nothing about her appearances in this country. Her story begins with her dramatic escape from Russia after the revolution to England, which is now her home.

The daughter of the first male dancer of the Imperial Theatre, St Petersburg, as a child she looked forward to the dancer's life. Though her cultured father was opposed, he fed her ambition by telling her stories of the stage, in which he dwelt on the joys rather than the hardships. She was fortunate in her parents. Neither one was unduly stern nor too indulgent. Their punishments were mild. She's account of her childhood is delightful in its honesty and frankness. It did not chill the warmth of her life. The many anecdotes of her woes and joys throw light on the character of the family and Tamara's devoted nurse Douniasha. As a child Tamara read books of adventure, novels of Cooper and Jules Verne, fantastic stories of E. T. A. Hoffmann. This gave color to her life. She lived in expectation of marvels. Her mother's dream was to make a dancer of her child. "It is a beautiful career for a man," she would say, "and supposing it does not become a great dancer, a salary of the corps de ballet is more than an educated girl can expect elsewhere and that alone will make her independent."

Main studies were necessary to entry in the theatre schools. To the first were added arithmetic and the Old and New Testament French was added. There was a strict discipline in Theatre Street, the building where the ballet learned its art. There was a dress rehearsal six days, another one for Sundays. The pupils had their own unwritten laws of friendship: a girl had right to be on intimate terms with another besides the acknowledged friend. The description of the routine, the manner of instruction, the opinions of the various teachers concerning the best school of dancing—this description is full and of great interest.

Anna Pavlova was about to graduate. She was frail and thin. She hardly realized that in her lithe shape and technical limitations lay the greatest strength of her charming personality, so she swallowed cod liver oil, "the school doctor's panacea." But Guerdt divined the quality of her talent and told her to leave acrobatic effects to others. "What you imagine to be your shortcomings are the rare qualities that single you out of thousands." Lydia Kyasht, afterwards a famous dancer, was Tamara's sworn friend. Lopokova, as a small pupil, was given into Tamara's care. Theodore Kosloff, later known in this country and now living here, was transferred from the Moscow school. The St. Petersburg dancers were thought in Moscow to be too academic; the Moscovites were judged in St. Petersburg "dancers to the gallery." The many pages devoted to the training of the ballet are enjoyable, whereas they might have been dry and uninforming.

The next section of "Theatre Street" is devoted to the Marinsky Theatre, which Tamara entered as a coryphee at a salary of 720 roubles. The beginner usually received 600 roubles. "I brought my money straight to mother; she gave me my fare every morning. It was all the pocket money I had. In consequence I never could buy anything." She was first put in a group of solo dancers. Pavlova was one, virtually a ballerina. The theatre and the audience, including the "balletomanes," are amusingly described; also the various ballets, with Tamara's criticisms. One becomes acquainted with old man Johannsen, an instructor with one eye and a vocabulary of oaths of uncommon wealth. When Tamara had her first leading role, in "The Awakening of Flora," the cynical critic Skalkovsky praised her "inimitable grace of a young fawn, Byzantine eyes and supple arms. Karsavina, by her descent, belongs to the people who had created gods and heroes, whose present sons carry on a small traffic in sponges and Rahat Lakum. . . . She gives a generous promise." In 1904 she met Bakst, "a dandified young man in appearance, pernickety in his ways." Italy was visited, and there Tamara took some lessons of Signora Beretta, once a great star at La Scala. Nijinsky was to finish the school in 1906. Some said "He is not much to look at, and will never be a first-class mime." It was Diaghilev who made him "a creature, exotic feline, elfin." There is a curious story of a ballet revolt, of Tamara, Pavlova, Fokine, as revolutionaries. Isadora Duncan is discussed. At first Tamara fell completely under her sway. Later, in Paris, she found her a "militant doctrinaire." "Her art was personal by its very nature, and could only have remained so." She had "shortcomings and sublime qualities."

There is much about Isadora, Fokine and Sokolova. Diaghilev has a whole chapter, with this prefatory note: "The day I finished this book, August 20th, 1929, I got the news of Diaghileff's death. I offer to his dear memory this section, a poor expression of love and boundless admiration."

It would be a pleasure to quote liberally from this engrossing chapter, but lack of space forbids. There is an elaborate study of Diaghileff, the great artist, and a Plutarchian description of the man himself. In London Adeline Genee, "the first to fight the strong remains of Victorian prejudice, not only by the purity of her art, but by her high spiritual integrity," then dancing at the Empire, said "sweet and encouraging words" to Tamara. Lopokova comes on the scene; also Chaliapin. Nijinsky is expelled from the Marinsky troupe; marries at Buenos Aires; at last tragedy—the loss of his mind. Ruth Draper acted for Tamara. "Not a word could I understand . . . I could not help feeling I was seeing an actress of great power in front of me." There are several pages about Cecchetti, who was often in Boston with the Russian Ballet. Debussy, Ravel, Hahn, Cocteau are not forgotten, nor Strauss and De Falla.

ABYSSINIA TOPIC OF BURTON HOLMES

Evening of Wonders Pictured On the Screen

The subject of Burton Holmes's travel-talk last night at Symphony hall was "Imperial Abyssinia, and the Ethiopian Coronation." A more strange and brilliant panorama of people and ceremonies than that shown is difficult to imagine. From the moment when Mr. Holmes, usually so impeccably correct, appeared on the stage robed in a velvet cape, long tight white trousers, an overdress of scarlet brocade, and a sun helmet, the evening was full of wonders. Scenes of the proudly independent country of Abyssinia, a Coptic Christian empire in the centre of Mohammedan Africa, the land of the Queen of Sheba, which is still ruled by her descendants, showed typically high, dry, flat plains, with tall trees, stony underfoot. The central city of Addis Ababa (meaning "The New Flower," and so christened by Menelik II, the man who led the Abyssinians in a victorious fight against the Italians, and who consolidated this land into a powerful and respected state), as a fair city, up-to-date, populous. Through its streets, during the ceremonies of the coronation of Haile Sellassie, "Conquering Lion of Judah," streamed warrors from all parts of the vast kingdom (it is larger than France and Spain), loyal subjects, and the ministers and ambassadors of the greatest European states and America, who came to pay respects.

Certainly the welcome extended to visiting Europeans was magnificent, as lavish as the Emperor's venerated ancestor, Solomon himself, might have prepared. Thousands of tall, white-clad warriers lined up at railway stations, and met trains with solemn ceremony; as many thousands of generals, with hippopotamus-hide shields lion-mane capes and headdresses, and long spears, paraded through Addis Ababa, or rode furiously on fine horses. In the streets traffic regulators became hysterical when forced to cope with laborers carrying telegraph poles or with herds of goats; there were times when the traffic and the traffic policemen engaged in hand-to-hand combat, and other times, when the policeman simply laid about him with a switch, quite beside himself. The scenes of the coronation were romantic, proving the living reality of legends that seem too ancient ever to have existed. The robing of the King in magnificent garments and the great jeweled crown, and the presentation of the scepter and the sphere of life, were impressive. The Emperor himself, in the many views Mr. Holmes showed of him, appeared to be of innate majesty and intelligence. Like the ruling class, he is not negroid but Semitic. In his train are many tall, handsome men of the arrogant Arabic type; the main body of the people are the stalwart, intelligent, and gay-hearted Ethipolan, fine-looking.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Cimarron"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the novel of the same name by Edna Ferber; directed by Wesley Ruggles and presented by Radio Pictures, with the following cast:

Yancey Cravat	Richard Dix
Sabra Cravat	Irene Dunne
Dixie Lee	Estelle Taylor
Felice Venable	Nance O'Neil
The Kid	William Collier, Jr.
Jess Rickey	Roscoe Ates
Sol Levy	George E. Stone
Lon Yountis	Stanley Fields
Louie Heffner	Robert McWade
Mrs. Tracey Wyatt	Edna Mae Oliver
Mr. Bixby	Frank Darien
Isaiah	Eugene Jackson
Ruby Big Elk (woman)	Dolores Brown
Ruby Big Elk (child)	Gloria Venic
Murch Rankin	Otto Hoffman
Grat Gotch	William Orlamond
Donna Cravat (woman)	Nancy Dover
Donna Cravat (child)	Helen Parrish
Cimarron Cravat (man)	Donald Dilloway
Cimarron Cravat (child)	Junior Johnson
Pat Leary	Robert McKenzie

So many photoplays in recent years have been called epics and sagas that the words have lost their potency. One must find a new word or phrase to set in appraisal of "Cimarron." It is photodrama of finest texture and of broadest scope. It is graphic, human, often thrilling. For two hours and five minutes—and you cannot afford to miss even that odd five minutes—Edna Ferber's stirring, throbbing narratives is reproduced by Wesley Ruggles and his cameras and his players so vividly and so engrossingly that time becomes nothing. You realize that here is something extraordinary, something enduring, a monumental achievement in cinemaland.

The development of Oklahoma from its earliest days to the present is the broad theme of novel and picture. The two dominant figures are Yancey Cravat and his wife, Sabra Venable Cravat. Yancey is a restless dreamer, orator, adventurer; loyal in his love for wife and children, champion of the weak and deliverer of the oppressed; a deadly pistol shot and a hard rider; a periodic wanderer who twice abandons his home and his printing office, who in performing his most heroic act, that of saving countless souls from annihilation, sacrifices himself, or what is left of an indomitable man. Sabra is gentle born, loyal enough to follow her husband into wild lands, to help him in his work, to condone his weaknesses, to honor and to worship him even in his cruel absences. Through a period of 41 years, the picture follows the lives of these two; and their lives are interlocked with the extension and the development of civilization of that vast primitive territory which was to become one of these United States. As Yancey's fire burns lower and lower, Sabra's mounts. She has been elected a congresswoman. She rushes from a banquet in her honor to hold in her arms Yancey's mangled body. "Wife and mother, you stainless woman, hide me, hide me in your love," he exclaims. And she replies, "Sleep, my boy, my dearest boy!" Peer Gynt and Solvejg, parting in the mire of a frenzied old field!

Edward Cronjager, chief cameraman, has performed wonders. The opening shots of the rush of the land-seekers, are a racing whirl of wagons, horses, human beings. The fight between the brutish Yountis and Yancey at the first church service in the gambling saloon, and that with The Kid and his outlaws, in which Yancey comes out victorious, both these are superbly pictured and acted. There are many instances of other deftly staged scenes. If there are moments when one's attention flags, when interest languishes, such moments are soon submerged in some new and exciting episode. It is safe to say that never before has a notable novel been transferred to the screen with such fidelity or such improving touches.

Mr. Dix has created his greatest character. He shows the many sides of Cravat clearly, dramatically. His speech is natural—and he has many trying scenes, as when he preaches and kills from the same platform, or when he defends Dixie Lee in court, despite the efforts of Sabra and the other good women of the town to drive her out. He is tender, gay, boyish; or stern, immutable. He ages before your eyes, yet his inherent strength and fascinating qualities are never wholly dimmed. Miss Dunne makes Sabra womanly always, with courage and vision steadier even than that of Yancey. There are many other fine performances, such as those of Eugene Jackson as Isaiah, the Negro boy who adored Yancey and died for his little son; of Roscoe Ates as the stuttering printer; of Edna May Oliver as the prim widow of revolutionary lineage; of George Stone as the grateful Jewish pedler-Merchant, Sol Levy; of young Mr. Collier as the likable bandit; or of Mr. Fields as the craven Yountis. Not to see "Cimarron" is to miss a glorious picture.

W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Dance, Fools, Dance"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Richard Schayer from the story by Aurania Rouverol; directed by Harry Beaumont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Bonnie Jordan	Joan Crawford
Bob	Lester Vail
Bert Scranton	Cliff Edwards
Rodney Jordan	William Bakewell
Stanley Jordan	William Holden
Jake Luva	Clark Gable
Wally	Earl Fox
Parker	Purnell B. Pratt
Selby	Hale Hamilton
Della	Natalie Moorhead
Sylvia	Joan Marsh
Whitey	Russell Hopton

Joan Crawford makes another excursion into the underworld in "Dance, Fools, Dance," current feature film at Loew's State Theatre, and the result is sufficiently exciting to make one hope that she is through with the tawdry "Blushing Brides" and "Dancing Daughters" stuff that has been her preoccupation for the last year. The narrative is consistently interesting and for the most part well acted and directed. There was only one mistake made: The sort of mistake that gives a minor player so many good opportunities that the star gets left out in the cold. The outstanding performance in "Dance, Fools, Dance" is not Miss Crawford's, admirable as it is, but that of William Bakewell, of whom more anon.

Bonnie Jordan and her brother, Rodney, having lived a life of luxury and an endless round of good times, are left without a cent when their father dies suddenly. Bonnie goes to work on a newspaper and Rodney, an easy-going likable kid, is taken by his bootlegger, Wally, to Jake Luva, high-jacker and gangster. His job at first is simply to sell Wally's stuff to his society friends. Then the long arm of circumstances comes into play. Luva's men massacre seven members of a rival gang, an affair in which the innocent Rodney is implicated. Bert Scranton, Bonnie's deskmate on the paper, is sent out to pick up some clues, and, as luck would have it, talks to Rodney. The boy, his nerves all shot to pieces, is slightly indiscreet, and the merciless Luva orders him to kill Scranton or be killed himself.

Scranton's death sets the paper in an uproar, and Bonnie, bitterly grieved at the murder of her friend, agrees to a perilous scheme propounded by the editor. She gets a job in Luva's night club and soon attracts his favorable attention. While dining with him in his apartment she answers the telephone and hears Rodney's voice on the other end. Guessing by his tone that something is wrong, she goes to him at once and he tells her what has happened. Returning home, she finds Luva and Wally, who have come to get rid of her, but Rodney is close behind. Gun play and tragedy ensue, but Bonnie finds happiness in the end with a rich playboy, Bob Townsend, who had behaved rather badly but learned his lesson in time.

Miss Crawford, thin to emaciation, plays Bonnie with smouldering intensity and a satisfying consistency. William Bakewell's depiction of a pleasant,

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spoiled, not too strong-willed young man who takes the path of least resistance and is then driven to despair by the torments of his conscience, is a thoroughly admirable piece of work. Indeed, his death at the end of the story was the most genuinely moving moment in the film. Cliff Edwards, separated from his ukelele, contributes an excellent bit as the too-intelligent reporter, Scranton. Lester Vail, a newcomer to the screen, has so ungratful a role that judgment on his abilities will have to be postponed. He has an agreeable voice, however, and a pleasing manner. William Holden, Clark Gable and Earle Fox are satisfactory in smaller roles.

E. L. H.

Feb 8 '931

"THE SOLD BRIDE"

By PHILIP HALE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company, matinee, first performance in Boston of "Die Verkaufte Braut," opera in three acts, Czech text by Karel Sabina; music by Friedrich Smetana. Produced at Prague on May 30, 1866; in Max Kalbeck's German text at Vienna on April 2, 1893, Metropolitan Opera House in German on Feb. 19, 1909.

The cast was as follows:

Kruschina .... Mr. Habich
Kathinka .... Mme. Olszewska
Marie .... Mme. Raeidl
Micha .... Mr. Baromeo
Agnes .... Mme. Sharnova
Wenzel .... Mr. Dua
Hans .... Mr. Strack
Kezal .... Mr. Kipnis
Springer .... Mr. Ringling
Esmerelda .... Mme. Burke

Mr. St. Leger conducted this lively and pleasing folk opera, hich Smetana wrote to show that he could catch the national spirit without being at all influenced by Wagner, for the absurd charge had been brought against earlier works by him that they were full of Wagnerisms. He thought he could outvie Offenbach, but he had not that composer's sense of the stage, his musical wit nor his amazing ability to put the fitting music to text and situation. There has been only one Offenbach, too little appreciated in these days of jingle, jazz and vocal mush.

But Smetana did write "Die Verkaufte Braut," which should be translated "The Sold (not the "Bartered") Bride" if it were not that this translation is not so grateful to the ear. The librettist Sabina may have been a man of naughty deeds; he was mixed up in an affair of espionage and disappeared under a cloud, but he wrote a good libretto; clear, simple, human, introducing the marriage broker, a long familiar character in Bohemia. Kezal, to feather his own nest, persuades Hans to sell his betrothed to the half-wit stuttering Wenzel, but Hans adds a condition by which he keeps the money and retains his Marie, who had thought him false and contemptible and was in despair. And Sabina had the happy idea of a circus coming into the village; a scene that allowing burlesque feats and a pretty dancer, Esmeralda, adds to the gaiety and was yesterday a decided feature of the performance. Mr. Ringling played the ring-master with the utmost seriousness and was thus all the funnier.

This performance was spirited dramatically; it was musically agreeable though not ideal. The choruses were sung with the appropriate vigor and sonority; the quintet in the last act, one of the composer's happiest inspirations, was delightful; Mme. Raejdl was grateful to the eye, unaffected, not trying to be the prima donna in a part that is that of a soubrette; Mr. Strack forgot that he had ever sung in Wagner's operas and was a human being. Mr. Kipnis as is his wont in a comedy part, overplayed, introduced business not in keeping with the character of the marriage broker, anything to raise a laugh. Mr. Dua, the foolish stutterer, enamored of Esmeralda who was to show him how to put on a bear's skin, for the stroller who was to have played the bear was drunk, acted in low comedy vein; perhaps the role should be so taken; but this little opera is not a farce, nor should it be so performed; it is a peasant comedy, not without episodes of tender sentiment.

Then there were the two national dances. Smetana loved the polka. He wrote one for the piano as early as 1840; he wrote nearly 20 more, polkas de concert, polkas de salon, polkas for Louise, Georgette, Marie. The second movement of his string quartet "Aus meinem Leben" is marked "quasi polka." He himself was known in his youth as passionately fond of the dance.

A large audience enjoyed the opera and the performance.

"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Chicago Civic Opera Company in "Lucia di Lammermoor," an opera in three acts (four acts as played) by Gaetano Donizetti libretto by Cammarano based on Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor." First performed at Naples, Sept. 26, 1835. The cast of the present production:

Lord Henry Ashton .... Barre Hill
Lucia di Lammermoor, His Sister .... Margherita Salvi
Edgar of Ravenswood .... Antonio Cortis
Lord Arthur Bucklaw .... Theodore Ritch
Raymond .... Virgilioi Lazzari
Alice, Lucia's confidante .... Alice D'Hermanoy
Norman, Captain of the Guard .... Lodovico Oliviero

Incidental Dances by the Ballet
Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni

The Chicago Civic Opera company's visit to Boston ended last night with a performance of "Lucia" that evoked unusual enthusiasm. t was not a perfect performance; it had ragged edges here and there which betrayed either inadequate rehearsal or unexpected lapses, and Mr. Moranzoni, alert and energetic conductor, seemed occasionally hard put to it to hold the ensembles together. The stage direction, differing from that which distinguished the company's work in German opera, followed closely the hoary and antiquated traditions to which Italian opera is so slavishly devoted—traditions whose absurdity was chiefly obvious in the behaviour of the chorus. But it was a production fortunate in its principal singers. The scene was adorned by a Lucia for whom an Edgar might well be expected to court danger and seek death—a Lucia charming to the eye and most graceful in movement. Miss Salvi's voice, of adequate range to be prodigal of high F's, displays all the agility her part demands; its inherently beautiful quality suffers from a vocal method which gives it a slight stridency, but she showed last night an appreciation of the warm grace of Donizetti's melodies, and an ability to do them justice, that went far toward compensating for this defect. Her singing of the famous "Mad Scene"—with the quality of rapt and child-like absorption which she put into it, had a charm of its own which, combined with the fluency of her coloratura, evoked exceptionally energetic and prolonged applause. She was recalled many times after the fall of the curtain.

There is profound psychological truth in the use of a florid coloratura scene to indicate insanity, as any one who has seen drawings by insane persons, with their extraordinary exuberance of decorative line, will readily agree; but the argument, pursued too far, might lead to embarrassing conclusions.

Mr. Cortis used his fine voice with admirable dramatic and expressive skill; his acting had a directness and a decision that gave force to his impersonation. Mr. Hill, substituting for Mr. Bonelli, prevented by illness from singing, did good work as Lord Henry, displaying a voice of excellent quality but a certain stiffness of style. Other parts were in good hands. The popular sextet, beginning a little timidly and uncertainly, warmed up into a euphonious and stirring climax.

The graceful incidental dances in the second act contributed notably to the pleasure of the evening.

S. S.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. John McCormack, tenor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Thompson Stone, conductor. Sibelius, Finlandia. Grieg, "Peer Gynt" suite. Wagner, Siegfried Idyll. Liszt, piano concerto, No. 2, A major (Esther Miller, pianist). Strauss, waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Grieg, March of Homage.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Civic Symphony orchestra. Joseph F. Wagner, conductor. Goldmark, Overture to "Sakuntala." Humperdinck, dream and pantomime from "Haensel and Gretel." Massenet, Ballet Suite from "The Cid." Verdi, "Eri Tu" from "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Camille Girouard, baritone). Paul H. Allen, "Pilgrim" Symphony in D (first time in Boston).

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Hoffmann string quartet.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Dixie jubilee quartet (Messrs. Bowles, Henry, Benn, Furr).

TUESDAY—Symphony hall, 3 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Gordon string quartet. Brahms, quartet, A minor, op. 51. Carpenter, quartet (first time). Ravel, quartet.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.

George Copeland, pianist. Martini, Sarabande. Scarlatti, Pastorale. Capriccio. Bach, Jesus Christus, Filius Dei. Chopin. Fantasie-Impromptu. Valse, Mazurka. Ravel, Rigandon. Debussy, Le Petit Berger, Danse

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Elmer Rice's play "See Naples and Die," will be the play at the Copley theatre tomorrow night. The play has been described as an extravagant comedy; also as "a wisecrack in three acts." There's a Russian prince who lives by blackmailing his American wife, a Rumanian general with a girl from Vienna in his villa, an Englishman of the stage species, a German of the same order. The Italians introduced are also of the sort known in vaudeville. An elderly maiden lady, an American, who thinks "dear Millie will be so interested to hear about the General, her uncle was a Colonel in the Civil War." The typical American woman, Nanette, married to the Russian, asks her husband plotting dark and dirty work with his German associate: "Didn't the Tsar ever tell you it was impolite to whisper?" The two chess players are silent until the end, when they go decidedly into action.

When the play was produced at the Vanderbilt theatre, New York, on Sept. 26, 1929, Claudette Colbert played Nanette Kosoff; Pedro de Cordoba her husband; Roger Pryor, Charles Carroll; Beatrice Herford, Lucy Evans.

Mr. Rice has told the world how he happened to write "See Naples and Die," which bears a definite relation, he says, to his psychological history. He was a very sick man physically in the spring of 1928 and had no longing to work after he was restored to health. His "Street Scene" was being rejected by manager after manager. His morale was shattered. "I sat for days and nights in an inert blackness. My mind took on the white lucidity which is born only of weeks of insomnia and of complete despair. I had almost decided to give up living . . . Since, in my shattered state, it was impossible to face life directly, I sought consciously, for the first time in my existence, an escape from reality, and I resolved to write a play that would take me into a world as remote as possible from the one in which I was living."

So he thought of Italy—he had once spent a happy spring there—he thought of sunlight and color and "the beautiful sensual pagan people." He would not write a romantic play because he was not sentimental; nor a fantastical one, for he did not have the poetic gift. "It had to be what it is: A sort of exotic jeu de mots, a sophisticated fairy tale. It did not occur to me that any one would look for credibility. It seemed to me that the play is so patently the undying tale of the princess who had fallen into the toils of the ogre and of the shining knight who rescued her. I was telling myself a fairy tale, that was all; a story of the incredible happenings which befall extraordinary people. It was a joyous piece of writing done in the isolation of my New York apartment in the summer of 1928. I enjoyed it immensely. It cured me with its color, its gayety, its extravagances, its verbal acrobatics. Beyond that, there is no meaning in it. But it seems to me that no more meaning is necessary. I believe that every adult has need, now and then, of a fairy tale. And I think that 'See Naples and Die' supplies that need."

Not long ago Lt.-Col. H. P. Moulton-Barrett, grandson of Edward Moulton-Barrett, a character in Rudolf Besier's play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," wrote to journals of London protesting against the interpretation of his grandfather's character in that piece. The dramatist had hinted at an unsavory reason for Barrett's objection to Elizabeth marrying any one. The management published a card: "Sir Barry (Jackson) decided, with the concurrence of the author, to have this part of the play modified so as to give a more sympathetic representation. The effect of the alteration simply is that a certain element which it was possible to read into the last act has now been entirely removed." As if it were possible to make old Barrett a sympathetic character!

Last October it was proposed in Vienna to bring Johann Strauss on the stage as the hero of an operetta the music of which was to be by that master, music known and unknown. His heirs and publishers protested. Nearly a year before, Strauss's widow had objected to the use of the composer's figure in one of his operettas. She at last consented on condition that he should appear on the stage without a mask.

For a long time Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" was not performed in Vienna on account of the association with the terrible tragedy of the Ring Theatre where the opera was performing at the time of the fire. This was understandable. At Berlin there were no performances for some time because some of Hoffmann's family objected to the "misrepresentation" of the fantastical writer's character.

It seems that last month when a screen play, "Jenny Lind," was shown at the Empire, London, Jenny's daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, denied nearly every aspect of the story which she considers unflattering to her mother's memory.

I—Jenny did not have a love affair with a young Swedish composer who lost his sight in defending her name in an Italian opera house row.

II—She never sang in Italy; therefore could never have had a voca[l] contest there with an Italian prima donna.

III—When she studied with Garcia she had never sung in opera outsid[e] Scandinavia.

IV—"She married Otto Goldschmidt and she died in England in 188[...] at the age of 67." Yes, she married him in this country. Their honeymoo[n] was spent on Round Hill, Northampton, Mass. A daguerrotype of the tw[o] in the dress of the period was then taken. It was given to the late Loui[s] H. Mudgett by the owner and was on the wall of his room in Symphon[y] hall.

Mrs. Maude asks, and not without cause, what is the point of callir[ng] the film "Jenny Lind" when the story has practically nothing to do wit[h] the singer. "America must have felt that there was a difficulty somewher[e] because the film was released there under the extraordinarily irreleva[nt] title of 'A Lady's Morals.'"

It is alleged that Noel Coward was largely responsible for the film bei[ng] called "Jenny Lind" in England. He said he could not improve on it, f[...] "those who knew what it meant would be able to explain to those who c[...] not." To which blind statement one might easily exclaim: "How come?"

One celebrated man was desperately in love with Jenny Lind before s[...] married. He was Hans Christian Andersen. For him Jenny had only [...] friendly feeling. There is reason to think that more than once she regar[d...] his visits as a bore.

Mr. H. I. Phillips of the New York Sun read this paragraph on a the-re program:

"Mr. Crawley has acted with Sothern and Marlowe; also with Jane owl, and since 1296 with the Civic Repertory Theatre."

He gave it this headline: "Maybe It Only Seems That Long."

Mr. Stephen Rathbun is not the only one who thinks that theatregoers e entitled to hear as well as see. He recently wrote in the New York Sun: he present fashion of realistic acting, pleasing as it is, has a drawback. ayers often read their lines so naturally that they forget about the au-ence. They endeavor to have a private conversation on the stage. And a 'private conversation' I mean that they speak their lines in such a low-ched conversational tone that persons seated in the rear of the audi-rium cannot hear what they say. At least, they cannot hear every word it. They have been deafened, as it were, by too much realism on the part the actors. . . . There cannot be a private conversation even in a love ene on the stage, because the audience must hear every word of the alogue or the scene is a failure. I do not mean to be personal in men-ning two players by name, because this is a common fault both with nglish and American actors.

"I admit that I have written before on the need for clarity of speech the part of actors, but I feel that it is a subject that cannot be empha-ed too strongly. As theatregoers who are seated in the rear of a theatre e at the disadvantage of not having a close view of the stage, at least ey should be able to hear every word of the dialogue."

Apropos of "Street Scene" Mr. St. John Ervine writes: "The story is a or one, and I am not interested in the exact reproduction of garbage cans the stage, but the sincerity of the author is transparent. Mr. Rice has acutely perceptive eye. He observes the whole of our outside. If his owledge of our hidden life were as deep and as wide as his knowledge our superficial life, he would be the master dramatist of our time."

"Pickwick" in German has been broadcast in Berlin. They say that m Weller survived translation; that "Koteletten und Tomatensauce" was effective in Advokat Buzfuz's address to the jury as "Chops and tomato ce."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

Basil Maine, a music critic of high standing in London, is the author of vel, "Rondo," which is published by Longmans, Green & Co. It is not usical novel," with a superfluity of what Artemus Ward called "pretty -keeping talk," there is no gush, no hifalutin over "masterpieces." The is of a man, who happened to be a music critic by profession, and his ntures with four women, one of whom does not appear. What the hero, e hesitating, doubting critic can be said to be heroic, thinks of his pro-n is here of chief concern.

He meets Roma, when he was having only walk-on parts in plays. She ed to him as if he had encountered her in a procession of masks. "At oint I had been talking like a machine to a yellow dress and an aura n." She had an aggressively physical personality. It was at her house he met Eustace Glint, a pianist, who relied upon her for the sympathy h he failed to obtain from his wife. At least Roma thought so. The who had decided to leave the stage and to become a music critic—y 'become' as if it were a matter of donning a uniform!"—was let into house by a maid whose "careful tread and anxious look, hoped to con-o me that there was a Presence in the house and that I would do well move my shoes before entering the room," for Glint was playing De-s "Jardins sous la pluie." "The rain continued to pour out on the gar-like a shower of bullets. What plants, what flowers, I thought, could tand this relentless cascade?" There was an insolent parade of self ance. "The delicate lines of the music were used, not as a means of ing a continuity of life, but as tight-ropes upon which this audacious might casually caper to prove how little he cared for anything but ow of things.'" The hero, Mark Haverland, disliked Glint at once. liked him more when the pianist said: "I hear you've taken up music ism"— ("taken up"—what an eloquent expression of his mind!)—"don't t, you've got to write me a damned good notice for my recital on esday week."

There is much about Roma—a careful study of this extraordinary n—the last that is seen of her she is a street-walker—but let us r read what Haverland has to say about his colleagues; and let us for his peace of mind that they are not the men now actually at work ndon. If they are we should advise Mr. Maine to take his exercise dark and in side streets.

Haverland began to loathe his calling. Wigmore Hall became to him lt, "wherein night after night promising musicians were committed to r". The bouquets that were rushed in with such indecent haste by the dents after the first group of songs, and then laid out in profusion on iano lid, became wreaths arranged upon a coffin. The other members unholy profession began to take on the appearance of undertakers, ned into a waggish indifference by a lifetime of funereal rites."

Llewellyn Griffeths was "more and more pleased with the little reputa-he won for himself 15 years earlier, by arranging a few Welsh folk-as piano duets."

Arthur Proudfoot, since the publication of his monograph on Purcell, ecome "clumsier than ever with his enthusiasms and indictments, in-bly so where singers were concerned."

There was B. A. Honeyman, "who knew all the people really worth ing, and snubbed all the people not worth knowing, especially if he them already, and was said to be writing a book on the Madrigal that prove the utter futility of all previous books on that subject."

William Fisher, a translator of libretti, contracts, wills, all manner of documents, "whose frequent attacks of hay fever rarely permitted him y at a recital for more than five minutes."

James Lexington, "upon whose high brow 'The Dignity of the Press' be read by any with eyes to see, and whose example to the younger bers of his staff was so slavishly followed, that it was quite impossible which of them had written a given piece of criticism."

The hypersensitive Thwaites had been compelled to weep after Schnabel played a sonata by Beethoven, "and ever after had failed to find any good thing to say of any player or singer or conductor, however eminent."

These dark figures would wait for any slight infraction of "the little code of platform procedure, which each had laboriously made for himself. Every night there were the same inevitable puns on the performer's name or the works to be played. A new work by a Russian composer afforded end-less opportunities for the exercise of their sluggish wit."

And so Haverland thought at times that his profession was a despicable one. He was angered when a woman, stirring her tea, said to him: "I can think of nothing more delightful than to attend a concert every night of one's life."

Having heard Franck's violin sonata or Chopin's Fourth Ballade a dozen times in a month, he began to detest "the integument of sound which so often passes for the work itself."

The veteran critic, Henry Rose, a great authority, discouraged him. "There's no such thing as music criticism," he said. "With an ironic smile which seemed to add, "except mine—and perhaps yours, although I never read it . . . If I were as young as you, I should give up criticism as a hopeless job and become a boxer or a film-star." Then followed a discussion of whether it is impossible to suppress personality in criticism.

At Prague there were Burmese dancers. Haverland came to know one of them whose body was as "slim and lissom as a willow branch." She had a rich, thick Californian brogue. "Some of the girls are natives," she told him. "I've never set eyes on Burma. I was born in Bakersville, California." She called herself Manari Tan. She went to England and was persuaded to take lessons in English diction from Mary Filson-Orr, "sometimes mem-ber of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's company—(she had played parts like Audrey and Hypolita and Emilia, a versatile woman!)—now an authority." The description of her teaching is as amusing as the story of the drive with Manari to Cambridge is delightful. It was there that Haverland went into the chapel and played Bach's organ music to her. On the way home she said to him, "I've no time for fooling around. In sex matters I'm just a baby. I don't know the first thing. You see, I've been a good little working girl. Well, almost." Afterwards at her lodging house, waiting for her, he read a magazine article. The picture of a naked Balislan beauty put thoughts of Manari into his head. . . .

The fourth woman was a German prima donna about to sing at Covent Garden, a woman of noble character. They grew to be friends, and talked without reserve. She rarely spoke of her work in the opera house. It was she who told Haverland he must go back to Madonna, the woman from whom he had been separated—why is not told. "You will find love. Go to her. . . . You have broken joy upon the wheel of lust. The fragments are in your hands. Return quickly to what remains."

Sacree, Danse Profane, Reflets dans l'eau. Pagodes, L'Apres-Midi dun Faune. Turina, Los Babedoress de Mazanilla. De la Vina, Andaluza. Pittaluga, Danza de Chivato. Nin, Serenata. Turina, Sacro-Monte. Nin, Homenje a la Jota.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 11 A. M., Ernest Schelling's concert for young people. Destouches, Le Tambourin de Triomphe. Rameau, Rigaudon, Musette, Gavotte from "Acante et Cephise." Bach, Suite. Folk songs; Hexlein willst du tanzen, Hopsa Lizella. El Vito (Dorothy Gordon, singer) Gretry, Tambourin et Gigue. The children will sing " 'Taint Gwine Rain No More." Players from the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Nikolai Orloff, pianist. Scarlatti, Four Sonatas. Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques. Chopin, Twelve Preludes. Stravinsky, day's Symphony concert.

Danse Russe from "Petrouchka." Debussy, Toccata. Liszt, Feux Follets, and Polonaise.

Symphony hall, 8 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Repetition of Fri-

JOHN McCORMACK

A recital by John McCormack is an vent against which, apparently, the ements conspire in vain. The people ho came through yesterday's snow to sten to the popular Irish tenor were ore than enough to occupy all avail-ble seats in the auditorium and on oth sides of the platform of Symphony all; a considerable number stood. This as Mr. McCormack's program: O Sleep why dost thou leave me? (Semele) Handel; Sentirsi il petto accendere (Artaserse), Vinci; Memnon, Arthur Foote; Good Night, Dear (Old Lute Melody), arranged by Bunten; Old Sacred Lulla-by (from the German), arranged by Liddle; When Night Descends, Rach-maninoff; The Bard of Armagh, ar-ranged by Dr. John Larchet; The Gar-den Where the Praties Grow, arranged by S. Liddle; Kathleeen Mavourneen, J. N. Crouch; What an Irishman Means by Machree (words by F. P. Donnelly, S. J.), Ernest Torrence; The Fairy Tree, Vincent O'Brien; Far Apart, Edwin Schneider; The Prayer Perfect (words by James Whitcomb Riley), Oley Speaks. Alfred Boyington, violinist, played the following pieces: Lied ohne Worte, Men-delssohn; Etude-Caprice, Wieniawsky; Melody, Glueck; Caprice Viennoise, Kreisler. Edwin Schneider was accom-panist.

Mr. McCormack's qualities are too well known to need description. He combines the charm of sentiment, the humor, the telling diction of the perfect ballad-singer with a delicate mastery of vocal technique that makes him no less admirable a singer of old airs of more formal kind, or of that sort (like the old German lullaby and the old lute tune which he sang yesterday) whose beauty lies rather in the charming, un-affected grace of the tune itself than in the sentiment of the words. He is thus fortunate in a faithful following of at least two different kinds of listener—not only those who yesterday, as ever, applauded to the echo his characteris-tically winning way with some Irish folksongs and unpretentious ballads, but also those who admired his spirited and graceful singing of the air "Sentirsi il Petto," by Leonardo Vinci (not the fa-mous artist, engineer, etc., but a nota-ble composer of the early 18th century).

If a fault may be found with Mr. McCormack, it is with his occasional tendency to introduce certain character-istics of the ballad style into his singing of other kinds of song. Yesterday after-noon, for instance, a slightly explosive enunciation of the words broke up the legato of Handel's "O, sleep," while a habit of altering the written musical rhythm into a rather choppy, more nat-ural, speech-rhythm destroyed its flow-ing, classically even progress. Similarly, this predominating clarity of the word spoiled the crepuscular mood, the "at-mosphere," of Rachmaninoff's "When Night Descends" (otherwise known as "In the Silence of Night"). But in gen-eral the concert was such as to rouse the audience to enthusiasm. There were many encores, of course. One stentori-ous voice in the second balcony per-sisted, to Mr. McCormack's amusement, but in vain, in requesting "Johnny" to sing "The Last Rose of Summer"; the owner of the same voice appeared a lit-tle later to be delivering himself of an oration, though its purport was lost in the storm of applause which was re-warding the singer.

S. S.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra gave its seventh concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Be-cause of the illness of Thompson Stone, conductor, the program was directed by Will Dodge, the orchestra's assistant conductor. Esther Miller, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as fol-lows:

Symphonic Poem "Finlandia".....Sibelius
"Peer Gynt" Suite .....Grieg
Siegfried Idyl .....Wagner
Concerto No. 2 in A Major for Pianoforte Liszt
Waltz, "Tales from the Vienna Woods" Johann Strauss
March of Homage from "Sigurd Jorsalfar" Grieg

Yesterday's concert was delightful in many ways. First, the program was well chosen, being compounded of short pieces, classic favorites and not too dif-ficult symphonic music—exactly the musi that should round out Boston's symphony orchestra fare, and lend it variety, before the seasonal advent of Pops. And secondly, the orchestra

really bloomed under Mr. Dodge's baton. The tone was rich and full, entrances were secure, and a splendid flexibility and sensitiveness to the desires of the leader made itself noticed.

Mr. Dodge set vigorous, expressive tempi; his beat is clear, precise, dependable. Under his guidance, the orchestra played Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite with a refreshingly northern sparkle, like fresh snow; Mr. Dodge knows that Grieg is never sentimental, but merely naive and imaginative. The tempi he set, the clean-cut melodic lines and the dynamic variety he achieved, made this music well worth hearing, overplayed though it is. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" was a little less successful, on the whole, but then it demands infinitely more. Though it was not a finished performance, still it was a moving and tender one; the threads of melody, and the rich Wagnerian orchestration, were woven by the orchestra into a strong tapestry of music, satisfyingly expressive. Mr. Dodge's Viennese waltzes are heartier, more bouncing and gay that those generally purveyed in concert halls; "Geschichte aus dem Wiener Wald" was only momentarily sensuous yesterday—most of the time it was honest dance music, joyous and full of life.

The orchestra gave a stirring performance of Liszt's A Major Piano Concerto, with the competent and poised co-operation of Esther Miller at the piano. Miss Miller plays with security, brilliance, and rhythmic verve. That the orchestra was too loud some of the time was regrettable, for it covered some of her delicate and agile passage work. She was warmly applauded, and presented with a basket of flowers.

A large audience heard the concert, and gave signs of enjoyment.

The next concert of the orchestra will take place on Feb. 22. The program will be announced later. E. B.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Naughty Flirt"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Earl Baldwin and Richard Weil from the story by Earl Baldwin; directed by Edward Cline and presented by First National with the following cast:

Kay Elliott	Alice White
Alan Ward	Paul Page
Linda Gregory	Myrna Loy
Wilbur Fairchild	Robert Agnew
Jack Gregory	Douglas Gilmore
John R. Elliott	George Irving

Here we have Alice White in society, one of the younger set supposed to be in endless pursuit of thrills, and, of course, supplied with wealth enough for every whimsical impulse. As Kay Elliott she excels in her ability to get herself expelled from various exclusive girls' schools, and she has an apparently uncontrollable mania for acquiring new if not constant boy friends. When Kay falls in love with Alan Ward, a junior attorney in her father's law firm, Alan fails to reciprocate at once. He has heard stories about her fickleness. Yet they become engaged. Then Linda Gregory, who has no money and few scruples, plots to break the match and to swing Kay into the arms of her brother, Jack, who is something of a lightweight. Incidentally Linda would compromise Alan by staging a chamber scene in which she would be found in attractive lingerie. With Alan in a very uncomfortable position. The scheme works, almost, but, thanks to a family friend, one Wilbur Fairchild, with incidental support of Kay's father, Alan is able at the last moment to take Jack's place at Kay's side, with a country justice of the peace ready to pronounce them man and wife.

It is a trifle of a piece, lightly acted by a small cast of principals. Miss White and Mr. Page are their usual juvenile selves, armed with an abundance of that sort of flippant speech which is now current in or out of the studios. More seriously considered performances are given by Myrna Loy as the sophisticated and seductive Linda, by Mr. Agnew and Mr. Irving.

A companion picture is "Fair Warning," a Fox western, with the smiling George O'Brien as the fair-haired hero. George, a child of nature, who loves horses and dogs, is brought up by a Mr. Cumberland, who has a ranch and a pretty daughter. Known as Whistling Dan, he can clip four gold pieces tossed in air with four shots. He and Jim Silent, a vicious outlaw played by Mitchell Harris, become deadly enemies, with the odds favoring first one and then the other. But is it obvious that in the end Mr. Harris is going to bite the dust, and that Mr. O'Brien will win the girl, played by Beatrice Huntington. It is the sort of western which the youngsters love; not very consistent, but replete with hard riding, gun duels and plenty of out-door scenery.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Right of Way"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Frances Edward Faragoh from the novel of the same name by Sir Gilbert Parker, directed by Frank Lloyd and presented by First National with the following cast:

Charles "Beauty" Steele	Conrad Nagel
Rosalie Evanturel	Loretta Young
Joe Portugais	Fred Kohler
Billy Wantage	William Janney
Luis Trudel	Sniitz Edwards
The Cure	George Pierce
The Seigneur	Halliwell Hobbes
Kathleen	Olive Tell
Crown Attorney	Brandon Hurst
Suzetta	Yola D'Avril

Sir Gilbert Parker's best-seller of its day has served stage and screen well. In 1907 the late Theodore Roberts and Guy Standing—now Sir Guy—created on the stage the contrasting characters of Joe Portugais, the burly, simple-minded trapper, and of Charlie Steele, the brilliant, cynical lawyer, drunkard and atheist who for a time lost his identity, found a true love in the northern wilderness, and redeemed himself in the eyes of God before he died. Some time ago a silent picture was made, with Mr. Roberts again as Joe Portugais and easily the dominant figure in that screen drama. Now, in its voiced form, Charlie Steele becomes the central character, with Joe little more than a feeder. That is, as the picture is now presented at the Keith-Boston. It is possible that originally there was more even division of acting honors, but a process of cutting evidently has resulted significantly in Mr. Nagel's favor.

The picture opens with "Beauty" Steele's eloquent plea in defence of Portugais, on trial for murder. As all readers of the novel know, Portugais is acquitted, though when he attempts to thank his attorney, Steele stares through his monocle, brushes him away and exclaims, "Out of my sight! You're as guilty as hell." We witness the scene of parting between Steele and his wife, Kathleen, who feared him and loved another man; the fight in the waterfront dive in which Steele is beaten unconscious and tossed overboard, to be rescued and nursed back to health by Portugais, aided later by Rosalie, daughter of the village postmaster, 100 miles north of Quebec. We hear Joe telling Steele why he must not marry Rosalie, we are given glimpses of Steele's mental torture as he gradually realizes who he is, how he got there, why he cannot go back. For one thing, Kathleen's brother, Billy, had stolen $10,000 from a trust fund for which Steele was responsible, and he would be accused of the crime.

Thereafter, the picture becomes fragmentary, not always logical. After Steele has journeyed down the river to Quebec, learned from Billy that Kathleen, believing him dead, has remarried, and gone back to keep his promise to Rosalie that he would return, it is not made clear why Billy should have followed him, accused him of not keeping his promise, and shot him fatally. This end of the film is hurried and unconvincing either as narrative or melodrama.

Mr. Nagel takes full advantage of what actors call a 'fat' part. He plays the foppish Charlie to the hilt, yet cannot be accused of overdoing in. Mr. Kohler, giving a splendid physical view of the voyageur, is denied much of his appealing speech. The others are good, within their confining opportunities. If one missed the scenic beauties of the silent film, there were Mr. Nagel's mellifluous cadences for compensation.

W. E. G.

REPERTORY

"Rasputin's Love Adventures"

A screen drama by Dosio Koffler, edited and titled by Irving Shapiro, photographed by Laszlo Schaettler and directed by Martin Berger, presented by the Screen Guild with the following cast:

Prince Felix Felixovich Yusupov	Jack Trevor
Madame Tatarinoff	Natalie Lissenko
Tsaritsa Alexandra	Diane Karene
Tsar Nikolai II	Irvin Kaiser
Grand Duke Nikolai Nikolaevich	Max Schreck
Countess Ignatieff	Diane Dierks
Adjutant Blinski	Albert Kergy
Globitscheff	Alexander Murski
Globitscheff's Wife	Uli Tridenkaja
Rasputin	Nikolai Malikoff

Grigori Rasputin, horse thief, healer, saint, devil and insoluable mystery, is brought to the screen at the Repertory Theatre for the current week is a film entitled "Rasputin's Love Adventures." The picture was made in Germany several years ago, and while it bears unmistakable traces of outmoded screen technique it is undeniably effective in its own laborious, stilted way, and Rasputin, as portrayed by Nikolai Malikoff, is an unforgettable, terrifying person. Cutting has resulted in a somewhat jerkily moving story, but the period covered is roughly that from the day Rasputin came to the Russian court to the night of Dec. 16, 1916, when Prince Felix Yusupov and a few friends decided to take the law into their own hands and kill him.

The whole affair was gruesome and the effect that Rasputin had on the fall of the empire and the attitude of the Russian people toward his intimacy with their rulers, can never be estimated. Without doubt he was possessed of some miraculous hypnotic power, for he alone was able to cure the sickly little czarevitch when he was thought to be dying. Aside from that he was an ignorant peasant, without morals or education and filled with an insane lust for power. As the film shows him, he is utterly repulsive and so evil that it is easy to understand how hated and feared he must have been.

Nikolai Malikoff, playing the part, spared no pains to achieve a remarkable likeness to the pictures of Rasputin and puts forward a realistic, compelling performance. The long, straggling beard, the hair parted in the middle with just the faintest suggestion of the tonsure, the deep-set, close together eyes, the awkward powerful figure clad in the peasant blouse, are employed to produce a highly dramatic and plausible effect.

Of the other characters the most interesting performance was given by Jack Trevor as Prince Yusupov—a high-strung, fastidious young aristocrat, who forced himself, despite his nervous repulsion, to fain friendship with Rasputin in order to bring him to death. The moments when he sits with Rasputin, waiting and hoping for the poison to take effect are cleverly contrived and filled with suspense.

Also on the program is "The Break-Up," an interesting pictorial record of the breaking up of the ice in one of the great Alaskan rivers. It was photographed by Capt. Jack Robertson, explorer and adventurer, who contributes an explanatory lecture along with the picture.—E. L. H.

PARK

"Resurrection"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Finis Fox from the novel and play of the same name by Count Leo Tolstoy; directed by Edwin Carewe and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Prince Dimitri Nekhludoff	John Boles
Katusha Maslova	Lupe Velez
Princess Marya	Nance O'Neil
Maj. Schoenbock	William Keigbley
Princess Sophia	Rose Tapley
Simon Katinkin	Michael Mark
Euphemia Botchkova	Sylvia Nadina
First Judge	George Irving
Exile	Edward Cecil
Merchant	Mary Forman
Olga	Grace Cunard

Several years ago, when no one had ever heard of talking films, Tolstoy's novel, "Resurrection," was made into a picture with Dolores Del Rio as Katusha Maslova and Rod La Rocque as Prince Dimitri Nekhludoff. Remade as a talking film, with musical interludes, the same drama may now be seen as the current feature attraction at the Park Theatre. Obviously, a great deal of care was put into the picture; dozens of extras, swathes of snow and several mountain ranges were utilized to convey a truly Russian atmosphere. That this desired effect was not achieved is due chiefly to the unfortunate dialogue that mingles lofty and altruistic sentiments with an astonishing brand of Cockney English. That certain episodes in the tale were genuinely moving is owing to the efforts of Lupe Velez, who, with a really serious and tragic role on her hands for once, succeeded beyond expectation in giving real sincerity and depth of emotion to the unhappy Katusha.

The story is derived in its main outlines from the Tolstoy novel, with occasional backward glances to the preceding silent film, owing possibly to the fact that Edwin Carewe directed both the silent and the audible versions. Prince Dimitri, a gay and philandering young Russian nobleman, makes love to Katusha Maslova, a peasant girl working in his aunt's house. She gives him everything, but to him it is only another passing affair. During his absence with the army, she is sent away and after the birth and death of her baby, she sinks to the lowest depths. Accused of murdering a man for his money, she is brought up for trial before a jury that includes Dimitri. Overcome with remorse and horror, he is unable to save her from a sentence of hard labor for life in Siberia. His efforts to obtain a new trial failing, he undertakes to go with her to Siberia. She tries to dissuade him, knowing that he is actuated by pity and the realization that her plight is due to him, but driven by his repentance and awakening love he refuses to return.

Finally, as the last stage of the journey is about to begin, Dimitri obtains a commutation of Katusha's sentence and begs her to marry him and start life again. Her finer feelings aroused, Katusha refuses, knowing that Dimitri, despite his protestations, would one day most bitterly regret having made her his wife. She therefore joins the train of convicts on the way to the silver mines. Katusha, in the hands of Lupe Velez, is frequently convincing and effective, particularly when she bitterly protests the injustice of her sentence. John Boles was not an altogether happy choice for Dimitri; he looked handsome but neither soul-tortured nor Russian.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COPLEY—"See Naples and Die," comedy: 8:20.

LYRIC—"Stepping Sisters," comedy: 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"Topaze," comedy, with Frank Morgan: 8:30.

SHUBERT—Nina Rosa," Romberg-Harbach operetta: 8:30.

WILBUR—"Barbara," with Mary Nash: 8:20.

NOTE—The Colonial, Majestic and Tremont theatres are dark this week.

Feb 10 1933.

LYRIC THEATRE

"Stepping Sisters"

"Stepping Sisters," a farce comedy in three acts, by Howard Warren Comstock; staged by Albert Banister and by him produced at the Waldorf Theatre, New York, April 22 1930, with Theresa Maxwell Conover, Grace Huff and Helen Raymond; presented last evening at the Lyric Theatre with the following cast:

Jepson	Edward Cutler
Herbert Ramsey	Dean Raymond
Cecelia Ramsay	Theresa Maxwell Conover
Norma Ramsey	Alice Davenport
Mrs. Donaldson	Helen Mitchell
Teddy Donaldson	William Lynn
Mrs. Chambers	Marjorie Dalton
Mr. Chambers	George McEntee
Lucile Lawson	Pauline Rowe
Jack Carleton	Norman Horn
Regina Chetworth-Lynde	Helen Raymond
Rose LaMarr	Grace Huff
Mrs. Randolph Tremaine	Alice Grey

Three women, no longer young, meet at Herbert Ramsay's country home near Patchogue, L. I. Most of these country homes of farce comedy are in Long Island. The three women, 20 years ago, were known as Queenie Lynch, Rosie O'Toole and Cissie Blake. They carried spears and wore tights in a burlesque show called "Step, Sisters, Step," and of its kind it was a good show. Queenie became Regina of the hyphenated appendage, assumed a stately carraige and impressive air, spoke intimately of Sir Henry Irving, proclaimed herself a successful exponent of Shakespearean roles. Cissie is now the wife of Herbert Ramsay, a self-made man, and she has a pretty little daughter, Norma. Her husband knows that she is an ex-burlesquer, but the neighbors don't, and she thinks the daughter doesn't—wherein she errs. The third of the trio, Rosie, is unchanged. She puts on no airs, still talks the argot of back-stage and dressing room and those little rooms off the old saloons where once one could get a refreshing glass of lager for a nickel. They have now met because Mrs. Ramsay has agreed to act as hostess to certain visiting Thespians engaged to take part in a benefit show for some local charity.

After the surprise of that first encounter the three old-timers loose their tongues, recall old escapades and scandals, tell tales one on the other. They swear not to allow their real status in the social scale to become known to the village 400 or its fraction thereof. Soon it is seen that Queenie still loves her liquor, that Rosie is in search of a gay old dog who has been very helpful in a financial way but whose real name she does not know. There is a rehearsal of sorts, Ramsay returns from Montauk, having forgotten his golf sticks, and faces Rosie, who has donned tights and flourishes a spear for her number in the show. These and other minor events consume two acts; the third permits Mrs. Ramsay to have hysterics, and to recover in time to tell a delegation of horrified villagers what she thinks of their hypocritical ways, and to assert her pride in the fact that she, as well as her two guests, graduated from the front row in burlesque. There is a love affair between Norma and Jack Carlton, a musical comedy singer who sings twice, inoffensively. Cecelia, at first opposed, agrees in the end that Norma might do worse. There also is a subnormal character named Teddy Donaldson, who bleats and chatters and is thoroughly objectionable. As Mr. Lynn played this part he heightened rather than modified that aspect.

The evening belongs to Miss Conover, Miss Raymond and Miss Huff. They create the three dominant characters, supply the atmosphere, have all the funny lines. Deservedly so. When three actresses as clever as these can carry three acts of a play which boasts of the most shadowy of plots, can give an audience a final impression that it has witnessed something exceptionally amusing, they are entitled to all the applause which that audience bestows. That of last evening might have been larger, but it ssemed to enjoy the confessions, bickerings and banter of Queenie, Cissie and Rosie. Had the dialogue been more subtle, or the performance more pretentious, doubtless that enjoyment would have been appreciably less. Honesty seems to be the best policy, even in the theatre.

W. E. G.

COPLEY

"See Naples and Die"

"See Naples and Die," a comedy in three acts by Elmer Rice; produced by Lewis E. Gensler at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, Sept. 26, 1929, with Claudette Colbert as Nanette Dodge Kosoff, Roger Pryor as Charles Carroll, Pedro de Cordoba as Ivan Ivanovitch Kosoff, and Beatrice Herford as Lucy Evans; presented last evening by the Copley Players at the Copley Theatre with the following cast:

a player ..... Mark Kent
s player ..... Herbert Lawrence
l Rowlinson ..... Jack Storey
Evans ..... Jessie Busley
Von Klaus ..... Morton L. Stevens

s Carroll ..... Richard Whorf
..... Peggy Williams
lis de Medici ..... Cecilia Smiley
cunde Wandl ..... Anne Seymour
tte Dodge Kosoff ..... Rachel Hartzell
age driver ..... Harry A. Huguenot
o Ivan Ivanovitch Kosoff ..... George Coulouris
an ..... Emile Beliveau
Elizabeth Dodge Norton ..... Barbara Hastings
Jan Skulany ..... Dugald Olmsted
d ..... Josef Lorenzo

ven a Pulitzer prize winner may his lighter moments and Elmer was assuredly far removed from stern realism of "Street Scene" he wrote "See Naples and Die," ented last evening by the Copley ers for the first time in Boston. author wrote it while he was rering from a serious illness and felt e mood to tell himself a fairy story: se his own words, "a story of the edible happenings which befall exrdinary people." What he succeeded riting was a wildly incredible, Any Hope meledrama expressed in abundance of up-to-the-minute rican wise-cracks. As it stands, it uld not for a moment be taken in thing but a spirit of enjoyment: it is nt to entertain and succeeds adbly. Last night's audience, a subtial one despite the weather, found h to amuse them.

he scene of the play is set in the rtyard of a pension at Naples and action is continuous. So, for all that, are the humorous remarks. re is a somewhat Graustarkian cast haracters: Nanette Dodge, married nst her will to the decadent Russi Prince Ivan Ivanovitch Kosoff, Charles Carroll, her upright young American sweetheart, Kunegunde Wandl, a charming lady attached to objectionable Rumanian general, Ivan Ivanovitch himself. Above there is Mrs. Evans, blandly irresible, talkative, well meaning and uisitive. To get on with the plot, nette had a sister, Mary Elizabeth Dige Norton, who had written indreed letters to Ivan and the latter to Nanette the price of his silence. divorce was to have followed immiately on the marriage and the uniary arrangements, but Ivan dekd that he was in love with Nanette so proceeded to follow her. Charles, antime, had taken pity on Kunegde and was about to take her to is when Nanette arrived, closely llowed by Ivan. We'll leave you to low the plot from then on—it would a pity to give away the ingenious slightly ridiculous solution.

The company last night carried off ir parts with spirit and apparent asure, modulating their voices to suit playhouse, but not so much as to der the playwright's lines incompreensible. Rachel Hartzell made a handne, spirited Nanette, despite the agssive slanginess of her role, and chard Whorf seemed quite in his elent as a likeable young wise-cracker. sie Busley contributed a delightful rtrait of the chatty lady from Columus, O., who was on such intimate rms with the Sphinx and the Taj hal. As the languid Prince Ivan, o talked about his soul, ate oranges d behaved like a consummate scounel, George Coulouris was decidedly nusing, and Anne Seymour contribed a charming Kunegunde. The oths in the cast were satisfactory and e single setting was appropriate and tractive. E. L. H.

Feb 8 1931

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

or the third concert of the Tuesday arnoon series Dr. Koussevitsky ned to Beethoven. From this source drew the following program: Symony No. 3 in E-flat major, otherwise wn as the "Eroica"; overture to the's "Egmont," and the concerto pianoforte in G major, Myra Hess, ist. None of these compositions can called unfamiliar; of the first two or might say that frequent repetition bred contempt, but such is not the when Dr. Koussevitsky is master the situation. At each reading he uses them with a new life. The rer comes again in contact with an acquaintance—better, an intimate nd—to discover that what he ught he knew is infinite—endless in urce, not so quickly grasped and erstood as once he in his tyrod conjectured.

Miss Hess played the concerto with utiful simplicity. Her far reaching lligence grasps a movement as a ole; from this she works out the des, coloring them as her impecable e dictates, but never losing sight he general contour. Hence the wonful unity of her interpretation. ere is no excess; everything is in place perfectly proportioned. With first chord she played she seemed feel the last, and so comprehended every part. Her interpretation convinced because of its clarity, because of the logical sequence of beginning, middle and end which she not only knows but feels. One might say that the tranquility with which she filled the andante and calmed the belligerent strings made this movement more beautiful than the others. But to say this would be to forget the burst of sunshine one felt at the opening of the rondo.

Dr. Koussevitsky wove a beautiful background for Miss Hess. The impression was much the same as an exquisite tapetry gives with the orchestra the setting, the pianist the predominate figure, both skillfully interwoven. As a result of this too perfect creation the overture which followed it seemed a little pale.

Both Miss Hess and Dr. Koussevitsky were welcomed and applauded by a large and enthusiastic audience.

The next concert of the series will be on Feb. 24. L. B. D.

GORDON STRING QUARTET

The Gordon string quartet (Jacques Gordon, first violin; Edwin Ideler, second violin; Josef Vieland, viola; Nohoum Benditzky 'cello), last heard here in the early part of the present season, gave a second concert at Jordan hall last night. The three quartets that comprised their program were Brahm's in A minor, Op. 51, No. 2; a new quartet in A minor (never before heard in Boston), by John Alden Carpenter, and Ravel's quartet in F major.

The quality of the performance renewed the deep impression made by these four excellent Chicago musicians last November. The wide range of their merits was sufficiently patent in their playing of Brahms's second quartet. Their polished, beautifully balanced rendering of the answering and interweaving voices of the lyrical movement—so typical of the more amiable Brahms in its manners and mannerisms; their rich tone and sustained mood in the long slow movement; the delicately mysterious effects of tone color and the charming piquancy of rhythm that they achieved in the third movement; the virility and sensitive beauty of their playing of the Hungarian theme and its various transmutations in the last; these things gave pleasure and made clear the artistic stature of the performers.

Carpenter's new quartet was no less fortunate in the quality of the performance through which it was made known to a Boston audience. Its three movements were played without pause. They gave pleasure, but revealed, at a first hearing, no marked homogeneity. Nor did their gracefully, skilfully written music betray any strong individuality of style or material. From its mildly harsh declamatory opening to the inoffensive jazz of its close, the quartet paid occasional homage to the great French impressionists, made pleasant play with irregular rhythms and ingenious and charming part writing. It was well received.

Ravel's graceful and lively quartet was accorded an exquisitely polished performance; the gentle fluidity of the first movement was rendered with unforgettably warm and flowing elegance; the fast movements had the requisite sparkling, dancing, pointed rhythm. The spirit, the balance of tone, the unanimity of attack and accent, displayed by the artists of the evening were beyond praise. They were applauded very warmly by their large audience. S. S.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Sit Tight"

An all-talking screen comedy by Rex Taylor, written directly for the screen; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Dr. Winnie O'Neil ..... Winnie Lightner
Jojo ..... Joe E. Brown
Sally Dunlap ..... Claudia Dell
Tom Weston ..... Paul Gregory
French Girl ..... Lotti Loder
Walter Dunlap ..... Hobart Bosworth
Olaf ..... Frank Hagney
Charley ..... Snitz Edwards

At the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia Theatres for the current week is another of the Winnie Lightner-Joe E. Brown comedies to delight the numerous admirers of this popular pair. The fun inclines to the broad, occasionally to the low, but it appears to please, and, after all, that is what matters most with this sort of a picture—built to entertain, not to instruct. Mr. Brown utters his familiar wailing cries from his astoundingly cavernous mouth and runs round and round in circles like a chicken with its head cut off, while Miss Lightner caustically berates him from the sidelines. The film boasts some really effective and thoroughgoing wrestling scenes. Those participating enter into it with such earnestness that they appear to bite chunks out of one another's limbs and assuredly they hit the canvas with resounding thumps. Something tells us that the ornamental Paul Gregory was not really doing the battling but his double put up an impressive scrap.

Dr. Winnie O'Neil, proprietress of a fake farm, is assisted by Jo-Jo, an irrepressible half-wit who fancies himself a great wrestler. Winnie takes a fancy that Tom Weston, a recently fired bank clerk, will make a champion wrestler, so she sets to work to train him and finally wagers everything she has that he will win the championship. Tom's girl, Sally Dunlap, is very unreasonable about his change of occupation and demands that he come back once more and take up the more respectable work of banking. His refusal makes her angry and more unreasonable than ever, especially when Tom maintains that it is up to him to make good on Winnie's account. Finally Mr. Dunlap has Tom kidnaped the night of the big match and Winnie is in a terrible state.

Jo-Jo goes into the ring to stall for him until Tom gets back and wins his match, more or less accidentally. Then Tom, having persuaded the Dunlaps to let him go, returns. He defeats his opponent and finds Sally cheering for him on the sidelines. Winnie Lightner, suddenly grown extremely thin, wisecracks her way through the sort of tough part that she has made popular. She even sings a song which is no particular help to the action. Joe E. Brown contributes his usual monkey tricks that are funny at times and again merely repetitious. Paul Gregory makes a likeable Tom, although seemingly a bit too soft for the more strenuous portions of the story, and Claudia Dell has little to do but look attractive. The assorted wrestlers are a convincingly tough lot. E. L. H.

Feb 12 1931

GEORGE COPELAND

At his recital at Jordan hall last night, George Copeland, pianist, offered the following program: Sarabande (Martini); Pastorale and Capriccio (Scarlatti); Jesus Christus, Filius Dei (Bach); Fantasie-Impromptu, Valse, Mazurka (Chopin); Rigaudon (Ravel); Le Petit Berger, Danse Sacree, Danse Profane, Reflets dans l'eau, Pagodes, L'Apres-Midi d'un faune (Debussy); Los Bebedores de Manzanilla (Turina); Andaluza (De la Vina); Danza de Chivota (Pittaluga); Serenata (Nin); Sacro Monte (Turina); Homenaje a la jota (Nin).

As the former pioneer and indefatigable missionary of modern French and Spanish pianoforte music in this country, Mr. Copeland surprises nobody by playing the best those parts of his programs that are devoted to such music. One might proclaim him an authority upon it if he were always to be relied upon to play it with as great fidelity to both letter and spirit as he did last night. Occasional divergences from the written score were indeed to be observed—for example, in Ravel's "Rigaudon"—but for the most part Mr. Copeland's French and Spanish groups of pieces were played with both imagination and discretion. The more delicate art, naturally, was exercised in his performance of an unhackneyed list of pieces by Debussy. (The "Rigaudon" from Ravel's "Tombeau de Couperin," which opened the French group, was marred by a slight excess of that mechanically insistent rhythm that serves Mr. Copeland so well in Spanish music but sometimes leaks into his performance of other kinds of music, with disastrous results.) The charmingly naive delicacy with which he played "Le Petit Berger" (from the "Children's Corner"), the gentle dignity and quiet yet warm sonorities of the "Danse Sacree," contrasted with the sparkling exuberance of the "Danse Profane," the exquisite evotation of mood and vision in "Reflets dans l'eau," showed Mr. Copeland's art at its best. No less delightful was the little pseudo-Chinese sketch "Pagodes" (from "Estampes)" A piano arrangement of "L'Apres-midi d'un faune" evoked much of the poetry—though, in the absence of Debussy's enchanting orchestration, little of the spirit of sylvan myth—that breathes from the original work.

In contrast with the perfumed delicacy of the French group, the Spanish music which closed the program exhaled a hot and brutal vigor. The rhythms of the dance gave these pieces their character; the heavy stamping of feet resounded through most of them. The urgent and exciting reiteration of accents, the tremendous volume of tone which swelled upon the air with so little apparent effort on the part of the pianist, the warmly sung scraps of semi-Moorish melody that emerged, here and there, from the welter of percussive sound, roused the audience to enthusiastic applause.

The group of pieces with which Mr. Copeland had opened his concert had deserved more qualified comment. The learned Padre Martini's graceful Sarabande and an arrangement of Bach's "Jesus Christus, Filius Dei" were played carefully and musically. But most of the others, as Mr. Copeland played them, were romped through in a clumsy, happy, carefree style, with little regard for accuracy and no scruples about filling out harmonics or adding loud terminal chords. Some of the peculiarities of his version of the melody of the Chopin A minor Mazurka that he played yesterday were startling. S. S.

Feb 13 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Stolen Heaven"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by George Abbott from the story by Dana Burnet; directed by George Abbott and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Mary ..... Nancy Carroll
Joe ..... Phillips Holmes
Steve ..... Louis Calhern
Morgan ..... Edward Keane
Mrs. Woodbridge-Woody ..... Joan Carr
Harvey ..... G. Albert Smith
Dorothea ..... Dagmar Oakland
Henry, the Butler ..... Joseph Crehan
Mr. Cornell ..... Buford Armitage
Mrs. Cornell ..... Joan Kenyon

The Nancy Carroll-Phillips Holmes partnership which began so auspiciously in "The Devil's Holiday" is continued in "Stolen Heaven," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre. These two young players have an admirable facility for working together — their moods appear to match invariably, and there is a sympathetic quality about their emotional scenes which makes them very appealing. The material of the present picture is not by any means as good as one might like—the idea is interesting but not developed to its fullest possibilities. None the less, while Miss Carroll and Mr. Holmes are on the screen one can forget about the plot in the pleasure of watching them act.

Mary, a night-club dancer out of a job, befriends Joe, a desperate boy driven by hunger and lack of work to commit robbery. In gratitude he tells her that she must come with him while they spend the stolen money, live high and wide for a few weeks and get all they can out of life. At the end of that time Joe plans to kill himself, rather than go back and face a prison term or more months of hopelessness and hunger. Joe and Mary are married, spend money recklessly on clothes and then go to Florida to stay in the most expensive hotel they can find. Mary attracts the favorable attention of Steve, a rich playboy, and when the stolen money is almost gone, she asks him to gamble the rest for her and win. Steve loses what she gives him but makes it up to her out of his own pocket without telling her. Desperately anxious to save Joe, for they are now deeply in love with one another, Mary takes it without question. She finds Joe on the point of carrying out his part of the bargain, but with their newly-found riches, they decide to make restitution and then start again.

Meantime, the police have tracked them to the hotel. By a clever ruse Mary and Joe escape, and Steve offers them a chance for a getaway on his yacht, but something happens to make them change their minds. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes movingly portray the two lonely, friendless youngsters who come together by chance and resolve to live gloriously and die at the peak of life. If they were not so good, the chances are that the story would seem highly implausible; as it is, the brave attempt at a gallant gesture becomes something rather fine and exciting. It seemed that Mr. Holmes was holding back at times to give the centre of the stage, but he was sincere and rather touching just the same. Miss Carroll is constantly improving and plays her dramatic moments with such conviction that the audience forgets it is all make-believe. In the remaining role of any importance, Louis Calhern does a satisfactory job with a sophisticated man of the world. The picture is well photographed and intelligently directed by George Abbott. E. L. H.

FINE ARTS THEATRE

"Sous les Toits de Paris"

An all-talking French dialogue film, Tobis-Klangfilm production, with story and direction by Rene Clair; presented at the Fine Arts Theatre with the following cast:

Albert ..... Albert Prejean
Pola ..... Pola Illery
Louis ..... Edmond Greville
Fred ..... Gaston Modet
Bill ..... Bill Bocket
A Customer ..... Paul Ollivier

Last evening the Fine Arts Theatre, redecorated in gay and attractive fashion, reopened under the direction of Mr. George Kraska, and as a sample of the sort of entertainment to be presented at this house henceforth, a large invited audience was offered the first Boston showing of "Sous les Toits de

Paris" ("Under the Roofs of Paris"), Rene Clair's notable French picture of which so many good reports have been heard. It is a thoroughly delightful, artistic and interesting piece of work. The fact that the dialogue is in French need not worry prospective audiences whose knowledge of the language is slight, for the director has seen to it that speech occurs only when necessary, its place being taken by the most illuminating pantomime.

There are so many things about the film that one would like to praise that it is hard to know where to begin. Sound is used in such a manner that it conveys a sense of distance. A conversation will start outside the doors of a cafe, the characters enter, the doors shut and the gist of their words must be gathered from their pantomime. On the visual side there are innumerable clever touches, for M. Clair knows how to make even the backs of his actors speak volumes, while their facial play and gestures reflect every passing mood in a manner that might be impossible for Anglo-Saxon players. The backgrounds are authentically Paris; not the rich part of the city, but the poorer quarters where pickpockets, Apaches and ladies of light virtue mingle more or less unsuspected with their less picturesque neighbors. Shabby houses, spindling chimney pots—Rene Clair regards the latter with the eye of an artist and a familiar friend—the inside of cheap dance places, the bare cobbled streets, dimly lighted by antique lampposts, all seem so true that the story which they set off becomes the most believable thing in the world.

What there is of the plot is extremely simple, so simple that it suffers a bit from being too long drawn out. Albert and Louis, close friends, are attracted to a flirtatious damsel named Pola on whom Fred, a bully and the leader of a gang of thieves, has cast a desirous eye. He plants stolen goods in Albert's room, the latter is jailed as he is about to marry Pola and comes out to find that she has transferred her volatile affections to Louis. That is not quite all, but you may finish it for yourself. In the leading role, Albert Prejean, a more sentimental, less vigorous but charming edition of Chevalier, gives an excellent performance and sings the theme song, "Sous les Toits de Paris," delightfully. Pola Illery presents an attractive little person who attaches herself to any man who will take care of her. Gaston Modot is a perfectly villainous Fred and Paul Ollivier does a delightful character bit. In fact, the film is one you should on no account miss.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Devil to Pay"

An all-talking comedy adapted by Benjamin Glazer from the story by Frederick Lonsdale entitled "The Prodigal"; directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by United Artists and Samuel Goldwyn, with the following cast:

Willie Hale Leeland	Ronald Colman
Dorothy Hope	Loretta Young
Susan Leeland	Florence Britton
Lord Leeland	Frederick Kerr
Mr. Hope	David Torrence
Mrs. Hope	Mary Forbes
Grand Duke Paul	Paul Cavanagh
Arthur Leeland	Crawford Kent
Mary Crayle	Myrna Loy

An amusing, graceful trifle is "The Devil to Pay," not quite 100 per cent. English, as it might have been, yet satisfying enough for a full hour of light entertainment. Mr. Lonsdale, who, like Noel Coward, surpasses in the writing of fanciful dialogue tinged with satire and cynicism, has devised an ingratiating character in Willie Hale Leeland, restless, nimble-witted son of old Lord Leeland, and has set him to capering like an irrepressible schoolboy in front of a group of conventional associates who by contrast seem all the more staid and stodgy. The situations are neatly turned, the speeches invariably have ironic wit or genial humor, and a happy inspiration gives Mr. Lonsdale an opportunity to twist his amiable story into a clever denouement. In a word, thanks to Mr. Lonsdale's nice manners, to Mr. Colman's suave performance, to admirable direction and to mountings both lavish and correct, "The Devil to Pay" deserves commendation. Incidentally, it provides agreeable digression from over-laden programs of gangland or sex pictures.

Willie Hale admits that he is a gentleman tramp. He cannot stay in any place long. As the picture opens he is selling off the furnishings his father bought for his East African lodge. Landing in London with 20 pounds, he spends 15 for a thoroughbred Sealyham which he spies in a dog fancier's shop, takes Mary Crayle, an actress, to dinner on the remaining five, and sends his luggage home to give his testy parent something at which to rave. Lord Leeland has vowed before his elder son and his daughter that he will kick Willie out. Instead, he softens and gives him 100 pounds and a friendly pat. He is that kind of a parent, as Frederick Kerr so delightfully portrays him.

Thence onward, Willie keeps things humming. He takes his sister Susan and Dorothy Hope, daughter of a linoleum king, to the Derby, wins on a long-shot, falls in love with Dorothy and steals her from an impoverished Russian, dismisses Mary Crayle politely and turns the tables neatly on old Hope by a gesture which exposes the Russian and improves his own status. One sees less of George, the Sealyham, than could be wished, but the scenes in which the pup figures are amusing.

It becomes more and more evident that Mr. Colman is a unique personage of the studios, that he has an individuality and a technique which are absolutely charming and polished. He can enliven and decorate the simplest situation, illumine the most prosaic speech merely by a lift of his eyebrows or a quirk of his mouth. He serves as a tonic to his audience, as a stimulant to his associates, so that they needs must play their prettiest. In the main they do, Mr. Kerr, particularly, and Mr. Torrence, Mr. Cavanagh, Miss Loy and Miss Britton in less degree. Miss Young still seems unable to extract convincing emotions from a role. Youth [illegible] beauty are assets, but with these alone Hollywood must be over-populated.

W. E. G.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the 15th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon, was as follows: Pilati, Suite for piano and orchestra (first time in Boston). Honegger, Symphony (composed for the jubilee of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. First performance). Loeffler, Canticum Fratris Solis (after St. Francis of Assisi) for voice and orchestra; also "A Pagan Poem" (after Virgil), Mme. Povla Frijsh, soprano, was the singer; Mr. Sanroma the pianist.

Mario Pilati is a Neapolitan born in 1903, now a teacher of counterpoint, composition and musical history. This Suite is in four movements, Introduction, Sarabande, Minuet (Rondo), Finale. These movements are comparatively short. The Sarabande is the most musically thought and expressed of the four. In the other movements there is a too apparent endeavor to shun the obvious. One might say that in the three there are "smart Alecisms." The Minuet begins in a charming manner; suddenly the composer says to himself, "This will never do;" he introduces at intervals rapid and inconsequential passages and excuses himself for the liberty by putting "Rondo" after "Minuet." The Finale is an Allegro burlesca. As Queen Victoria once remarked: "We were not amused." The Introduction consists of tentative phrases which hint at something worth while to come. Pilati undoubtedly has a certain talent; he is not devoid of sentiment; he appreciates the beautiful—this is shown in his Sarabande. The other movements suffer from "smartness."

Mr. Honegger took his commission seriously. He considered the dignity and the importance of the occasion, nor was he willing to write the conventional "piece d'occasion" which is heard, disappoints expectation, and is at once forgotten. This symphony must be ranked with the best of his many orchestral works; in some respects it is the best. The first movement with its crashing discords will probably disturb those who like to led in the paths of the dominant and sub-dominant with now and then a straying into the field of the subdominant. But there is impressive power, there is fiery energy in the skilfully contrived discordant measures; they are there with a purpose. Havelock Ellis, speaking of the many who found—and still find—Proust unreadable and Joyce unintelligible, says "until we find the door and the clue the new writer remains obscure. Therein lies the truth of Landor's saying that the poet must himself create the beings who are to enjoy his Paradise." Surely no one yesterday, hearing the remaining two movements, if he knocked at Honegger's door found it shut. One could hardly fail to recognize the strength of the Adagio, its massive architecture, the heroic spirit of the long and resonant melodic lines; music of lofty thoughts not lowered by the medium of expression. As for the last movement, with its persistent rhythmic figures on which compelling musical sentences, always interesting, often eloquent, are declaimed; then the lovely tranquillity of the last pages—one may [illegible]ll fear lest this movement become at [illegible] "popular," and not in the best [illegible]ng of that word. It is a pleasure [illegible] that this new work of a high [illegible] composer was well received [illegible] those who have exclaimed "Honegger" to scare the timid from attending a concert when that name is on the program; who have honestly thought him a Bogyman, if not the Antichrist in music, were obliged to admit that there might be something in him after all.

Two of Mr. Loeffler's compositions were performed to bring him public honor, as a fortnight ago he passed his 70th birthday. It was on Nov. 20-21, 1891, that he appeared for the first time as a composer at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He then played his suite for violin with the orchestra of which he was a valued member; his suite "Les Veillees de l'Ukraine" (after Gogol). Since then while he was still a member and after his regretted retirement, he has enriched the repertoire of this orchestra and the repertoires of other orchestras in this country and in Europe by his compositions. Those chosen yesterday are no doubt among his best, some may say they are his best, but there are earlier works that one would gladly hear. For example, his "Villanelle du Diable"—in which the macabre side of his musical nature is revealed; his Divertimento for violin and orchestra; his concerto for violoncello; his tragic "Mort de Tintagiles," nor should his composition for a jazz orchestra be neglected nor thought too light for a symphony concert—we suffer from undue seriousness, not to say solemnity that is almost ecclesiastical—for Mr. Loeffler has shown that jazz may be refined, even poetic, as well as exciting.

Yesterday the composer, the conductor, the singer and the orchestra were loudly applauded; and singer, conductor and orchestra were united in the payment of tribute to Mr. Loeffler.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Handel, Concerto Grosso for strings, G minor, No. 6 (not op. 6 No. 9 as previously announced). Stravinsky, "Symphonie de Psaumes" for orchestra and chorus. Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique.

Feb 15 1931

SCHELLING CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Schelling, at his concert for young people in Jordan hall yesterday morning, was assisted by Dorothy Gordon, singer, and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The music chosen for this concert was as follows: Destouches, Le Tambourin de Triomphe. Rameau, Rigaudon, Musette and Gavotte from "Acante et Cephise." Bach, Suite. Gretry, Tambourin and Gigue. The folk songs for Miss Gordon were the Bavarian "Hexlein Willst du tanzen," the Alsatian "Hopsa Lizella" and the Spanish "El Vito." The children were asked to sing "'Tain't Gwine Rain No Mo'." Adele Holstein accompanied Miss Gordon.

Mr. Schelling described the various dances that at last, losing in some instances their popular character, were taken up by composers, as Bach, for movements in Suites. His description of the dances themselves as known in France, England and Spain, enjoyed by country folk and at court, was graphic. The merry pictures on the screen aided in the appreciation of the rigaudon, sarabande, bourree, courante, gavotte. So many kings of France and England were introduced that, as Mr. Schelling said, the children were given a course in history. To show the nature of the fugue, the children first sang a round, and sang it with great spirit indeed. They could hardly be persuaded to stop.

The musical selections were worth hearing, for themselves, as they were played; even without association with the verbal description of the dances. The "Tambourin de Triomphe"—how delightful the titles given to pieces by Destouches, Couperin and others—followed later by Rossini and Satie!—was taken from his suite, "Fete Galante," and orchestrated by Henri Casadesus. Would the children have been interested if they had been told that Destouches, destined for the priesthood, went into military service and finally resolved to be a musician? It is said that, not being capable himself to score his first opera, he hired some one to do it. Yet Louis XIV thought highly of Destouches and said he was the only one that had consoled him for the death of Lulli. How much Casadesus did to the "Tambourin" is unknown to us, but the music of Destouches as thus presented was charming.

Miss Gordon's folk songs—she sang them in costume—pleased the children greatly. The song sung by them all, "'Tain't Gwine Rain No More," was optimistic in view of the morning's weather. An old lady once said of this old folk-song dance, popular with Negroes of Texas, "she could remember nearly one hundred verses." The five printed on the program were enough for all practical purposes.

Mr. Schelling's next concert will be on next Saturday morning. The music then will be taken from Wagner's operas.

NIKOLAI ORLOFF

A pianoforte recital by Nikolai Orloff took place at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon, attended by a fairly large and extremely appreciative audience. The following was his program: Two Sonatas (Scarlatti); Rondo Brillant (Weber); Etudes Symphoniques (Schumann); Twelve Preludes (Chopin); Danse Russe, from "Petrushka" (Stravinsky); Toccata (Debussy); Feux Follets and Polonaise (Liszt). It was a somewhat unenterprising choice of pieces, relieved from dulness, however, by a performance distinguished both by individuality and by delicate taste.

Mr. Orloff made no attempt to capitalize indiscriminately his admirably fluent and secure technique by playing very fast and loud whenever possible, even though by so doing he might more surely count upon vigorous applause. Restraint and mode[ra]tion were everywhere to be noted, thou[g]h a vitalizing rhythm gave strength and sinew and unity to his playing, though subtly varied touch lent it tonal interest while gracefully molded phrasing and fine shading gave it elegance.

The two sonatas that he chose from Scarlatti were the best known—the "Pastoral" and "Capriccio." He reversed the order in which they are usually played, but, more important, he played them as music rather than as hard and brilliant studies. Into Weber's salon piece—a favorite warhorse of pianists of an earlier generation—he injected a surprisingly pleasurable quality of airy elegance, combined with effortless fluency, that was delightful. Few pianists today could make this "Rondo" sound anything but infantile and boring. He played the Schumann "Etudes Symphoniques" excellently, if sometimes—particularly in the lengthy finale—rather more deliberately than usual. The 12 preludes he had chosen from Chopin's 24 were a sheer delight from beginning to end, with delicately subdued beauty and subtly contrasted nuances of tone, alternating with warmer and more passionate sonorities and stronger rhythms, but never degenerating into romantic excess or unthinking violence.

The brilliant exuberance of the dance from "Petrushka"; the semi-classic, semi-impressionistic "Toccata" from Debussy's "Suite pour le Piano"—played with full and sensitive appreciation of its varying style; the exquisitely elusive and unearthly lightness by which he converted the much-abused "Feux Follets" into a delightful piece of impressionistic music; these were among the most pleasing features of an unusually enjoyable concert. Enthusiastic applause and several encores followed.

S. S.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Art Club, 156 Newbury street. Boston Flute Players Club. (Messrs. Elcus and Lauga, violins; Lefranc, viola; Zighera, 'cello; Laurent, flute; Gillet, oboe; Polatschek, clarinet; Laus, bassoon; Boettcher, horn; Sanroma, piano); Bliss, quintet for oboe and strings (first time). Rossini, quartetto for flute, clarinet, bassoon, horn. Piston, sonata for flute and piano (first time) Verdi, quartetto in E minor for strings.

Repertory Theatre, 3:30 P. M. Povla Frijsh, soprano. Peri, Gioito a canto mio from "Eurydice." Franz Maedchen mit dem rothen Muendchen, Marie, Es hat die Rose sich beklagt. Schubert, Rastlose Liebe. Chausson, Le Temps des lilas. Chabrier, Villanelle des petits canards. Debussy, L'ombre des arbres. Laparra Lettre a une Espagnole. Grovlez Habanera. Gretchaninov, Nuit d[e] printemps. Arensky, Errinerung. [illegible] Wolff, Faeden. Moussorgsky, La Mo[illegible] chef d'armes. Greig, Et Gyn. Fagg[illegible] The Birds. Quilter, A Melody an[d] Old English folk song.

Repertory Theatre, 8:15 P. M. Gu[illegible] Maier and Lee Pattison will play f[or] the last time in Boston music for tw[o] pianos. Mozart, Andantino, with fi[ve] variations. Ropartz, piece in B mino[r] Saint-Saens, Scherzo op. 87. Bac[h] Rheinberger, Air and Variations. Za[illegible] Moy Mell. Pattison, The Arkansa[s] Traveller. Casella, Puppazetti (sere[n]ade, nocturne, polka). Chopin-Mai[er] Two Etudes in G flat (played simu[l]taneously). MacDowell-Fox, Fore[st] Elves (from the first orchestral suit[e])

Boston Public Library Lecture H[all] 8 P. M. Alexander Romanesque, R[o]manian violinist of the First N[a]tional Institute of Violin.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Apropos of "Up Pops the Devil," Mr. Albert Hackett in answer to a end who said that the play was "a distorted and exaggerated picture" of e habitues of Greenwich Village, made a canvass of the village with him, see if the gin bottle was ubiquitous; if there were piliagers of ice-boxes. ifty representative homes were visitd. In 27 the ice-box had a lock. eventeen admitted that they had eaten out of somebody else's box. Fifty ew press agents and considered them "the most irresponsible and irressible of their acquaintances." Three men admitted that they were being pt. One man, who had not worked for three months, asked the visitors change a $20 bill. "Gin was unanimously considered the ambrosia of the llage. All had heard of champagne; 30 said they had tasted it, seven said ey had bought some when they were drunk." One villager boasted of ver having lived in one flat more than a week. Fifty-three novels were ing written; six were almost completed and the rest were awaiting "a dine inspiration." Four families were companionate arrangements. "Twenty-ven triangles were discovered. Further investigation revealed six recngles and 17 polygons."

This comedy in three acts will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow ight. It was brought out at the Theatre Masque, New York, on Sept. 1, 30, with Roger Pryor as Steve Merrick; Albert Hackett as Biney, the press ent; Sally Bates as Anne; Janet McLeay as Luell May Carroll.

We spoke last Sunday of Basil Maine's story "Rondo." When Haverland as in doubt whether he should persist as an actor, he consulted Sir George orrow. What Sir George said about the prevailing enunciation on the age, the inability of the audience to hear what is said, shows that even nglish players, supposed to be clear and distinct in speech, are no better an their American brethren and sisters.

"'No royal road!' he repeated incessantly with the air of a conductor echanically reciting 'Pass right down the car!'

"'No royal road!' And a good thing, too. People nowadays think that l they need to do is to walk in at a stage-door and find fame waiting for em with outstretched arms. The youngsters on the present-day stage are damned lazy. They don't intend to work. What's the result? They can't t, they can't move, and what's more they can't talk. Where are the good ices today? Not on the stage, that's certain. Why, I consider myself lucky I hear more than a third of a West End play from the middle of the alis. And I'm not hard of hearing, thank God! The fashion nowadays is mumble and rattle on, to make one long word of a sentence, to clip final s and skip middle consonants, and generally to make a mess of the Engsh language. Why, do you know, the other day I met a producer—one of ose young pip-squeals who imagine that the initials O. U. D. S. are the ghest qualifications for the theatre who was actually instructing a man ho was to play Prince Hal in 'Henry the Fourth' to speak his lines like a odern undergraduate. 'Drop all this Shakespeare nonsense,' he was sayg, 'and be natural. Talk as I am talking to you.' Well, seeing that the llow had a strong Cockney accent, the advice was not exactly edifying. But the performance, which later I saw, the young fellow had bettered his roducer's instructions. I left the theatre in disgust. . . . Mark you, the urel crown isn't to be won in a day. Wasn't it Lord Acton who said here is no more dangerous or immoral habit of mind than the sanctificaon of success'? And, by Jove, he was right."

When the Russian players were in Boston we were told that for enyment it was not necessary to understand the language; their acting as sufficient. "You know what's going on, you can tell by their faces and eir gestures." We timidly replied that, when Augustin Daly took his mpany to Paris, Sarcey of the Temps wrote this review, having stated e fact of their engagement: "As I do not understand English, I did not e the play."

On the first of last month the Habima Players were in London. Mr. mes Agate of the Sunday Times confessed that he suffers from the unique isability of being unable completely to comprehend a play in a language ot one word of which is known to him. "Unique because whenever disnguished Japanese, Chinese, Indo-Chinese, Siamese or Burmese actors isit us I am assured by gentlemen whom I would not suspect of wilful xaggeration that the strangeness of the language will form no bar to mplete understanding of the play . . . Even in language of which I have me smattering and in the case of plays familiar in English I have extraorinary trouble. I am ashamed to confess that even in the big soliloquies f Shakespeare acted in German or Italian I get lost after the first halfozen lines, and do not know whether Hamlet is discussing the law's delay r the native hue of resolution. In the matter of Hebrew I am in even orse position than that Tommy who said to the young French lady: Excuse me, Miss, I don't hear French; I only speak it.' It may be said hat the play's synopsis, always so thoughtfully provided, is of some help. is, and about as much help as a synopsis of Schoenberg's new tone-poem ould be to a deaf man trying to catch the meaning by watching the antics f the conductor, the carriage of the first fiddles, the demeanor of the ellos and the self-satisfied smirk of the triangle." The play was Calderon's The Crown of David."

"I should say at a guess that this company had as much individual nd collective genius as any that has visited these shores. But criticism houid not be guess-work, and no writer desiring to be trusted about matters f which he has some knowledge would be so foolish as to express an pinion in matters about which it is obvious that he knows nothing whatver. As it is, there are sufficient ways in which a critic can stultify himself without embarking upon this one. So in the words of Tennyson's armer:

'I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saay,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaay.'"

To the Editor of The Herald:

May I ask the privilege of amplifying the subject I wrote about recently egarding a "Theatre Francais" or Theatre American, in Boston, and at the ame time to reply to numerous comments, all commendatory and approvng, while regretting it as either Utopian, Quixotic or visionary.

The first two I emphatically dispute, but admit the possibility of the hird. The Atlantic cable, the steamboat, telegraph, telephone, phonograph, radio, were one and all visionary when first conceived, yet each required and developed the one man with the ability and the gift of nature to turn the trick.

Such a theatre as I suggest, requires the one man, with the two qualities I have mentioned, and he alone and unassisted. One writer inquires why not a certain other theatre instead of the Hollis, to which I reply that the fatal defect of the other theatre has been too much management.

The Hollis is ideal in every requirement; its ample stage with its unequalled scene-dock, its auditorium, its ample lobby and retiring rooms, and its accessibility.

The stage director should not attempt to teach the leading people how to act, they are supposed to know that already, but if not, they are no longer wanted. By not making them automatons, reflecting the one-man idea of acting, they develop personality and individuality. Neither should one of the principals ever be called upon to play a minor role, as it tends to lower their dignity and their standing in the minds of the public; this is a fundamental principle in the psychology of acting.

Imagine a stage director instructing William Warren, Charles Barron, Frank Hardenbergh, Annie Clarke or Mrs. Vincent, how to act a scene.

The minor people, yes, according to their needs, but never to destroy their distinctive characteristics. There is much more to this, but I trespass on space. Actors of personality and actresses of charm, become great favorites with their public, but must be let alone.

Emphatically, I repeat, this all depends upon the one man who possesses the genius to bring results, but he exists somewhere, and it is not impossible.

FRANK CARLOS GRIFFITH.

With the regularity of a well-behaved comet, the paragraphs about the bodily ideal man and woman appears in print. Miss Pola Negri, arriving in London, searched for an actor to appear with her in a play at the Coliseum. She found him. "His name," she said, "is Reginald Tate. He is 30. He is dark. He is handsome. He is 5 ft. 10 in." She did not state his weight.

Seeing the headline "Dame Madge Kendal on Make-Up" in the Daily Telegraph of London one would expect valuable advice to actors and actresses, professional and amateur. Dame Madge, alas, spoke only of modern girls, "bright young people whose brains have gone into their heels and who, in doing all the extraordinary things they do to their faces, are simply correcting the Creator."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

There will be concerts of more than usual interest this week. The Flute Players Club has arranged a program for this afternoon that presents Rossini, the great melodist, and Verdi, master of tragedy and comedy ("Falstaff") as writers of chamber music. The former in his younger years studied diligently the string quartets of Haydn. That he loved that master is shown by the compliment he paid by borrowing an air from him for the last act of "The Barber of Seville." When did he write this quartet? In his latter years? He amused himself then by composing piano pieces to which he gave strange titles, thus anticipating Satie—some of them, orchestrated, have served for a ballet from which a Suite has been derived—songs, choruses. We find no mention of this Quartetto. As early as 1809 he wrote pieces for strings—or were they arrangements?—for an amateur double bass player, one Triossi of Ravenna.

When "Aida" was in rehearsal at Naples, the soprano, Mme. Stolz, fell sick. Verdi, being at leisure, wrote a string quartet. He did not intend to publish it. Was it an experiment? If so, it succeeded. That Verdi was not unskilled in counterpoint is shown by the Sanctus in his Requiem and by the great vocal fugue at the end of "Falstaff." (And so Rossini's double fugue in his "Petite Messe" is admirably worked.) Here in the quartet Verdi shows his technical ability in the Scherzo. The Quartet was performed in Boston at a Euterpe concert in 1882. The Kneisels played it in 1901.

Arthur Bliss's oboe quintet was written for Mrs. Elizabeth Coolidge. The oboe part was first played in London by a brother of Eugene Goossens. It was said when the quintet was played in London that "the last cackle of the oboe is enough evidence of his (Bliss's) mastery in the domain of instrumental music." An English critic speaking of Bliss's "Hautboy concerto"—said of the oboe—"It can give anything it is asked to play an air of axiomatic wisdom."

Mme. Povla Frijsh brings a program of pleasing variety from Peri's air of Orpheus (1601) to a song by Laparra, known here chiefly by his opera, "La Habanera," and an orchestral suite played at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. She has been requested to sing the songs of Chausson and Fagge. It is a pleasure to find Franz represented on the program. He has been strangely neglected here of late.

So Messrs. Maier and Pattison will play together tonight for the last time in Boston. Many will regret to hear it. They have given great pleasure by their performances. One hopes that this will not be a case of "United we stand, divided ——"

Mrs. Marion Kingsbury, soprano, will be assisted on Tuesday night by two excellent artists, Mr. Laurent and Miss Pauline Danforth. The former will play the flute obbligato to an air by Bach and with Miss Danforth, a sonata by Philippe Gaubert, who, born at Paris in 1879, was first known as an accomplished flute virtuoso. For some years he has conducted the Conservatory concerts and filled the same office at the Opera House. He has composed at least one opera, ballets, orchestral pieces and chamber music.

An interesting feature of Mrs. Kingsbury's program is a group of songs to poems from the Persian. Rubinstein set music to several Persian poems and they are among his best. He shares with Franz undeserved neglect. (Mme. Jeritza will sing on Wednesday morning Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Tau," which some years ago was on programs of many singers.) The songs by Szymanowski and Strauss's Huldigung are by no means familiar.

Miss Danforth is heard too seldom. It is surprising that she has not been invited to play with the Boston Symphony orchestra at a Monday night concert. Inferior pianists have been thus favored. She will be heard again with Yelly d'Aranyi at a Symphony hall Sunday afternoon concert next month.

Mrs. Kingsbury will end her concert with an air from Donizetti's opera

"Torquato Tasso." This opera was produced at Rome in 1833. There is a dispute as to whether it has been neard in the United States. F. L. Ritter in his "Music in America" mentions a performance at Castle Garden, New York, in 1854, but the painstaking, accurate Mr. Julius Mattfield of the New York Public Library is unable to substantiate this statement. J. N. Ireland in "Records of the N. Y. Stage," says that an act was sung at Castle Garden on July 21, 1854. "On that day, however," writes Mr. Mattfield, "Verdi's opera 'Luisa Miller' was performed for the second time in America at that theatre." Other composers have taken Tasso for a hero: Godard's "Tasse" (Paris, 1878), known as a "symphonie dramatique"; Liszt's symphonic poem is well known here; York Bowen's is not. Then there is D'Harcourt's opera "Tasse" (Monte Carlo, 1903).

It was to be expected that Mme. Jeritza next Wednesday morning would sing several operatic arias, but she has sensibly chosen only two: one from Massenet's "Le Cid"; the other from Giordano's "Andrea Chenier."

Is Mr. Schelling a propagandist for Wagner? All the music at the concert for young people next Saturday morning is by Richard. Is this a case of "Train up a child, etc."?

Mr. Robin H. Legge wrote to the London Daily Telegraph: "I have not read in connection with Mme. Pavlova, any substantial reference to her remarkable love of birds and of children. As to the birds, she had at one time a pair of wood-pigeons which carried on their courting on the top of a wardrobe in her bedroom, to which post they daily flew through the window. They were not allowed to be disturbed. Nobody enjoyed more than Mme. Pavlova the picture of one of her swans which escaped from Ivy House Garden and was found waddling down the Edgware road at about 4 A. M., there to be 'arrested' by a policeman, who, at long last, succeeded with some assistance in driving the bird into the enclosed precincts of the local police station.

"As to the children, more than once in the old days of the Palace Theatre I have wandered with Pavlova in the purlieus of Soho as she watched the youngsters dancing round an empty bottle or such-like. If any child showed a real talent, he or she was promptly annexed, with the parents' permission, and taken up to Ivy House. There in a large hall, round which ran a brass rail for the children to grip, Mme. Pavlova would teach the young idea by practice as well as precept. And I have no doubt that on the stage today are to be found some dancers whose first instruction in the art was received in this way from the 'divine Anna Pavlowa.'"

Stravinsky said to a reporter a few weeks ago in London that he couldn't talk about his music: "I do not care to try to explain in literary fashion such things as I may do. Music must always speak for itself." He is now working on a violin concerto.

Ford Hall, 7:30 P. M. Mae Taylor, coloratura soprano. Harry Dickson violinist. Samuel Gardner, accompanist.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Marion Kingsbury, soprano, assisted by Pauline Danforth, pianist and Georges Laurent, flute. Mozart, Voi che sapete and Deh Vieni non tardar from "Le Nozze di Figaro." Bach, In Love My Saviour now is dying (Matthew Passion), I'll Follow Thee (John Passion—soprano and flute). Piano solos: Leo, Arietta. Scarlatti, Gigue, Courante. Debussy, La Soiree dans Grenade, L'Isle Joyeuse, La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune, Danse. Songs to poems from the Persian; Jensen, Zu der Rose, Zu dem Weine. Szymanowski, Tanz, Der verliebte Ostwind. Franz, Eshat die Rose sich beklagt. Rubinstein, Thu' nicht so spreede, schones Kind; Gelb rollt mir zu Fussen. Strauss, Huldigung. Piano and flute: Gaubert, Sonata No. 2 (first time in Boston) Aria with Recitative, Fatal Goffredo from Donizetti's "Torquato Tasso."

WEDNESDAY—Hotel Statler ballroom, 11 A. M. Marie Jeritza, soprano, assisted by Leonid Bolotine, violinist, and Kurt Ruhrseitz, pianist. Violin solos: Kreisler, Variations on a Theme by Corelli; Bach, Air on the G string. Aria, Massenet, Pleurez, pleurez mes yeux from "Le Cid." Songs, Schumann, Du bist wie eine Blume; Rubinstein, Es blinkt der Tau; Brahms, Dein blaues Auge; Marx, Hat dich die Liebe beruehrt; Hahn, D'une Prison; Szulc, Mandoline; Campbell-Tipton, The Crying of Water; Hagemann, Do Not Go, My Love; Coleridge-Taylor, Life and Death. Violin, Gluck, Melodie; Brahms-Bolotine, Intermezzo; Diniou-Heifetz, Hora Staccato. Aria, Giordano, La Mama Morta from "Andrea Chenier."

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Herbert J. Hooper, Jr., organist of the Church of Our Saviour, Roslindale. Karg-Elert, Triumphal March; Baumgartner, Idyl; Boellmann, Gothique Suite; Bach, Fantasia and Fugue in G minor; Jacob, Under the Walnut Tree; Nevin, Will o' the Wisp; Widor, Toccata from the 5th Symphony.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 11 A. M. Ernest Schelling's concert for young people. Wagner, Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Bridal Procession to the Cathedral from "Lohengrin"; Prelude to Act III of "The Mastersingers"; March from "Tannhaeuser" (Everybody sing). "Ode to Washington's Birthday"—music from Beethoven's Symphony No. 9; Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Dusk of the Gods"; Ride of the Valkyries from "The Valkyrie."

Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's symphony concert.

FLUTE PLAYERS CLUB

At the Flute Players Club yesterday the following music was played: Quintet for oboe and strings (Arthur Bliss); quartetto for flute, clarinet, bassoon and horn (Rossini); sonato for flute and pianoforte (Walter Piston); quartetto in E minor for strings (Verdi). These artists played:

Gaston Elcus, violin; Norbert Lauga, violin; Jean Lefranc, viola. Alfred Zighera, cello; Georges Laurent, flute; Fernand Gillet, oboe; Victor Polatschek, clarinet; Abdon Laus, bassoon; George Boettcher, French horn; Jesus Sanroma, pianoforte).

The quintet of Bliss, given a first performance yesterday, proved to be light and charming music, making use of unusual accompanying effects rather than contrapuntal play of voices. The first movement gave the oboe a wandering, oriental air, freely decorated, and surrounded it with swiftly changing harmonies and rhythms. The second movement was langorous, with a background of humming pizzicati; the vivace brought the quintet to a sparkling close. It was well played; Mr. Gillet's phrasing is remarkably delicate and well turned.

Rossini's quartetto pleased the audience highly. Its unpretentious first movement, heartily jovial, with a bouncing tune from the bassoon against a chorus of musical shouts from the other three instruments, led into the second movement, which provided exercises in agility for all four instruments. In this, the bassoon opened the conversation with a garrulous tune, went into variations, and then retired before the comments of the other instruments. One after another instrument played in and about and around the tune, showing off its tricks, like tap dancers who stop and watch each other perform tours de force, meanwhile clapping mechanically. The whole movement was delightfully jolly and naive and the players exhibited remarkabl virtuosity. The excitement of the last movement drew enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Piston's sonata for flute and piano is a well knit, sharp and witty piece, with many moments of unusual beauty. It should be widely played, but it will require a player of the abilities of Mr. Laurent to do its difficulties justice. The first movement gave the piano an interesting whirling tune as an accompaniment to the flute's song before going into a catchy, syncopated tune. The second movement gave the piano octaves in unison and widely spaced single notes, which provided an effect like far-off bells to heighten the charm of a lovely tune for the flute. The last movement had vivacity and brilliance. The sonata was beautifully played by Mr. Laurent and by Mr. Sanroma, whose piano playing would be difficult to improve in this type of music.

The concert closed with Verdi's quartetto in E minor, written two years after he had completed "Aida" and a year before the Requiem mass. Much of it sounds like music that might have been written by any good composer of chamber music in the 70's, but here and there Verdi threw in shafts of light from his own lamp—rich and simple airs, with a thin accompanying background, tripping tunes well suited for ballet divertissements in the second act of an opera, and excited airs that might well be shouted by an hysterical chorus when the body of the duke is discovered in the third act. It is good music, lush with melody, but it asks for the human voice rather than the thin strings.

A large audience applauded the players and Mr. Piston, who was present. E. B.

MAIER AND PATTISON

Guy Maier and Lee Pattison, whose names are with difficulty pronounced separately—so long have they been associated with one another in the minds of concert-goers—gave last night their farewell concert of music for two pianos. Henceforth their ways part. A large audience gathered in the Repertory Theatre to hear for the last time this admirably matched pair of pianistic twins. This was the program: Andantino with five variations (Mozart); Piece in B minor (Ropartz); Scherzo, Op. 87 (Saint-Saens); Air and Variations (Bach-Rheinberger); Pupazzetti (Casella); Moy Mell (Arnold Bax); The Arkansaw Traveler (Pattison); Two Etudes in G flat, played simultaneously (Chopin-Maier); Forest Elves (McDowell, transcribed by Felix Fox). The encores included Rachmaninoff's "Tears," and Arensky's "Waltz."

The two-piano genre, with its enlargement of the dynamic and contrapuntal scope of piano-playing, and that element in it which belongs to the field of concerted chamber-music, has attracted other pairs of pianists—some of them eminent. Few, however, have attained anything like the perfect neatness and polish that characterized the work of Maier and Pattison. Surprisingly alike both in their virtues and in their faults; they possessed — perhaps they had cultivated it—a touch that was clean, neat, even and sharp to the point of being mechanical. The effect was, at its best, an ensemble free from smudging and blurring—a clear, sharp impression in perfect registration, as a printer might say—though it might at times degenerate into machine-like hardness, as it did last night in some of the Bach "Goldberg" variations. Theirs was the neatness and point that lent itself very readily to humor and did not favor sentimentality or that excesively emotional playing that soloists have been too long permitted to affect, but between the extremes they possessed a wide range of responsiveness to beauty.

Their playing of the pleasingly naive Andantino and variations of Mozart had, last night, a charming light grace of phrase and daintiness of repartee. They gave a warm sonority to the Franckian piece by Guy Ropartz, a sparkling brilliance to the gaily superficial Scherzo of Saint-Saens. Rheinberger's arrangement for two pianos of Bach's difficult Goldberg variations has simplified the pianist's problem by dividing up the work; but the effect, in last night's performance at least, was not always happy. The consequence of making things too easy for the pianist seems sometimes to be over-facile and superficial playing.

The three pieces that MM. Maier and Pattison had chosen from Casella's "Pupazetti" were excellently, wittily played, but the "Nocturne" should be heard only in the orchestral version, in which it has a charm and an atmosphere which are totally absent from it in its two-piano form. Bax's "Moy Mell," a tone poem describing the joys of that "Happy Plain" which was the Paradise of the ancient Irish, is not the best or the most characteristic Arnold Bax. Yet it is a pleasant and not uninteresting piece. The players were compelled by a delighted audience to repeat Mr. Pattison's arrangement of "The Arkansaw Traveler." An attempt was made to induce them to repeat also Mr. Maier's arrangement (for simultaneous performance) of the "Butterfly" and "Black-note" Etudes of Chopin, but Arensky's Waltz, from a suite for two pianos, was vouchsafed instead. The concert ended, officially, with a brilliant performance of Felix Fox's effective arrangement of an orchestral movement by MacDowell, but there were, of course, further added pieces.

Very enthusiastic and prolonged applause expressed both the pleasure given by this concert and the regret felt that it was to be the last. S. S.

POVLA FRIJSH

Povla Frijsh, Danish soprano, gave a song recital at the Repertory Theatre, yesterday afternoon, for the benefit of the emergency employment bureau of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. A very large audience was present. Mme. Frijsh sang the following program: Gioite al canto mio (Peri); Madchen mit dem rothen Muendchen, Marie, Es hat die Rose sich beklagt (Franz); Rastlose Liebe (Schubert); Le Temps des lilas (Chausson); Villanelle des petits canards (Chabrier); L'Ombre des arbres (Debussy); Lettre a une Espagnole (Laparra); Habanera (Grovlez); Nuit de Printemps (Gretchaninoff); Erinnerung (Arensky); Faeden (Erich Wolff); La Mort chef d'armee (Moussorgsky); waltz (Backer-Grondahl); The Birds (Fagge); Fair House of Joy (Quilter); Yarmouth Fair (Old English Folk Song, arr. by Peter Warlock).

Mme. Frijsh is fond of beginning her programs with the splendid invocation of Orpheus from Jacopo Peri's "Euridice" (1600)—one of the manifestos of the first great operatic revolution. There is a fine appropriateness, a fervent gesture, in the singer's thus calling upon the "selve frondose," "amati colli," and "valli ascose" to listen joyously to her songs; and even though there may be in Huntington avenue a sad paucity of forests, hills, and valleys, yet it is pleasant to hope that some faint echo of Mme. Frijsh's song may have reached the Arnold Aboretum and given delight there, too. The clarion notes of the invocation—as imperious as a call to arms, and no more to be criticized for tonal imperfections—died into silence, and the singer applied herself to the tenderly sentimental songs of Franz. The beauty of her pure and luminous mezza-voce, her graceful and delicately nuanced phrasing, her clear and significant enunciation of the words, were worthy of the charm of the songs—three outstanding examples of the best work of a composer who at his worst could be appallingly bad. A very different facet of Mme. Frijsh's talent shone from her turbulently ecstatic rendering of Schubert's great song "Rastlose Liebe."

The admirably inclusive imaginative sympathy that adds warmth and humanity to Mme. Frijsh's musicianly intelligence enabled her to evoke with equal power such varying moods as the deep melancholy of Chausson's beautiful "Temps des lilas," the delightfully Gallic humor of Chabrier's "Villanelle des petits canards," the mysterious, nostalgic gloom of Debussy's "L'Ombre des arbres," the mocking Spanish coquetry and strong rhythms of the songs by Laparra and Grovlez. Occasionally the singer's interpretive skill was more interesting than the song upon which it was exercised; it was so in the songs of Gretchaninoff and Arensky, for example. But in general her gifts were applied to exceedingly worthy material. Mussorgsky's Death, the Commander—a magnificent song by a writer still much neglected by singers, partly because of the difficulty and unconventionality of his songs—was sung with a terrifyingly macabre power and imaginative intensity. An interpretive range that includes such work as this and the charmingly gay humor and freshness of her singing of the folk song "Yarmouth Fair" is an unusual phenomenon.

Mme. Frijsh was rewarded by very cordial and persistent applause. She insisted that it be shared by her admirable accompanist, Celius Dougherty. S. S.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Painted Desert"

An all-talking screen drama written by Howard Higgins and Tom Buckingham; directed by Howard Higgins and presented by Pathe with the following cast:

Bill Holbrook	Bill Boyd
Mary Ellen Cameron	Helen Twelvetrees
Cash Holbrook	William Farnum
Jeff Cameron	J. Farrell MacDonald
Brett	Clark Gable
Tonopah	Charles Sellon
Kirby	Will Walling
Judge Mathews	Edmund Breese
Buck	A. St. John
Tex	Guy Edward Hearn
Carson	Wade Boteler
Denver	William LeMaire
Frosty	Richard Kramer
Steve	James Donlin

Not since "The Virginian" can we recall a western type of picture so constantly engrossing as "The Painted Desert." The title unfortunately conveys no distinct meaning, a pity, for the story itself and everything connected with it should appeal to and be applauded by those who admire a sturdy narrative well told and superbly acted, with scenes of nature's grandeurs faithfully reproduced by camera. We are told that "The Painted Desert" has for its actual locale Dinosaur Canyon, on the Indian Reservation in Arizona. Certainly these are no familiar loca-

An motoring reach of Holly-
The land is too open, the vistas
vast, for that. Midst these
Howard Higgins, who collabor-
this strongly knitted tale, has
his picture, giving it dramatic
suspense and climax of highest
unconventional order. It is
those pictures which repeatedly
be prepared or a final fade-out,
be brought up short and sharp
a fresh and quite logical episode.
Holbrook and Jeff Cameron,
eers, encounter near a water hole in
desert a covered wagon. The only
vor of an unsolved tragedy is an
t child, one of the cutest babies
seen in a screen play. The two
quarreling over its name, part in
r, Holbrook retaining the infant
naming him after Buffalo Bill.
equent years bring mutual hatred,
Holbrook a prosperous cattleman,
Cameron, remaining at the water
makes a living by watering
ing droves of cattle, all save those
olbrook. He had married, and has
aughter, Mary Ellen. The mother
Young Bill Holbrook has become
ining engineer. He discovers tung-
deposits on Cameron's land, and
him in mining it after a bitter
rel with old Cash. Thereafter is
n aplenty. We see a stampede of
wing cattle; a twenty-mule team
an ore-laden wagon plunge over a
ipice; immense segments of rock
n high in air by dynamite. There
villain, half-suspected by the audi-
, unmasked in an exciting moment
he Silver Dollar saloon. There is
interest, clean and honest, with a
py ending, which of course includes
nciliation of the two old men.

an exceptional cast two names
d forth. William Farnum, a stal-
of the silent films, returns to give
rile portrayal of a stubborn, bitter
leman. Almost his equal in emi-
ce is Mr. MacDonald as the obsti-
, honest Cameron. Compared with
e two Mr. Boyd is just a man-
uvenile. Miss Twelvetrees makes
y Ellen a sturdy flower of the
rt. Mr. Sellon is comical as old
apah, the vagrant prospector. Praise
is due the man or men who cut
film on "The Painted Desert."
er a wasted or a superfluous foot; a
lish job when trying to carry several
gral episdoes, at different points,
out marring continuity. W. E. G.

FENWAY

"Captain Applejack"

all-talking screen comedy drama
ed by Maude Fulton from the play of
same name by Walter Hackett; directed
Hobart Henley and presented by Warner
hers with the following cast:

rose Applejohn	John Halliday
y	Mary Brian
Valeska	Kay Strozzi
Agatha	Louise Closser Hale
	Alec B. Francis
Jason	Claud Allister
Pengard	Julia Swayne Gordon
Borolsky	Arthur Edmund Carewe
Pengard	Otto Hoffman
ett	William Davidson

Then the late Wallace Eddinger ap-
red in Walter Hackett's stage play,
ptain Applejack," a little more than
years ago, he was supported by a
which included Phoebe Foster as
py Faire, Marie Walnwright as Aunt
tha Whatcombe, Mary Nash as Anna
eska, Helen Lackaye as Mrs. Pengard,
dinand Gottschalk as Horace Pen-
Hamilton Revelle as Borolsky,
old Vermilye as Dennett. Those
follow the theatre will realize that
was something of a cast. Those
good memory will recall that "Cap-
Applejack" was delightful comedy
ged with farce. Miss Fulton has
de an acceptable adaptation, and Mr.
nley, for the greater part of the way,
directed along safe and pleasing
s. Only as the picture nears its
e docs he indulge, or permit his
yer to indulge, in horse-play which
kes a few laughs but otherwise does
fit into the rest of the story or its
atment.

Ambrose Applejohn, 38, ageing before
time, decides to sell his ancestral
te on the coast of Cornwall, to the
may and distress of Aunt Agatha and
Poppy, his ward. He would seek ad-
ture, love at first sight, romance.
e in the night the story opens, he
elves strange visitors, a black-haired
ssian woman, a Russian nobleman,
the Pengards, the man professedly
urbaned soothsayer, the woman his
erpreter. Ambrose thinks them pro-
ctive purchasers. In reality they are
rival pairs of crooks, bent on ob-
ning treasure supposed to be hidden
the house. Meantime Poppy finds a
sty letter by old Applejack, behind a
ll panel. Ambrose, falling asleep,
ams himself to be his piratical an-
tor. Here the screen is able to better
stage. We see the pirate craft, the
soners, the mutiny, the ringleader
ting the cards with Applejack for
p, treasure, fair captive and all.
plejack wins, cutting from his own
k—all aces. In this vision of course,
Halliday doubles, as do Miss Brian,
loyal lieutenant; Mr. Carewe, Miss
ozzi. It is delightful foolery, splen-
ly acted.

Then, awakened, Ambrose calls for
g, compromises on brandy, and
rts action. Ultimately he circum-
nts the crooks, finds actual treasure
in a secret chamber and discovers that he loves Poppy. Adventure and romance, without need of travel, have come to him. Mr. Halliday gives a fine performance in his dual role, indicating clearly the metamorphosis of Ambrose's character. Miss Brian and Miss Strozzi contribute two admirable studies of contrasting feminine types; the others are wholly competent. An unusual picture, well worth seeing.

W. E. G.

PARK

"The Lion and the Lamb"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Matt Taylor from the novel of the same name by E. Phillips Oppenheim; directed by George B. Seitz and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Dave	Walter Byron
Inez	Carmel Myers
Muggsy	Raymond Hatton
Tottie	Montagu Love
Madge	Miriam Seegar
Bert	Charles Gerard
Rubin	Will Stanton
1st Lascar	Charles Wilsish
2d Lascar	Harry Semeles
Lem	Robert Milasch
Wister	Yorke Sherwood
Stanton	Sidney Bracey

A cheerfully incredible yarn, tossed off by E. Phillips Oppenheim in one of his lighter moods, is now to be seen at the Park Theatre where "The Lion and the Lamb" is holding forth as the current screen feature. Granted that the plot is wildly improbable, the film contains many genuinely amusing sequences, and the acting, serious or comic, fits the melodramatic or comic episodes in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Oppenheim has another go at his favorite plot, the one about international criminals on the track of a valuable jewel; there are heavy rainstorms, howling dogs, underground hideouts and a set of very evil looking thugs. Of course, there is a handsome hero, but this usually obnoxious figure is acted in so debonair and humorous a fashion by the handsome Walter Byron that he becomes very much of an asset instead of a handicap.

David, the youthful Earl of Lemstershire, is innocently involved in a gang of desperate criminals who call themselves the Lambs. Their leader, an appalling looking brute inappropriately christened, Tottie, sees to it that David shall be under suspicion as a murderer and so unable to disobey his commands. David, by no means ready to lie down under this treatment, takes possession of his recently inherited houses, arms the servants, and acquires a fearsome collection of implements of torture. He then lures Bert, one of the Lambs, to his house, ties him up in the torture chamber, and then has the servants utter the most blood-curdling howls. Bert, informed that Tottie and the rest of the gang are doing the screaming, breaks down and signs a confession to the murder of which David had been accused.

That, of course, is not the whole story, for Tottie has a few more tricks up his sleeve. The denouement will not be revealed here save to say that it is brought about by a fire hose. Montagu Love, playing Tottie in an amazingly villianous make-up, has a wonderful time snarling and growling. Miriam Seegar and Carmel Myers are genuinely easy to look at, and some hilarious comedy relief is provided by Yorke Sherwood and Sidney Bracey as the straight-faced servants emitting doleful yelis. Raymond Hatton is lost in an unimportant role.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Viennese Nights"

An original operetta written for the screen by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, directed by Alan Crosland and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Otto	Alexander Gray
Elsa	Vivienne Segal
Hocher	Jean Hersholt
Franz	Walter Pilgeon
Gretl	Louise Fazenda
Barbara	Alice Day
Gus	Bert Roach
Mary	June Purcell
Bill	Milton Douglas

Perhaps it is the fact that "Viennese Nights," current screen feature at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, was written directly for the screen that makes it seem less of an awkward hybrid than is usually the case. Sigmund Romberg's musical score, while it is brought in at strange moments, is melodious and charmingly nostalgic—admirably suited to the sweetly reminiscent story of frustrated love. The whole production is photographed in technicolor and is an attractive piece of work. It may be that the vogue for screen operetta has passed, but surely this picture is worthy of attention, fashion or no fashion. It appeals to your sentimental side, not to the part of your brain that craves excitement, but that should not keep you away.

The story opens in Vienna of the 1870's. Every one is very gay and happy: they sing all day, when they are not writing music, and dance all night, if they are not playing in one of the many bands that sprout on every street corner. Elsa, the 17-year-old daughter of Hocher, a rich shoemaker, is beloved by two young men: Franz, a dashing, handsome and wealthy baron serving in the army, and Otto, an aspiring composer, playing in the military band to earn a living. She loves the latter, but by a trick—her father wanted to secure her future and so made it appear that Otto does not love her—she is married to Franz. Years later, she and Otto meet in America, whither he has gone to try to make a success. Although they find that they are still in love, Elsa returns to Vienna when she hears that Otto, unhappily married to a shrew, has a son who needs him. There is a tearful epilogue which brings the story down to the present time.

The singing, the costuming and the settings are of great assistance to "Viennese Nights." Vivienne Segal gives a surprisingly good performance as Elsa from girlhood to old age. As the aged grandmother listening to the love-song of her youth, she is very touching and convincingly sweet. Her voice is heard to excellent advantage, sounding richer and stronger than ever before on the screen. Alexander Gray sings well but is a wooden actor, and Walter Pidgeon offers some excellent vocalizing in the early reels. Jean Hersholt and Bert Roach are satisfactory in small roles.

E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COPLEY—"Her Cardboard Lover," comedy, 8:20.

LYRIC—"Stepping Sisters," comedy; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH — "Topaze," comedy, with Frank Morgan; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Nina Rosa," Romberg-Harbach operetta; 8:30.

WILBUR—"Up Pops the Devil," comedy; 8:20.

NOTE—The Colonial Theatre is dark this week.

By PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre: First performance in Boston of "Up Pops the Devil," a comedy in three acts by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Produced in New York at the Theatre Masque on Sept. 1, 1930. Steve Merrick, Roger Pryor; Anne, Sally Bates; Luella May Carroll, Janet McLeay; Biney, Albert Hackett. Presented by Lee Shubert.

The cast last night was as follows:

John, the Janitor	James G. Morton
Biney	Walter Glass
Polly Griscom	Florence Golden
Drunken Man	Henry Howard
Anne	Sally Bates
George Kent	Brian Donlevy
Mrs. Kent	Florence Auer
Steve Merrick	Roger Pryor
Subscription Boy	Harry Murray
Kelly	Jack Klendon
Luella May Carroll	Isabel Jewell
Gilbert Morrell	John Marston
A Laundryman	Spencer Barnes
Mr. Platt	George W. Callahan
Mrs. Platt	Mabel Montgomery

This comedy purports to be a realistic view of life in the studio apartment of an old house down town in New York city. The quarter was supposed when the play was produced to be Greenwich Village. A discussion arose as to whether the scenes in the play were true to life. An inspection of the quarter was made by Mr. Hackett and a friend. The conclusion was that the Village was wilder than in the play. All this brought desirable publicity—for the comedy if not for the Village.

Steve Merrick is making a living and is happy with Anne, a dancer, until it occurs to them to marry. She thinks he could be a successful novelist. Persuaded by her, he gives up his job to work on his novel. Morrell urges him on, having told him he could not write at odd hours; he must give his whole time to it. Anne keeps on dancing. Steve does house work, gets into debt, resents being a "kept man." The two, now they are husband and wife, begin to quarrel. Steve is jealous and resents Morrell's old friendship with Anne, who in turn is jealous of a silly, chattering girl from the South. Angry words become grossly insulting. Anne leaves, without telling her husband that she is with child. In the third act Anne is about to let the flat to an amiable old couple from California. Steve comes in, summoned by Anne to talk about a divorce. One or the other must be guilty of infidelity. There is a pretty dispute as to which one will be surprised by the other joined by a detective.

Steve is sorry that he spoke so harshly to Anne. He learns that he is to be a father. No, the flat will not be occupied by the Californians. Close embrace and curtain. Steve by the way has placed two stories with magazines and his novel has been accepted. Morrell who wished to wed Anne after the divorce can be only a friend, probably a godfather to the baby.

This is the simple story, but this alone would not have aroused the audience of last night to uproarious laughter. It was the life in the Village that effected this. Continual drinking of gin; various stages of drunkenness; jokes and wise cracks, now feeble, now tottering on the line of—well, let us say remarkable frankness—and often falling on the wrong side. With the exception of Miss Bates, Mr. Pryor, Mr. Howard and Mr. Barnes all the actors shouted and screamed their lines—to show how jolly was their life. Yet the funniest man in the whole show was Mr. Howard as the man, who, "plastered" wandered in, unknown to the crowd and used the telephone; a quiet stranger.

Miss Bates gave a reasonable and sympathetic portrayal of Anne, avoiding sentimentalism, giving the girl true character. Mr. Pryor made one believe that Steve really existed. The loud comedians pleased the audience greatly. The weakest wise-crack passed for scintillating wit.

COPLEY

"Her Cardboard Lover"

"Her Cardboard Lover," a comedy in three acts adapted by Valerie Wyngate and P. G. Wodehouse from a French comedy, "Dans sa Candeur Naive," by Jacques Deval. Paris production at the Comedie-Caumartin, with Marthe Regnier as Simone, January, 1929; New York production at the Empire Theatre, March 21, 1927, with the late Jeanne Eagels as Simone; London production at the Lyric Theatre, Aug. 21, 1928, with Tallulah Bankhead as Simone; performed at the Copley Theatre last evening with the following cast:

Monsieur Bonnevaut	Mark Kent
Charly	Harry A. Hignenot
Paul Guisard	Douglas McLean
Andre Sallicel	Robert Henderson
Tony Lagorce	Jack Storey
A Courtier	Josef Lorenzo
Simone	Rachel Hartzell
Albine	Anne Seymour

From the Comedie-Caumartin to the Copley is more than a day's journey. The extremely voluble little farce which had its origin in Paris has become more circumspect on its entrance to this country. In its Gallic dress Simone Massoubre, a lady of leisure and slightly beyond the debutante age, has known lovers more than one. She has inspired in a penniless youth, Andre Sallicel, a passion which is not reciprocated. On the other hand, she cannot dismiss an infatuation for Tony Lagorce, though he has coolly admitted possession of a retinue of mistresses. Simone, as keeper of the bank in a gambling salon on a certain sultry evening, becomes Andre's creditor in the sum of 10,000 francs. She engages him as confidential secretary, he to work out his indebtedness, ostensibly. Actually he becomes a figurante, a wall against which she must beat whenever her thoughts revert amorously to the fascinating and fickle Tony. The idea is not new, particularly in French plays.

To placate our supposedly Puritanical morality, an adaptation of "Dans sa Candeur Naive" was made by Miss Wyngate, an English actress, and Mr. Wodehouse, an English humorist. They safeguarded Simone's reputation by presenting her as an outraged young woman who had divorced her husband, the same Tony Lagorce, because of his reiterative infidelities. Otherwise the situations were unchanged. Andre, to Simone, still was the utilitarian hireling, nothing more. But he was in truth far more. He was a youth of cunning and persistence. He was unscrupulous, often mischievous, in his ruses to keep Simone and Tony apart; and Tony was no senile opponent. He was still vigorous, skilled in cajolery if caustic when rebuffed. To manoeuvre his three chief characters so that in the end Simone should convince herself that she no longer feared that she would return to Tony and that Andre's calf love gave promises which Tony's sophistication could not match, was the playwright's task. He accomplishes it by two scenes in Simone's boudoir, night and morning. In these two acts he is aided by a steady fire of dialogue, during which the participants advance, retreat, advance again; and by an abrupt and not displeasing revelation of the feminine form divine, as Simone possessed it.

When the late Jeanne Eagels and Leslie Howard appeared in "Her Cardboard Lover," Mr. Howard by his light, mocking touch set Andre above Simone in popular esteem. Last evening honors were even between Miss Hartzell and Mr. Henderson. Consider that here are stock players, carrying two roles in their heads from week to week—and then give unstinted credit to both for the degree of deftness and facility which they applied to their roles. Simone must utter many long speeches, must parry and thrust with lightning speed, must change her moods like a chameleon. These hurdles Miss Hartzell took bravely and for the most part successfully. Tonight she probably will have the role completely in hand. Mr. Henderson's Andre was an agreeable fusion of adolescence and of determined lover. Mr. Storey, as the third point in the triangle, lifted a banal role into one to be admired for its restraint. The boudoir scene was notable for its bright colors, ranging from salmon pink bedclothes to Miss Hartzell's green negligee. It was a gay setting, such as might have been copied from the Comedie-Caumartin itself.

W. E. G.

MAJESTIC

"Way Down East"

A screen drama with synchronized musical score and sound effects; adapted by D. W. Griffith and Anthony Paul Kelly from the stage play of the same name by Lottie Blair Parker; directed by Mr. Griffith and first presented by him at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, on Sept. 3, 1920; revived yesterday at the Majestic Theatre with the following cast:

Anna Moore ..... Lillian Gish
Her Mother ..... Mrs. David Landau
Mrs. Tremont ..... Josephine Bernard
Diana Tremont ..... Mrs. Morgan Belmont
Her Sister ..... Patricia Fruen
The Eccentric Aunt ..... Florence Short
Lennox Sanderson ..... Lowell Sherman
Squire Bartlett ..... Burr McIntosh
Mrs. Bartlett ..... Kate Bruce
David Bartlett ..... Richard Barthelmess
Martha Perkins ..... Vivia Godon
Seth Holcomb ..... Porter Strong
Hi Holler ..... Edgar Nelson
Rueben Whipple ..... George Neville
Kate Brewster ..... Mary Hay
Prof. Sterling ..... Emily Fitzroy

"Way Down East," revived yesterday at the Majestic Theatre, is still remarkably good entertainment, when you realize that it is nearly 11 years old. The version now being presented is in every way the same as the one shown here a decade ago, save that the musical score and the sound effects are now synchronized instead of being handled by an orchestra. There is no appreciable difference in the results: The river roars a bit louder and the birds sing more cheerfully, otherwise it is the same picture which still holds its power to move and entertain despite the lapse of years. It is particularly interesting to see such players as Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman as they were on the threshold of their careers. The drama is simple, the plot hackneyed, but that was true when the film was first made. None the less, it is possible to admire the dramatic climaxes, obvious as they are, and the really beautiful photography.

After all these years, it is scarcely necessary to detail the plot: Roughly, it is as follows. An innocent country girl, Anna Moore, goes to visit her rich cousins, meets Lennox Sanderson, a rich playboy, who inveigles her into a mock marriage and then deserts her. Her mother dies, her child is born and dies, and Anna finds work in a country village with Squire Bartlett and his gentle wife. David Bartlett falls in love with her and she with him, but the past, in the form of Sanderson, now living on a nearby estate, intervenes. The secret of Anna's tragedy is discovered by a village gossip and Squire Bartlett drives her out of the house, not, however, before she denounces Sanderson as her betrayer. Venturing out on the frozen river, she is caught when the ice breaks up and only rescued in the nick of time by David.

Now that the film is no longer a novelty, it impresses one most by the careful attention to detail lavished on it by the director. There are any number of slightly caricatured rural types, some of them such as the straight-laced landlady, Maria Poole, and the gloating gossip, Martha Perkins, notably clever. The atmosphere of a small New England village is well conveyed, while the climactic blizzard and the heroine's last-minute rescue from death in the icy river are still remarkably effective. Lillian Gish's acting of the forlorn heroine still deserves to rank among her best portrayals, and Richard Barthelmess is a handsome, earnest and plausible David. Lowell Sherman, lighter of person than he is now, is a smoothly villainous Sanderson. Burr McIntosh, Mary Hay, Emily Fitzroy and Vivia Godon are excellent in smaller roles.

E. D. H.

REPERTORY

"How He Lied to Her Husband"

An all-talking film adapted from the play of the same name by George Bernard Shaw; directed by Cecil Lewis; produced by British International Pictures and presented by the Screen Guild with the following cast:

He ..... Robert Harris
She ..... Vera Lennox
Her Husband ..... Edmund Gwenn

If George Bernard Shaw ever sells the motion picture rights to another of his conversational dramas, it is pretty safe to guess that the bill of sale will contain the provision that the purchaser shall have full and untrammelled license in adapting the said masterpiece to the screen. When Mr. Shaw sold "How He Lied to Her Husband," his one-act parody on his "Candida," to a British film company, great things were expected. The result, now showing at the Repertory Theatre, proves one thing at the outset: Mr. Shaw has little idea of what constitutes a picture that moves. It is well known by now that he had a voice, not only in the casting, but also in the direction of the picture, and it is doubtful whether a more static drama has ever been evolved.

As might have been expected, the dialogue is reasonably entertaining, but the play itself, which was never better than third-rate, is very, very thin material. Spread over three-quarters of an hour and embellished with the costumes and rococo furniture of the 90's, it is a wordy and not especially stimulating affair. Shaw made the story the vehicle of another of his contrary little ideas: that a middle-aged man married to a beautiful wife is flattered instead of insulted when poets and diplomats write poetry to her and take time away from affairs of state to dance with her. Hence, if a poet has the temerity to pretend that his poems were not addressed to the lady, the husband will try to pummel him for lack of appreciation. The idea is amusing in itself, but the treatment accorded it here is too full of respect and too lacking in animation to win anything but the attention bestowed on any work that bears Mr. Shaw's signature. The three players, Vera Lennox, as the lady, Edmund Gwenn, as her husband, and Robert Harris, as the would-be romantic lover, act well and speak their lines intelligently. "How He Lied to Her Hsuband" is not so much a motion picture as it is an exact photograph of Mr. Shaw's play.

Also on the program is "Stampede," a picture of life in the Sudan as lived by a tribe of Arabs. There is a mild little plot, but the real interest lies in the search of the tribe for more fertile country. It was written, directed and photographed by Maj. C. Court Treatt, Stella Court Treatt and Errol Hinds.

E. L. H.

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

For the fourth of the current series of Monday evening concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky had chosen the following program: Elgar, introduction and allegro for string orchestra, op. 47; Stravinsky, capriccio for piano and orchestra (soloist, Jesus Maria Sanroma); Strauss, Symphonia Domestica, op. 53. The audience was, as usual, large.

The courtly and dignified figure of Sir Edward Elgar looms like a respected but neglected and half-forgotten ghost in the background of contemporary English music. English critics at regular intervals revive the legend of his greatness and deplore the failure of English orchestras to perform his symphonics. Edward J. Dent, one of the most learned of English writers on music, even went so far as to allow Elgar's portrait in full court dress to be printed as frontispiece to his translation of Adolf Weissmann's book, "The Problems of Modern Music," though it is difficult to think of any living composer whose work is more remote from those problems than that of this belated follower of Brahms. At its best his music has moments of vigor and mellow dignity; his melody, extraordinarily of uneven quality, reveals traces of an individual and recognizable idiom. The "Enigma Variations" are in his best manner; the "Introduction and Allegro" played yesterday is merely well meant. Elgar draws a rich sonority from the string orchestra for which the piece is written. But the vigor of the opening theme is not balanced by its inherent interest; the pseudo-Welsh tune that forms its principal subject is unconvincing and of poor quality; the development to which the thematic material is treated has little musical significance or beauty; the fugato seems mechanical and dry, but it is only fair to say that the manner in which it was played—uniformly loud, and without discrimination between the important and the subsidiary strands of its musical texture—was not such as to do justice to it or to any other piece of contrapuntal music.

Mr. Sanroma and the orchestra between them gave an excellent performance of Stravinsky's "Capriccio"—a work little more than a year old. The literature of music is rich in "Capriccios," but few of them deserve the title so utterly as does Stravinsky's. Not merely by its fantastic rhythms and abruptly changing moods is it capricious; nor by its tumultous movement; but still more by its ironical conglomeration of outmoded musical styles and fashions, parodied and jumbled together in fragmentary allusions and imitations, from Thalberg and Johann Strauss to the jazz of the present day. The effect is dazzling and somewhat confusing until the ironic intent is guessed.

Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica" was performed superbly by Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra. It was a performance that far surpassed that given recently at a pair of Friday and Saturday concerts. It was possible to enjoy the work thoroughly both as a prodigious divertissement—the product of the lighter moods of an unsurpassed and whimsical craftsman in sound—and as a richly beautiful and almost inexhaustibly interesting piece of music. Rarely has it been so possible to forget one's conviction that this is an inferior work of the composer. The applause was deservedly nthusiastic.

S. S.

SERVANTS AND THE MUSE

Stanley Agar, footman to Lord Dunsany has published a volume of poems. He is not the first. About 200 years ago next year Robert Dodsley published his "Muse in-Livery: or The Footman's Miscellany." The title page bore a motto containing this rhyme:

But when I mount behind the coach,
And bear aloft a flaming torch.

Dodsley became a bookseller and prospered. He published Dr. Johnson's poem, "London," and persuaded him to compile his "Dictionary." He even wrote a tragedy "Cleone" that was produced and had a long run. Pope befriended him. Horace Walpole wrote: "You know how decent, humble, inoffensive a creature Dodsley is; how little apt to forget or disguise his having been a footman." And did not Johnson have Dodsley in mind when he wrote: "The last century imagined that a man composing in his chariot was a new object of curiosity; but how much would the wonder have been increased by a footman studying behind it."

Then there was James Plush, Esq., a footman in Berkeley square, who speculated in railroads and was for a time worth £30,000. He, too, courted the muse. Was not the Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq., with his letters edited by no less a person than Thackeray, and published at first in Punch? Did not Jeames write a famous epistle to the literati, as well as poems?

A hairdresser named Leonard published his recollections of Marie Antoinette, whom he had served. Guy de Maupassant's valet wrote his memories of his master; wrote frankly but without malice. It was not the valet's fault that Maupassant was shown to be in his last years a snob. Think of that femme du chambre who told her appalling story to Octave Mirabeau. There were also the servants, male and female, whose writings are catalogued under the heading "Curiosa" and consigned to public libraries to the section known as the "Inferno."

Today, when there is a rage for autobiographies, biographies, memoirs of a lively if not scandalous nature, even Bostonians, engaging a butler, or a "second inside man," should question him carefully as to his education, literary attainments, ambitions. What one of us would not like to read "Memoirs of a Boston Bootlegger; with Sketches of My Clients"?

solos: Leo, Arietta, Scarlatti, Gigue, Courante. Debussy, La Puerta del Sol, L'Isle Joyeuse, La Terrasse des Audiences du Clair de Lune, Danse. Songs to poems from the Persian; Jensen, Zu der Rose, Zu dem Weine. Szymanowski, Tanz, Der verliebte Ostwind. Franz, Es hat die Rose sich beklagt. Rubinstein, Thu' nicht so sproede, schones Kind; Gelb rollt mir zu Fussen. Strauss, Huldigung. Piano and flute: Gaubert, Sonata No. 2 (first time in Boston) Aria with Recitative, Fatal Goffredo from Donizetti's "Torquato Tasso."

Mrs. Kingsbury has the very pleasant habit of offering programs that are intrinsically interesting, of giving instrumental music a place in them, and of enlisting the services of notable musicians to perform it. She may well call them "chamber music concerts"—her last concert deserved the title even more than that under review. It was good to hear Mr. Laurent's beautifully phrased flute-playing in music from the St. John and St. Matthew Passions, and in Philippe Gaubert's Second Sonata for flute and piano, in which Miss Danforth co-operated excellently. This sonata, new to Boston, is a graceful and unpretentious little work in three movements. Miss Danforth played her group of solo pieces exceedingly well; in those by Debussy most imagination and expressive variety of tone and style were exhibited.

Mrs. Kingsbury sang the famous airs of Cherubino and Suzanna, from "Le Nozze di Figaro," in a manner that indicated thorough comprehension of their meaning and familiarity with the style most appropriate to their performance. She put much significance into her enunciation of the words and showed, by her treatment of the vocal line, an excellent feeling for the phrase and a greatly increased command of technique. The longer and more exacting airs of Bach showed her singing to less advantage, however.

For her group of songs to poems from the Persian she had found an admirable unifying idea. It was amusing to note how many of these composers had attempted to suggest in their music the characteristic oriental florid turns. All the songs were of interest; Szymanowsky's the most original, possessing elaborate and difficult pianoforte accompaniments but very singable vocal parts; those of Jensen and Rubinstein perhaps the most musical. Strauss's "Huldigung" closed the group very brilliantly.

how ... appeared to make ...

The gracefully melodious ... Goffredo" from Donizetti's ... quato Tasso"—an excellent ... the composer's fluid, easy, and ... ous style at its best, brough... cert to an end. There was ... plause for all three of the ... cerned in it.

Feb 20 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Body and Soul"

An all-talking screen drama ad... the play entitled "Squadron ... White Springs and A. E. Thoma... by Alfred Santell and presented by ... the following cast:

Mal Andrews ..... Cha...
Carla ....
Jim Watson ..... Hump...
Alice Lester .... M...
Tap Johnson ..... Doug...
Maj. Burke ..... Crauf...
Mal. Knowles ..... Pat...
Gen. Trafford Jones ..... Jan...
Lt. Meggs ..... Dennis...
Zane ..... Doug...
Young ..... Harol...
Sam Douglas ..... Br...

However difficult it may be t... precise and coherent judgm... "Body and Soul," feature pictur... Metropolitan Theatre for the ... week there can be no question a... merits of Elissa Landi. This you... lish actress, engaged by Fox ... strength of her performance in ... in New York, is a strikingly int... young woman, who shows as mu... before the camera and the mic... as though she had been in talki... for years. It might also be add... she bears no resemblance wh... to Greta Garbo, in face, voice o... technique. What she brings ... confused and frequently illogic... ture is intelligence, seriousness, ... ble, heart-shaped face and a ... ful voice. She should prove ... valuable addition to the ranks o... heroines.

The scene of the film is set ... France at the headquarters of t... bined British and American ... squadron, and half in Londo... action is vitally concerned with ... war. Mal Andrews, a young A... flyer, accompanies his friend, Ji... son, on a solo flight to destroy ... man observation balloon. Jim ... and Mal, while on leave in ... tries to get into communication ... girl named Pom-Pom, with wh... —although just married—has be... rying on a flirtation. His purpo... return the letters and a watch ... she had sent to Jim. When a g... calls herself Elsie Davies answ... notice in the paper, Mal assum... must be Pom-Pom and gives ... letters. Soon they are in love, ... natural surprise and disgust o... great friend, Tap Johnson.

Mal returns to France, having ... ised to return and marry Elsie, ... learn, upon reaching his squadron, th... Tap has been killed while escortin... planes across the English channel an... that Elsie is under suspicion as a sp... To complete his distress, he is con... fronted by a girl who proves herself t... be the real Pom-Pom. Confined to hi... quarters Mal escapes, steals a plan... and flies to England to confront Elsie... The denouement need not be revealed... here.

There are curious lapses in militar... etiquette and several episodes that nee... a lot of explaining away, while it i... also notable that the first few reels an... the last few are far better than tho... in the middle. Aside from Mis... Landi's fine work as Elsie, or Carla, a... the program has it, the most notewor... thy feature of the film is the great... improved acting of Charles Farrell, th... star. Mr. Farrell's voice still plays hi... false in occasional falsetto squeaks, bu... his acting is sincere, manly and con... vincing. In smaller roles there is goo... work by Donald Dillaway, Pat Somerse... and Crauford Kent, with a brief bu... striking bit contributed by Ian Mac... Laren.

E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, ... Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the 16... concert of its 50th season yesterd... afternoon in Symphony hall. The pr... gram was as follows: Handel, Conce... Grosso for string orchestra, G min... op 6 No 6; Stravinsky, "Symphonie ... Psaumes" for orchestra and cho... (Cecilia Society, Arthur Fiedler, its co... ductor); Berlioz, Symphonie Fant... tique.

Seldom has anything more bea... been heard in Symphony hall than ... latter half of Stravinsky's 150th ... as it was performed yesterday. Se... has there been a more dramatic ... formance of any work than that ...

"Fantastic" symphony as it was interpreted by Dr Koussevitzky and played by Boston's superb orchestra. Much might be said about the two works themselves: Stravinsky's Three Psalms composed in 1930 for the orchestra's jubilee: the symphony of Berlioz, composed in 1830 and first performed in that year.

When one remembers that Beethoven had died only a few years before Berlioz wrote his symphony; that Schubert also had died; that Schumann and Wagner were not known as composers; one must regard this audacious work of Berlioz as nothing less than marvelous. No predecessor had given him hints for orchestration; he invented his own system; he thought and wrote orchestrally. Liszt, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Strauss, the Russian school, in fact the musical world of the last century is indebted deeply to Hector Berlioz. Without him all would have been sadly at a loss.

Yet it is the fashion today in some quarters to sneer at his harmonic schemes, to say that his melodic vein is thin and feeble. The Oxford crowd in it supercilious way speak flippantly of him; even in New York, the young lions of the press put him in the ranks of the impotent. The English philistines have met a valiant champion of Berlioz in no less a critic than Ernest Newman.

Another charge brought against Berlioz is that he was hysterically romantic. When he wrote this symphony, it was in a romantic period. The leading poets, novelists, dramatists, painters of France were then all wildly romantic. What we now decry as unaesthetic exaggeration was in the air. Not till his blood had cooked did Berlioz join classicists with his Virgilian opera "Les Troyers." In the 30's his passion also influenced his art. One may smile in this age of machinery at the frantic love of Berlioz for the Irish actress; at the program of the "Fantastic" symphony, written when he was not 27 years old; but there's no denying the genius shown in this work, the genius that has kept this music alive in spite of a few cheap or arid pages; for there is the imagination, the poetic sensitiveness that we rightly associate with genius. If one would gladly shorten the "Scene in the Fields" what is to be said against that masterpiece the "March to the Scaffold," with its haunting, nightmarish rhythm, its ghostly chatter of the bassoons, its mocking shouts of brass? Or who does not find beauty in the first movement, brilliance in the second, and a demoniacal spirit in the Finale?

Mr. Newman has wisely said that the harmonies of Berlioz suited exactly his aims; that however strange they may seem on paper, they are justified when they are heard. As for the charge of failure as a melodist, there are the songs; there is the pathetic air of Marguerite in "The Damnation of Faust"; the "Farewell of the Shepherds" in "The Childhood of Christ"; the grand arias in "Les Troyens."

Stravinsky's "Psalms," the third in order still seems to be the most musical, the most original in treatment. There are fine moments in the two preceding, but the orchestral portion at times is labored and unnatural, not in the spirit of the text; often at war with the choral expression and warring without justification. But the third Psalm is an answer to those who say that Stravinsky is now merely a man of patterns and rhythms; a man whose inspiration has fled, not to return.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week as announced comprises the Prelude to the second act of Chabrier's "Gwentoline"; Hill's new symphony (first time); Beethoven's Violin concerto (Mr. Heifetz, violinist) and the overture to "Egmont."

TREMONT

"ity Lights"

A comedy drama with synchronized music d sound effects; adapted to the screen from story by Charles Spencer Chaplin; directed Mr. Chaplin and presented by United tists with the following cast:

blind girl .....Virginia Cherrill
r grandmother .....Florence Lee
eccentric millionaire.....Harry Myers
butler .....Allan Garcia
prizefighter.....Hank Mann
ramp .....Charlie Chaplin

All those who cherished the hope it Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights," ich opened last night at the Tremont eatre to a thoroughly appreciative lience of capacity size, might bring k silent films, are, we fear, doomed disappointment. Not that the film t good—on the contrary, it is marous, even better than could have n hoped for. The trouble is, that s so good as to defy imitation. No would dare to make another silent unless it were as good as "City its," and no one could but Charlie self. To be sure, the picture is d with sound effects and has a hronized musical score composed by Mr. Chaplin himself, but not a word is spoken throughout and the subtitles are comparatively few.

The little tramp—immortal serio comic embodiment of the under-dog—with his jaunty cane, his appalling trousers and his duck-shuffle of a walk, is carried through another kaleidoscopic chapter of his unique saga. Mr. Chaplin's marvellous comic sense, his inspired lunacy have here reached heights that even he has never surpassed. Incident after incident could be cited, but the one you will remember best is his swallowing of a whistle at a party, his sudden seizure with a fit of hiccoughs just as a pompous tenor starts to sing and the piping, whistling sounds that emerge from his throat in spite of his frantic efforts to subdue them. Subsequently he escapes to the garden, where his involuntary whistling calls all the dogs in the place and then summons a taxi.

The gentle, rambling plot follows the efforts of the tramp to befriend a blind flower girl and to help her regain her sight. He saves an eccentric millionaire from drowning and thereafter, so long as he is drunk, the millionaire is the tramp's bosom friend. Once he sobers up, he kicks the forlorn vagabond out of the house. It is all sublimely ridiculous, with sharp interludes of pathos that bring a lump to the throat. Such a moment is the conclusion when the blind girl, her sight restored by means of the money which the tramp had obtained for her and for the stealing of which he had been jailed, sees him for the first time—sees him and does not know him until he touches her hand.

There is so much that might be said if there were not the fear of telling too much. We particularly enjoyed the first few moments in which Mr. Chaplin indulges in a devastating burlesque of talking films by having musical instruments imitate the speakers at the unveiling of a monument. Another priceless bit occurs when Charlie is sucking up pieces of spaghetti and the musical accompaniment tells just how long each one is. There is a prize fight, undertaken by the tramp in a desperate effort to raise the rent money for the girl, which is almost inspired. Charlie, in mortal terror of his burly opponent, dances around the ring behind the huge referee, occasionally darting out from in back to hit the other boxer on the jaw or to fall lovingly into his arms.

Mr. Chaplin is superb throughout, with his marvellously expressive pantomime, which tells so much more than speech, his India-rubber legs, his pathetic bewilderment at the hard knocks of fate and his quixotic generosity. Virginia Cherrill, making in this film her screen debut, is entirely right as the blind girl—sweet, appealing and pathetic. Harry Myers, as the eccentric millionaire, and Hank Mann, as the phlegmatic prize-fighter, are excellent. "City Lights" must be seen at once, and as many times as you can, not because it is a silent picture but because it is the work of a genius who may never make another.—E. L. H.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Rango"

A part-talking and synchronized sound picture made in Sumatra by Ernest B. Schoedsack, producer and director, and photographed by Alfred Williams; released by Paramount, with the following cast:

The Man.....Clande King
The Boy.....Douglas Scott
An Old Hunter.....Ali
His Son .....Bin
An Old Ape.....Tua
His Son.....Rango

A fitting successor to Ernest B. Schoedsack's "Chang" is his "Rango," now showing at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia Theatres. It is another picture of jungle life, this time in Sumatra; as before, the underlying theme is the struggle for existence—man and the defenceless animals against nature and the carnivorous beasts. Infinite patience, great skill and daring are behind this imaginative, often exciting depiction of primitive life. No white person is seen on the screen, save in a brief prologue when an indulgent father begins to explain the mysteries of wild life to his inquisitive son. Mr. Schoedsack has an eye for pathos, for drama, for pictorial beauty, for humor and for tragedy.

There are only two human actors in the film—Ali, a tiger hunter, and his half-grown son, Bin, who make their home deep in the jungle for the purpose of hunting and killing tigers. Their nearest neighbors are several treefuls of monkeys and two apes, Tua and his small son, Rango. As all Kipling lovers know, apes and monkeys are consumed with curiosity and greed, and Mr. Schoedsack's camera proves it over and over again. One of the most humorous episodes in the entire film is the invasion of Ali's hut by Tua and Rango. They gorge themselves on all the food they can find, pull things apart to see what is in them, suck eggs, sit on them, cuff one another and behave in general like small boys on a pantry raid. Their expressions are grotesquely human and their actions ludicrous in the extreme. The same may be said of all the other tree-dwellers, monkeys and apes alike, but mingled with the comic aspect is another—for there can be nothing sadder or more wistful than the countenance of an ape when something frightens or bewilders him.

The great enemy of these harmless, although frequently annoying, creatures is the tiger. In the course of the film we see the various ways in which Ali attacks them—by pits dug in the trail, by box-traps, and other clever devices, but his most certain weapon is his ancient muzzle-loading gun. The film, after showing the daily life of these jungle dwellers, works up to a dramatic and tragic climax. Bin, pursuing Rango, is chased by a tiger, but the tiger's pause to kill the little ape gives Bin time to unloose his water-buffalo, the only animal in the jungle that will attack a tiger and whom the tiger fears. There is a wild and terrific combat in the underbrush, and in the end the bull gores out the life of its striped enemy. The final and most memorable shot in the picture shows the bereft Tua, brooding sadly in the branches of a gaunt dead tree, wondering what has become of his baby. "Rango" is well worth the attention of children and adults alike, for it is a remarkably interesting, well constructed picture.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Easiest Way"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Edith Ellis from the play of the same name by Eugene Walter; directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Laura Murdock ..... Constance Bennett
Willard Brockton ..... Adolphe Menjou
Jack Madison ..... Robert Montgomery
Peg ..... Anita Page
Elfie ..... Marjorie Rambeau
Ben ..... J. Farrell MacDonald
Agnes ..... Clara Blandick
Nick ..... Clark Gable

When "The Easiest Way" was produced by David Belasco at the Stuyvesant Theatre in New York on Jan. 19, 1909, the critics and the spectators applauded it, and the clergy denounced it. Mr. Walter, who a year previously had exchanged a park bench for a hotel suite through his earnings from another strong play, "Paid in Full," described this second opus as "concerning a peculiar phase of New York." It was a frank, repertorial narrative of a sordid tale, the struggle of a weak woman, for years mistress to a wealthy broker, to break her chains, to regain her decency, and to rest calmly and cleanly within the arms of a young westerner, impecunious but ambitious. It was a grim, tragic homily on environment, a losing battle between a love of luxury and a love of genuine affection. It ended on a tragic note as inevitable as it was unforeseen.

Edith Ellis, doubtless working under censorious eyes, has done what she could to preserve the dramatic pungency of this old play of two decades gone. She has utilized many of the most effective situations in the play, but instead of leaving an imprint of frustration at the end she has been forced to substitute an expectancy of happiness. By reason of such illogical treatment the picture deliberately sacrifices its greatest assets, sincerity and honesty. The intelligent observer feels at the end that he has been tricked, that a drama considered impressive and true in its day and still capable of emotional appeal has been wantonly camouflaged into a Pollyanna tale for adolescents.

Laura Murdock, as Frances Starr portrayed her, was an actress, previously married, accepting the easiest way out of poverty. As Miss Bennett paints her she is a model for magazine advertisements. Brockton, the broker, has become a commercial advertising broker. Madison is still a young newspaper man. There were only six characters in the play; in the film there are eight, to say nothing of a brood of young Murdocks. We meet the whole Murdock family, Ben, the father, a longshoreman of shiftless habits; Agnes, the mother, a beaten woman who disowns Laura, and Peg, a sister, who marries Nick, a laundryman who disapproves of Laura until the last scene and then welcomes her with nauseating fervor.

At no stage of the picture's progress does it rise above stereotyped performance. Many of the strongest scenes have been eliminated or cut to impotency. Miss Bennett conveys something of the weakness and the pathos of Laura's character, yet is denied any one sweepingly emotional display. Mr. Menjou is his polished self as Laura's protector, cynical and forceful; Mr. Montgomery gives a surface portrayal of the lover, and Miss Rambeau is effective in her few scenes as the unmoral Elfie. As an arraignment of evil this version of "The Easiest Way" is not to be considered seriously. One audience yesterday tittered over the closing scene. It would have been laughable had it not been so regrettable a perversion of the author's intent.

W. E. G.

SCHELLING CONCERT

The announced program for the young people's concert given in Jordan hall yesterday by Ernest Schelling and members of the Boston Symphony orchestra was as follows: Overture to "The Flying Dutchman"; Bridal Procession to the Cathedral from "Lohengrin" (act II); Prelude to the Third Act of "The Meistersinger"; March from "Tannhauser"; Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Gotterdammerung"; Ride of the Valkyrles from "Die Walkuere." The children sang the Ode to Washington's Birthday set to the music of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Finding the program a bit long Mr. Schelling omitted the Meistersinger Prelude. If desired, it would be played at the last concert. The hearty applause in response gave away what one of the numbers next time will be.

Mr. Schelling renounced his plan of continuing with the song and dance forms owing to many requests for a Wagner program from the youngsters. His concession was properly appreciated by the audience who enjoyed thoroughly the morning of music from Wagner's operas. The Ode to Washington's Birthday was not on the program because this was a Wagner program, rather because the "twenty-second" was the next day.

Discerning that some of his remarks on Wagner's works were a little "old" for his listeners—it was difficult to be otherwise when dealing with a person who combined so many extraordinary powers in his make-up—Mr. Schelling advised that their parents or teachers help them to understand the hard things. This, however, would be only a fair exchange since, in other concerts, the children explain all about the instruments to their elders. For the most part what he said they could easily grasp. It was clearly put and never too long to weary. The incidents he had selected from Wagner's life were well chosen and were found interesting. He explained carefully that though Wagner at an early age had decided to continue studying music without a teacher, it was not advisable for them to follow his example.

The children sang the Beethoven music a little more discreetly than one would have wished despite the fact that Mr. Schelling had transposed it to make the difficulties less.

The gorgeously colored slides showing scenes from the operas as well as Bayreuth incited admiration and wonder. After seeing a picture of a tuba who could forget that it is a very good instrument to explain the presence of a dragon! Thus curiosity was aroused to meet with this dragon in flesh and blood as well as to hear him explained again by the tuba, even though Mr. Schelling were not there too. Imagination was stirred to see the scenes once more, but on a real stage, as well as to become acquainted with the characters; both scenes and characters to be more deeply impressed by the motives the children would listen for in the music.

The next concert will take place on Saturday, March 14. The children were asked to choose the program from the list printed on the last page of the program book. Their choice must be made and sent to Mr. Schelling by March 1. At this last concert of the season three prizes will be given and many honorable mentions for note books in which there is a place, not only to answer questions, but to write thoughts Mr. Schelling values these thoughts at a high premium.—L. B. D.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., Florence Austral, soprano. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M., Peoples Symphony orchestra. Locatelli, Concerto Grosso; Bruck, Introduction to the opera "Lorelei"; Brahms, Academic Festival Overture; Tchaikovsky, Italian Caprice; Elgar, Overture "Cockaigne" (In London Town). Richard Burgin, concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, will be the assisting artist. He will play Mendelssohn's Concerto.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M., Trio Instrumental de Paris (Messrs. Laurent, flute; A. Zighera, viola de gamba; B. Zighera, harp). Leclair, Sonate a Trois; flute, Godard, Idylle Allegretto; viola da gamba, Ariosti, Adagio; De Cain d'Ervelois L'Inconstant; Forqueray, La Gaillarde. Harp, Tournier, Vers la source dans le Bois; Granados, Danse Trio; Prudent, Monique from "Les Bouquets de Chassenay."

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M., William Valkenier, French horn, and Hubert Sauvlet, accompanist; members of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"The Man in Possession," a play in three acts by H. M. Harwood, will be produced at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night by the Professional Players of Boston. The play was first seen—this "saucy, naughty, coruscating, witty comedy full of the brightest lines and happy to the extent of the hilarious" to quote Mr. Sydney W. Carroll of the London Daily Telegraph, at the Ambassadors Theatre, London, on Jan. 22, 1930, when Isabel Jeans played Crystal Wetherby; Raymond Massey, Raymond Dabney; Paul Gill, Paul Dabney; Alex Frizell, Mrs. Dabney; Ann Codrington, Clara; Stafford Hilliard, Mr. McAlister; Ive Dawson, Sir Charles Cartwright. Eugene O'Neil's "In the Zone," was also on the bill.

The first performance in the United States was at Philadelphia on Oct. 6, 1930. The comedy arrived at the Booth Theatre, New York, on Nov. 1, 1930, with Miss Jeans as Crystal; Leslie Banks, Raymond; Paul Gill, Paul Dabney; Frances Ruttledge, Mrs. Dabney; David Keir, Mr. McAlister; J. Neil More, Sir Charles Cartwright; Mabel Buckley, Clara.

A man in possession is an assistant sheriff's officer, commonly known as a bum bailiff who may be put in a debtor's house to see that nothing is removed from it until the debt is discharged. Mr. Harwood was not the first to write a play about a bum bailiff. "The Man in Possession," by James Albery, a comedy in three acts, was produced at the Gaiety, London, in 1876; Albery, a brilliant dramatist, best known by his "Two Roses"; a disappointed man, if one may judge from the epitaph he wrote for himself:

"He walked beneath the moon,
He slept beneath the sun,
He lived a life of 'going to do',
And died with nothing done."

Then there was "The Man in Possession" by Robert Overton, a "drama-comedietta" at Leytonstone Assembly Rooms in 1892.

Mr. Harwood's Raymond Dabney is a young Cambridge graduate, who has been jailed for selling a motor car for which he had not paid. He thus settled some gambling debts. His highly respectable family was obliged to change residence. Raymond's father and elder brother Claude offer him £500 to clear out. Claude is especially anxious to ship him, for he is engaged to a rich widow. Raymond prefers to stay in England. The scene then changes to the widow's house in Mayfair. She is not rich; she is distinctly a merry widow, hard up. Her footman has left her; the Dabneys are to dine with her; two sheriff's officers come in with a writ. The writ is served. The man arrives to take possession—this man is Raymond, who, enamored at once of the widow, is only too willing to don the footman's uniform and serve the dinner to his own family. The rest of Mr. Harwood's story should be seen at the Plymouth. The audience will then learn about the other "light domestic duties" that Raymond took over.

One may ask, "why 'bum'-bailiff?" He is "the bailiff that is close at the debtor's back, or that catches him in the rear. Compare the French equivalent— 'pousse-cul'." The term is as old as Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The office was not held in high respect in the 17th century. A writer spoke of "the very offscum of the rascall multitude as . . . Decoyes, Bum-bayliffes, disgraced purse-vants . . . and a rabble of such stinkardly companions." There are many allusions to the bum-bailiff in literature. Washington Irving in Knickerbocker: "I have a mortal antipathy to catchpolls, bumbaillffs and little great men."

Mr. Harwood, dramatic author and manager, born in 1874 in Lancashire, was at Trinity College, Cambridge. He thought apparently of medicine as a profession, for he attended St. Thomas's Hospital, and even practised for a time. He also was engaged in cotton spinning. His first play, "Honor Thy Father," was produced in 1912. He has written many plays, some of them in collaboration with his wife, Fryn Tennyson-Jesse.

Isabel Jeans, born at London in 1891, made her first appearance on the stage in 1909 as Daffodil in "Pinkie and the Fairies" at His Majesty's. In 1915-16 she toured in the United States with Granville Barker's company. Since then she has taken leading roles in many plays. She began her theatrical life as a singer, taking small parts; in 1913 her first speaking part in London was Peggy Bannister in "The Greater Wish." She finally became interested in the productions of the Art Theatre Club and similar organizations which, having a limited membership, are able to present plays without official sanction. After a series of revivals of plays by Wycherly and Congreve, she made up her mind that the greatest possibilities for her success were in the field of comedy. "Those who have seen Miss Jeans at the Booth Theatre are apt to think of her as a tall woman, but it is explained that this is an illusion attributable to her shrewdness in adapting the new styles to her figure. She is only slightly taller than medium height, slender, and carries herself in the manner usually described by novelists as 'regal'."

Leslie Banks, born near Liverpool in 1890, educated at Oxford, went on the stage as a member of Benson's company in 1911 playing Old Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice." In 1913-14 he toured in the United States and Canada with H. V. Esmond and Eva Moore, and in May, 1914, made his first appearance in London. In 1914-18 he served with the Essex regiment in the world war. After demobilization he joined the Birmingham Repertory company; played leads with Lena Ashwell's Repertory company, then took prominent parts in theatres in London. In 1924 he came to New York and took the part of Captain Hook in "Peter Pan."

To go back to the bum-bailiff. He is not in these days necessarily old, gruff, sour. "He may be young, witty, and very much the gentleman. . . . Any stranger lodged in the home is apt to be difficult to explain to guests. To cause no hardship 'the man in possession' is instructed to be kind, courteous and helpful—which includes, if necessary, fitting himself into the household regime even to the extent of becoming part of the service. He can be made to answer the door, light the fires, mix the cocktails and polish the plate, but he can't be fired until the debt is discharged. So when a lady happens to be penniless he most decidedly becomes 'the man in possession'."

Sydney W. Carroll of London thinks that in no section of the theatre are conventions more "rampant or absurd than in the field of musical comedy. It must be divided into two portions: the first half having the action in a baronial hall, wholesale emporium or some vast interior resembling nothing that ever existed on earth"; the second half showing a night club. There is uniformity of costume. "We see rows of young and attractive girls displaying exactly the same kind of dress, often with precisely the same colors. These similarly attired damsels join hands and frequently legs, waggle their shoulders in unison, throw their arms jubilantly into the air and apparently rejoice at something that in real life would be cause for the deepest chagrin and heartburning." It is forbidden to walk simply and naturally to one's destination. The country is usually tropical. "The ladies meander about in the scantiest of costumes . . . nowadays dancing is simply a series of gymnastic exercises or military manoeuvres. If you dance with one part of your body you must keep the rest of your anatomy quiescent. The shoulders may shimmy and shudder, but there must be no movement from the toes." There must be music. "Usually the sounds of the orchestra seem to be of only two varieties, either rum-te-tum-te-tum-te-tum, or tum-tum-te-rum-tum-tum." Foreigners must always be ridiculous. One or more of the people must be disguised. The disguise, however obvious, is not discovered till the last 10 minutes of the last act. Easily spoken words must be mispronounced. "Drink and drunkenness must always be a subject for hilarious laughter."

It was a foolish attempt, that of dramatizing Mary Webb's remarkable novel, "Precious Bane"; for the "atmosphere" of the novel cannot be reproduced in a play however skilful the dramatist. No wonder that the attempt met with little or no success recently in London.

And to think of Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth" being turned into a "romantic music drama!" It's a pity that Reade is not alive to write a protest in his delightfully violent manner. Sterling Macklnlay "has drawn his story from the love episode between Gerard and Margaret." But it is not the "love episode" alone that makes this novel great.

Mr. Ivor Brown of London finds that the acting by the American company in "Strange Interlude" is so very good that half the soliloquy is quite unnecessary. "The players are amply capable of expressing what they feel without pouring it all out verbally. There is far too much of it, and this formidable business of making two sessions out of one play is simply due to an unwise refusal to use a blue pencil and a carving knife. To appreciate the play you must accept a psychology which makes sex impulse the dominating motive throughout. If you are a member of this gloomy faith you will find power in the treatment and satisfaction in the result. If not, you will none the less admit that there are some uncommonly effective scenes and some uncommonly arid patches. In either case you may feel better inclined to the piece after the dinner than before it, and a certain faintness is pardonable while a badly written last act sluggishly rounds off the hates and loves and fears and jealousies of the storm-tossed Nina."

Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

A program issued a few days before a concert may provoke curiosity, arouse anticipation, or excite only languid interest in the one to sing or play, but not in the selections themselves.

Take for example the program of the "Trio Instrumental de Paris," the three excellent musicians who will play this afternoon at the Boston Public Library. Flute, viola da gamba and harp. Viola da gamba—the sound of the words is music. Once the most popular of instruments in England. When Sir Toby Belch enumerates Sir Andrew's fine qualities to Maria, a most delightful young woman, he did not forget the knight's musical attainments: "He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature." When Griffith Gaunt was sad at heart he looked to his bass viol for comfort. What a great novel "Griffith Gaunt" is! Perhaps the reading world will go back some day to Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, and the lesser lights, Besant and Rice, not forgetting Sheridan Le Fanu, that master of "creeps," of whom Algernon Blackwood is the successor.

Note the names of the composers for Mr. Zighera's viola da gamba. Ariosti—one thinks at once of Ariosto the poet. Attilio Ariosti, like Ulysses, saw many towns and men—not to mention noble dames at courts; he was honored at Berlin, Paris, London as in Italian cities, serving emperors, kings, dukes; at one time composer to Queen Sophie Charlotte at Berlin; first seeing the light at Bologna; dying probably in Spain. Forqueray—but which one? Antoine, Jean Baptiste Antoine, or Nicolas Gilles? Antoine and his son Jean Baptiste were famous players of the bass viol. The father composed. It was said of him that his only master was his genius. "He did everything on the bass viol that others did on the violin." There was a certain "salt" in his playing which others lacked. His art never spoiled nature. It appears from Daquin's testimony that the son brought back to favor the bass viol which was going out of fashion. His playing was tasteful, without affectation. But who was De Cain d'Ervelois? Phoebus, what a name! What name was given in baptism to Prudent? Was he the Prudent that wrote the music for "Les Jardinieres," performed at Paris in 1771? Probably, for he seemed interested in musical gardens. Mr. Zighera will play a movement from Prudent's "Les Bouquets de Chassenay."

And this afternoon Mr. Burgin will play a concerto with the People's symphony orchestra, while Mr. Valkenier will please the people at Ford hall by his art as a player of the French horn.

The singers this week present varied programs. Mme. Carmen Reggio has a throat full of operatic arias. Mr. Matthews, who has already been heard here, will range from Monteverdi to the unknown composer of "I Feel Like My Time Ain't Long." Miss Ehrhart's program is varied; it is pleasant to see Poulenc, Moret, Hue, Goossens, Walton represented.

Edward Matthews, baritone, who will sing in Jordan hall on Tuesday evening, is a graduate of Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. He specialized in music at the university, and was a member of the students' male sextet. After graduating, Mr. Matthews came to Boston and studied. Later, joining the Fisk Jubilee Singers, he toured Europe for a year with that organization. Returning to Boston he resumed his studies and last season made his debut in this city. He recently gave a Town hall recital in New York. His concert this week is given under the patronage of Roland Hayes.

Edward Burlinghame Hill's new symphony will be brought out this week by Dr. Koussevitzky. There was talk some weeks ago of the production.

Mr. Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Symphony orchestra, put Johann Strauss's "Emperor Waltzes" on his program of Feb. 13-14, Mr. Borowski, whose program notes are as entertaining as they are valuable for their information, reminded the Chicago audience of Strauss's visit to Boston in 1872 when at the International Peace Jubilee, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, "for special occasions engaged the services of the bell-ringers in the city churches and 100 gentlemen from the Boston fire department, who pounded robustly upon 100 anvils."

We don't remember the bells, but we even now see the firemen laboring in the "Anvil" Chorus from "Il Trovatore." It was a gr-r-r-eat and glor-r-r-iqus occasion.

Why should not a waltz by Johann Strauss be played occasionally in Symphony hall under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction? Nor is Joseph Strauss's "Village Swallows" waltz to be despised. We are inclined to take music with distressing seriousness in Boston.

One would gladly hear Chabrier's "Espana" and his "Joyous March," for Chabrier had a talent that approached genius.

The artists engaged for the Boston Morning Musicales for the fourth season 1931-32 are the following:

Singers: Mmes. Muzio, Rethberg; Messrs. Schipa, Thomas.
Violinist: Jacques Thibaud.
Pianist: Ignace Paderewski.

Richard Strauss has been delivering himself of a few truths about conductors. "Are gestures indispensable to the conductor himself?" he asks. "Or to the orchestra? Or to the audience?" He rightly suggests that audiences on the whole are spellbound by the conductor who waves his arms about and crouches and generally behaves like a man possessed. But he comes home to professional instrumentalists when he hints that they are not so unskilful as to be unable to play loud or soft or to come in at the right place without a frantic demonstration from the rostrum. In this country we have many conductors who insult the intelligence of their orchestras by the energies of an amateur herdsman of sheep. Yet the greatest conductor of the day, the one with the largest public following, is Toscanini, who does not perspire through his every pore at the end of a movement. Richter could achieve an unforgettable orchestral crescendo simply by raising a hand. As Strauss points out, the scheme of dynamics and tempi ought to be settled at rehearsal. And, curiously enough, even some of our most exuberant conductors are quite economical in their gestures while rehearsing; there is no gallery to play to then. Few conductors could achieve fame unless they behaved sensationally at actual performance. For few possess the personality and authority of a Toscanini. And our conductors are not satisfied with demonstrations on the concert platform. Apparently they must also see to it that the poor composer's work is really well scored. They rewrite his parts, give him muted trumpets, and other tricks of the trade, even though some of these tricks were not in existence during the composer's lifetime. Will Dyson ought to draw a picture of a modern conductor arriving in heaven and meeting Beethoven and saying to him: "I did my best for you down below, but you know what they are, Ludwig, you know what they are!"—Manchester Guardian, Feb. 6.

The Editor of The Sunday Herald:

As I read in the Symphony orchestra's program book of Feb. 13-14, the English version by Matthew Arnold of St. Francis d'Assisi's "Canticle of the Sun," I wondered why Arnold took it upon himself to change the order of the verses; the original order is so much more beautiful. And hearing Mme. Frijsh sing, I realized that Mr. Loeffler, too, had accepted the different order.

In the "Oxford Book of Italian Verse" and in a modern edition of the "Mirror of Perfection," an edition which a learned Franciscan scholar told me was excellent, the order is given: 1st, Praised by the sun; 2d, the moon and the stars; 3d, the wind; 4th, the water; 5th, the fire; 6th, mother earth; 7th, those who forgive for love's sake; 8th, sister death.

According to Sabatier, St. Francis added the part to "Sora nostra morte corporale" later when he felt he was near death. Matthew Arnold's version with the invocation to the sun at the end seems, somehow, all wrong. What business had he to change the verses and jump them about so unartistically?

M. S.

Mr. Loeffler took for the text of his "Canticum fratris solis," a modernized Italian version by Mr. Gino Perera of Boston.—Ed.

FOUR SPELLINGS

"'Ketchup King' Dies." So ran a headline a short time ago. Note: "Ketchup" not "catchup" nor "catsup." Yet John Walker in his "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (1791) preferred the spelling "catsup, universally pronounced katsh-up." In a little town of the sixties in Massachusetts, "catchup" was the spelling and there was no "katsh" in the pronunciation. The famous Mrs. Glasse spelled the word "catchup," Dean Swift twenty years before her wrote:

And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup and caveer.

"Ketchup" is now said to be the only correct spelling, though Mrs. Harrison in the "Housekeeper's Pocket Book" (1748) warned her readers not to be without "kitchup or mushroom sauce."

Wise men of the east inform us that ketchup is apparently derived from the Amoy dialect in China—"Koechiap" or "Ketsiap" brine of pickled fish or shellfish; while others point to the Malay "Kechap" (Dutch "Ketjap"). A writer about trade in India (1711) stated that the best "ketchup" came from Tonquin. And so Byron wrote in "Beppo":

Ketchup, Soy, Chili-Vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well-nigh
starve ye.

What matters it to the infinite? The ketchup, catchup, catsup, kitchup King is dead. "Jenny, please pass the bottle." Still, one may ask, why "catsup"? The cat is a fastidious eater; in this respect nobler than the dog.

WITHOUT AN INDEX

Biographies, autobiographies, memoirs are now published almost daily. Some of the most entertaining of them—as Tamara Karsavina's, Leopold Wolfling's, Narishkin-Kurakin's memoirs, are without an index. Now that the incomparable Pavlova is no more, one would like to read what her friend, Mme. Karsavina, has to say about her. One must search the volume throughout to find the account of their life together at the Imperial School of the Dance. Would one learn that scapegrace Wolfling's explanation of the Archduke Rudolf tragedy, there is no guiding index.

It is a pleasure to find in the "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann," now published in Everyman's Library, a singularly full index. Would one know whether moulting takes place in both wings of a bird equally and symmetrically, the inquirer turns at once to page 227. Did Grimm distrust paper money? See page 350. For Goethe's belief that it was indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican gulf of the Pacific ocean, see page 174.

It is not to be expected that many will do for their authors what Birbeck Hill did for Boswell's "Johnson," supply an index filling a large octavo volume. No one would have the patience or go to the expense of providing an index after the manner of Richardson's for his "Sir Charles Grandison"—the edition of 1754 in seven volumes. On pages 201-202 of vol. 6, one may read Mr. Fenwick's "account of Sir Charles's pleasant and lively behavior, among a large company of gentlemen at Mr. Greville's." Who was G. Lord? In vol. 4, p. 223, he "presents his collection of shells to Miss Jervois"; in vol. 5, p. 126, he "presents Lady G. with a parrot and paroquet." In the seventh volume (p. 190) he is "in agonies for his Lady's safety in childbirth." And so one is not obliged to write "Richardson says somewhere" or "Richardson speaks somewhere of the 'Princess of Cleves' as a dangerous novel." An index thus made is in itself delightful, and it not only aids in refreshing the reader's memory, in some instances it gives him an acquaintance with the book so that he may talk about it glibly without the trouble of plodding through it.

signed for the worship of nudity, of books printed in English which, though written by Englishmen and Irishmen of note, are not allowed by their countrymen to cross the channel. To much less to enter North American ports. To these tourists, life in Paris may be chequered, it is never dull; to them Paris is still la ville de lumiere.

"GAY PAREE"

By PHILIP HALE

Michael Arlen, arriving in New York early in this month, promptly entertained reporters by his sparkling comments on various cities. Paris is the best place to work in, "because it's the dullest city in the world." To him that city is no longer "Gay Paree." A London journalist wrote that "Gay Paree" was "an imaginary city, invented by furtive Victorians who wore knickerbockers on the Boulevard."

It is true that Paris is no longer the city that it was before the world war; much less the city of fifty years ago. It is not so clean; in many places it has the appearance of being down at the heel. The Champs Elysees has been grossly, vulgarly commercialized; old Frenchmen would say "Americanized." Think of shops and glaring electric signs on that once noble avenue within a stone's throw of the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.

But these changes are not the sole cause for the dulness of which Mr. Arlen complains. One reads of French girls devoting themselves to abstruse subjects. One is examining into "hemolymph in the heart of snails"; another considers the "regulation of the number of red corpuscles in the lower vertebrates"; Mlle. Chanot is interested in "the effects of the X-ray on rare gases," while presumably charming Mlle. Wulleaumier is an authority on "sobriquets used by the Romans." Let us hope she does not forget the first Cicero, who had a chic-pea on his nose.

Ah, where are Mimi, Musette, Fantine and their joyous sisters of the Latin Quarter? (Even the Latin Quarter is no longer the dwelling place of poets and painters.) Where is Clemence, seen tripping down the Rue de Seine by Oliver Wendell Holmes when he was a medical student in Paris, the Clemence of his gracefully sentimental poem "La Grisette"? She and her sisters

Only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

Yet there are Americans who do not find Paris dull. To them that city is only a town of cocktails—villainous as a rule; of revues de-

Tuesday: Symphony hall 3 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Edward Matthews, baritone; J. Shelton Pollen, accompanist. Monteverdi, Lasciatemi Morir. Marcello, Non m' e grave morir per amore. Durante, Danza, fanciulla gentile. Brahms, Estraeumte Mir, Wahrend des Regens, Die Schnur die Perl an Perl, O liebliche Wungen. Santoliquido, Un' Ora del Sole, Riflessi. Borresen, If you have kindly feelings. Backer-Lunde, Idyl. Negro Spirituals: Hear de lambs a-cryin' (arr. H. Burleigh). I feel like my time ain't long (arr. R. Johnson). Didn't my Lord deliver Daniel (arr. R. Johnson). A City called Heaven (arr. H. Johnson).

Wednesday—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Rudolph Ganz, pianist. Chopin, Sonata in B minor. Debussy, Twelve Preludes. Haydn, Sonata in D major. Chopin-Liszt, "My Joys" and "Maiden's Wish." Paganini-Liszt, "Le Chasse and Campanella.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Carmen Reggio, contralto; Loretta O'Connell, pianist. Mattei, Non torna. Bizet, Habanera from "Carmen." Verdi, Stride la vampa from "Il Trovatore." Handel, Ombra mai fu from "Serse." Piano: Chopin, Ballade op. 45, Nocturne op. 15 No. 2. Arias and songs: Thomas, Romanza from "Mignon," Drigo, Les Millions d' Arlequin (Nocturno d' Amore). Ponchielli, Voce di donna from "La Giaoconda." Tosti, L'Ultimo bacio. Gounod, Ave Maria. Tosti, La Serenata. Piano, Moszkowski, Caprice Espagnol. Vocal: Lieurance, By the Waters of Minnetonka. Donizetti, O Mio Fernando from "La Favorita."

Thursday: Symphony hall 8:15 P. M. Maxin Karolik, tenor. Songs by Rimsky-Korsakov, Moussorgsky, Pizzetti, Caselia, Chausson, Debussy, Ravel, Dargomyschssi, Balakirev, Gretchaninov.

Women's Republican Club 8:15 P. M. Maria Kurenko, coloratura soprano under the auspices of the Russian Club of Boston.

Jordan hall 8:15 P. M. Clarence Knudson, violinist, assisted by Maude Erickson, dramatic soprano, and 35 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Fiedler. Samuel Goldberg, accompanist.

Friday: Symphony hall 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special noti

Jordan hall 8:15 P. M. The Ma trio (Jacques, violin; Manfred, p Joseph, violoncello), Tchaikovsky, Brahms, trio, C minor; Smetana, tri

Saturday: Jordan hall 11 A. M Dorothy Gordon, singer of folk songs: Group 1, folk songs of the British isles 2, continental folk songs (Russia Bavaria, Alsace, Provence, Lombardy Portugal); 3, American folk song. (North Carolina mountains, hills o Vermont, Virginia). "When We Wer Very Young" and "Now We Are Six" lyrics by A. A. Milne; music by H Fraser Simpson.

Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano. Isidore Luckstone, pianist. Mozart, Giunse alfin il moment and Deh Vieni from "Le Nozze di Figaro, Scarlatti, Chi Vuole innamorars Paradies, Quei ruscelletto. Tchaikovsk War ich nicht ein Halm auf prischer Wiesengrund. Strauss, Morgen-Nach Schubert, Gretchen un Spinnrad Schumann, Der Nursbaum-Brahm Botschaft. Poulenc, Air Champetre Moret la Lettre. Hue, Vocalize Etude Massenet, Vivi Amorer from "Cheru bin." Goossens, All day I hear th noise of waters; O Cool is Valley nov Walton, The Winds. Colin Taylor, Th Windmill. Bat, A Carol.

Symphony Hall. 8:15 P. M.—Repeti tion of Friday's Symphony concert, D Koussevitzky, conductor.

FENWAY AND SCOLLAY SQUARE
"The Seas Beneath"

An all-talking screen drama adapted b Dudley Nichols from a story by Jame Parker, Jr.; directed by John Ford and pr sented by Fox with the following cast:

Comdr. Bob Kingsley, U.S.N. George O'Brie
Anna-Maria von Steuben.... Marion Lessir
Lolita..... Mona Mar
"Lug" Kaufman..... Warren Hym
Chief Mike Costello..... Walter C. Kel
Chief Joe Cobb..... Walter McGra
Lt. McGregor..... Larry Ke
Ensign Dick Cabot..... Gaylord Pendlet
"Butch" Wagner..... Nat Pendlet
Ernst von Steuben..... Henry Vied
Franz Shiller..... John Lod
Adolph Brucker..... Ferdinand Schuman-Hei

John Ford and Dudley Nichols, former naval officer, who seem to ha submarine complexes, have follow "Men Without Women" with anoth graphic narrative of adventures on a under the sea, though this time t action is preponderantly on the ocea surface. It is less harrowing, perha less suspenseful and dramatic than predecessor, and for that reason, mo entertaining. There was stuff in "M Without Women" which was almo unforgettable, whereas after seei "The Seas Beneath" you will dep with the impression that it is a mig

good picture of its kind, but easily erased from one's mind.

While England and France created the co-called "mystery ship" in the late war, the United States actually manned out, the U. S. S. Santee. It may be that the Santee was the model for the innocent-looking craft which George O'Brien, as Comdr. Bob Kingsley, U. S. N., takes out to trap a German submarine which had been destroying the American merchant marine to an annoying degree. This mystery ship has an ace in the hole, a U. S. submarine which trails along, submerged of course, until the time comes to sink the German U-172. Her own defence consists of a big gun concealed under a dummy hatch. By having the mystery ship put into a Spanish island port for supplies, the sponsors of the picture justify themselves in introducing two femininc characters, the one a paid spy, Lolita, a dancing girl, the other Anna Maria von Steuben, sister of the commander of the U-172. Lolita drugs Ensign Cabot, steals his papers, and is secn no more. Anna Maria ls captured by Kingsley, witnesses the destruction of her brother's craft, promises Kingsley she will return to him after the war is ended. For, since there must be love interest, Anna Maria and Kingsley had fallen in love at first sight.

One of the finest qualities of "The Seas Beneath" is pictorial. There are countlcss marine scenes, all fascinating, and not confined to smooth water shots. There are rescues in heavy seas, fires and floods in the ship's holds, realistic glimpses of submarine activities, and of inter-changcs of torpedo compliments. An incongruous note, however, is the presence aboard the mystery ship of a rookie crew when picked veterans would have been a natural choice. Mr. O'Brien, a blithe figure on a horse, issues quarter-deck orders crisply, plays the hero smoothly, without bombast. Gaylord Pendelton, a newcomer, does a splendid bit as the susceptible ensign who tries to redeem himself by a mad heroism which only a German bullet nullifies. Marion Lessing, American born and trained for dramatic and operatic roles in Vienna, makes her screen debut auspiciously. She speaks German and English in the film; in fact all the dialogue is a mixture of two languages. Walter C. Kelley, better known as "The Virginia Judge," also makes his screen bow, in a comedy role. A good cast, a meaty and exceptionally interesting picture.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Kept Husbands"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Forrest Halsey and Alfred Jackson from the original story by Louis Sarecky; directed by Lloyd Bacon and Charles Kerr and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Dorothy Parker	Dorothy Mackaill
Dick Brunton	Joe McCrea
Mr. Parker	Robert McWade
Mrs. Parker	Florence Roberts
Mrs. Post	Clara Kimball Young
Mrs. Brunton	Mary Carr
Gwen	Lita Chevret
Hughie	Ned Sparks
Bates	Bryant Washburn
Mr. Post	Freeman Wood

The question of how much a man can depend on his rich wife in money matters is the basic theme of "Kept Husbands," current screen feature at the Keith-Boston Theatre. Will he degenerate into a lap dog and glove-carrier or will he assert his right to support his wife on his own earnings, without recourse to her wealthy father? It is a question that has caused more than a little trouble and unhappiness, for no right-minded man likes to be dependent on his better half, especially when it means that his personal liberty is curtailed by the calm ignoring of his right to carry on with his work. It is not likely that this matter will be settled by "Kept Husbands": the idea, which has good possibilities, is grievously mishandled and made into cheap, shoddy, onvincing entertainment. Even a feeble effort at satire fails in its purpose and becomes merely dull.

Dorothy Parker, spoiled and pretty daughter of a multimillionaire, falls in love with Dick Brunton, poor but talented young engineer in her father's plant, and insists on marrying him. Dick, a nice, inexperienced boy, devoted to his dazzling bride, lets her drag him protestingly around all the most expensive resorts in Europe. Returning after several months to take up his work, he finds that Dorothy wishes to lead an existence made up of concerts, dances and tea parties. She pooh-poohs his work and makes scenes every time he tries to back out of an engagement in order to keep a business appointment. Finally, when she tries to prevent his going to St. Louis to carry out the biggest deal yet given him, Dick walks out on her in disgust. She throws a futile sofa cushion—as decorative and as useless as herself—at his retreating back and then calls up an old name, Charlie Bates, to make a date.

There really isn't much use going on from there, and you can make up the ending to suit yourself. Dorothy Mackaill does as well as any one could expect with a badly written unsympathetic role, and Joel McCrea, a likable youngster, is satisfactory as Dick. The real interest of the film was the appearance of Clara Kimball Young, matured and handsome, as a peevish society woman, and Ned Sparks offered a medium of refreshing comedy.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Girls Demand Excitement"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from a story by Harlan Thompson; directed by Seymour Felix and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Joan Madison	Virginia Cherrill
Peter Brooks	John Wayne
Miriam	Marguerite Churchill
Gazella Perkins	Helen Jerome Eddy
Simeon	Ralph Welles
Mr. Madison	George Irving
Freddie	William Janney
Tommy	Edward Nugent
Dean	Winter Hall
Margery	Marion Byron
Sheik Nevins	Terrance Ray
Joe	Jerry Mandy
Bobby Cruikshank	Emerson Treacy
Harriet Mundy	Martha Sleeper
Sue Street	Addie McPhail
Jimmie	O'Ray Cooke

Seldom has such an imposing cast been assembled for such a trivial story as "Girls Demand Excitement." Trivial in theme, that is, but not in presentation. Arguments for and against coeducational systems have been waged with more or less bitterness or hilarity on the screen before this; but never before has the standard of the efficacy of sex appeal been paraded quite so blatantly, or so absurdly. The picture has for its premise, shall Bradbury College continue to allow young women to become students or shall it be strictly masculine in character? Peter Brooks, as chief of the Spartan Club, and Joan Madison, as a collegiate Lysistrata, represent the two camps. Peter is a strapping big fellow, blunt, honest; Joan is a scheming blonde, a spoiled child who always has deserved and never received a spanking. She and Peter first met during the summer, when he was earning tuition money as her father's gardener and she was collecting engagement rings and fraternity pins from callow swain. He disapproved of her, she pretended to hate him.

So, at college, they naturally were aligned against each other. She exchanges kisses for boys' votes, engineers various schemes in which sex allure is employed brazenly. There are osculation tests, purely for scientific purposes; a basketball game between girls and boys, even a kidnapping of a freshman by the girls, who strip him of his clothes so that Joan may wear them to gain entrance to the Spartan Club and compromise honest Peter. When voting day arrives Peter is with the dean, facing expulsion; but Joan confesses, Peter withholds his winning proxies, the college stays co-ed, and Peter and Joan get in the final kisses in this amazing series of osculatory experiments.

Seymour Felix, hitherto known as a dance director for musical comedy productions, directs here his first picture, and does it well. In fact the acting is far superior to the subject matter. It seems odd to see John Wayne, the hero of "The Big Trail," or Miss Cherrill the appealing blind girl of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" in such juvenile caperings. Yet they, like their many associates, contrive to make the picture seem more important than it is.

W. E. G.

PARK

"Atlantic"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the play by Ernest Raymond entitled "The Berg"; directed by E. A. Dupont and presented by Elstree Productions with the following cast:

John Rool	Franklin Dyall
Mrs. Rool	Ellaline Terris
Poynter	Donald Clathrop
Tate Hughes	D. A. Clarke-Smith
Mrs. Tate Hughes	Helen Haye
Betty Tate Hughes	Joan Barry
Lawrence	John Stuart
Monica	Madeleine Carroll
Lanchester	John Longden
Major Boldre	Arthur Hardy
Dandy	Monty Banks
Captain	Sydney Lynn

One of the most vivid recollections of our childhood was the sinking of the Titanic in 1912. The incredible horror of that giant ship—supposedly the very latest word in maritime achievement—striking an iceberg in mid-Atlantic and going down within a few hours, with over a thousand persons on board—for whom there were no lifeboats—came like a cataclysm of nature and as such is unforgettable. This tragedy is now brought to the screen under the thin disguise of "Atlantic" and is the feature film at the Park Theatre for the current week. In spite of bad direction, artificial and stagey acting, the picture, especially in its final moments, has the power to move.

The almost unbearable slowness with which the diminutive dramas of the individual passengers aboard the doomed "Atlantic" are unfolded, is incomprehensible. In the face of deadly peril, it did not seem likely that the officers would lie to the passengers and tell them that the whole affair was a lifeboat drill. The dialogue is repetitious and so excessively explanatory that one wonders whether E. A. Dupont, the director, was anticipating future audiences made up exclusively of semi-imbeciles. On the face of it, it seems unbelievable that he is the same man who made the memorable "Variety," with its breathless, cumulating sense of drama and tragedy. With such a subject as the sinking of the Titanic on his hands, it would not have been unreasonable to expect marvels, and the lethargic results are doubly disappointing.

If there had been more concentration on the reactions of the ship's passengers as a whole, instead of on a small group of useless and unattractive society people, the effect would have been far more dramatic. As it is, the final scenes when the boats are lowered, filled with screaming, terrified women torn from their husbands; when the stokers and firemen wait grimly in the hold for permission to go on deck; when the band plays its gay and cheerful airs in the teeth of certain death, and those for whom there was no room in the boats sing "Nearer My God to Thee" as the dark waters swirl higher and higher around them—there is compelling drama. The cast, which includes a number of prominent English actors and actresses, such as Franklin Dyall, Ellaline Terris, D. A. Clarke-Smith, Helen Haye, John Stuart, Madeleine Carroll and John Longden, is sometimes good and sometimes not.

E. D. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COPLEY—"John Ferguson," play by St. John Ervine; 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"The Man in Possession," comedy, with Leslie Banks, Isabel Jeans; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Nina Rose," Romberg-Harbach operetta; 8:30.

WILBUR—"Up Pops the Devil," farce-comedy; 8:20.

NOTE—The Colonial and the Lyric theatres are dark; the Tremont and the Majestic house motion pictures.

THE PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony, Thompson Stone, conductor, played the following music at a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall:

Overture to "Der Freischuetz (Weber); Introduction to "Lorelei" (Max Bruch); Academic Festival Overture (Brahms); Italian Caprice (Tschaikowsky); Concerto in E minor, for Violin and Orchestra (Richard Burgin, violinist) (Mendelssohn); Overture "Cockaigne" (Elgar).

Mr. Burgin's appearances as soloist with the People's Symphony are always welcomed by a large and extremely enthusiastic audience. Yesterday was no exception, and Mr. Burgin's brilliant playing deserved the warm applause. He gave the Mendelssohn E Minor Concerto an unusual and very interesting interpretation, taking the Allegro at a high rate of speed, and playing with a rushing rhythm and a curiously impersonal, passionate intensity . . . somehow very appropriate, for this music may be long-drawn out or over-sentimental at the hands of less sensitively poised musicians. To the whole Concerto, also, yet never slackening the impetuosity of his playing, Mr. Burgin gave a lyric character; his tone, glistening and clear almost to the point of glassiness, helped to keep the music well above the trite and overplayed. He played the Andante with serenity and dignity; the Allegro molto vivace became, under his swift fingers and flying bow, a marvel of lightness, grace, and delicacy. The orchestra accompanied a trifle heavily for Mr. Burgin's sparkling speed, but competently and appreciatively.

The program itself yesterday could have been improved upon. There seemed to be too many overtures of a rather blatant type; the orchestra plays so well now that it need not be self-conscious about attempting atmospheric music of an imaginative and sensuous kind, such as some pieces of Debussy, de Falla, or Respighi. The four overtures played yesterday were all inclined to be square, rejoicing in boisterous energy and considerable noise among the brasses. The Elgar piece even ended up with increased volume from the organ. These are all good pieces, and they were well performed. They are splendid to have in the repertory of the orchestra, and exactly the type of program piece the People's Symphony should offer, it being the orchestra's special province to supply audiences with good music of the lighter-than-symphonic variety. But it was a pity that they were all performed on the same program. Tschaikowsky's Italian Caprice was played with spirit and good rhythm.

The tone of the orchestra is well-blended; entrances are crisp and ready, in general. Mr. Stone might well be persuaded to take his orchestra a bit more for granted now, and set more living rhythms; the men would respond competently and vigorously, if the last three or four concerts may be a guide.

In fact, the players are themselves so able that it seems a pity that the personnel of the orchestra is not printed on the program; the orchestra's growing and loyal public would certainly be interested to know the players' names.

The next concert of the People's Symphony orchestra will be given on March 8. The orchestra will be assisted by a chorus, which will perform for the first time in Boston, "Before the Paling of the Stars" by the English composer B. J. Dale.—E. B.

FLORENCE AUSTRAL

Florence Austral, soprano, gave a recital at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon with the assistance of John Amadio, flutist, and Nils Nelson, accompanist. The program was as follows:

Aria: Abscheulicher wo eilst du hin? (from "Fidelio") ..... Beethoven
Miss Austral

Sonata in E minor ..... Bach
Mr. Amadio

Maienblueten ..... Marx
Waldseligkeit ..... Marx
Hat ich die Liebe beruehrt ..... Strauss
Die Nacht ..... Strauss
Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten ..... Strauss
Aria: Ritorna Vincitor (from "Aida") ..... Verdi
Ch! quand je dors ..... Liszt
Hymne au Soleil ..... Georges
Miss Austral

Final movement from concerto in D ..... Mozart
Reverie ..... Doppler
Tourbillon ..... Krantz
Mr. Amadio

Parodies: Herbert Hughes
Hey diddle, diddle
Goosey, goosey, gander
Sing a song of sixpence
Shepherd, Thy demeanor ..... Vary. Old English
Alleluia (by request) ..... O'Connor Morris

Miss Austral, whose large and brilliant voice so clearly fits her for high rank in the sturdy band of Wagnerian sopranos, has in the past sung much Wagner here, both in recitals and at a pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Yesterday afternoon, however, she gave evidence of not wishing to be regarded as too exclusive in her operatic sympathies, for the only arias that her program contained were from "Fidelio" and "Aida." These two airs—"Abscheulicher, wo eilst du hin?" and "Ritorna Vincitor"—she sang with the beauty of tone, the amplitude of style, and the dramatic intelligence that her audiences have come to expect from her. But in both a certain lack of warmth and power in the middle register, to balance the possibly exaggerated strength of the lower and the brilliance of the upper, made itself felt occasionally; while Verdi's air lacked something in impetuosity and in fluid grace.

Once more Miss Austral demonstrated her surprising command of the more delicate nuances of the Lieder-singer's art, though her voice seemed to be under slightly less perfect control than at her last recital here, if memory may be trusted. Her singing of the three charming songs of Marx, the thrillingly luminous clarity of her voice in Strauss's "Wie sollten wir geheim sie halten," gave keen pleasure. The admirable humor which she gave Herbert Hughes's amusing and cleverly written parodies the classical "Hey, diddle diddle," the romantic "Goosey, goosey, gander," the pseudo-folk "Sing a song of sixpence"—left nothing to be desired. There was a magnificent jubilation in her performance of O'Connor Morris's setting of a fine old tune which formed the last number of her program. There were many encores: among them were Brunnhilde's battle-cry, from "Die Walkuere," and Armstrong Gibbs's effective "Five Eyes."

Mr. Amadio's share of the program was much applauded also. As usual this remarkable flutist used the first part of his program—here a flute sonata by Bach—to demonstrate his delicate musicianship, and the second part to reveal his extraordinary virtuosity, without worrying too much about the quality of the material—perhaps taking even a slightly humorous delight in its naive inanity.

S. S.

Oct 24 1931

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: First performance in Boston of "The Man in Possession," a comedy in three acts and four scenes, by H. M. Harwood; produced by the Boston Professional Players.

Produced at the Ambassador Theatre, London, on Jan. 22, 1930. Crystal Wetherby, Isabel Jeans; Raymond Dabney, Raymond Massey; Paul Dabney, Paul Gill; Mrs. Dabney, Alex Frisell; Clara, Ann Codrington; Mr. McAllister, Stafford Hilliard. Produced at Philadelphia on Oct. 6, 1930. Produced at the Booth Theatre, New York by Lee Shubert on Nov. 1, 1930. Mrs. Dabney, Frances Ruttledge; Esther, Evelyn Moore; Paul Dabney, Paul Gill; Claude Dabney, Harmon Phelps; Raymond Dabney, Leslie Banks; Clara, Mabel Buckley; Crystal Wetherby, Isabel Jeans; Mr. McAllister, David Keir; Lord Bellaire, Tracy Holmes; Sir Charles Cartwright, J. Neil More. The cast last night:

Mrs. Dabney	Frances Ruttledge
Esther	Ethel Fielding
Paul Dabney	Paul Gill
Claude Dabney	Harman Phelps
Raymond Dabney	Leslie Banks
Clara	Evelyn Moore
Crystal Wetherby	Isabel Jeans
Mr. McAllister	David Keir
Lord Bellairs	Tracy Holmes
Sir Charles Cartwright	J. Neil More

"The Man in Possession" is a most entertaining play. Does anyone say, the plot is highly improbable? It is. For that reason the comedy is the more delightful. Mr. Harwood's merry and impecunious widow may have her homo in Mayfair; the Dabney family—father, mother and brother Claude may pay taxes at Highgate; the scapegrace Raymond Dabney, just out of jail for selling a motor car for which he had not paid—all these people are living in a region so unnamed, unknown to the map as that where Pelleas met Mellisande. They are not to be taken seriously. They are on the stage for our amusement.

That Raymond was jailed for his folly, is not improbable; that his family wished to ship him to a colony—father and brother, in spite of his mother's tears—that is not improbable; that he turned bum-bailiff, that can be accepted; the glorious improbability is in his being "the man in possession," expected to be courteous, ready to perform all domestic duties, in the house of the widow to whom his brother is betrothed. This granted, what follows is logical.

No wonder Raymond's parents and brother, invited to dine with Crystal, accepting so that they might look her over, were surprised when he announced them in the little drawing room. That the widow, a woman of past adventures, now hotly pursued by her admirers, should be curious about her new footman who talked and acted above his station, should take a sudden fancy to him, be snared by his honeyed words and audacious wooing, that was to be expected the moment the audience saw the look exchanged when the widow and the bum bailiff first met; she in distress, served with a writ, he overcome by love-longing, unable to play humbly his servile role. How easy it is to accept the premise and enjoy the conclusion, especially as the widow at the end admitted, and with no show of reluctance that in the discharge of his domestic duties Raymond had given complete satisfaction.

The opening score, the breakfast table, with the father's manipulation of his newspaper, the entrance of Raymond, his jaunty behavior, his replies to his outraged father and brother, all this might prepare one for comedy mingled with melodrama — our old friends, the sympathetic serving maid and the weak and loving mother—but as soon as the widow forbids Clara to perfume a chair pillow in anticipation of the Dabney's coming to dinner and mistress and maid exchange confidences, one recognized comedy in the hilarious and unrestrained manner of of the minor Parisian theatres. There is no question of straight-laced morality. O let us be joyful to quote the slogan of a once-popular brewery.

How well the play was acted! How lightly the fascinating Miss Jeans stepped on delicate ground, without consciousness of any risk she ran! When she was frank, it was the frankness of one living in a world where one was sure to be understood and admired; she dwelt in a land where a woman was accepted at her face value—that is if the face was alluring. Graceful, never too obvious in intention, never hinting to awake the sniggering of garbage hunters—a woman of supreme tact, possessed with the curiosity of Eve, with a voice that was clear, seductive—her Crystal was a human being—at the end, not repentant—there is no repentance in Mr. Harwood's country—but wondering whether it were wise for her and Raymond to try fortunes together—though he swore he would do everything for her—even work for her.

Mr. Banks—a more "improbable" character, made plausible whatever he did or said; typically of the younger generation in the opening scene, at ease in the adventures that followed. The other members of the company played their parts admirably, especially Miss Moore and Mr. Keir, for they of the minor characters were the most favored by the dramatist.

The large audience accepted play and performance gladly.

COPLEY

"John Ferguson"

"John Ferguson," a play in four acts by St. John Ervine; produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, 1915; by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, May 13, 1919, with Augustin Duncan as John Ferguson; at the Lyric, Hammersmith, Eng., Feb. 23, 1920, with William J. Rea in the title role. Performed last evening at the Copley Theatre with the following cast:

John Ferguson.....Henry O'Neill
Sarah Ferguson.....Jessie Busley
Andrew Ferguson.....Robert Henderson
Hannah Ferguson.....Rachel Hartzell
James Caesar.....George Coulouris
Henry Withrow.....Jack Storey
"Clutie" John Magrath.....Richard Whorf
Sam Mawhinney.....Douglas McLean
Sergt. Kernaghan, R. I. C.....Mark Kent

Turning abruptly and with a fine show of courage from lighter offerings of the past weeks, Director Strickland and his Copley players have elected to try something really worth while in the theatre. "John Ferguson," sixth play by St. John Ervine, dramatic author and critic, enhanced the prestige of the then struggling Theatre Guild of New York more than the one play immediately preceding or those following it. Why should it not benefit the Copley group in corresponding measure? A gloomy, morose play though it be, there is within its four acts tremendous dramatic force, unleashed through the mouths of the six principal characters. As austere tragedy, smiting a family of Irish peasants, it must be acted as it was written, naturally, humanly, truthfully, with no noisy theatric artifice to disturb or to destroy the illusion. In brief, a conclusive test of the mettle of any group of resident players.

The setting of "John Ferguson" is severely plain; the kitchen and living room in a farmhouse of County Down, in the north of Ireland, 50 years ago. John, head of the family, a farmer, ageing, ill, dependent on the Bible for consolation, faces foreclosure of a mortgage by Henry Withrow, a hard man. Money expected from a brother in America has not come. Hannah would aid by marrying Jimmy Caesar, the village grocer, a weakling despite a minatory tongue. When she goes to tell Withrow, he seduces her. Caesar, his puny brain aflame, would kill Withrow, dares not. It is Andrew, the brooding son, who shoots him dead, yet it is Caesar who is held for the murder. Two weeks later Andrew confesses and, too late, the money from America arrives, to mock a family made desolate by tragedy. Where now is God's will, they ask John Ferguson, pouring over the Psalms of David or the Book of Samuel? Even he falters, for the moment. He would hide his son, send him across the seas; but Andrew talks them down, goes forth to surrender himself. As the curtain falls John is back in his chair, with Sarah at his side, reading haltingly: "Would God I had died for thee, O Absolom, my son, my son."

Mr. O'Neill made John Ferguson a kindly, tolerant figure, with a faith which was not merely a mouthing of Biblical phrases. His voice was restful, his acting sympathetic and always within the character. Miss Busley showed a Sarah shrewdly observant, patient until Andrew's confession. Then she uttered one outcry against God's will, becoming thereafter a beaten woman. Miss Hartzell seemed overhysterical concerning Hannah's unfortunate encounter with Withrow. Mr. Henderson was excellent as the taciturn Andrew, Mr. Coulouris revealed Jimmie Caesar's conflicting weakness and boastfulness in voluble speech. It remained for Mr. Whorf to give one of the most inspired and moving characterizations the stage of the Copley Theatre ever has known. His "Clutie" was actually the nit-wit of Ervine's envisioning, possessed of eerie intuitions wise in his madness. His scene with Mr. Henderson, when he plies insistently on the wavering Andrew the thought that Withrow should be killed, won him a spontaneous outburst of applause, the only instance of audible appreciation in the course of an amazingly splendid performance by all the players. By this production alone the Copley group has justified its existence.—W. E. G.

CHORUSES COMPETE IN SYMPHONY HALL

Eighth International Music Festival Takes Place

In the eighth international music festival held yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall under the auspices of the Community Service of Boston and the Women's Municipal League, eight awards were made after three hours of competitive chorus singing. The judges were Frederick S. Converse of the New England Conservatory of Music, Howard Hinners of Wellesley College and G. Wallace Woodworth of Radcliffe College.

The following groups were given prizes:

Class A contest, mixed voices—First, Polish Mixed Chorus "Lira"; second, Italian "Bel Canto" Chorus; third, Finnish Festival Chorus.

Class B contest, mixed voices—First, Scottish Choral Society; second, Greater Boston Negro Chorus; third, Gablia Lithuanian Chorus.

Male chorus contest—First German Educational Society; second, Viking Male Chorus of Boston.

REPERTORY

"Melody of the Heart"

An all-talking and singing film, with German dialogue; a UFA picture produced by Erich Pommer and directed by Hanns Schwarts with the following cast:

Julia Balog.....Dita Parlo
Janos Garas.....Willy Fritsch
Father Garas.....Geroe Maly
Mother Garas.....Marosa Simon
Father Kovacs.....Janos Keermendy
Mother Kovacs.....Juliska D. Ligetti
Anna Kovacs.....Anni Meyes
Miss Czibulka.....Ilka Gruening
Beneze.....Laszlo Dezoeffy

The outstanding merit of "Melodie des Hertzen" ("Melody of the Heart"), the German dialogue film now showing at the Repertory Theatre, is the beautiful natural settings. With backgrounds selected from among the most picturesque locations in and around the city of Budapest, the simple, more than slightly tedious story takes on an interest and importance that it might not otherwise achieve. Like most German screen productions, silent or talking, it is very slow moving, and the characters take an interminably long time to do or say the simplest things. Also, like most German pictures which come from the UFA studios, the camera work is beautiful and frequently imaginative.

Julia Balog, a simple, unsophisticated peasant girl, comes to Budapest to take a position as servant girl. The first day off given her by her mistress, she goes to a nearby carnival. There she meets the dashing Janos Garas, a soldier in the local garrison. Thrown out of doors by her employers when she returns home early in the morning, she looks for work in vain, and is forced at last to take refuge in a house of ill-fame. Janos returns and for a time his little idyll with Julia continues, until, purely by chance, he discovers her position. Without a word, he leaves the city and returns to his home in the country where his father and mother arrange a match between him and one of the local belles, Anna Kovacs. Julia takes her pitiful savings and follows. Janos sees her being assaulted by a bunch of good-for-nothings at the local fair, rescues her from their attentions and then turns on her with an epithet that sounded pretty strong, but not understanding German, we are unable to translate.

He then goes to the tavern, drinks and makes himself generally objectionable until the word is brought to him that Julia has drowned herself. As he kneels beside her body on the river bank, a horse noses him gently and Janos sees around its neck a note from Julia saying that she had bought it as a wedding present for him and his bride. The acting of Dita Parlo and Willy Fritsch in the leading roles is satisfactory; Mr. Fritsch being a shade more satisfactory, owing to the greater variety permitted by his role.

Also on the bill is "The Throw of the Dice," a Hindu legend enacted by an all-Hindu cast including Himansu Rai and Seeta Devi. The production was photographed in India and is a handsome picturization of the ancient legend of two rajahs who gamble for the stakes of a kingdom and a beautiful girl.

E. L. H.

Feb 25 1931

SYMPHONY CONCERT

For the fourth concert of the Tuesday afternoon series given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky arranged the following program: Silebius, "Finlandia," Symphonic Poem and Symphony No. 7; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 4 in F minor. This was an arresting choice of composers—though their ancestors may have been the same, their music proves quite different in character; further, the contours of Sibelius's Symphonic Poem and Seventh Symphony, the two compositions separated by some quarter of a century, show a wonderful development. It is interesting to observe the contrast in the two works.

"Finlandia" impresses with its straightforwardness, sturdy rhythms and beautiful melodies sung so expressively by the orchestra. It is optimistic simple, in the manner of a folk tune. No subtleties cloud its meaning. In fact, it often would infringe on the obvious were it not that the conductor's sense of the fitness of things saved it from falling in this category. In the Seventh Symphony it would seem one is dealing with a different man. The beautiful melodies he still retains, but they are more episodic in character. Nothing is obvious; subtlety reigns supreme. The oneness of mood—for the contracts are not marked enough to break the general impression of somberness—does not relieve and refresh the listener by changes in intensity and feeling. The symphony is rich, powerful and profound. Despite Dr. Koussevitzky's intelligent and thoughtful interpretation, despite the wonderful cooperation of the orchestra, its depths were not sounded by the audience. It left them baffled.

The performance of Tchaikovsky's symphony was scintillating; excellent in detail, wondrously perfect as a whole. The andante was delicately tinged with melancholy; the scherzo, of a faerie quality, was redolent of the whirring of humming birds' wings.

A large audience welcomed Dr. Koussevitzky and remained to applaud him.

L. B. D.

EDWARD MATTHEWS

At Jordan hall, last evening, a recital was given by Edward Matthews, baritone, with the assistance of J. Shelton Pollen, accompanist. The following was the program:

Lasciateml morire (Monteverde); Non m'e grave morir per amore (Marcello); Danza, danza, fanciulla gentile (Durante); Es traumte mir, Wahrend des Regens, Die Schnur die Perl an Perl, O Liebliche Wangen (Brahms); Un' Ora del Sole, Riflessi (Santoliquido); If you have kindly feelings (Borresen); Idyl (Backer-Lunde).

Negro spirituals—Hear de lambs a-cryin' (Arr. by Harry Burleigh); I feel like my time ain't long (Arr. by Rosmond Johnson); A Love Feast in Heaven (Arr. by William Rhodes); A City Called Heaven (Arr. by Hall Johnson).

Mr. Matthews, who is not new to Boston, is a graduate of Fisk University and a past member of the Fisk Jubilee Singers. His singing has much of the musical intelligence, the rhythmic vitality and verbal significance that might be inferred from these facts. His is a warmly resonant voice of adequate if not remarkable range, a little rough in its lower register, but in general of decidedly pleasing timbre. He uses it excellently, with a skill that gives it evenness and solidity and intensity, whether he sings with full voice or in the light and ingratiating mezza-voce that he so effectively exploits.

Last night his interpretive procedure differentiated songs clearly from one another, though it was perhaps less successful in achieving tonal variety within those songs. The lovely "Lasciatemi morire" from Monteverdi's "Arianna" (1608) Mr. Matthews sang with much beauty of tone, yet with a too impersonal and eleglac pathos; for the music's soaring phrases express a very human anguish. In Marcello's almost equally beautiful air that followed, Mr. Matthews's treatment of the recitative was wholly admirable, so finely did he balance an eloquent delivery of the words with a flexible and musically sensitive molding of the melodic phrases. The air itself had, as Mr. Matthews sang it, a tender beauty and grace that were delightful. To Durante's "Danza, danza" he lent an appropriately lively lilt. In all three of these airs, indeed in all he sang, the clarity of his enunciation left nothing to be desired; its accuracy too, with few exceptions, was exemplary.

The group of songs by Brahms tested the singer's power of a creating "atmosphere," his skill in toying with romantic sentiment, light and heavy. He emerged very successfully, on the whole, from the ordeal, having succeeded best in weaving a spell of quiet melancholy in "Es traeumte mir" and in expressing the more luxuriantly romantic "Die Schnur." He tried valiantly to make something of Santoliquido's pretentious and ineffectual songs and gave pleasure to his hearers by the quiet sincerity and the simple eloquence with which he sang the Negro spirituals of his final group. He was rewarded with cordial applause and accorded several encores.

S. S.

Feb. 26 1931

CARMEN REGGIO

Carmen Reggio, contralto, assisted by Loretta O'Connell, pianist, gave the following program of music last night at Steinert hall:

Non torno (Mattei), "Habanera" from Carmen (Bizet), "Stride la vampa!" from Trovatore (Verdi), "Ombra mai fu" from Xerxes (Handel); Carmen Reggio.

Nocturne Op. 15, No. 2 (Chopin), Ballad Op. 15 (Chopin); Loretta O'Connell.

"Know st Thou That Fair Land" from Mignon (Thomas), Serenade (Toselli); Carmen Reggio.

"Voce di donna" from La Gioconda (Ponchielli), L'ultimo baeio (Tosti), Ave Maria (Gounod), La Serenata (Tosti); Carmen Reggio.

Caprice Espagnol (Moskowski); Loretta O'Connell.

By the Waters of Minnetonka (Lieurance), "O mio Fernando" from La Favorita (Donizetti); Carmen Reggio.

Miss Reggio's selection of music was confined to the tuneful in operatic arias and second—or third—rate Italian songs. She included but one English song, the drawing-room favorite, "By the Waters of Minnetonka." Also, a fact of interest to be noted about her program, was that she included one aria that is generally sung by a tenor, and at least one that is always sung by a soprano. However, these are not adaptations of the composers intent that should be cavilled at, if they are performed in a manner to accentuate their beauty. However, Miss Reggio's voice, while rich, of wide range, and of true contralto quality, is not thoroughly under control; her breath is weak, and she forces her high notes until they are shrill and frequently off-key. Further, it must be set down that neither her tempi nor her enunciation (she sang everything except the Lieurance song in Italian) were accurate. These latter faults may have been accentuated by nervousness. But the beauty of Miss Reggio's voice is such that, with further (and very careful) study, she could give considerable pleasure to opera-loving audiences.

Loretta O'Connell played completely, but not very imaginatively, a group of soli. Her accompanying was helpful and secure.

E. B.

RUDOLPH GANZ

Rudolph Ganz, pianist and past conductor of the St. Louis Symphony orchestra, gave a recital at Jordan hall yesterday evening before an audience of good size. He played the following

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MADAME MELBA

By PHILIP HALE

Nature gave Melba a remarkable voice, remarkable for its enchanting quality; a voice that in pathetic operatic roles made any attempt at emotional acting seem superfluous, even impertinent. It was not a voice for dramatically tragic heroines; it was the voice of Puccini's Mimi.

A lyric singer in opera, Melba could shine in florid arias. The ease of performance, the brilliance of runs and trills, without a loss of exquisite tonal beauty, compelled admiration, evoked enthusiasm. This same tonal beauty gave character to her song recitals; that and the freshness, the strange "innocence" of the voice—"innocence," for that is the word to define the quality peculiar to it. She did not strive to be an "interpreter"; she was a singer and was therewith content. She preferred verses of simple sentiments with music that expressed them simply. An appeal to the ear and the heart, she did not care to be vocally psychological or incongruously histrionic.

Honest in her art, never attempting to trick the public, disdaining vulgar puffery and the cheap inventions of the press agent, she was generous in her daily life. Not hers the envy and the malice that often lard the speech of singers however great their fame. She was quick to praise worth; as quick to aid the deserving young by counsel and her purse. At home in every country, praised, honored wherever she had sung, she was loyal, devoted to the land of her birth. It was fitting that she should find her ending in the city from which she took the name by which she was known throughout the world.

She was of the great line of prima donnas. Those with whom she was closely associated no longer give delight. A few, though living, have left the stage; of the greater number it can be said: "The birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb."

program: Bach-Busoni, Chaconne; Haydn, Sonata in D major; Chopin, Sonata in B minor, Op. 58; Debussy, Twelve Preludes (Voiles, Le Vent dans la plaine, La Puerta del Vino, Des Pas sur la neige, Ondine, Hommage a S. Pickwick, Esq., P. P. M. P. C., La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune, Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest, General Lavine, eccentric, La Fille aux cheveux de lin, Feuilles mortes, Feux d'artifice); Chopin-Liszt, My Joy, Maiden's Wish; Paganini-Liszt, La Chasse, La Campanella.

Of this more than generous program Mr. Ganz gave brilliant performance — vigorous, polished, and imaginative. Work so versatile, so free from hesitancy and grouping indecision, from haphazard emotionalism and random whim; so thoroughly and minutely planned and firmly executed; yet so musical and lively, is not often heard. His rendering of his master Busoni's famous arrangement of Bach's Chaconne was obviously the playing of a man both familiar with the violin piece that is its nucleus and appreciative of the added richness and sonority of the piano version; he committed, therefore, none of the solecisms, and the piece progressed with a fine impetus toward a thoroughly pianistic and effective climax.

The D major sonata of Haydn was played with all the requisite neatness of style and crystalline purity of tone, yet not academically but sensitively, flexibly, and with expressive grace. Mr. Ganz's performance of Chopin's B minor sonata was notable for its vitality and resilient strength, its beauty utterly free from sentimentality.

A tour de force of imaginative insight and suggestive manipulation of pianoforte sonorities was the pianist's consummately finished playing of a group of 12 Preludes by Debussy, chosen from both books but principally from the second. The extraordinarily subtle and evocative effects of tone color that he obtained in the more "atmospheric" preludes — in "Voiles," "Le Vent dans la plaine," "Ondine," "La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune," "Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest," for instance; the witty objectivity of "Pickwick" and "General Lavine"; the brilliant pictorial suggestion of the "Feux d'artifice," were alike worthy of unstinted praise.

The final group of Liszt arrangements might easily have been spared; both on account of their inferior value the length of the program and because Mr. Ganz was not there at his best, though he played them brilliantly enough to delight his audience. A somewhat amusing lapse from good taste lay in Mr. Ganz's own emendations to Lisz's relatively restrained arrangement o one of Chopin's songs, the Maiden's Wish.

Enthusiastic applause and several encores terminated the concert. S. S.

The Simmons College Glee Club, assisted by Maurine Palmer, contralto, will give a concert in Jordan hall next Saturday night. Music by Holst, Morley, Williams, Poldowski, Gabriel Faure, McClosky, Chadwick, Elgar, Bantock, Brahms, Ambrose. Miss Palmer will sing songs by Schubert, Chausson, Masse, Fiske, D. Wolf, Bantock and with the Club in Poldowski's "L'Heure Exquise."

KAROLIK

Maxim Karolik gave another of his delightful recitals last night at Symphony hall, assisted as usual by the versatile and accomplished Mr. Slonimsky whose impeccable accompaniments, as well as his translations of the texts of songs, and interesting program notes, provided no small part of the evening's pleasure. Mr. Karolik's program last night included his customary selection of Russian songs—of which there is a large and beautiful literature for the singer, that would be all but unheard in American concert-halls but for the taste and capabilities of Russian singers. The program included also an aria from a Russian opera, and a harmonious melee of modern French and Italian songs.

The Octave, The Pressed Flower in a Book; I Have Come to Say Good Morning (Rimsky-Korsakov). Revery of the Young Peasant from the Opera "The Fair of Sorotchinsk"; I Am a Classic; Hopak (Moussorgsky). Three Thirteenth Century Songs—O, Fairest Maiden, The Escaped Nightingale, Coy Maiden. I Madly Love you (Casella); I Pastori (Pizzetti). Hebe (Chausson); Merry-Go-Round (Debussy); Tout Gai (Ravel); The Worm (Dargomizjsky); The Call of Freedom (Balakirev); If You Do Not Like My Voice (Gretchaninov).

Mr. Karolik, formerly of the "Music Drama" Theatre of Petrograd, needs no introduction, for he has sung his own peculiar and interesting kind of concert here early this year, and more than once last year. His voice and his style of singing are individual and limited, but he is always to be relied on for a finished, musical and dramatically interesting performance of everything he sings, as well as for a restrained, but amiable and ingratiating manner of presentation. In fact, though a large audience was in attendance, and heartily enjoyed the music, it might be suggested that Mr. Karolik's gifts as well as his taste might best be served by giving a number of concerts to smaller and more intimate gatherings.

Perhaps most interesting of the music sung last night were the Revery of the Young Peasant, from the opera "The Fair of Sorotchinsk" of Moussorgsky. The long, haunting phrases of this, to western ears, seemed to be the epitome of the dreamy, half-wild, half-sad music of the Russian peasant. "I Am a Classic," a witty song of Moussorgsky's that makes cutting fun of musical conservatives (like the poor, they are always with us) was sung with that seemingly naive, amusedly malicious humor which is one of Mr. Karolik's most delightful concert qualities.

To Chausson's song "Hebe," a Greek chant in the Phrygian mode, Mr. Karolik gave firm, clean phrasing; full, ringing tone. "I Pastori," he sang in the style that suits it best. . . meditative, with more than a hint of passionate intensity. Casella's Three Thirteenth-Century Songs might have been better differentiated in mood; Debussy's "Merry-Go-Round" was sung with the lightness and sentiment that made it remembered with pleasure from former Karolik recitals. As was to be expected Mr. Karolik made the most of the other songs . . . humorous, dramatic, or tenderly thoughtful . . . that made up his program.

E. B.

METROPOLITAN

"Father's Son"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Booth Tarkington entitled "Old Fathers and Young Sons"; directed by William Baudine and presented by First National Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

William Emory ..... Lewis Stone
Bill Emory ..... Leon Janney
Ruth Emory ..... Irene Rich
Dr. Franklin ..... John Halliday
Vestibule Johnson ..... Robert Dandridge
His Father ..... George Reed
The Bad Boy ..... Micky Bennett
Dinah ..... Gertrude Howard
Mrs. Stewart ..... Bertha Mann
Chauffeur ..... Grover Liggon

A pleasant, quiet little story is Father's Son," the current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre. Adapted from the story by Booth Tarkington entitled "Old Fathers and Young Sons," it describes with great explicitness the differences that arise between a dignified, middle-aged business man and his noisy, affectionate and lovable small son. It is the sort of entertainment that appeals to all ages: to children for its unforced fun-making and ardent defence of their side of the argument, and to their elders for its pathos and humor. Everything is wholesome, homely and reasonably plausible, and the direction is admirably sympathetic and unpretentious. There is only one fault that might be found with it, and whether that lies at the door of Mr. Tarkington or of the adaptor, we cannot say. As the picture unfolds, we become uneasily conscious that everything was being done deliberately to put the father in the wrong. After all, the small boy, while a likable and attractive youngster, was pretty irrepressible and it grew easier and easier to find excuses for his exasperated parent, a state of mind surely not anticipated by the author.

William Emory, leading citizen in a prosperous small city, finds his son, Bill, increasingly difficult to understand. Bill, being a normal boy, is always up to something or other that makes a noise. Sentenced somewhat unjustly to stay in his own yard, he forgets and goes for a ride with the Negro junk man and his son, a ride that carries him past the windows of the bank where his father happens to be sitting. One thing leads to another, until Bill runs away after another severe rebuke from Mr. Emory. On his return, thanks to Dr. Bob Franklin who finds him on the road, Mrs. Emory decides, somewhat unreasonably, to set up a home for Bill and herself away from her husband. Mr. Emory learns his lesson and in the end the family are reunited.

As the engagingly irresponsible Bill, Leon Janney gives an admirably natural performance. Here is a child actor who shows no nervousness before the camera, who can be genuinely emotional without affectation and who can laugh as though he really meant it. We should like to see him as Penrod. As the bewildered father, proud of his son yet unable to overlook his noisy pranks, Lewis Stone contributes so fine and honest a performance, that he almost steals the show. John Halliday is breezy and attractive as Dr. Franklin, but Irene Rich is too obviously sweet as Mrs. Emory.

On the stage Ted Lewis, "high-hatted tragedian of jazz," assisted by his "Musical Klowns," pleases audiences greatly by his mixture of sentimental ballads and popular music. Another interesting feature is Arthur Martel's playing of "Bay State Girl of Mine," by Agnes Carr and Mickie Alpert, in his organ specialty.

E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its 17th concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. Jascha Heifetz was the solo violinist. The program was as follows: Chabrier, prelude to act II of "Gwendoline"; Hill, symphony No. 26, major; Beethoven, violin concerto and overture to "Egmont."

The charming prelude of Chabrier's, an orchestral page of a much finer texture than the overture to the opera, was poetically played. Even the pause between this prelude and the symphony did not prevent late comers from bustling down the aisles between the first and second movements of the latter. It was not so long ago that when the concert began with a short piece time was given for the belated to enter the hall during the following pause; and they were not allowed to enter after the symphony had begun until it was ended. Of late the entrance seems to be of the go-as-you-please order.

Mr. Hill's symphony was well received. He was present and bowed his acknowledgment of the applause. The work itself at this, the first hearing did not seem to be of as pronounced musical interest as Mr. Hill's preceding venture in the symphonic field. One missed in this later work the melodic grace, the flowing line, the harmonic tints and colors, the pervading poetic spirit that have characterized much of his music. The themes in the second symphony have not the distinction of those in the earlier work, nor is the treatment of them so uniformly interesting. Mr. Hill has said that he has here kept to the traditional forms, thinking he has not had sufficient experience to experiment. He is too modest: he has experimented in the past and with pleasing results. If one says here is an instance of new wine in old bottles, it may also be said that the wine is too heady and not always clear. A large orchestra is employed to give authority to outbursts and climaxes. There is at times a violence, a fury that one does not associate with Mr. Hill's indisputable musical nature; there is an absence of the subtlety that is more eloquent than obvious storm and stress. Of the movements the Scherzo seems now to be the most spontaneous and interesting. It pleased at once—perhaps by its persistent, compelling rhythm and ingratiating chief musical idea. There was that stir in the audience that is a sign of glad acceptance.

Mr. Heifetz, always a welcome visitor, again played with the tonal beauty, the brilliant technic, the exquisite treatment of details, and the general aesthetic taste that have given him fame. Yet to some the second movement was performed at too slow a pace, too much ad libitum. There was at times an approach to lackadaisicalness. Will any violinist ever have the courage to omit the final movement? Not even Mr. Heifetz's delicate reading, an almost capricious reading of the chief theme, can disguise the intrinsic vulgarity of it; nor can consummate mastery in the performance reconcile one to the thematic hiccups that come from solo violin and orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave Mr. Heifetz an accompaniment that was as noteworthy as the performance of the soloist; an accompaniment that was most sympathetic in support, and was itself a thing of beauty; but even the leader and the orchestra could not make the third movement music of great or even moderate worth.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be out of town. The program of March 13-14 will be, i. e., is announced as follows: Haydn, Symphony, D major (B. & H. No. 10); A. L. Steinert, "Leggenda Sinfonica" (first time in the United States); Brahms, Violin Concerto and Two Hungarian Dances. Nathan Milstein will be the solo violinist.

THE MALKIN TRIO

At Jordan hall last evening the Malkin trio (Manfred Malkin, pianist, Jacques Malkin, violinist, and Joseph Malkin, 'cellist), gave its first Boston recital. An appreciative audience of good size welcomed the visitors. Their program comprised trios by Tchaikovsky (op. 50 in A minor), Brahms (op. 101 in C minor), and Smetana.

The three brothers proved themselves excellently endowed musicians and well-matched collaborators; each is an accomplished and agile performer upon his instrument, in all three alike one observed a predilection for broad and warmly sonorous tone and vigorous rhythms that did not preclude the power to attain a contrasting delicacy upon occasion. Well-chosen and admirably sustained tempi, a sense of movement and of climax, gave cohesion and logic to their work, and expressive phrasing and well-balanced dynamics heightened its beauty. Such, at their best, were some of the merits of the Malkins as last night's performance revealed them.

This high level was not reached immediately, however. Despite the prevailing beauty of their work in the Tchaikovsky trio—with its beautifully expressive first movement and its exceedingly uneven variations — there were many imperfections here: a somewhat tremulous and occasionally hesitant violin (the leadership seming to emanate from the authoritative and versatile pianist), some rather clumsy phrasing, and tone which grew strained, dry and ineffectual when richness and power were sought at moments of climax.

These were flaws that gradually diminished and disappeared as the concert progressed. The somber, moody strength of the Brahms C minor trio was admirably felt and expressed; the fantastic and elusive Scherzo was played with exquisite delicacy, with blended tone of haunting charm. Even better, of a more sustained excellence, was the performance of Smetana's delightful trio, so melodious and yet so full of individuality and pungency and of a characteristically national flavor that sems never achieved through mere quotation of folk themes. There was grace and rhythmic interest and a rich beauty of tone in Malkins' playing of this work that gave particular pleasure to their audience.

The aplause was cordial. S. S.

LOEW'S STATE

"Reaching for the Moon"

An all-talking screen comedy written f the films by Edmund Goulding; music Irving Berlin; directed by Edmund Gouldi and presented by United Artists with t following cast:

Larry Day ..... Douglas Fairban
Vivian Benton ..... Bebe Dar
Rogers ..... Edward Everett Ho
Jimmy Carrington ..... Jack Mul
Sir Horace Chillisford ..... Claude Allis
Kitty ..... June McC
James Benton ..... Walter Walb
Secretary ..... Helen Jerome Ed

It is natural that Mr. Fairban should wish, by occasional appearanc on the screen, to remind Douglas, J that he has a father still able to cap nimbly and, when in the mood, to ac In this light, fantastic and often amu ing piece written and directed by M Goulding, Mr. Fairbanks lends his e uberant presence to modernistic se tings, chiefly aboard an ocean liner such contours as have yet to be note in even the newest of our transatlant greyhounds. He discards romantic co tumes for evening clothes, smart bus ness suits, even extremely abbreviat shorts when acrobatic stunts must performed.

As a dynamic individual who speedily amassing a fortune by a co in cotton, he juggles a score of tel phones, buys and sells in thousan share lots, has no time for wome When Vivian Benton, alluringly play by Miss Daniels, wagers that she ca enter his private office in his busie hour, and succeeds, she starts a come of madness. Larry Day drops ever thing, catches the same boat which bearing Vivian and her fiance. Sir Ho ace Chillisford, to England, ignor wireless appeals from his New York a sociates, and goes broke in a stock ma ket panic. Not until she learns of h financial reverses does Vivian take pi

on him. Then she chucks Sir Horace and literally throws herself at Larry. They agree that their adventure has been "beautiful fun." She is certain that he is the kind of a man who can make 50 fortunes; and as they are made man and wife Larry's uppermost thought is of steel at 187.

Mr. Fairbanks, whose slim hips every male spectator envies, is as agile as ever. His funniest scene is when, after partaking of his first drink, a concoction called "Angel's breath," he climbs wails and bowls over his valet and a dozen ship's stewards with a series of football tackles. Once, stripped to the waist, he mingles with the women folks, his cheerful grin seeming to extenuate such audacious exposure. There are other moments when he is the light comedian of "The New Henrietta" days, deft, sure and ingratiating. Miss Daniels wears stunning gowns easily, gives fresh indications of ability both in humorous and emotional delineation. Mr. Horton is amusing as Larry's man, learned in means of handling women.

W. E. G.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"My Past"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the scenario by Charles Kenyon; directed by Roy del Ruth and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Doree Macy ..... Bebe Daniels
Robert Byrne ..... Ben Lyon
John Thornley ..... Lewis Stone
Marion Moore ..... Joan Blondell
Consuelo Byrne ..... Natalie Moorhead
Lionel Reich ..... Albert Gran
Miss Taft ..... Virginia Sale
Mrs. Bennett ..... Daisy Belmore

There are few actresses in motion pictures who manage to look so alluring in smart evening dress as Bebe Daniels. Her taste is excellent; she knows just what to wear without ever suggesting by her manner that she realizes what a handsome picture she makes. For above and beyond all little matters of clothes, Bebe is developing more and more into an excellent emotional actress, a fact made more than obvious by her performance in "My Past," a somewhat hectic triangle drama, now showing at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia Theatres. Although the plot of the picture is as ancient as the hills, it has been directed with a commendable absence of melodrama and tiresome gesticulations. Thanks in large part to the excellent influence of Roy del Ruth, the actors move and talk in a natural, simple manner that makes one believe for the moment in the sincerity of their actions. As befits the story, which has to do with wealthy persons, the settings are obviously expensive without the annoying suggestion of cheapness. If there is little subtlety, there is also little to offend.

The principal characters are Doree Macy, popular actress; John Thornley, her middle-aged and very charming admirer, and Robert Byrne, Thornley's junior partner. The plot doubles and twists in a frequently confusing manner, but the main outline is the battle between youth and age, with youth, as is invariably the case in motion pictures, winning the prize. Doree and Bob meet on board Thornley's yacht and fall in love. Thornley, realizing that the affair is serious, backs gracefully out of the picture, but Bob's wife, Consuelo, suddenly returns from Europe, and Doree realizes that Bob was only playing with her. She goes back to Thornley while Bob discovers that Consuelo had really come back to see about getting a divorce. He goes to Doree at once to ask her to marry him, but when he finds that Thornley—whom he had considered as a father—had been her lover, he departs, so he says, for good.

As a result, Doree suffers a breakdown, her play closes and Thornley takes her for a trip on his yacht until she recuperates. To make a long story short, Thornley, although Doree has announced her complete willingness to marry him, brings her and Bob together for the final fade-out.

Bebe Daniels gives a sincere and rather charming performance in the role of Doree and speaks her lines with an earnestness that does her credit. The character is never very vivid, but Bebe makes her sympathetic and interesting. As happens rather often, the best work is contributed by Lewis Stone, who conveys the deep-rooted affection of the gallant loser, Thornley, with such fervor and simplicity that he becomes the real hero of the picture. He has a delightful sense of humor, which lightens the too serious moments. Ben Lyon is not satisfactory as Bob; he is too expressionless, too wooden and too lacking in feeling. In a small role, that of Doree's slangy friend, Joan Blondell does good work, and Natalie Moorhead is a decorative Consuelo.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Zwei Herzen in ¾ Takt"

An all-talking German dialogue film by Walter Reich and Fritz Schulz; music and musical direction by Robert Stoltz; a Deutsche Licntspiel Syndikat and Tobis production direction by Geza von Bolvary and presented with the following cast:

Toni Hofer, Viennese composer. ..... Walter Janssen
Nicky Mahler, librettist ..... Oscar Karlweiss
Vicky Mahler, librettist ..... Willy Forst
Hedi ..... Greil Theimer
Anni Lohmeier ..... Irene Elsinger
Theatre Director ..... Szoeke Szakall
Cashier Schlexsinger ..... Karl Erlinger
Notary Novotny ..... Paul Morgan
Ferdinand ..... Paul Hoerbiger
Weigl ..... August Vockau

If Franz Lehar had been inspired 20 odd years ago to write such a charming waltz as Robert Stoltz has composed for the chief melody of "Two Hearts in Waltz Time," any operetta in which he embodied it would have been produced without delay in this country, and the tune itself would have become as popular as the "Merry Widow" waltzes. As it is, Mr. Stoltz must be content that his lilting melody is heard by a minority who chance to patronize such film houses as specialize in German-made pictures. For weeks and weeks this Viennese operetta has been delighting audiences in the Fifty-fifth Street Theatre in New York. We urge that all Bostonians, who regardless of nationality, appreciate a dainty score, capable performance an an extraordinarily fine exposition of German technique, see and hear "Zwei Herzen in ¾ Takt." Knowledge of the German language is not necessary to complete enjoyment of the picture.

Toni Hofer, Viennese composer, and Nicky and Vicky Mahler, librettists and brothers, are ready to submit their latest product to the theatre director, played by Herr Szakall, but there is no waltz theme, and without a good waltz no Viennese operetta could hope to live. Toni quits a conference in a huff, and matters are at a standstill. Hedi, 18, a sister to the Mahlers, contrives to meet him in his rooms, despite all efforts of the brothers to keep the two apart, since Toni is a confirmed philanderer. Her beauty and youth so inflame him that he sits at the piano, composes the wanted waltz, and both sing it. After she has gone the tune eludes him. He does not know her name, is in despair. The night of the dress rehearsal arrives. Toni conducts the large orchestra, the performance is perfunctory. Then appears Hedi, in shimmering white. She sings the waltz as Toni had played it that night. Overjoyed, he rushes to the stage, accompanies her on his violin. The orchestra, a remarkable band in that it needed no manuscript, took up the melody, swelling it to a glorious climax. And there you have it,—two hearts beating together in waltz time.

Geza von Bolvary has directed brilliantly. His cameras rove at will, evoke dramatic scenes, sharply pointed as to photography. The sound recording is mellow, restful. The dress rehearsal is an entertainment in itself. If Hollywood could get like results there might be a definite future for screen operetta which would delight American audiences at large. Meantime, drop into the Fine Arts, and visit Vienna for an hour or more.—W. E. G.

"LET'S GO SLEIGHING"

"The old-fashioned sleigh still has in northern New York a part in the winter social season."—N. Y. Sun. And the headline reads: "Sleighs still used," as if they were as extinct as the justly celebrated dodo. As if sleighs were not now in use in other states, and not even many miles from Boston.

But where are the gorgeous buffalo-robes of the bygone years? Many of them were tasseled luxuriously, a source of pride to their owners. The robes were shown with a certain ostentation, even when thrown carelessly over the swan-necked dashboard as one stepped out to welcome the fair partner of a sleigh ride. The fur cap that might be pulled over the ears, the cap with a little ball on the top, a ball not unlike the one that crowned a doughnut—that is still in existence. One was seen in the Boylston street station not long ago, though the temperature was not favorable and the wearer was not at ease.

In the old days some wore buckskin gloves while driving; a mistake, for once these gloves were wet, they were uncomfortable, not to say impossible. Fur gloves were the thing, the more expensive the greater the owner's pride. The sleigh itself was often gorgeously painted.

Today the buffalo-robe, when it is found, is moth-eaten, frayed, mangy, nor is its cleanliness beyond reproach. With what gallantry did Jones tuck the robe about his Arabella, as they set out to sup with a neighbor, or stop at an old-fashioned inn where a cheering rum punch could be had for the asking! The crispness of the snow, the conniving moon, the winking stars, the "tintinnabulation that so musically" welled "from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells"—ah, there was romance in those days!

And there was the "straw ride"—humbler, but encouraging merriment, necessitating delirious proximity, when Lucy or Jane complained coquettishly of being cold. The gallant youth was warm enough; his underclothes were of red flannel, he wore a chest protector and a thick tippet; also leg boots.

These were among the winter joys, simple years when a bank president was thought passing rich on a salary of $5000; when oysters came to country towns in kegs; when English walnuts were thought to be indigestible; and a whole codfish wrapped in brown paper was carried home under the arm of a learned judge.

Denishawn

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Opera House was well filled last night at the presentation of Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and the Denishawn Dancers by the Miriam Winslow school of the dance. Music was furnished by Mary Campbell, pianist; an orthophonic victrola and percussion instruments, the last including Indian drums for the American Indian dances.

The program was varied. There were symbolic dances, interpretative dances; also national dances and other dances that were really dances in the common acceptation of the word. There were evolutions that were practically calisthenic exercises.

Mr. Shawn gave a performance of "The Divine Idiot" to music by Scriabin. Now a complete idiot is said to be the happiest of mortals, but this particular idiot was apparently unhappy; "In the Earth," "The Breaking"; a little more cheerful "In the Light," but saddened in "The Return." The meaning of this scene was given in a quotation from Plato, but even with this text, it was not easy to determine what all the gesturing and other bodily movements signified. To the unenlightened the preceding dance by Mr. Shawn and Miss Ernestine Day was much more enjoyable, being a pleasure to the eye by its lightness and grace. The same may be said of the Hispanic Suite, in which the two took part. Interesting also were the North American dances in which the costumes worn by Miss Day and Mr. Shawn were of barbaric splendor. Mr. Shawn's portrayal of the whirling Dervish was a veritable tour de force, and excited long-continued applause. Much was said of Mary Wigman's whirling when she was here. We neglected to time her, but are sure that Mr. Shawn outdid her by a considerable number of seconds.

Miss St. Denis in the Dance of the Seven Veils, music by Richard Strauss, managed draperies of gorgeous colors with the skill peculiar to her. In one section of the dance the movements of her arms brought the recollection of her first appearance in this city. The whole scene of Salome's sensuous appeal to the necessarily absent Herod, was beautiful in its several forms of seduction, especially her suggestion of the oriental dancer as she moved her hips and fascinated when lying down. As a bas-relief figure from Angkor Vat, she was the Camboodian dancing girl without exaggeration, an apparition of true exoticism. Her "Modern Nautch" girl of India was seen here for the first time, but "Josephine and Hippolyte" with Mr. Shawn has been applauded on former visits.

Other agreeable features were the Waltz to Mana Zucca's music, in which Miss Day led her joyous co-mates, the curious, ghostly "Piece froid," performed by the Misses Beck, Tinker and Hinman with music by the equally singular Eric Satie, and the Bavarian dances.

The Miriam Winslow school is to be thanked for the entertainment that evidently gave pleasure to the large audience. The passage from Plato for "The Divine Idiot" contained this line: "When you see the soul of any one whose vision is perplexed and weak, be not too ready to laugh." Seeing this "dance" we were perplexed, but respecting Plato's counsel, we did not laugh.

GERTRUDE EHRHART

A largeaudience attended a concert given in Jordan hall yesterday afternoon by Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano. Miss Ehrhart has hitherto been known as an industrious singer of songs by contemporary composers—songs of which many were written with little regard for the limitations of the human voice and hardly calculated to reveal the beauties of the instrument or to inspire an average audience with any sentiment warmer than a respectful admiration. Yesterday's program was more varied and more equitably proportioned than some earlier programs have been. This was the list: Deh vieni, from "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Mozart); Chi vuole innamorarsi (A. Scarlatti); Quel Ruscelletto (Paradies); War ich nicht ein Halm (Tchaikovsky); Die Nacht - Morgen (Strauss); Gretchen an Spinnrade (Schubert); Der Nussbaum (Schumann); Botschaft (Brahms); Vocalise-Etude (Hue); Que je t'oublie (Luckstone); La Lettre (Moret); Vive Amour, from "Cherubin" (Massenet); All day I hear the noise of waters—O cool is the valley now (Goossens); The Winds (Walton); The Windmill (Colin Taylor)) A Christmas Carol (Bax). Isidore Luckstone was the accompanist.

How far this more skilfully chosen program was responsible, and how far a gentler and more yielding use of the voice, it would be unwise to guess; but a voice that in the past has too often seemed strained and hard, of a metallic and unexpressive brightness, appeared yesterday to have softened into an instrument of delicate beauty, swelling at times to a certain expressive power or rising to a clear brilliance of tone that was very pleasing. There were lapses from this high level, but the improvement was indubitable and gratifying. A light and graceful style of phrasing—a little self-conscious still, perhaps—has been adopted; it was most successfully employed in the two charming airs by Scarlatti and Paradies. Susanna's recitative "Giunse alfin il momento" and the air "Deh vieni" were marred by a too jerky style and hurried tempo, despite excellent phrasing. There was feeling and intensity in her singing of Tchaikovsky's "War ich nicht ein Halm." Simply and delicately she sang Strauss's "Nacht" and "Morgen," pairing them without intervening pause. Schumann's "Nussbaum" brought forth tone of a similar charming tenuity; its light sentimentality was successfully conveyed, though here, as in other songs, Miss Ehrhart relied too often upon the same slow shaking of the head to express varied and opposite emotions. In "Gretchen am Spinnrade" her desire to keep the spinning-wheel in motion was carried a little too far, so that the song developed a happy and inappropriate lilt.

Georges Hue's "Vocalise-Etude" uses the voice instrumentally in a florid but graceful and interesting melodic line. Miss Ehrhart sang it skilfully, upon the whole, and with an expressiveness which indicated a genuine reaction to music, unaided by a song text. Mr. Luckstone's song, with its polished and fluent elegance, Ernest Moret's dramatic "La Lettre," Massenet's exuberant "Vive amour," were sung well. Massenet's song was repeated.

In the final group of English songs, those of Goossens had a pleasing pianoforte background; a vocal part somewhat distracting and perverse. Walton's vigorous "Winds," the neatly written "Windmills" of Colin Taylor, Bax's fine adaptation of the style of 17th century religious song, with its magnificently soaring close, were all sung in a manner which gave marked pleasure to Miss Ehrhart's hearers. Cordial applause brought additional songs.

S. S.

DOROTHY GORDON

For the "Young People's Concert Hour" yesterday at the Repertory Theatre Miss Dorothy Gordon arranged the following program: Songs from the British Isles—When I Was a Young Girl; Can Ye Sew Cushions?; Dumb, Dumb, Dumb; The Old Woman and the Pedlar. Continental folksongs—Lullaby; Helien Willst du Tanzen; Hopsa Lizella; La Cigale et la Fourmi; O Terresin; A Roda de Machadinha. American folksongs—Grandma Grunts; The Little Fig; Great Big Dog; Shortinin' Bread; Frog Went a-Courtin'. The program concluded with Hoppity, Missing, Vespers, Buckingham Palace from "When We Were Very Young" and Us Two, In the Dark, Forgiven from "Now We Are Six" by A. A. Milne, music by H. Fraser Simson. Many of the folksongs were collected by Miss Gordon. They were suitably and tastefully arranged.

Miss Gordon made her concert to some extent a travel talk, taking her audience through the British Isles, crossing to the continent, then back to America, where after hearing some folksongs from the South, her young listeners met with Christopher Robin. Her explanations of the songs were interspersed with remarks about the customs and costumes of the people amongst whom they originated. She brought out the difference between the countries, or sections of countries, consequently the music, by calling attention to the variations in the costumes she wore. Though all people express their varying emotions in much the same way—by songs sad or gay—each nation possesses different characteristics in song as in costume and temperament that are peculiar and appropriate to it.

Miss Gordon's voice is very well adapted to this type of song. Her enunciation is fine and the lyric quality of her singing charms and pleases. Simply she sings and interprets by gesture and dance. In so doing she grasps the spirit of the folk whose song she is singing, as she dons the costume. She shares with her listeners her knowledge rather than explain facts to them. She invites suggestions as she talks. During the group of continental songs she paused that the youngsters might sing a round, which they did very well. Again in "Grandma Grunts," finding that she could not whistle—probably because of the

ethics of the song—she called on her audience to help her. This they did with gusto.

At the last Miss Gordon turned into Christopher Robin with whom she had gone to see the guards change at Buckingham Palace. A large and interested audience were loathe to leave "Pooh Bear" and his little master.—L. B. D.

Branson De Cou "Dream Pictures

Branson De Cou opened his current series of "Dream Pictures" at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. His subject was "Our Colorful Southwest," under which heading he grouped some natural wonders, among them Death Valley, Carlsbad Cavern and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado and the Indian country—the country of the Pueblos, the Navajos and the Hopis.

Mr. De Cou's qualities of good taste, artistic perception in the choice of his photographic views and of accompanying music (for it is his habit to let music accent the charm of the "Dream Pictures" as soon as he has made a few introductory and explanatory remarks about each subject) are well known. Also well remembered are his light and natural comments on the pictures he shows, his sure sense of what interests people, his admirably clear and easy speech. None need strain their ears to understand him.

Most interesting of the views shown yesterday were those of the Indian country—of Acoma, a mud city built on a high mesa, whose sheer cliff walls make it a natural fortress, and where have lived Indians since the days of the Spanish conquistadors and long before; of the Hopi Indian snake dance (though pictures of the ceremony have been forbidden for 15 years and more. Mr. De Cou had some views that were taken before the Indians declared the interdict). His splendid portrait photographs of the Navajo Indians were of great interest. In those proud, strong faces one could see character and self-possession. Some chubby, black-browed Indian children, severe of countenance, were flashed on the screen; warlike faces of middle-aged men, wise and sad faces of old men, one blithe, smiling face that might have been "Laughing Boy," the silversmith of La Farge's delightful novel.

Gorgeously colored scenes of Death Valley, with its sulphurous hills, far-stretching desert, bone dry and the lowest point in the United States, although in view of the eternal snows of the highest peak in the United States; views of the enchanted fairy castle architecture of the Colorado river, glimpsed far below, dwarfed by the grandeur of the gorge its waters have cut from the earth; scenes inside Carlsbad Cavern, with its enormous carved pillars of stalactites and stalagmites; views of Santa Fe, N. M., as race conscious and architecture conscious as California; pictures of the wonderful petrified forests of Arizona—all these were beautiful and drew from the large audience enthusiastic applause. E. B.

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

When we first heard of Mme. Melba she was Mrs. Charles N. F. Armstrong. She was married to "Kangaroo" Charley, as he was then known, in 1882. In 1886 when she was a pupil of Mme. Marchesi, we were studying music in Paris, and were told that Mme. Marchesi had three pupils of whom she had great hopes: Mrs. Armstrong, Emma Eames and Rose Stewart. Mme. Melba once said to us that Miss Stewart was the one that was expected to be most successful in an operatic career. An illness that nearly was fatal obliged Miss Stewart to put aside an engagement in Italy and give up the thought of opera.

Mme. Melba as Mrs. Armstrong had sung in concert at Prince's Hall, London, in 1886. At Melbourne she had sung in the choir of St. Francis's Church; also in concerts at Melbourne in 1884. Her voice pleased Pietro Cecchi, a Roman and an architect to Pius the Ninth. For political reasons he was obliged to leave papal territory. He became a singer, sang in Italy—at La Scala in 1861—also in the United States.

Living at Melbourne for about 25 years, he was largely responsible for Mme. Melba's vocal training. He died in 1897. Mme. Melba sang at Paris in concert in 1887. Her first appearance in opera was at the Monnaie, Brussels, on Oct. 12, 1887, when she took the role of Gilda in "Rigoletto." Jacques Isnardon, the historian of the Monnaie, wrote pleasantly and inaccurately that she was of American origin. "She at first pronounced the French language with great difficulty and for some months sang in Italian." Later in his history, he described her at some length and added a photograph of her taken at that time. "An English beauty. Nose straight, long and delicate; neck fine and well placed—the eye disdains to be large, it is astonished, it looks about—mouth ingenuous and loving. The shape of head, neck, shoulders fully reveals 'race.' On the stage this ensemble becomes poetic. The voice is marvelous, with all the nuances, inflections. . . . She dreamed of any other land than Belgium and scarcely believed she would wake up one fine morning to find herself the star at the Monnaie. A friend who lives in Brussels—named Croesus, I believe, a great lover of opera—discovered her, and it is thanks to the perspicacity of this astronomer that she arrived, has been seen, heard, and has conquered triumphantly.

"By nature she is gay, of an English frankness, childlike in character. Often in the middle of a scene, she interrupts the action to give way to a mad desire to laugh, or to complain of her voice to the stage manager in the wings, or to the prompter in his box—with a light accent that gives her a certain originality. You say that the audience applauds her at these moments. It has good reason, and everything is for the best: Melba for ever!" As Lucia she charmed London in 1888; Paris in 1889 when she took the part of Ophelia. Her first appearance in the United States was at New York as Lucia on Dec. 4, 1893."

She came to Boston as a member of the remarkable Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company, and appeared as Juliet in Mechanics building on March 1, 1894. In that season she was heard as Lucia, Semiramide, Marguerite. After the seasons with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau, she was a member of Damrosch and Ellis's company (1898); in 1899 she was the star of Charles A. Ellis's company; in 1901 she was under Grau's management.

The roles taken by her in Boston were these: Juliet, Lucia, Semiramide, Marguerite (Gounod's) Marguerite de Valois ("Les Huguenots"); Gilda, Manon (Massenet's), Rosina, Violetta, Mimi. She was Mimi when Puccini's "Boheme" was produced under Mr. Ellis's management for the first time in Boston. This was at the Boston Theatre on Jan. 25, 1899. Her associates were Mme. de Lussan, Messrs. Pandolfini, Bensaude, De Vries, Boudouresque, Rosa, Viviani, Del Sol. Seppelli conducted.

Her last appearance here in opera was at the Boston Opera House on March 16, 1914: second and third acts of "Romeo and Juliet" (Muratore, Romeo; Vanni-Marcoux, Friar Laurence); followed by the third and fourth acts of "La Boheme" (Tanlongo Rodolfo; Danges, Marcello; Mme. Beriza, Musetta). She had sung on March 15 at an operatic concert in the Boston Opera House with Weingartner, conductor.

Her last appearance in Boston with the Boston Symphony orchestra was on Dec. 29, 1917 (Dr. Muck, conductor). She had given many concerts in Boston beginning in 1894 at Mechanics building. At the concert for the Halifax Relief fund (1917) she was associated with Fritz Kreisler. She sang in a memorable manner the music of Marguerite in "The Damnation of Faust"—Cecilia concert for the Berlioz Centenary (1903).

Mme. Lily Pons, coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, will sing in Symphony hall on Wednesday evening, March 11, under the auspices of the Travelers Aid Society of Boston. This society was founded 14 years ago to care for the needs of the traveller and the transient guest, for at railway stations and steamship piers many find themselves at a loss what to do, where to go. They are aided in three ways:

1. "Through an information service that relieves the perplexities of hundreds each day in the year; questions as to travel, suitable boarding houses, difficulties in finding and meeting relatives, etc.

2. "Through individual social service the Travelers Aid workers are on the watch for the runaway child, the mentally deranged older woman, the young girl seeking escape from humdrum surroundings only to fall into real danger.

3. "By co-operation with other social agencies in and out of Boston.

"The girls and boys, men and women of Boston when travelling have the protection and help of Travelers Aid service provided by other communities."

Mme. Pons made her first appearance in the United States at the Metropolitan Opera House on Jan. 3 of this year, when her voice and technical skill, her musical proficiency and taste were at once recognized. She was born at Cannes. At first she studied the piano. After a severe illness she played ingenue roles at the Comedie Francaise in Paris.

By PHILIP HALE

The Theatre Guild will bring Maxwell Anderson's play "Elizabeth the Queen" to the Colonial Theatre a week from tomorrow night. There is then time for the consideration of some other plays in which more or less liberty is taken with English history.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope."

Lenormand, whose "Elizabeth of England" was produced last October at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin—strange to say, not in Paris—was not the first Frenchman to take the Queen for a heroine.

La Calprenede's "Comte d'Essex" was brought out at Paris in 1638. In this play Essex, though loved by Elizabeth, is the lover of Lord Cecil's wife. Cecil is the bitterest of his enemies. Essex has the half of a ring given to him by Elizabeth as a pledge of pardon in case he is disgraced. He is charged with treason by some of the lords. Yielding to the entreaties of friends, he gives the half ring to Lady Cecil, but she, jealous, does not take it to the Queen. Essex is beheaded. Lady Cecil confesses her love and jealousy to the Queen. This play met with great success.

Two plays entitled "Le Comte d'Essex" were produced at Paris in 1672—some say 1678. One by the Abbe Claude Boyer of the French Academy, who having preached against the stage, left the pulpit and took to play writing, pleasing himself, but not the public. He wrote 32 plays in all, "choosing subjects curiously complicated and characters that had no character." Thus did a writer in 1809 free his mind about the poor abbe. Yet Boyer's "Comte d'Essex" was preferred by this writer to Calprenede's. Elizabeth and Essex acted with greater dignity. Coban replaced Cecil and was more interesting. The Duchess of Clarence displayed more tenderness and generosity than Lady Cecil.

In 1678 Thomas Corneille's "Comte d'Essex" was performed at the Hotel de Bourgogne in Paris. This play was at first harshly criticised. It was said that Essex would have been more promptly condemned in France. Corneille was accused of having falsified history by not bringing in the ring. He replied that the story of the ring was invented by Calprenede; that there was no mention of it by any historian. One of the lines provoked discussion at the performances. When Essex was told that he ran the risk of being beheaded, he replied: "Crime brings disgrace; not the scaffold." Did Corneille have in mind Tertullian's saying: "The cause, not the punishment, makes the martyr"? Champmesle moved the spectators to tears in this play, and Mme. Lecouvreur declaimed with such nobility that one exclaimed: "I see a queen among players."

In 1930 a prominent French playwright went back to the old familiar story. It is said that Max Reinhardt purposed to produce this play, but "personal reasons" prevented. The Berlin correspondent of the Observer wrote that Lenormand's play was true to history. Elizabeth's love affair was of the sort now understood to be a "love-hate" affair. She asks her mirror the reason for her lover's lack of enthusiasm. Remarks are made about her father's fondness for beheading those whom he loved, as an explanation of her sudden cruelty to the young man. "There is also a more or less interesting anatomical description of the physical Elizabeth which was absent from oldtime classical dramas on the subject." (We remember that her French royal suitor complained of her bad breath.) The scene in which Essex sees the Queen without make-up, to their mutual horror, is said to be the best.

A Parisian correspondent at Berlin wrote that the play met with a strange hostility even in rehearsal, so great enmity that three times there was talk of withdrawing the tragedy. Cuts were made to such an extent that the time of performance was reduced from three hours to an hour and a quarter. The stage settings were old and ugly. The manager and the dramatist disagreed so violently that in the last days of the rehearsal the latter was accompanied by his lawyer. The audience at the first performance was warm in approval, especially for the players. Mme. Hoplick took the part of Elizabeth; but the critics were insolent in adverse criticism.

Some days afterwards Ferdinand Bruckner's "Elizabeth" was produced with great care at the Deutsche Theatre in Berlin. "Even his creditors now know that Bruckner is the theatrical manager, Theodor Tagger." He had startled Austria and Germany by dramatizing passages in Kraft-Ebbing's famous book. In his story of Elizabeth he suggests that Bacon wrote the love letters of Essex to the Queen. "Was the Freudian love-hate Elizabeth suffered from directed not so much towards Essex, too tender a morsel for her acknowledged powers in this respect, as towards King Philip of Spain? Bruckner says so. "Elizabeth, politically erotic, sitting in council with a whip beside her, would give worlds to marry and torture the man in Madrid. Philip, pondering darkly in Spain on the fair one in England, knows it is his duty as a pious Catholic to burn her. Longing to do it because she interests him so, he thinks of quenching the flames of the dark and unholy passion he feels for her on the grandiose funeral pyre he will make of the remains of the British fleet, once his Armada has conquered it."

Essex, the Armada and Bacon are simultaneous in the life of the Queen. The triumph of Protestantism over Catholicism is the "undercurrent" of this play. "A giant crucifix divides the stage; on the one half the English implore God for mercy and victory to their ships; on the other the Spanish pray for divine aid to the same end." Pacifism is emphasized as opposed to militarism. Essex is represented as a pretty boy, a sort of gigolo. C. Hooper Trask, who saw the play, wrote that Bacon is "merely conversation; but perhaps Bruckner was right there—we must remember that Bacon was an author." Essex tries to kidnap the Queen, who is saved by a young man sent by Bacon. As in Lenormand's play, Essex comes upon the Queen without her make-up and her wig. Cecil begs a reprieve for Essex. She refuses it; she has promised him that he would be quickly beheaded. At the end, an old woman, she reads Petrarch's poetry for consolation. When Philip hears of the loss of the Armada, he rails at God, climbs up the crucifix, and falls back, unconscious, into the arms of his courtiers. "The King and his surroundings are merely stuffed costumes, vocally equipped."

Elizabeth was a stage heroine in France as early as 1638. The "Unhappy Favourite; or the Earl of Essex," by John Banks, was produced in London at the Theatre Royal in 1682; the "Earl of Essex," by Henry Jones, said to have been assisted by the Earl of Chesterfield and Colley Cibber, was brought out at Covent Garden in 1753; Henry Brooke's "Earl of Essex," at Dublin in 1748-9. "The Fall of the Earl of Essex," by John Ralph, who altered Banks's play, was first acted at London in 1731. As for "Queen Elizabeth," there is Heywood's play, 1637; one given at Manchester, 1869, author's name not given; Leightner's, London, 1901.

Henry Wagstaff Gribble's "Elizabeth and Essex" was produced at Wilnington, Del., in February, 1930; Thais Lawton, Elizabeth; Hugh Buckler, Essex. There is a contest for power between Essex and Burleigh, with a riangular romance between Elizabeth, the Countess of Rutland and Essex.

Thomas Williams's "Elizabeth, Queen of England" (Liverpool and Lonn, 1869) is a translation from the Italian of Paolo Giacometti.

Ristori played Elizabeth at the Boston Theatre in 1866-7-8 and 1884; an Davenport Lander at the same theatre in 1867 and 1868. In 1902 nce O'Neill appeared as Elizabeth in London. Did she ever take this e in the United States? Salvini was seen at the Boston Theatre in May, 74, in an "Elizabeth." In December, 1884, Ristori played in Italian; her npany in English.

Elizabeth in Jones's "Earl of Essex" was played by Mrs. Adcock in New rk on Feb. 11, 1754. The others in the play were Rigby, Essex; Bell, thampton; Singleton, Burleigh; Miller, Raleigh; Adcock, Lieutenant of Tower; Mrs. Hallam, the Countess of Rutland, "the best female charac- in the play," Mrs. Beceeley, the Countess of Nottingham. Mrs. Hallam oke the epilogue and at the end of the play Mrs. Love sang a "cantata." ere was an afterpiece, Mansfield's "The King and the Miller." Hallam's ompany played in Virginia in 1753, and at Philadelphia before arriving in ew York. Was "The Earl of Essex" among the tragedies then played?

enatelio and Maria Gay heard her inging at Montpellier and urged her to trive for international fame. They rought her to the Metropolitan and re now with her.

The Boston Jewish Choral Society hich will give a concert in Jordan hall onight numbers about 80 members. It as organized for "the advancement of he classical standard of Hebrew and ewish music, modern and ancient, as ell as to safeguard and keep the tradional music from oblivion."

The society's conductor, Prof. Braslavky, recently spoke about Jewish music t the Women's College Club of Boston nd at the Boston Public Library. He id in part:

"The Jewish traditional music has atracted composers of both greater and sser standing of all ages. Even in our wn day men like Ernest Bloch, Maurice avel and many others are devoting eir efforts to further this type of usic. A century ago no less than the reatest classicist of all times after eethoven, Schubert, composed for the riday night services at the temple in lenna a composition (psalm 92) on the riginal Hebrew text.

ONCERTS OF THE WEEK

NDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. George bercrombie, pianist. Castelnuovo-Tedesco, horale, No. 1 (on an old Hebrew melody). Bach, Prelude and Fugue, C sharp minor. Brahms, Ballade, G minor. Beethoven, Sonata, C major op. 53. Rachmaninoff, Prelude G sharp minor. Bowen, Romp (from Piano Suite No. 2). Griffes, Nightfall. Chopin, Posthumous Valse, A flat major op. 64. Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 8.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Boston Jewish Choral Society, S. Braslavsky, conductor, assisted by I. G. Glickstein, soloist; the People's Symphony orchestra and Stanley Bentley, organist. Goldmark, "Rustic Wedding" Symphony. Braslavsky, Psalm 118 (Hebrew), for solo, chorus, orchestra and organ; Paraphrase on a Chassidic Song (oboe solo and orchestra); Psalm 30 (Hebrew), for solo, chorus, orchestra and organ.

Boston Public Library lecture hall, 8 P. M. Choral Society of the Massachusetts Federated Women's Clubs.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Ann Mathea, soprano: Swedish, Dutch and German folk songs.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Helene Diedrichs, English pianist. Bach-Liszt, Prelude and Fugue, A minor. Brahms, Capriccio, F sharp minor, No. 1, op. 76; Intermezzo, A major, op. 118; Rhapsodie, B minor, op. 79; Intermezzo, C major, op. 19; Intermezzo, E flat minor, op. 118. Chopin, Fantasia, F minor. Scriabin, Prelude B major, op. 11. Matthay, Albumblatt, op. 22. Rachmaninoff, Prelude B flat major, op. 23.

WEDNESDAY—Hotel Statler Ballroom, 11 A. M. Giacomo Lauri-Volpe, tenor of the Metropolitan Opera House. (Benefit of Boston School of Occupational Therapy). Alberto Sciarretti, pianist. Peri, Invocation of Orpheus. Strozzi, Amore dormiglione. Donizetti, Una furtiva lagrime from "l'Elisir d'amore." Piano: Chopin, Ballade, G minor. Castelnuovo Tedesco, Fox Trot Tragico. Songs: Schumann, Canzone della sera, Brahms, Berceuse, Debussy, Les Cloches, Puccini, Che gelida manna from "La Boheme." Piano: Grovlez, Recuendos, Dohnyani, Capriccio-Etude. Songs: De Falla, Nina, Nina; Jota, Barrera y Calleja, Granadinas.

Born at Rome, Mr. Lauri-Volpe was educated for the bar. Served in the world war and was decorated. He received his degree at the University, but having won second place in a operatic hearing, left the law and made his debut in "Manon" at Rome; then, La Scala, and from that theatre to the Metropolitan.

THURSDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Gertrude Wilder, contralto; Stuart Ross, accompanist: Beethoven, The Heavens Are Telling; Bach, Es ist Vollbracht (Passion according to John); Handel, Dank sei Dir, Herr; Brahms, Denn ist Gehet dem Menschen; Sind es Schmerzen, sind es Freuden; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung; Strendchen; Bruch, Penelope's Trauer from Odyssens'; Gretchaninoff, Weeping Willow Tree; Tchaikovsky, Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt; Ob heller Tag; Marion Bauer, Faun Song (Mss); Helen Mary Brown, Night. Rosamond Johnson, Song of the Heart.

FRIDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Ethel Hutchinson, pianist: Bach-Hess, Chorale from Cantata, op. 147; Bach, Chromatic Fantasy; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 26; Schumann, Papillons; Brahms, Intermezzo, A major; Capriccio, B minor; Rhapsody, E flat major; Wagner-Brassin, fire music from "The Valkyrie"; Turina, Aux Jardins l'Alcazar; Tchaikovsky-Grainger, Flower Waltz.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Bruce and Rosalind Simonds, music for two pianos: Bach, Organ Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Mozart, Duettino Concertante; Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn; Bax, The Poisoned Fountain; the Devil that tempted St. Anthony; Debussy, En Blanc et Noir; Bruce Simonds, "Sweet Kate," English country dance tune; Rachmaninoff, Suite No. 2.

JEWISH CHORAL SOCIETY

The Boston Jewish Choral Society gave its first concert last night at Jordan hall before a large and very enthusiastic audience. Assisted by the People's Symphony Orchestra, and I. G. Glickstein, soloist, the chorus presented the following program:

"Rustic Wedding" Symphony (Goldmark); Psalm 118 for Solo, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ (Braslavsky); Paraphrase on a Chassidic Song for Oboe Solo and Orchestra (Braslavsky); Psalm 30 for Solo, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ (Braslavsky).

S. Braslavsky, who conducts the Jewish Choral Society, is a versatile and accomplished musician. Last night, largely due no doubt to the newness of the chorus, his efforts as arranger, composer, and conductor of chorus and orchestra seemed to be the feature of the evening, rather than the singing of Boston's latest choral union. But Mr Braslavsky demonstrated that he is a musician and leader of high calibre; under him this chorus of remarkably good voices should do valuable and interesting work.

Last night's program, being the first offered by the new organization, surely will not serve as a model for later programs. While some incidental orchestral music is pleasant during an evening of choral singing, such long-drawn-out and (after the first 10 minutes) tiresome music as Goldmark's "Rustic Wedding" Symphony, with its paucity of virile themes, and its rather trite orchestration, might have been sacrificed.

Of Mr. Braslavsky's music, most satisfying was the Paraphrase of a Chassidic Song. Arranged for the oboe (an instrument that admirably suggests the semi-philosophic singing in the nose of the Chassidic students), it was delightfully humorous and naive. Psalms (118—an exhortation to praise the Lord, and 30—in which occur the famous lines "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning") brought out the splendid voices of the chorus, and utilized the services of I. G. Glickstein, whose robust tenor voice and familiarity with the style of singing required, added measurably to the success of Mr. Braslavsky's music.

While no fault should be found with Mr. Braslavsky's effective and well-written scores, or with their appropriateness for choruses of this kind, it might be hoped that this all-Jewish chorus would devote itself more sternly to choral arrangements of purely Jewish music . . . folk songs, religious songs, Chassidic songs. It seems as if the field should be rich and promising, and of interest to non-Jewish as well as Jewish audiences. E. B.

GEORGE ABERCROMBIE

George Abercrombie, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. To an audience of good size he played the following program: Chorale, No. 1, on an old Hebrew melody (Castelnuovo-Tedesco); prelude and fugue in C sharp major (Bach), ballade in G minor (Brahms); Sonata in C, Op. 53, the "Waldstein" (Beethoven); prelude in G sharp minor (Rachmaninoff); Romp from second Pianoforte Suite (York Bowen); Nightfall (Griffes); Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 8 (Liszt).

Mr. Abercrombie proved himself the possessor of a well developed technique, a firm if rather heavy touch, a taste for large sonorities, and a tendency to blur his tones by the excessive use of the sustaining pedal. His playing revealed musical qualities of a high order, not least an excellent sense of rhythm and of that forward movement which lends coherence to musical form. There was a sonorous dignity in his playing of Castelnuovo's Chorale—in which an old Hebrew melody was treated in a manner reminiscent alike of a Bach choral prelude and of the style of Cesar Franck. The C sharp prelude and fugue of Bach himself was played competently, with well varied dynamics, but with the clarity of part writing somewhat smudged by overpedalling. A more cleanly incisive performance of the Brahms G minor Ballade might have been desirable; though he played it—particularly its middle section—very musically.

It is doubtless rash to suggest that it grows a little tiresome that young pianists wishing to play Beethoven at their recitals almost invariably choose either the "Waldstein" or the "Appassionata;" there are at least half a dozen other less hackneyed, equally valuable as tests of pianistic and interpretive ability, and rather more interesting as music, certainly more so than the "Waldstein." Mr. Abercrombie played it intelligently and imaginatively enough, and with clearness and technical security.

The final group of pieces was excellently done. The slavic melancholy—the composer's individual and recognizable brand of that commodity—of Rachmaninoff's G sharp minor prelude; the naive exuberance, tinged with an occasional harmless modernism of chord sequences, that justifies the title of York Bowen's "Romp;" the poetic gloom of Griffes' "Nightfall;" all these moods were admirably conveyed, and the music competently and gracefully rendered. Mr. Abercrombie took advantage of all the opportunities offered by Liszt's eighth Hungarian Rhapsody to bring the concert to a loud and cheerful conclusion. He was rewarded with cordial and deserved applause; encores, of course, followed. S. S.

NAMES, NOT NUMBERS

By PHILIP HALE

From mythology and the briny deep the navy has fished names for its submarines to replace the curt, impersonal letters and numbers they have borne for twenty years. —Newspaper item.

It was high time. How could any self-respecting submarine do its duty to its country as long as it was only a number or a letter? Why should submarines not share in honor with battleships and cruisers? Could English sailors, hearts of oak, have manned cannon with the same alacrity if the Conqueror, Royal George, Defiance, Invincible had been Nos. 1, 15, 4, 23? The high-sounding names of French and Spanish warships, the Intrepid, the Indomitable, the Most Holy Trinity, the Magnificent inspired their men to heroic deeds. Take our own warships—those named after states of the Union. Did not Herman Melville—not liking Scorpion, Hornet, Wasp, exclaim: "How glorious, poetically speaking, to range up the whole federated fleet, and pour forth a broadside from Florida to Maine."

And so with locomotives. Some of the English railways are replacing numbers with names. Would that this example were followed in our own country. There was a time when freight engines, the Hercules, the Vulcan, the Atlas drew their load with greater ease; when express trains were the swifter for the Mercury, the Atalanta, the Eagle. Even the names of governors, railway officials, statesmen were better than "123," "56"—especially when the portraits of the distinguished persons who gave their names were painted on the tenders in screaming colors and in the full glory of whiskerage.

Could any horse run triumphantly a race entered only by a numeral? The ancients knew the value of a name. Young Pallas, Agamemnon, King of men, had their Aethon and Eagle. Adastrus escaped by the fleetness of his Arion. Phidolas won a race, thanks to his Wind. Does not the fame of Alexander's horse Bucephalus equal that of his conquering master? Did not Caligula build a stable of marble for his Incitatus and order quiet in the neighborhood the night before a race, that the horse might dream peacefully of the coming victory? Read the noble list of those famous on American tracks or at the Derby. Better even "George M. Patchen" than an insignificant numeral.

Man, alas, poor wretch, may have at home, or signing a check, a sonorous name, but at a hotel, though he may register with a flourish "J. Fortescue Montgomery," to clerk and waiters he is only No. 354 or 799. He is seldom known as "the gentleman" in, say, 1920; too often, as "the gent" in this or that inside or outside room.

MAJESTIC

"Trader Horn"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Dale Van Every and John Thomas Neville from the book of the same name by Ethelreda Lewis; directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with screen play by Richard Schayer and dialogue by Cyril Hume; presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Trader Horn ..... Harry Carey
Nina ..... Edwina Booth
Peru ..... Duncan Renaldo
Renchero ..... Mutia Omoolu
Edith Trend ..... Olive Golden

Jungle films are becoming almost as numerous as pictures of the underworld. We have had "Chang" and "Grass" and "Rango," the last-named taken in Sumatra, where the cigar wrappers come from. Another, "Tabu," caught in Bora Bora in the Society islands group of the South Sea islands, is impending. In many ways, however, those which have been shown must take deferential notice of "Trader Horn," composite picturization of wild animal and native life in South Africa and of romantic and frequently perilous adventure both in that country and in that slightly more civilized land known as Hollywood. Some may call it a dramatized travelogue, but it is actually more than that. It is genuinely exciting, often thrilling, and never dull. It is doubtful if a finer, more authentic series of animal pictures ever has been filmed.

The Van Dyke expedition, which started at Mombasa and covered Uganda, the Kenya province, British East Africa and the Belgian Congo, carried 100 trucks loaded with paraphernalia, including a sound-equipped unit which paid for itself 100-fold; for never have we heard from the screen so realistically those perculiar cries, growls and other sounds by which lions, crocodiles, hyenas, hippopotamuses, gorillas, elephants, leopards, giraffes and what-not express rage, battle-lust, fear or contempt, according to the situation. Moreover, the natural scenery has been caught with marvellous effect by the batteries of cameras. Probably the most impressive is the series of views of the Uganda Falls. One hears the roaring of those white, churning torrents of water as they pour down from almost invisible heights. Niagara itself could not be more vociferous, or more magnificent.

The story itself concerns a trip in quest of ivory by Trader Horn, accompanied by young Peru, son of Horn's old-time friend, and by his loyal gun-bearer, Renchero, and a retinue of natives. They encounter Edith Trend, a fearless woman missionary searching for a lost white girl known as Nina, white-limbed priestess of a cannibal tribe. Later they find the woman's body. They press on, are captured by the cannibals and, after tortures, are saved by the girl, whose savage nature has become softened by the admiring glances of young Peru. Eventually, after separation and the death of Renchero, the three reach the coast, and safety. Through it all Horn is the wise, cool-headed explorer and adventurer, regaling the audience, through Peru, with much valuable information about the animals and the tribes they encounter.

Some of the outstanding scenes are of the torture, when the two white men and their guide are tied to crosses, head down; of a free-for-all fight among lions over the carcass of a gazelle; of the goring of a native by an enraged rhino; of the spearing of a rushing lion by Renchero, using only a wooden spear with pointed tip. Once Peru and Nina, passing under a tree, are missed by inches by the fangs of a huge snake. The views of the native rites, with monotonous accompaniment of fear-inspiring tom-toms, are interesting. The acting of the three principals is illusive enough for the requirements of the production. That their tasks were repeatedly hazardous is evident. "Trader Horn," in its entirety of two hours is something not to be missed. The chances are, however, that after seeing it one will be content to continue his or her zoological studies at Franklin park, and to voyage on no more dangerous waters than the Charles river.

W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Finn and Hattie"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sam Mintz and Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the novel by Donald Ogden Stewart, entitled "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad"; directed by Norman Taurog and Norman McLeod and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Finley P. Haddock ..... Leon Errol
Mrs. Haddock ..... Zasu Pitts
Mildred Haddock ..... Mitzi Green
The Princess ..... Lilyan Tashman
Sidney ..... Jackie Searl
Eddie Collins ..... Regis Toomey
The Bottin ..... Mack Swain
Street Cleaner ..... Sid Taylor
Aunt Letty ..... Louise Mackintosh
The Divorcee ..... Ethel Sutherland
Taxi Driver ..... Eddie Dunn

If "Finn and Hattie" could have stood the pace it might have proved to be one of the funniest of this new year's crop of screen farces. From the time we hee the Haddock family leaving the home town for their trip abroad to the moment they land on French soil, there is fun in abundance, thanks to

these two precocious kids, Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl, and to Mr. Errol in new "business." The moment a plot of sorts enters, humor departs, stealthily, but assuredly. By the time Mack Swain, relict of the bygone Mack Sennett slapstick group, has been heavily injected into the proceedings, with Lilyan Tashman trying to keep a straight face as a travesty adventuress, "Finn and Hattie" becomes rather maudlin and lugubrious. With such a glorious start this seemed a pity.

Mr. Errol, as the simple, gullible manufacturer of a two-in-one combination of after-dinner mint and toothpick, makes a farewell speech to his cheering townsfolk, prompted by the omniscient Mitzi as Mildred Haddock. Aboard the train he engages in wrestling stunts with a boastful brakeman, learns a neat way to throw an opponent. "It's all in the wrist"; but, oddly, every time he tries it on a stranger, he is the one who lands flat on his back. Beyond that Mr. Errol is busy rescuing Mitzi and Jackie, whom the Haddocks take along, from various ludicrous predicaments in which Jackie invariably is the victim. "Remember, you struck the first blow," warned Mitzi, when Jackie slapped her face playfully. Thereafter she was rich in ideas for reprisal. In all this was comicality both original and deserving of laughter. In Paris the youngsters are sidetracked, Mr. Errol resorts to his wobbly legs and his violent falls for humor, and Miss Pitts is compelled to drink unwisely with a burlesqued guide, the bewhiskered Mr. Swain. Of course, Mitzi retrieves the $50,000 check Papa Haddock had given to the adventuress, in a roughhouse ending. How much of all this is traceable to Mr. Stewart is not known. There is a possibility that Mr. Errol waxed jealous of the activities of the two juveniles and insisted on directing the last part of the picture himself. W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Lady Refuses"

An all-talking screen drama directed by George Archambaud and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

June Loring	Betty Compson
Sir Gerald Courtney	Gilbert Emery
Russell Courtney	John Darrow
Berthine Waller	Margaret Livingstone
Nikolai Rabinoff	Ivan Lebedeff
Dobbs	Edgar Norton
Milly	Daphne Pollard
Lawyer	Lumsden Hare

A great deal of good acting, plenty of London fog, several English and some American accents and a wildly improbable plot are the ingredients of "The Lady Refuses," current feature film at the Keith-Boston Theatre. It leaves the spectator with a curiously mixed impression of pleasure with the pleasant, easy gentlemanliness of Gilbert Emery and of bewilderment at the steady stream of sententious speeches that fall from Betty Compson's lips. She is supposed to represent a London streetwalker—new at the job to be sure—but she talks like a graduate from a school of polite conversation. It showed bad judgment on the part of the director and was an unfair handicap on the actress, for she made an honest attempt at characterization that was often convincing.

Sir Gerald Courtney, in despair at the infatuation of his son, Russell, for Berthine Waller—a most undesirable person and mistress of the sinister Nikolai Rabinoff—hires a woman of the streets, June Loring, to distract the boy's attention. The agreement is that he shall pay her £1000 when the cure is accomplished. What he had not bargained on was his falling in love with her and she with him. June entices Russell into her apartment when he is on his way to a rendezvous with Berthine, makes him drunk and puts him to bed. Soon she has him back on his feet and working once more on his job in an architect's office. Soon Russell, too, is in love with June, and when she tells him the truth, he turns against her, gets drunk once more and tries to strike his father. Then he goes back to Berthine and makes an appointment to see her in his apartment that evening. Using different tactics this time, June gets Russell into her room and keeps him there, while on the floor above, the madly jealous Rabinoff murders Berthine.

Russell, accused of the killing, refuses to give an alibi, but is saved by the evidence of June. She tears up the check she demands of Sir Gerald, and, after a lot of speeches about the evasions of a British gentleman, walks out. John Darrow does well enough as the son, and Margaret Livingstone is a seductive and strident siren.

The real treat on the program is a revival of "Shoulder Arms," one of Charlie Chaplin's earlier comedies, in which he is just as funny as is possible for one man to be. For all the years that have elapsed since it was made, the film can still put audiences into gales of laughter. E. L. H.

FENWAY—SCOLLAY SQUARE

"The Conquering Horde"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Grover Jones and William S. McNutt from a story by Emerson Hough; directed by Edward Sloman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Dan McMasters	Richard Arlen
Taisie Lockhart	Fay Wray
Jim Nabours	Claude Gillingwater
Cinco Centabos	George Mendoza
Marvin Fletcher	Ian MacLaren
Amos Corley	James Durkin
Lumpy Larrigan	Arthur Stone
Soud Grogan	Frank Rice
John	Charles Stephens

There are several noteworthy points in "The Conquering Horde" to make it a bit more than an average western. One is an amazingly genuine characterization of a loyal old ranch foreman by Claude Gillingwater, hitherto identified by his creations of crochety old gentlemen in invalid's shawls or swallow-tail coats and white shirt fronts. Another is a stirring scene of a stampede of cattle through the dusty streets of Abilene, Kansas, back in 1867, the period of the picture. In fact, "The Conquering Horde" at one time bore the name of "The Stampede," but as that conflicted with the title of a film of different genesis it was discarded. There are other merits of minor importance.

In abbreviated form the adapters have endeavored to do justice to the story which Mr. Hough related about the plight of cattle raisers in Texas who, ignored by pioneering railroad systems, could reach no market for their beef. Land valued at $3 an acre was sacrificed at 3 cents per acre; ranches were abandoned. There was no money. A scoundrelly state treasurer was buying up land script against the time when a market should be available. The picture is concerned with the fortunes of one particular ranch, owned by Taisie Lockhart, whose father had been killed at Gettysburg while fighting on the confederate side. How young McMasters, her childhood playmate, returns after service on the Union side, guides her cattle, her men and herself to Abilene, outwits the villain, Fletcher, and wins the girl, are told in graphic sequences. There are scenes of cattle fording a river, of a fight between the cowboys and Fletcher's crew after he had wantonly slain an Indian squaw, of McMaster's delivery of Fletcher to the Comanches for their vengeance, and, best of all, of the stampede at Abilene. The acting is of less moment than the photography. Besides Mr. Gillingwater, Mr. Mendoza, Mr. Durkin and Mr. MacLaren give interesting characterizations. Mr. Arlen and Miss Wray present merely the externals of their roles. W. E. G.

PARK

"The Man from Chicago"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Walter Summers and Walter Mycroft from the play by Reginald Simpson; directed by Walter Summers and presented by Elstree Productions (British), with the following cast:

Nick Dugan	Bernard Nedell
Irma Russell	Joyce Kennedy
John Larwood	O. B. Clarence
Barry Larwood	Billy Milton
Cherry Henderson	Dorothy Watts
Detective Inspector Drew	Austin Trevor
Detective Sergeant Mostyn	Albert Whelan
Jimmy Donovan	Dennis Hoey
Bill Stuart	Leonard Dainton
Sergeant Lane	Mathew Boulton
Rossi	Morris Harvey
Ted	Ben Welden
Charles	Syd Crossley
P. C. Harris	Fred Lloyd

A film like "The Man from Chicago," now showing at the Park Theatre, prompts one to wonder why our British cousins are so lamentably behind the times when it comes to making talking pictures. Assuredly the state of the English drama is nothing to worry about, but if they keep on making more pictures of this sort, American screen producers need not worry about the competition from the other side of the Atlantic. This current offering, the British idea of what a crook play should be like, is sufficient to make a self-respecting Chicago gangster smile, or even yawn. The plot is dragged out to interminable lengths, and the behaviour of the characters strikes the observer as so totally absurd that one regards them as freaks that never could exist.

Nick Dugan, by his own testimony, a high-light in Chicago crime, goes to London on a vacation, a vacation consisting of the same sort of tactics he practised at home. A hold-up or two, coupled with a murder, gets Scotland Yard rather upset and presently all sorts of detectives—the laconic sort made famous by "Broadway"—and stout British policemen are after him. It goes without saying that Nick has evil intentions toward an innocent damsel named Cherry Henderson and that Cherry's fiance, Barry Larwood, resents them. Also in the offing is a dark and sinuous damsel, Irma Russell, in love with Nick and inclined to be upset when he takes other women out to dinner. To be brief, Nick shoots a too-intelligent detective, Inspector Drew, and in the subsequent desperate efforts to hide the body, gives himself away. In the end, by a stroke of poetic justice, it is Irma who accidentally runs him down and kills him.

Bernard Nedell, an American recruit to British films, plays his malefactor in an extremely stagey fashion and the same must be said for the rest of the cast. The only exceptions to be made are in favor of Austin Trevor, brother of the late Norman Trevor, and of Albert Whelan, who take their parts with calmness and fair conviction.—E. L. H.

mch 3 1931

By PHILIP HALE

COPLEY THEATRE. First performance of "Heritage," a new play in three acts by Adelaide Chatfield Whitman. The Copley Players presented it with Earle Larimore by permission of the Theatre Guild.

The cast was as follows:

Alice Wharton	Jessie Busley
Joan Ripley	Edith Parker
Richard Wadsworth	Jack Storey
Trent	Mary Kent
Lydia Ripley	Margaret Douglass
Philip Strawbridge	George Coulouris
Fulton Ripley (Fulton's Son)	Earle Larimore
Nora	Anne Seymour
Freddy Ripley	Earle Larimore
Gladys Blaine	Rachel Hartzell
Louis Blaine	Richard Whorf

The elder Ripley, who was given to strong drink looked on Trent, an old family retainer, as a brother. Ripley was married to a woman who was vain and abominably selfish. One night when a cad by the name of Strawbridge was calling and declaring his love for this woman, Ripley came in from a club dinner. He had been discharged from a newspaper, for he had been an editorial writer; he suspected his wife; he felt that she had ruined his career, and so, having told Trent to watch over his son Freddy, he shot himself. Trent by the corpse freed his mind about the newly made widow, pointing an accusing arm, thus bringing on hysteria. When Ripley made way with himself, he was seated in an easy chair in which generations of male Ripleys had sat before him.

This first act is the best of the three. It is of the theatre; not of the contemporaneous theatre, but the scenes between the chief characters have a certain emotional quality. Two women are introduced who are superfluous.

The pace of the performance was so slow in the remaining acts that they seemed dull. This impression was perhaps unfair to the written text. Yet there was too much talk, especially at the beginning of the second act, talk that had little or no point and did not aid in the development of the plot. This plot, boiled down, was reduced to this: Should young Freddy discharge Trent, and thus give way to his mother's hatred of the retainer who was saturated with Ripley traditions. The maids thought Trent crazy, because he talked with the elder Ripley's spirit; for Trent believed the elder Ripley was in the house waiting his son's return from foreign lands, and then rejoicing in the fact that his boy was now a cub reporter, whose salary had been raised; who had been invited by Senator Wadsworth to enter the political game, at first as a staunch party man with a ready pen.

Now neither Freddy's mother, who had married Strawbridge; nor the hard-boiled Gladys to whom Freddy was betrothed, wished him to work. They thought of Egypt for a long honeymoon, where they could see the pyramids and enjoy themselves in other ways. But Freddy was stiff-necked, and he was afraid he would lose his job. Mrs. Strawbridge had led Freddy to think that his father died by an accident. She insisted that Trent should go. Freddy at first discharged him, sorely against his will. The poor retainer was to leave at night; but he kept coming into the drawing-room, and at last when Freddy was in the chair sacred to the Ripleys, he went over the scene in the first act when he had vowed 10 years before to watch over Fulton Ripley's son.

Then Freddy knew the truth. Mrs. Strawbridge left in a rage, taking her husband with here. He, having had a dreadful life with her, had sought consolation by embracing Gladys—freed from Freddy—and asking if he could visit her in New York. When the final curtain fell, Freddy was alone—but the Ripley chair was in the room, and the faithful Trent was in the house.

The features of the performance were the admirable portrayal of Trent by Mr. Kent, a portrayal in the good old manner; and Mr. Larimore's characterization of the father and later, the son. Miss Douglass was called on to impersonate a most disagreeable woman, a liar, a hypocrite, a self-deceiver, the incarnation of selfishness. Unfortunately her enunciation was so imperfect that she was often unintelligible. And so Miss Busley in the first act talked so fast and ran her sentences together so rapidly, that she, too, was not easily understood. It was a pleasure to listen to Miss Parker. The other players were sufficient to the parts. Thus Mr. Whorf made Louis Blaine as silly and tiresome a person as the dramatist probably intended him to be.

Mr. Kent was loudly applauded in his chief scene. At the end of the play there was applause for all.

REPERTORY

"Le Grand Mare"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play entitled "The Big Pond," by George Middleton and A. E. Thomas; directed by Hobart Henley, with French dialogue by Jacques Bataille-Henri, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Pierre	Maurice Chevalier
Barbara Billings	Claudette Colbert
Ronnie	William Williams
Mr. Billings	Henry Mortimer
Pat O'Day	Nat Pendleton
Poinette	Andree Corday
Jennie	Lorraine Jaillet
Mrs. Billings	Maude Allen

The effervescent, carefree charm of Maurice Chevalier is the making of "Le Grand Mare," current feature film at the Repertory Theatre. This French dialogue picture is taken from a pleasant little stage play of a few seasons ago, written by George Middleton and A. E. Thomas and entitled "The Big Pond." M. Chevalier has already made an English version of the story, but we are inclined to think that the French serves him to better advantage. Unhampered by a language that is only his by adoption, he acts throughout the film with lively relish and buoyant freshness. The plot doesn't amount to much, but it does admirably as light and frivolous entertainment. Although those who understand French will be able to appreciate it more fully than those who do not, Chevalier and his fellow actors are graphic enough in their actions so that the latter will not suffer.

Pierre Mirande, an impoverished young Frenchman of good family, acting as guide to the Billings family in Venice, finds himself in love with the romantically inclined Barbara Billings, and she reciprocates with interest. Mr.

STATUE AND ORGAN

By PHILIP HALE

The exercises at the New England Conservatory of Music in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the unveiling of Crawford's statue of Beethoven reminded one of the great organ that stood with Beethoven in Boston Music Hall. The statue, after its later sojourn in the Boston Public Library, now graces the Conservatory building; the organ after its removal from Music Hall, knew inglorious adventures, until it found an honorable resting place at Methuen.

The statue, the gift of Charles C. Perkins, was unveiled in Music Hall with pomp and ceremony on March 1, 1856. The organ, made in Germany, was first heard at a concert of the Handel and Haydn Society on Nov. 28, 1863, but not then as a solo instrument. Later, recitals were given by the organists of the period, John K. Paine, Eugene Thayer, B. J. Lang, J. H. Willcox. The fame of the mighty instrument, which in certain respects was a disappointment to those who played it, spread throughout the country. Boston's pride in its possession excited good-natured raillery. Humorists were not slow in seizing this opportunity for exercising their wit.

When Artemus Ward wrote his famous letter on Boston, in which he described Harvard College—"this celebrated institootion of learnin" as "pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's in School street, and has poopils from all over the country"—he, too, was impressed by the civic interest in the organ. He talked with members of the Legislature: "I told 'em the Eye of 1000 ages was onto we American people of today. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin." He called on the men that wrote for the Atlantic Monthly. "I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin." In a horse car a pretty girl, sitting near him, turning to a respectable looking female of advanced summers, asked in a silvery voice if she had seen the "Grate Orgin." At Lexington his bosoom "hove with sollum emotions."

"'& this,' I said to a man who was drivin a yoke of oxen, 'this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!'

"'Wall,' the man said, 'it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin wheat, t'aint worth a dam. But hav you seen the Grate Orgin?'

"I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Reveer, whose tavern I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his native town in New Hampshire any clear day."

Ah, there was but one Artemus Ward, and in the sixties there was only one "Grate Orgin."

ings, fabulously wealthy chewing-n manufacturer, decides to cure Bar-a of her infatuation by bringing rre to America and showing her what ad business man he will make. To surprise of every one, Pierre at-ks the most onerous tasks with fer- and ends by discovering a new kind whiskey-flavored chewing gum that es the Billings's profits to un-amed-of heights. He grows more and re businesslike and practical, until bara, afraid that she has lost her tle suitor, turns to a former swect-rt, Ronnie. Of course, no love story end like that, and Pierre presently naps her and carries her off de-ted.

hat the authors were indulging in it of satire at the expense of Ameri- business only makes "Le Grand e" the more amusing, for the satire s an edge on the comedy and the -making. Maurice Chevalier, the tre of the stage for three-fourths of picture, takes full advantage of his rous opportunities. Particularly de-tful were his lesson in love-making the obtuse Ronnie, his woe-be-e expression and dawning rapture he chews the whiskey-flavored gum the first time, and his good natured ptance of the roughest work in the ory. Of course, his singing, defying ription in that it is his own ex-ive brand, provides great pleasure. the supporting cast, Claudette Col-, as the charmingly unreasonable bara, is the best. Good work in ll roles is offered by William Wil-s, Nat Pendleton and Lorraine Jail- as an elfish little boarding-house cy.

E. L. H.

mch 4 '931

HELENE DIETRICHS

Helene Dietrichs, English pianist sident in Boston, gave a recital last ening at Jordan hall. She played the llowing program: Bach-Liszt, prelude nd Fugue in A minor; Brahms, Ca-riccio in F sharp minor, Op. 76, No. 1, ntermezzo in A major, Op. 118, Rhap-dy in B minor, Op. 79, intermezzo in major, Op. 119, intermezzo in E flat inor, Op. 118; Chopin, fantasie in minor; Scriabin, prelude in B minor, p. 11; Tobias Matthay, Albumblatt, p. 22 (dedicated to Myra Hess); Rach-maninoff, prelude in B flat major, Op. 3.

Miss Dietrichs proved herself yet once nore, in this almost entirely romantic rogram, to be a capable and thought-ul pianist. Of predominantly poetic eanings—given, indeed, at times to hat the French call "poetizing"—she one the less leaves little to chance or the inspiration of the moment. Her terpretive procedure is confidently, de-erately carried out. Much of it bears e stamp of individuality. Some of it ould gain by the addition of bright-, even harsher, colors to her tonal alette; by the timely use of a more learly articulated touch.

She launched herself boldly, warmly, ith brilliant sonority, into the Bach-Liszt A minor organ prelude. The gen-rous use of the pedal that here blend-ed the music's rushing figures into a rich medley of reverberant harmonies did but duplicate to some degree the ef-fect of the organ itself under resound-ing vaults. The effect was impressive and detail was hardly missed. In the succeeding fugue, on the contrary, it was important that detail should be heard. Heard, it was, in the quiet be-ginnings; but as the music grew in onal power in its progress toward the nassive climax, over-pedalling made it ifficult to disentangle the voices from e welter of sound.

The fault hardly once reappeared in e group of pieces by Brahms, which the most part Miss Dietrichs played ightfully. The quiet opening of the harp minor Capriccio had not per-s the subdued agitation that was nded, but it had its charm. The najor intermezzo—a little too slow—a limpid, poetic grace. The mildly icious C major intermezzo, the ly expressive E flat minor, were played excellently; the B minor sody gave less satisfaction.

Chopin's F minor fantasie all was but the over-hurried march-like n; elsewhere the romantic beau-f the work received warmly imag-e and appropriate treatment. In inal group Miss Dietrichs played admirably easy elegance a Scria-elude and an ingenious little piece teacher, Matthay. With a hand e less timid of rising far above ys, a clearer and more brilliant mance of Rachmaninoff's B flat e might have been achieved. Miss hs was very warmly applauded. sponded with some encores.

S. S.

SIR CHARLES

It was reported that Mr. Charles Chaplin was to be knighted. Now it seems that the movement to honor him was doomed to disappointment "under any circumstances." His friends in London are consoled by the fact that he would have declined the honor even if it had been offered.

In France, it is said, he is to be decorated with the Legion of Honor's ribbon. If there is a vacant chair in the French Academy, why should he not sit in it, and be seated with a stately eulogy by poet, or scientist, or even by a general with all his orders blazing?

No, Mr. Chaplin no doubt remembers that Dickens refused to be knighted; that Thomas Hardy and George Meredith were not tapped with a friendly though royal sword. Furthermore, Mr. Chaplin in his modesty may think that he doesn't deserve the honor. He is not a brewer, nor has he contributed largely to any election fund.

EATING BY THE ALMANAC

The Trocadero in London has issued "A Gourmet's Year" for 1931. It contains 365 quotations concerning the arts of eating and drinking. The diary is now in its tenth year.

Over a century ago Grimode de la Reyniere edited and published "L'Almanach des Gourmands" (1803-1812). The appropriate food for each month was named; directions for the proper cooking and serving were given; there were anecdotes of famous gourmets and gourmands, dead, and those still tasting, gorging, sipping, guzzling; there was an index for ready reference to the instructive and often amusing pages.

Turn, for example, to pages 83 and 84 of the first volume. One is informed that there was a great difference between oysters that arrived at Paris by boat and those that arrived by cart; that there were more than twenty-six manners of serving them, though the common way was to eat them raw, with a dash of pepper or the "squeeze of a lemon," just before the soup; that there was often indiscretion in eating them—a certain vanity in the ability to consume a hundred. "It is proved by experience that beyond five or six dozen, oysters certainly cease to be a delight." A ragout of lamb prepared in a certain manner "enlivens the pleasure and appetite of amateurs, especially when the fresh and succulent hand of a young and pretty woman has prepared it."

There is much about the etiquette of the table. The "visite de digestion" was "a sacred duty which every man who knows how to live, and has not lost his appetite for another occasion, never fails to discharge. The length of this visit depends in some countries on the degree of excellence of the dinner which is thus acknowledged. One knows of calls that lasted three hours. For an ordinary dinner a guest should not speak ill of his host for a week; but one should not be silent after six months." Grimode rebuked Parisians who took dinner invitations lightly. "In the provinces, especially in the small towns of the Midi, where one eats exceedingly well, a formal dinner is a state affair; one speaks of it three months in advance; digestion lasts for at least six weeks."

If furnishers of meat, fish, vegetables, fruits were recommended by name and address, the unworthy, the cheaters, were also mentioned. Take the case of a prominent seller of oranges at the great market: "It's not because the Widow Fontaine, formerly Marie Livernois, is a wicked woman, whose first husband died of grief, whose second husband hanged himself in desperation, that we here point her out as a dangerous person, but because cunning and deceit appear to be her native element. Her son and daughter-in-law follow closely her footsteps. It is a pity that their shops, which for six months are the garden of the Hesperides, should be during the year a veritable robbers' cave." In his last year—he died in 1837—this curious representative of the old French society—he would sit with his swollen hands, yet they were no longer hands, but were more like the feet of a goose—and say to his doctor: "There's been so much rain that there'll be many mushrooms in the woods this fall. How fine, how odorous the vines!" When he went to bed, he would dream of what he would eat the next day.

Rich.

The Harvard University orchestra (Pierlan Sodality) Mr. Woodworth conductor, will give a chamber music concert in Paine hall, Cambridge, tonight. The program includes Corelli's "Christmas" concerto, Bach's concerto in D minor for harpsichord (Ralph Kirkpatrick) Bach's violin concerto in E major (Malcolm H. Holmes) and Hindemith's "A hunter from Kurpfalz rides through the green forest" for flute, oboe, clarinet and strings.

LAURI-VOLPI

Closing this season's series of morning musicales for the benefit of the Boston school of occupational therapy, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sang yesterday in the ballroom of the Hotel Statler. His program was as follows:

Invocazione di Orfeo (Peri); Amore dormiglione (Strozzi); Una furtiva lagrima, from "L'Elisir d'Amore" (Donizetti); Du Bist wie eine blume (Schumann); Vergebliches Staendchen (Brahms); Les Cloches (Debussy); Che gelida manina, from "La Boheme" (Puccini); Nana, and Jota (de Falla); Granadinas (Barrera y Calleja).

Mr. Alberto Sciarretti, pianist, played the following pieces: Ballade in G minor (Chopin); Fox Trot Tragico (Castelnuovo-Tedesco); Recuerdos (Grovlez); Capriccio-Etude (Dohnanyi).

Much has been said about the demerits of the Italian operatic singing style when it is brought into the concert hall. There are some to whom the power and beauty of a fine operatic voice, even when used with the skill characteristic of the best Italian school, means nothing unless heard in opera. In the concert hall, the operatic singer is too often ill at ease, stiff, almost unmusical. But if this all too common phenomenon is to be regarded as a blight on concerts, it should be given its due, nevertheless, for who will deny that the iron tradition of opera invests many a singer with a superimposed musicality and expressiveness that he misses sorely when he attacks music other than operatic?

Of Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, tenor, it need not be said that he is not at ease in any but operatic music; he is at ease, and he feels, to some degree, the music of the lied and of the canto hondo. But his style throughout is still the limited Italian bel canto. . . . which makes his tone production something to marvel at, but which has dulled his ear, or his taste, to the beauties of appropriate style, as required in songs. His voice, very beautiful—robust, ringing, capable of almost limitless volume (though something, either strain, or a cold, endangered its security and smoothness in forte high notes) is a pleasure to hear, especially in the operatic airs he sang as part of his set program, and as encores. But his gifts and his personal exuberance led him to throw into even these flourishes, high notes, scales and other vocal embellishments that excited mere wonder than admiration.

His singing of two German songs made one wonder sadly as one always does at concerts by lieder singers and concerts by Italians with good voices—why cannot an Italian who knows how to use his voice, sing the German lied as a German singer would sing it, had he the voice and the voice production? It is, like Job's problem, eternally unsolvable.

Aside from his splendid singing of airs from "La Boheme" and "Rigoletto," most enjoyable were Mr. Lauri-Volpi's singing of two songs of de Falla, though unnecessary turns in the wrong place took the true Spanish flavor from one of them.

Mr. Sciarretti played brilliantly (but stiffly, and not always accurately), two groups of pieces. One piece, entitled Fox Trot Tragico, was more mock tragic than really so—like the glycerine tears of a cinema queen; Grovlez' "Recuerdos" laboriously summoned up visions of that particularly Gallic Spain that figures prominently in much modern French music; Dohnanyi's Capriccio-Etude is sparkling and clever.

The audience was large and warmly appreciative.

E. B.

PERCY GRAINGER

Percy Grainger, composer-pianist, played last night at Symphony hall. Though the audience did not fill more than half the house, Mr. Grainger played with no whit the less of his usual exuberance, and also favored the audience with many interesting prefatory remarks in a very high-pitched but pleasant voice. His program, divided into polyphonic, and "active" or "useful" music, was as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in D sharp minor (Bach); Sarabande (Purcell); Sonata in D major (D. Scarlatti); Ramble on Bach's aria "Sheep May Graze in Safety When a Goodly Shepherd Watches O'er" (Grainger); Prelude and Fugue in A minor (Bach; Prelude, Aria, et Final (Cesar Franck); "Handel in the Strand," a Clog Dance (Grainger); One More Day, My John, Set By (Grainger); "Nell" (Faure-Grainger); A March-Jig "Maguire's Kick" (Stanford-Grainger).

In his opening remarks Mr. Grainger said that music as an accompaniment for physical activity—work, dancing, or marching, or something of the kind—had produced one charming style of composition; polyphonic music, or music intended as an art in itself, is the direct opposite of this "useful," or "applied," music.

Mr. Grainger's clear and accurate touch, his crisp tone, sparkling speed, and command of sonorities, equip him admirably to play both Bach fugues and his own (inclined to be noisy) arrangements and compositions. The program lacked music of an evocative or atmospheric sort, but the lack took on the color of a virtue in a pianistic season already almost surfeited with Debussy, Chopin, and Schumann (if the sacrilegious words may be said).

Mr. Grainger's clear-cut, percussive playing suits Bach splendidly, for his phrasing, extremely delicate, though never blurred, keeps the parts singing through independently, and gives the sonorous piano something of the plucked brilliance of the daintier-toned harpsichord, for which much of this music was written. Certainly none of it was designed with the modern grand piano in mind. The player who plays this music in a way that preserves the original beauty, and at the same time amplifies it for the modern concert hall, has done all that could be asked.

So Bach, Scarlatti, and Purcell, gleamed and sparkled under Grainger's fingers last night; only his strained and top-heavy arrangement of "Schafe Koennen sicher weiden, wo ein guter Hirte wacht" disturbed the pleasure of the first part of the program.

He gave a magnificent performance of Franck's Prelude, Aria, et Final—a work that deserves to be as much played as the more often-heard Prelude, Choral, and Fugue—for it has grandeur and ecstasy in the true Franckian style, plus unusual vigor.

The jolly, much-embellished compositions and arrangements of Grainger's own gave pleasure to those who like to see a pianist work hard and produce a great deal of sound. "One More Day, My John" was charmingly tender and quiet, though how sailors could work to such a slow-paced tune was something to wonder over. (The program note mentioned that the tune was a sea chanty, or working song).

Mr. Grainger's playing was received with hearty applause, and he was induced to add to his announced program.

E. B.

GERTRUDE WIEDER

Gertrude Wieder, contralto, gave a recital last night at Jordan hall. She sang the following program: The Heavens Are Telling, Beethoven; Es Ist Vollbracht (from Johannes Passion), Bach; Dank Sei Dir, Herr, Handel; Denn Es Gehet Dem Menschen (from Vier Ernste Gesange), Sind Es Schmerzen, Sind es Freuden? Botschaft, Brahms; Traum Durch Die Dammerung, Staendchen, Strauss; Aria—Penelope's Trauer ("Odysseus"), Bruch; Weeping Willow-Tree, Gretchaninoff; Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt, Tschaikowski; Ob Heller Tag, Tschaikowski; Faun Song (Mss.), Marian Bauer; Night, Helen Mary Brown; Song of My Heart, Rosamond Johnson. Miss Wieder is of that class of singers, none too numerous, whose singing seems directed by a strong inner compulsion, to reflect a personal reaction to music and verse. Too many vocalists there are who, while they are not definitely bad or incompetent, more or less obviously reproduce the tricks of "interpretation" that they have been taught. Last night all, of course, was not wholly admirable. But at her best—for instance, in Strauss's already hackneyed "Staendchen"—she brought to her work a revivifying freshness of attitude and immediacy of experience that gave new and living beauty to what was growing stale. And at all times, even in the relatively unimaginative though devout vocalization of "Die Ehre Gottes aus der Natur," or in Bruch's "Odysseus" aria, her singing had a redeeming breadth of style and an intensity of absorption that suggested sincerity.

Miss Wieder's voice is of characteristic contralto timbre, dark, smooth, and of fine but often excessively "closed" quality. Emphasis or haste exaggerates unpleasantly at times this headiness of tone; but when she avoids it her voice is of unusual beauty. The quiet "Marias Wiegenlied" of Reger, which formed one of her encores, revealed her voice and style at their best. The "Staendchen" already mentioned combined an unusually expressive, pointed, and intelligent treatment of detail with a light and charming grace of phrasing that might easily have been destroyed by such detailed interpretive preoccupation; here, too, and in Gretchaninoff's beautiful song "Weeping Willow Tree" (which she sang in Russian), Miss Wieder's voice caressed the ear very gratefully. In the fine Handelian air "Dank sei Dir, Herr" it had brilliance, and an expressive variability that in "Es ist vollbracht," from Bach's "St. John" Passion, was to be sought rather in the intelligent and sensitive treatment of the phrase than in the responsive coloration of the voice itself. It is to be hoped that Miss Wieder will modify a method that so often does ill justice to her voice. Her articulation is excellent.

It would be wrong to omit to mention the charmingly sung "Sind es Schmerzen" of Brahms and the "Traum Durch Die Dammerung" of Strauss, both of which were especially appreciated by Miss Wieder's audience.

There were flowers, much applau

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Mrs. Whitman

By ELIZABETH BORTON

Mrs. Hendricks H. Whitman, prominent Boston woman whose play "Heritage" opened at the Copley Theatre last Monday, writes her plays walking in the woods.

"I take my characters on walks with me, and talk to them, and wrestle with them," she said yesterday. "The play grows from our conversations. After I have lived with my characters, and after the play has taken almost complete form in my mind, I set to writing it out on paper."

Mrs. Whitman was born with the love of the theatre in her veins; she has never cared to do any other kind of writing except writing for the theatre. She comes naturally by that—her father was a playwright, a critic, and a producer of plays (and he produced the first motion picture filmed in America); her uncle was Reginald DeKoven, composer of charming light opera.

"I have never cared to try any sort of writing except playwriting," she says. "The theatre—dramatic situations—people—these interest me. Despite the fact that my father was much concerned with the theatre, and my background made me familiar with its needs and limitations—the thing I have learned that I value most, is how to take criticism. Prof. Baker, with whom I studied for a while, taught me that It is a hard thing to learn, but infinitely valuable—and unfortunately women aren't often permitted to learn how to be objective with themselves or their work. They are everlastingly protected against buffets and knocks, and given the idea that they are not equal to the fight, and must be pampered and looked after, and their charming little efforts to be creative condescendingly praised. It is necessary that women who want to work, should learn to look at it simply as work, and not as a pastime, or a career so sacred that they must lock themselves away from all outside influences in order to pursue it.

"Women today have both liberty and education. They never had these two things before, along with respectability and a free hand. If women do not seize their opportunity to do good honest work now, they may never have it again—for the world has always swung from periods of freedom to periods of repression, and it may very likely repeat the process."

Mrs. Whitman, active in social circles, the Vincent Club, and amateur theatricals, devotes the hours from 9 to 1 every day, to her writing. "It makes no difference whether I write badly or not," she says. "If I write badly, I tear up what I have done, but I am a great believer in the value of the daily grind."

Slim, tall, handsome and vivacious, Mrs. Whitman looked the outdoor woman in her soft brown tweeds and knitted blouse. She is unpretentious, easy, alert and gay.

"I have three children," she said, "and I have been a good mother to them in one thing at least. I have let them alone. Oh, I have seen that they got to school, and that they passed their examinations, and all that, but I have let each one learn, just as quickly as he could, that he is really utterly alone in the world. Dependence is a deadening thing. No one ever amounted to anything who didn't know that he had to do his own job, and all by himself. I want my children to discover the joy and strength of self-possession."

Mrs. Whitman feels that there is a mine of untouched possibilities for women in the theatre, from the playwright's point of view. "It is a truism," she says, "that men analyze women better than women can analyze themselves. That works both ways. Women know far more about masculine psychology than men. From that angle, women ought to write for the theatre. From another angle, they ought to write for the stage—because women are innately and necessarily more dramatic than men. What in life is more dramatic than the bearing of children, and giving birth?"

METROPOLITAN

"Honor Among Lovers"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Austin Parker and Gertrude Purcell from a story by Austin Parker; directed by Dorothy Arzner and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Julia Traynor	Claudette Colbert
Jerry Stafford	Fredric March
Philip Craig	Munroe Owsley
Monty Dunn	Charles Ruggles
Doris Blake	Ginger Rogers
Maybelle	Avonne Taylor
Conroy	Pat O'Brien
Inspector	John Kearney
Margaret	Janet McLeay
Riggs	Ralph Morgan
Louis	Jules Epailly
Butler	Leonard Cary

"After you have seen "Honor Among Lovers," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre, think over what most impressed you and it will probably be the number of good actors and the admirable fashion in which they acquitted themselves. It is the acting and the spotty but on the whole satisfactory direction of Dorothy Arzner that give the picture its real claim to favorable attention. There is a tendency on the part of the author to have his characters execute unmotivated, an occasional volte-face, such as the reform of his hero from a gay dog to a model of all the virtues, and the too complete disintergration of the second hero in the face of adversity. Frankly, you don't believe in either one.

Julia Traynor, secretary to the handsome philanderer, Jerry Stafford, declines his offer of a world cruise without matrimony to marry Philip Craig, a young stockbroker. Craig is of a jealous nature, but she believes that she loves him and that he can give her the sort of home she has always desired. Stafford discharges Julia and goes off on a trip, having repented of his method of approach and offered Julia marriage when it was too late. A year later, Philip is cleaned out on the stock market; worse than that, he has lost money belonging to Stafford who had made him his broker. Disgusted by his whining, Julia goes to Stafford and offers herself to him if he will make good Philip's misuse of the money. Stafford, having suffered a change of heart, gives her the money freely, but Craig of course, believes only the worst.

Fortifying himself with liquor, he goes to Stafford, intending to shoot him, and does so by mistake. He allows the blame to rest on Julia, but although the police find out the truth, Stafford clears him by declaring it an accident. The trial over, Julia leaves Craig for Stafford, having, somewhat belatedly, discovered who is the better man. Claudette Colbert is in every way pleasing as Julia: in acting, in appearance and in voice, she made a thoroughly satisfactory heroine. Her personal charm, her flair for handsome clothes, her undoubted beauty have seldom been seen to greater advantage. As the chameleon-like Jerry Stafford, Frederic March is sincere and handsome, handicapped a bit by the inconsistency of his role, but genuine and occasionally moving. He deserves better parts. Monroe Owsley is as convincing as his role allows and Charles Ruggles offers some welcome humorous relief. Ginger Rogers is seen briefly with amusing results. —E. L. H.

ETHEL HUTCHINSON

Ethel Hutchinson, pianist, played the following program last night at Jordan Hall: Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring, Bach-Hess; Chromatic Fantasy, Bach; Sonata, opus 26, Beethoven; Papillons, Schumann; Intermezzo, opus 118, No. 2, Capriccio, opus 76, No. 2, Rhapsody, opus 119, No. 4, Brahms; Magic Fire Scene from "Die Walkuere," Wagner-Brassin; Jocelyn, Helen Hood; Aux Jardins de l'Alcazar (from "Jardins d' Andalousie) Turina; Flower Waltz, Tschaikowsky-Grainger.

Miss Hutchinson gave evident pleasure to an audience of moderate size by the fluency and vigor of her playing, its frequent graces and occasional tonal brilliance. Her technique is strong and agile, but occasional fumbling and a bad aim produced rather more than a reasonable quota of false notes. Nor is her confident manner altogether justified by the musical judgment revealed by her playing. To Myra Hess's already popular arrangement of a Bach Choral Prelude she gave a pleasant simplicity; the chorale itself was made to stand out clearly from the accompanying figures, but, strangely, the unaccented final note of its phrases was never sounded. The expressive chromatic melodic phrases that occur toward the close of the Chromatic Fantasy were thrown off rapidly and airily, in the manner of Chopinesque decorations. Miss Hutchinson played Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 26, with the variations and the funeral march, in a straightforward manner that avoided the perils of sentimentality, but achieved at times—notably in the opening theme—an awkward angularity. It was perhaps in Schumann's "Papillons" that the pianist was at her best. Here she attained a notably graceful, thoroughly romantic, and aptly capricious style that was pleasing in itself and perfectly appropriate to the character and intent of the music. Almost equally commendable was her playing of the charming A major Intermezzo and the E flat Rhapsody of Brahms.

She was extremely successful with an arrangement of the Fire Scene from "Die Walkuere," in which she achieved a remarkable brilliance and shimmer of tone-color not too distantly recalling the orchestration of the original version. A pleasant little piece, "Jocelyn," by Helen Hood, was applauded; the composer rose from a place in the audience to acknowledge the tribute. The Spanish music of Turina not unaffected by French impressionism, was played with more feeling for tone color than for a rhythm. With Tchaikowsky the concert ended—except for the encores which followed—on a note of exuberance. There was much applause. S. S.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"East Lynne"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bradley King and Tom Barry from the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood and the play by the same author; directed by Frank Lloyd with settings by Joseph Urban and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Isabel Carlyle	Ann Harding
Robert Carlyle	Conrad Nagel
Capt. Levison	Clive Brook
Cornelia Carlyle	Cecilia Loftus
Joyce	Beryl Mercer
Mount Severn	O. P. Heggie
Barbara Hare	Flora Sheffield
Richard Hare	David Torrence
Dodson, the butler	J. Guiness Davis
Doctor	Eric Mayne
William, as a baby	Ronald Cosby
William, later	Wallie Albright

The chief question provoked by Fox's production of "East Lynne" is not whether in form and performance it has been well or badly done, but whether there can be a substantial vogue for motion pictures based on novels and plays dating back to pre-mid or post-Victorian days. The studio producers will be anxious to know their public's reaction to such efforts; for if such pictures are liked and patronized, there is an almost endless vein of literature to be tapped, the literature which delighted and satisfied our forefathers but which in these tense, bustling days is apt to be regarded contemptuously as antiquated and therefore without entertaining values. Well, this and that being so, and with this production of Mrs. Wood's sentimental narrative of the early sixties as criterion, one need not be surprised to see more of its kind on the screen in the near future.

Fox was shrewd enough to do "East Lynne" properly. Joseph Urban, most dignified of our scenic designers, has mounted the classic beautifully and, as far as one may detect, authentically, according to the revised script set before him by the adapters. The cast is notable and expensive. Frank Lloyd's direction is brilliant and sympathetic throughout. Seldom has there been such effective play of light and shadow as his technicians have supplied for numerous impressive scenes. Best of all, the players have approached their roles in all seriousness, apparently happy in and proud of the privilege of appearance in a play which has been seen throughout many lands, and still in the repertory of stock companies. "East Lynne" always has been a tearful play; as such it always has been popular with women. Thousands of tear-drenched handkerchiefs have been dedicated to poor Lady Isabel.

The picture opens with Isabel Severn's marriage to Carlyle, now named Robert instead of Archibald. Isabel has vowed to bring Mayfair to East Lynne, her husband's ancestral estate, but Cornelia, his spinster sister, resentful of her youth, gayety and love of life and laughter, soon crushes her. Her husband, sentimental as a lover, becomes the cold, ambitious barrister. Only her little son brightens her gloomy days. The re-appearance of Capt. Francis Levison of the British diplomatic corps, who had loved her before her marriage, hastens a situation which becomes tragic. Cornelia's slanderous tongue and the 10 generations of Puritanism behind Carlyle force her from her home, alone. The boy must stay with his father. Isabel quits England, with Levison, goes from bad to worse. The adapters have toyed with time in placing her in Paris in 1870, when the Prussians occupied the city, whereas "East Lynne" was written in 1861. In Paris also they kill off Levison; but they get Isabel back to England for one last glimpse and night's vigil with her sick son before blindness overtakes her. Wandering from the house, she falls into a ravine and is killed. Carlyle is seen carrying her broken body into the house in the final scene.

Miss Harding, whose beauty is of the spirit as well as of the flesh, gives a memorable performance. Radiant in her early scenes, she denotes each downward step skilfully, never stressing emotions. At the boy's crib, when mother-love is torturing her, she is superb. Miss Loftus likewise gives a consistently fine performance as the bitter Cornelia. Mr. Brook shows two Levisons, the attractive lover and the weakling man broken by his own treacheries. Mr. Nagel and Mr. Heggie are excellent, and Miss Mercer is her usual wistful self as the faithful servant, Joyce.

W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Millie"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Charles Kenyon from the novel of the same name by Donald Henderson Clarke; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Millie	Helen Twelvetrees
Helen	Lilyan Tashman
Tommy	Robert Ames
Angie	Joan Blondell
Jimmy Damier	John Halliday
Jack Maitland	James Hall
Connie	Anita Louise
Attorney	Edmund Breese
Holmes	Frank McHugh
Spring	Franklin Parker
Mrs. Maitland	Charlotte Walter
Mark	Harry Stubbs

Long before now it became apparent that a good actress could do wonders with a film that was of no great intrinsic importance. This fact is once more demonstrated, even more convincingly than usual, by "Millie," feature film at the New B. F. Keith Theatre. Helen Twelvetrees, presented with what must be easily the longest part in her career gives so honest a performance in a stagy part that she holds the interest continuously through what would otherwise be a somewhat dull and laboring production. The script, taken from the widely advertised novel by Donald Henderson Clark, describes in extreme detail the life of a girl who found that marriage brought her only unhappiness and decided to lead a free life thereafter. There are frequent doses of the good old hokum, ending in a murder trial that proves once again how a well-staged mother and child reunion will upset the sternest jury. That trial is one of the most effective bits in the picture, but the very seriousness with which it is carried out makes you wonder if the director did not have a slightly satirical intent in the back of his mind.

Millie Blake, young, beautiful and trusting, marries the wealthy Jack Maitland and then leaves him when she discovers that he is unfaithful. She refuses to take alimony nor will she deprive her child Connie of the comforts of a rich home. Henceforth she drifts from one man to another, refusing to marry them but always doing her share to help their work and never accepting money or presents. The years pass and Connie grows up, to attract in her turn the attentions of Jimmy Damier, an unscrupulous man about town who had once been Millie's lover. Convinced of his evil intentions, Millie shoots him and when put on trial refuses to tell the reason for the killing. She is saved in a melodramatic fashion when some friendly reporters produce Connie, who promptly gives the whole story and obtains an acquittal for her mother.

Miss Twelvetrees, aging convincingly with the passing of the 17 years covered by the film, proves her ever-increasing capabilities as a dramatic actress by making you believe in the reality of Millie's sordid story. In the earlier sequences she becomes at times alarmingly coy, but this soon disappears in her emotional scenes. Of a very large supporting cast, there can be room to mention only a few. Robert Ames does good work as a reporter whom Millie loved but would not marry; Joan Blondell and Lilyan Tashman are a handsome pair of gold-diggers; John Halliday makes a manful effort with the incomprehensible Jimmy Damier and Anita Louise is appropriately sweet and innocent as Connie.—E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Richard Shayer from the play of the same name by Charles W. Bell and Mark Swan, originally produced at the Republic Theatre, New York, on Dec. 22, 1917, with a cast including Lowell Sherman, Francine Larrimore, Florence Moore, Alan Dinehart and John Cumberland; directed by Edward Sedgwick and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Reginald Irving	Buster Keaton
Polly Hathaway	Charlotte Greenwood
Jeffrey Haywood	Reginald Denny
Bell Hop	Cliff Edwards
Anelica Embrey	Dorothy Christy
Nita Leslie	Joan Peers
Virginia Embrey	Sally Eilers
Leila Crofton	Natalie Moorhead
Detective	Edward Brophy
Frederick Leslie	Walter Merrill
Butler	Sidney Bracy

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," current screen feature at Loew's State Theatre, is a sturdy old farce that has been entertaining audiences since 1917. It has all the sure-fire situations that have proved their worth over and over again: there are misunderstandings, mistaken identities, quarreling husbands, silly wives, sentimental girls and wild chases through one room into another, under the beds, over the chairs, up the fire-escape, into the swimming pool and every other comic location that you can imagine. Audiences love it and roar with laughter every time that the sad-faced Buster Keaton tangles himself up in Charlotte Greenwood's long legs or arms or makes frenziedly embarrassed love to a number of handsome ladies. Sometimes it strikes you as funny and then as just a little ancient and long-drawn out. It is also increasingly evident that Buster Keaton silent is much more amusing than Buster Keaton conversational.

The plot is so tangled up that any concise summary is impossible. Jeffrey Hayward, desirous of marrying Virginia Embrey, is driven to desperation because she will not marry before her older sister, Angelica is settled. Jeffrey runs over a solemn youth, Reginald Irving, who earns his living tacking signs on trees. He brings Reggie into the house and then starts the legend that he is a terrific lady-killer. Angelica, fascinated by the thought of an irresistible man, falls in love with Reggie and they are about to be married. Jeffrey's efforts to maintain the inno-

cent Reggie's reputation goes too far and Angelica breaks things off. The only solution then is to make her out and out jealous, so Jeffrey sends Reggie to a place called the Seaside Inn and hires a friend, Polly Hathaway, to compromise him. Just about everything possible happens from then on, but it all ends with wedding bells.

Buster Keaton is his usual self in the role of the timid Reggie who learned to make love like an Apache, but the production was so elaborate as to submerge his meek uncomprehension in a flood of scenery. Charlotte Greenwood strides over the furniture and is generally expansive, while Cliff Edwards is reasonably amusing as a disapproving bellboy. Reginald Denny, as the well-intentioned Jeffrey, is debonair. There is a large assortment of pretty women, notably Natalie Moorhead, Dorothy Christy, Jan Peers and Sally Eilers.

E. L. H.

BRONSON DE COU

Bronson De Cou showed the second his "Dream Pictures" yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. His subject was "The Holy Land: Syria and Palestine." The music accompanying some of the pictures was by Prokofieff, Kerelby, Bach-Siloti, Sibelius; two Negro spirituals sang by Paul Robson; a native bedouin song; an old Hebrew chant—what might have been written by Rimsky-Korsakov for an oriental scene; a song sung by John McCormack; and choral numbers, "The Birthday of a King"; also "Celestial voices" hummed by pictures of the beautiful "Dome of the Rock" miscalled the "Mosque of Omar," were on the screen. There was a large and most appreciative audience, which admired the colored photography and enjoyed Mr. De Cou's pleasingly informal descriptions and comments.

The most impressive of the pictures were those of the ruins of Colossal Baalbek, and those of the nightmarish Valley of the Shadow of Death. It would be hard to say which pictures were the most beautiful; which of those illustrating street scenes, buildings, and the daily life of the people, Jews and Arabs, in town and in lonely places, in the shop or guarding sheep were the most interesting.

Mr. De Cou began by saying that there were three reasons why tourists did not visit the Holy Land in crowds: the deforestation, the absence of even fairly good hotels, though the new one in Jerusalem which he had not seen was reported to be excellent; the lack of authenticity in the location and even the present existence of places called holy. If you go to Jerusalem or Bethlehem, he said, go about without a guide. Mr. De Cou is as skeptical about the sacred spots in Jerusalem as was Sir Frederick Trevis in his book "The Land that is Desolate"—it was first published two years before the world war—though Mr. De Cou is not so contemptuous and ironical as Sir Frederick in his incredulity. Dean Stanley was not the last to rejoice in he thought "that the old city itself lies buried 20, 30, 40 feet below those wretched shops and receptacles for Anglo-Oriental convenience"; nor was Mr. De Cou the first to cry out against the gaudy ornamentation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

There were pictures of Damascus, Jaffa, the Jordan, the Dead sea, Nazareth, Tiberius, Bethlehem, the desert, Sacred mountains. There were striking portraits of venerable priests and dwellers in the desert and in the towns; there were several of the wailing wall, of the magnificent interior of the dome of the Rock with its blaze of red and gold, its marvelous mosaics, yet "a holy, reverential place, the shrine of a grave religion, a place of unfathomable calm."

One could not help feeling that it is much more agreeable to see this land of desolation pictured and described as one sits comfortably in Symphony hall than it would be to undergo the hardships accompanying the actual tour and listen to the conflicting statements, the confusing chatter of the professional guides.

The third and last of the "Dream Pictures" will be shown next Saturday afternoon: "Unusual Europe," featuring Soviet Russia, Lake Garda, Prague and the Dalmatian coast.

P. H.

MARY WIGMAN

Mary Wigman made her second Boston appearance last night at Symphony Hall. The audience was very large, and warmly interested and appreciative. Her new dances were: Ceremonial Figure, Dream Image, and Dance of Sorrow, from (Visions), and Allegro Airoso, from suite based on Spanish songs and rhythms.

Dances repeated from the program given some months ago at her first appearance were: Witch Dance, from Visions; Monotony Whirl Dance from Lamuration; Festive Rhythm, Pastoral, and two Gypsy moods from Shifting Escape.

There are few beings so strong, free, and honest in their reactions to art that they are able to open new doors of expression, through which immediately troop many eager followers. Mary Wigman, the German dancer, is one who did. Her followers have already brought much of her vision and discovery to America; audiences here are likely to forget that the whole modern German dance school roots from her.

Much has been written about her dancing. It is unique in many features—it is expression by means of the body (music is not necessary, though sound effects sometimes aid in focusing the rhythm); it makes no use of personal magnetism—the dancer projects none of her own personal charm, but rather avoids it, as inartistic and inappropriate; it is neither interpretative, pictorial, nor symbolic—but it is bodily movement alone, in definite patterns, and evocative of purely choreographic emotions in the observer—just as pure music (Bach fugues, for example) call up no images, but do stir purely musical emotions in the hearer. In other words, Mary Wigman's dancing is an art.

Up to now, dancing—particularly stage dancing, as apart from ritualistic, or folk dancing—has been popularly confused with entertainment. As long as the dancer is rigidly required to look pretty, act charming, perform tricks, or tell a tale, she is nothing more than a rather pleasant form of vaudeville. But when dancing is made a means of expression through rhythm and motion, the shackles are off—and then let the dancers experiment as they will. The road is open.

Mary Wigman's dancing is terse—there is never a movement too many, or too complicated; it is sharp, sure of itself, clear-cut; her rhythm is magnificent—seeming to strain outward from within, or press in around her from outside, a cosmic rhythm, not subject to the dancer's will, but controlling her, as if it were a force irresistible and omnipotent. Her invention is free and resourceful but never strained; her movements are of the simplest. Her technique is dependable, well rounded; every muscle is under control, but there is no appearance of overdevelopment, strain, or tension anywhere. And her choreographic ideas prove her the great dancer. Simple, vivid, intense—they inspire the beholder with that sense of rediscovery of simple things, that is the gift of the arts.

Her ceremonial figure, with its Oriental calm—a theme with variations; the dream figure, tossed and lashed by tides of weariness, despair, and frustration; the dance of sorrow, a female figure in a cruel vise that snaps the thread of endurance and she falls senseless and spent; the magnificently expressive witch dance, an orgy of savage intensity; the languor awakening to ecstasy of the pastorale—these are gems of dancing. The monotony whirl revealed deeper meanings at second seeing—became a prayer and a fanatic frenzy; the gypsy moods, and the allegro airoso touched the light, gay, insouciante note.—E. B.

BRUCE AND ROSALIND SIMONDS

A concert of music for two pianos was given yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall by Bruce Simonds, who is, of course, well known in this region, and his wife, Rosalind Simonds, a capable pianist whose light has hitherto been hid under a bushel. Their program was as follows: Bach, organ prelude and fugue in C minor (arranged by Harold Bauer); Mozart, duettino concertante (arranged by Busoni); Brahms, variations on a theme by Haydn; Bax, The Poisoned Fountain, the Devil that Tempted St. Anthony; Debussy, En blanc et noir; Bruce Simonds, "Sweet Kate" (English country dance tune); Rachmaninoff, second suite (Alla Marcia, Valse, Tarantella).

The playing of these two pianists justly gave pleasure to their audience. Thoughtful, sensitive performance came from each, with many delicacies and felicities of phrase and tone, and with richness and variety of sonority. Their joint performance is well considered and in the impressionistic and descriptive tone poems of Bax could hardly have been better. But in such music as that of Bach, Mozart, Brahms, all is not pictorial or emotional effect; definite musical materials—for their own sake—must be made clear and handled lucidly and musically. It is here that it becomes apparent that Mr. and Mrs. Simonds have not yet thoroughly worked out the technique of their joint art. In their performance of the Mozart Duettino, for example, there was much that was delightful—a purling delicacy of passage work, exquisite grace in phrasing, a consummate neatness of response from player to player; but the very delicacy of their work demanded a clearer, even colder articulation, a more sparing use of the pedal, than was theirs, if all was to be transparent to the listener. Through failure to realize this fact much detail was lost in a vague murmur of soft, rapid, legatissimo sounds that in a small room, with but one piano to hear, might have been very pleasing. Busoni's hand in this arrangement seemed to be audible in some rather un-Mozartean thickness of

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Having stated last Sunday that Nance O'Neill was seen as Queen Elizabeth at London in 1902, we asked if she had played the role in the United States. Mr. Cody of New Bedford writes that he saw her in that city "subsequent to 1902." Lester Lonergan then took the part of Essex. Mrs. Thomas F. Girrioer saw her as Elizabeth in Providence, when she played Judith in the same week. According to the records, when she "started on a tour of the world in March, 1900, and opened in that month at Sydney, N. S. W." Then she proceeded to England and reappeared on the London stage at the Adelphi on Sept. 1, 1902, as Magda. The question now comes up: Did she first fume and storm and weep as Elizabeth in London or in some American town, and when?

"Elizabeth the Queen," in which Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt will be seen tomorrow night at the Colonial Theatre, was produced by the Theatre Guild at Philadelphia on Sept. 29, 1930. New York first saw the play on Nov. 3 of that year.

In New York the program stated that Mr. Maxwell Anderson, the author, had not attempted to dramatize Strachey's biography. It might also have stated that he as well as Mr. Strachey had in all probability read the vivid description of Elizabeth in John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People."

No one going to this play should grieve if Mr. Anderson has not confined himself strictly to historical facts. Facts? Do historians themselves agree as to the character of the "Virgin Queen"? Have not some denied the justice of this prefix to Queen?

She was far from being a prude, as Bassompierre found out. How did the story that she was really a man originate? Did not an English writer a few years ago discuss at great length and with the gusto of a medico-anatomist the reason for her alleged asceticism?

All this does not enter into Miss Fontanne's portrayal of the part, for she has the right to queen it as she thinks she would have acted and spoken had she been on the throne in those years. And for her conception of the role, prompted of course by Mr. Anderson's lines—though, as some would have it, a play is not a play till it is acted—she has been enthusiastically praised by leading critics and critical audiences.

There are lines in the play that call to mind the magnificent dress of the period—as the silver armor that excited bitter, sneering words between Raleigh and Essex. It was a cruel, in many respects a brutal, age. Mr. Alfred Head in an interesting article cites the case of Arnold Cosby, who "foully murdered Milord Burke" and said in defence at the trial that the said Burke had pulled his nose the night before. "The defence would have been considered adequate had not the gentleman who was prosecuting brilliantly attributed Cosby's apprehension to so as disinterested spectator as God. It was manifest that God wanted Cosby punished, for when the murderer rode from the scene of the crime both Burke's horse and his own seemed to be unwilling to carry him, and the wounds bled afresh as soon as he was out of sight. God's will be done! Cosby was condemned to death."

Strachey and Green before him have pictured Elizabeth, with Flemish detail. Victor Hugo painted her in a few lines: "Mary Stuart played with a fan, and Elizabeth with the axe. Unequal match. Again the two were rivals in literature. Mary Stuart made French verses; Elizabeth translated Horace. Elizabeth, ugly, decreed herself beautiful, loved quatrains and acrostics, caused the keys of towns to be presented to her by Cupids, pinched her lips like the Italians, and rolled her eyes like the Spaniards, had in her wardrobe three thousand gowns and toilettes, of which some were costumes of Minerva and Amphitrite, esteemed the Irish for the breadth of their shoulders, covered her farthingale with tinsel and spangles, doted on roses, swore, blasphemed, stamped with her feet in anger, struck with her fist her maids of honor, sent Dudley to the devil, beat Chancellor Burleigh, who whimpered, the old fool, spit upon Mathew, throttled Hatton, boxed Essex on the ears. . . . What she did for Bassompierre, the Queen of Sheba had done for Solomon. (Regina Saba coram rege crura denudavit.) Wherefore is was correct, holy scripture having established the precedent. That which is biblical may be Anglican."

Would an English audience accept Mr. Anderson's play? It would not have Mr. Parker's "Disraeli." But Julius Caesar was probably not wholly the man described by Plutarch, and there are those today who insist that Messalina was grossly slandered by Suetonius the garrulous gossip, Tacitus the sour historian, Juvenal the satirist, who snickered over the corruption he assailed.

Let us accept history and biography as written by Mr. Anderson—or by Miss Fontanne.

Sir William Rothenstein, in his frank and entertaining "Men and Memories," tells of his meeting George Bernard Shaw at the time the latter was chiefly known as a journalist writing musical criticism for the World; known also as a Fabian.

"I admired Shaw for one thing especially—he did not wait until he was famous to behave like a great man. In fact, he had early singled himself out from among his fellows as a remarkable character. He had all the ease and assurance, the endearing right-headedness and wrong-headedness, the ever-weening outspokenness that English society recognizes so generously now that the whole world has acclaimed him. But he worked long and hard to be accepted in the position he so candidly assumed. . . . Shaw was a wild man in public, violent, aggressive, paradoxical; in private he was the instinctive gentleman, ever on the side of the oppressed and unpopular, tender-hearted and generous, though he had little enough in those days to be generous with. . . . He was a figure apart—brilliant, genial, wholesome, a great wit, a gallant foe and a staunch friend, a Swift without bitterness, sharer and castigator of the follies of mankind, whose cap, though of Jaeger, was worn as gaily as Motley."

We spoke of Trent in Mrs. Whitman's "Heritage," played at the Copley last week, as a "family retainer," a vague description, but one was not told whether he were a butler, valet, or a general man Friday in the Ripley household. Fifty years ago Ludovic Celler, whose real name was Louis Leclerq, published three or more volumes entitled "Etudes Dramatiques." One was entitled "Les Valets au Theatre." It is a curious work, showing the valet as a rascal, a devoted supporter of his master in villainy or in good deeds, skilled in intrigue, witty or dull, from Xanthias in "The Frogs" of Aristophanes to Jean in "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon." Today the butler is usually given to wisecracks, or he is represented as superior to his em-

ployers and secretly contemptuous. Trent is like the old-fashioned Negro butler in the house of a long-established southern family, proud of the fact that those he served—the Morrises, the Gordons, or the Barbours—were "an endurance in the land"; despising newcomers, however wealthy, as "white trash."

Trent is simple in his fidelity. Ten to one he never joked with a pretty parlor maid; his ears were never boxed! There never was a master like his; no boy was ever like his master's son.

An actor might easily have made Trent ridiculous, ultra-sentimental, a bore. Mr. Mark Kent played the part with a fine appreciation of this lovable character. The servant's devotion seemed natural, inevitable. There was affection; never servility. In the denunciation of Lydia there was righteous indignation. He had seen through her from the moment she entered the house; he more than suspected her approaching infidelity, but enforced respect for his master's wife restrained him until that master was dead. How admirably the scene of the dismissal was played by Mr. Kent and Mr. Larimore! All through the play the speech and the actions of Mr. Kent were significant. There was no undue emphasis. There was no superfluity of gesture. His silence was eloquent.

harmonization and a cadenza that wa hardly in keeping with the style of th rest of the music.

Brahms's "St. Anthony" variation are less absorbing in the two-piano arrangement made by the composer than in the original orchestral version, with its delightful instrumentation. It was played very well, except for the excessively thunderous volume of sound with which, unexpectedly, the ears of the audience were at times assailed. Mr. Simonds's own arrangement of a beautiful old English dance tune went to unnecessary lengths to produce variations upon it that were tortured and unrecognizable. Mrs. Simonds might well be excused the lapse of memory she experienced during some particularly far-fetched modulations. The audience, however, applauded the piece enthusiastically.

The three pieces from Rachmaninoff's Second Suite are undistinguished music. Nor did the manner in which they were performed yesterday lend them distinction or do justice to such interest as they possess. Particularly the Tarantella lacked the clarity that it must have if the lively tune is to be enjoyed.

Cordial applause was accorded the players. S. S.

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

It is a pleasure to note that an orchestral suite by Massenet will be played this afternoon by the People's Symphony orchestra. Massenet wrote seven suites. Two of them, the "Scenes Pittoresques" and the "Scenes Alsaciennes," were played here in the early years of the Boston Symphony orchestra, but with the exception of the passionate overture to "Phedre" and a scene from "Les Erynnies," his purely orchestral music, brilliant and melodious as it is, has no doubt in the later solemn years been thought "light" for these august occasions.

The "Scenes Pittoresques" chosen for this afternoon consists of a March, an Air de Ballet, an Angelus and a Fete Boheme. It was performed for the first time at a Colonne concert, Paris, on March 22, 1874. Some call it the third, others the fourth of the seven suites. The first, without a descriptive title, was written at the Villa Medicis in 1864 and was Massenet's first envoi as a prix de Rome winner. It was first performed in 1867. The other suites are entitled Scenes Hongroisres, Scenes Dramatiques (after Shakespeare), Scenes Napolitaines, Scenes de Feerie, Scenes Alsaciennes. This last suite is dated 1881.

A composition by Benjamin James Dale, "Before the Paling of the Stars" for chorus and orchestra will also be performed at this concert. This hymn for Christmas was produced at a Hereford (Eng.) Festival in 1921. Dale was born at Cronch Hill, London, in 1885. He studed at the Royal Academy of Music. He has written a considerable amount of chamber music choruses, songs and carols. Among his chief works are a violin sonata, a piano sonata, a phantasy for viola and piano, a Suite for viola and piano, an Introduction and Andante for six violas, "Song of Praise" for chorus, semi-chorus, and orchestra. When the world war broke out Dale was in Germany. He was interned at Ruhleben until 1918 when he was exchanged and removed to a camp in Holland. He returned to England shortly before the armistice, bringing two songs, "O Mistress Mine" and "Come Away Death." In the latter an obligato for viola is curiously employed. Written over the words at the beginning of the first verse is: "Another gentleman contemplates his grief." At the end of the first verse: "He takes his viol and plays"—the obbligato begins. Voice and viola come in antiphonally for a few pages and together at the lines "Lay me, O where"

etc. After the direction "He goes his way" (four measures from the end) viola and piano finish pianissimo. It was suggested that the sub-title of these settings should be "Songs written in Internment." Dale is classed as a member of the Neo-Romantic school.

Lily Pons, who will sing in Symphony hall for the benefit of the Travelers' Aid Society next Wednesday night, made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House on Jan. 3, 1931, taking the part of Lucia in Donizetti's opera. Mr. Henderson then wrote: "Miss Pons proved to be a much-needed addition to the company, and the Metropolitan once again possesses a light soprano who may be counted on to continue the active existence of certain old operas with heroines of fragile character and delicate utterance. Miss Pons is several years under 30, slender and prepossessing, if not strikingly beautiful, gifted with a voice of pure and pleasing quality and a technic far above the slovenly average of today." Mr. Henderson praised her breath-control, her ability to "spin" tone, as the old masters called it, with skill; her attack in general—"there was never any violence in attack, which is a rare merit in this day—the legato was well sustained and there was evidence of an excellent command of the messa di voce. . . . The demonstration of approval were badly marred by a vociferous and tasteless claque, but there could be no question that the well-seasoned hearers among the occupants of stalls and boxes recognized the advent of a young singer of more than ordinary promise."

We were informed in January by Mr. Louis Sherwin of the New York Evening Post that on the day Miss Pons was to make her debut, she took alone a two-hour walk in the park, strolled down to Fifty-seventh street and bought a couple of dresses, then walked nonchalantly into the opera house and proceeded in unflurried and business-like manner to make up for Lucia.

She told Mr. Sherwin that they wanted her at the Opera Comique, Paris, but they insisted on a five-year contract and they were stingy. "It is really heartbreaking. Pay to be allowed to sing? Never. Never have I sung in public without the usual caviet. That is a mistaken idea. Anybody who really can sing is paid in every French town. Only those who aren't interesting enough to command an engagement for what they can do are obliged to pay."

She was born at Cannes. Her father was an automotive engineer, "of considerable celebrity, a pioneer of transcontinental races such as the Pekin-Paris affair and others." Her mother was an Italian. When Miss Pons was still in her teens an attack of meningitis left her so weak that for a couple of years she was unable to do anything. Then she played ingenue roles at the Comedie Francaise. Her husband, August Mesritz caused her to think seriously of singing. She listened to the wise counsel of Zenatello and Maria Gay who heard her at Montpelier. It was through Zenatello that Gattie heard of her. He offered her a hearing if she would come to New York. She came in February, 1930. Having sung the "Mad Scene" in "Lucia," Caro Nome" in "Rigoletto" and the "Bell Song" in "Lakme" she signed a five-year contract for the Metropolitan, another contract to make phonograph records, a third for two years of concerts.

"Her manner is frank, simple and direct," wrote Mr. Sherwin. "She has a ready smile and keen vivid eyes. She gives the impression of being a genuine and charming person. At the Metropolitan everybody swears by her. Except, probably, the other prima donna."

On Feb. 10, 1931, the American public was told by a New York reporter that the happiest, most carefree minutes of the day for Miss Pons are when she tends her canary. On May 22 she will go to Buenos Aires for two months at the Colon Opera. She will spend August and September in France. Her physician is now trying to "fatten her up." Her performance is so easy that an audience believes she is not nervous, "but those close to her say Lily Pons suffers so much from fright before she goes onto the stage that she is frequently subject to nausea." She and her husband in February were living in the apartment of the Zenatellos. When she returns next year she expects to have her own apartment. "She intends it shall be a modern American-planned home." To the best of our knowledge, she has not yet expressed an opinion on prohibition. Is she for it or "agin" it?

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Albert Spalding, violinist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3.15 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra: Thompson Stone, conductor. Locatelli, Concerto Grosso for string orchestra and piano. Massenet, Scenes Pittoresques. Mozart, Piano Concerto in D minor (Leon Vartanian, pianist). Dvorak, Carneval Overture. Dale, Before the Paling of the Stars (a Christmas hymn for mixed voices and orchestra).

Burroughs Newsboys' Foundation, 10 Somerset street, 8 P. M. The Foundation orchestra, Stanley C. Solominsky, conductor, will play music by Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Verdi, Konyak, Paqini, Brahms and others.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Elizabeth Siedoff. Mozart, Sonata, C major. Brahms, Rhapsody op. 79, No. 2; Intermezzo, op. 117, No. 1. G Faure, Impromptu, op. 31, No. 2. Ravel, Sonatine. Ireland, Amberley Wild Brooks. Holet, Christmas Day in the Morning. Mendelssohn-Hutcheson, Scherzo from "Midsummer Night's Dream" music.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. John Percifal, baritone; Edwin Biltcliffe, accompanist.

TUESDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. The Hampton Institute choir, R. Nathaniel Dett, conductor. See special notice.

Apollo Club tenor or baritone

WEDNESDAY—Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Lily Pons, coloratura singer of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra; Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan hall, 11 A. M. Ernest Schelling's concert for young people. An all request program. Members of the Boston Symphony orchestra. New stereopticon slides.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

At its concert of yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall, the People's Symphony Orchestra played the following program: Pietro Locatelli, Concerto Grosso (for string orchestra and piano); Massenet, Scenes Pittoresques (Marche, Air de Ballet, Fete Boheme); Mozart, Concerto in D minor (for piano and orchestra): Dvorak, Carneval Overture; B. J. Dale, "Before the Paling of the Stars" (Christmas hymn for mixed voices and orchestra). Leon Vartanian was soloist in the Mozart concerto; in Dale's composition the orchestra was assisted by the Ensemble Choir, an organization of singers from church choirs. Thompson Stone conducted.

If those who devised this program had set out deliberately to compile a list that would contain something to please every known taste, they could hardly have contrived one much more varied than this. Mozart and Dvorak, Locatelli and Massenet, a piano concerto and a work for chorus and orchestra — there is enough here to please tastes not merely differing but fairly strongly conflicting. The quality of the performance was on the whole excellent. The suave and expressive amplitude of the adagio and largo of Locatelli's beautiful Concerto Grosso, the lively figuration and contrapuntal richness of its fast movements, were achieved with an equally high degree of success. The audience enjoyed the unpretentious charm of Massenet's "Scenes Pittoresques," the economy and transparency of the orchestration by which Massenet knew so well how to achieve a wide range of effects; most of all, evidently, the devotional "Angelus," the loudly joyous "Fete Boheme."

Mr. Vartanian's tasteful and musicianly performance of Mozart's D minor concerto won him unusually enthusiastic and prolonged applause. It was a performance marked by tonal delicacy and restraint combined with rhythmic vitality. His admirable phrasing, his intelligent discrimination between the essential and the merely decorative gave it interest. Most musically played of the three movements was the second—the "Romanza." Though one would not have Mr. Vartanian spread himself sentimentally, a slightly wider scale of tonal variation might adapt his playing more satisfactorily to a work of large scale and a hall of large size. Yet his was very good Mozart playing—a thing not too common.

Dvorak's "Carneval" overture, the second portion of what was originally a triple overture to which the composer gave the title "Nature, Life and Love," is mildly enjoyable romantic music of no great interest or distinctive character. Benjamin Dale's Christmas Hymn "Before the Paling of the Stars" opens and closes with pastoral phrases on the English horn; between these points there is little to relate the music very definitely to its topic, though it has moments of great charm—particularly in the orchestral part of the score. The singing of the chorus was good, but the words could rarely be distinguished—a serious handicap, since they were not printed in the program. The orchestra, here as elsewhere, performed its part capably. There was much applause.

The next program, to be given March 22, will be as follows: Symphony in A (first performance) (Dr. Philip Greeley Clapp); Serenade for String Orchestra (Volkmann); Concerto for Pianoforte in D minor (Rubinstein); Norge (Tone poem) (Dr. Philip Greeley Clapp). Reginald Boardman, pianist, will be the soloist. S. S.

ALBERT SPALDING

Albert Spalding's exquisite violin playing delighted an audience at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. His program was as follows:

Preludio and Siciliano (Veracini), Concerto in E-flat major (Mozart), Sonata in D minor (Schumann), Andantino quietoso (Cesar Franck), Burieska (Joseph Suk), Cortege (Lili Boulanger), Caprice-Scherzo (Mendelssohn), I Palpiti (Paganini).

To his warmly brilliant tone, his tasteful phrasing, his impeccable intonation, Mr. Spalding adds a lyrical sense that makes his playing supremely violinistic. In everything he plays the listener feels an impelling rhythm, a rare sense of song. It is a sort of bel canto for the violin—his school of playing. Movement, smoothness and flowing tone are in everything to which he lends his bow, though his command of staccati, chords and detache bowings are all that could be required.

It was the warm singing of his violin in Veracini's Preludio and Siciliano that charmed yesterday's audience into absolute silence. Not a cough sounded during the afternoon; no programs rustled; ladies dropped no umbrellas or purses. Though the audience was not large, the breathless quiet that followed the last note of Spalding's playing of Mozart's E-flat major concerto, was a genuine tribute—more so even than the burst of applause that followed a moment after. His playing of this concerto could please even the most fastidious Mozart worshipper; the phrases, of bright, tender and exquisite simplicity, sang into the "ravished ear." It was the kind of playing that makes Mozart the bane of less-than-perfect performers.

To Schumann's sonata in D minor, Spalding gave an eloquent reading. Full tone, rich and sonorous chords and double-stops, a marvelously compelling rhythm and intensity, endowed it with vigor enough to hold the interest unflaggingly, despite the lack of variety of the score. The competent and sensitive piano playing of Mr. Benoist added to the beauty of the sonata.

In the group of short pieces with which Mr. Spalding closed his program, perhaps most enjoyable was Lili Boulanger's "Cortege," lightly evocative, and breathing a dainty orientalism. The audience demanded a repetition of it. Also much appreciated was Paganini's "I Palpiti," which was played with great brilliance. E. B.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Beau Ideal"

An all-talking screen drama adapted Paul Schofield from the novel of the sa name by Percival Christopher Wren; rected by Herbert Brenon and presented Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Otis Madison.....Lester V
John Geste.....Ralph Forl
Ramon.....Don Alvar
Jacob.....Otto Matie
Isobel Brandon.....Loretta Yo
Lady Patricia Brandon.....Irene R
Sergt. Frederick.....Paul McAllis
The Emir.....George Ri
The Angel of Death.....Leni Sten
Col. Le Baudy.....Hale Hamil

Herbert Brenon's Hollywoodi French Legion has been kicking up t sands of the Sonora desert in Arizo again. John Geste, one of the Gest of "Beau Geste" fame, has been fou and lost and found again. Thus su viving, he yet may figure in anoth of these highly theatrical and oft ponderous screen narratives which i volve mutinies, penal colonies, treache ous Arabs, and of course the big fig at the fort, with the timely arrival cavalry just as the staunch defend had expended their last round of a munition against the turbaned hord They say that "one big picture" w make a director or a player. Mr. Bre on with his silent "Beau Geste" w overnight laurels. If that picture ma him, "Beau Ideal" may demote him; aside from its settings and its sce vistas this latest product is unlikely impress any one as a masterpiece.

The first 15 minutes of the pict give it an unfair start, in that audience is compelled to writhe re lessly before the spectacle of a sm group of chained men confined in old grain silo, a cement structure su in the desert sands. One at a ti these legionnaires, imprisoned for a of insubordination, die of madn thirst, hunger. Two who are left, C Madison and John Geste, recogi each other. Then Director Brenon sorts to flashbacks to peaceful E

n country scenes. Madison, an American, has returned to ask Isobel andon, a boyhood sweetheart, to arry him. He finds her grieving for hn Geste who, as John Smith, had en courtmartialled and sentenced to years in a French penal prison for ling a brutal sergeant who had ruck one of his wounded brothers. adison, withholding his avowal of e, comforts Isobel, sets forth to find hn Geste. He joins the Legion, asmes responsibility for a mutiny, is st into the same dungeon housing hat is left of Geste. Thereafter they are dangers, help to beat off the acking Arabs, are pardoned, and dert for dear old England.

"Beau Ideal" would be a passable ent picture. Burdened with dull alogue, its action is impeded, its aracters made mere hysterical lay ures. Under such depressing circumances the players should not be judged harshly. Most of them have been en and heard under happier condions. Here they were sacrificed to ake a cameraman's holiday.

W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

t Pays to Advertise"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by thur Kober from the play of the same me by Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter ckett; directed by Frank Tuttle and preted by Paramount with the following st:

dney Martin	Norman Foster
ry Grayson	Carole Lombard
brose Peale	Skeets Gallagher
rus Martin	Eugene Pallette
Anis	Lucien Littlefield
mtesse de Baurien	Helen Johnson
elma Temple	Louise Brooks
nald McChesney	Morgan Wallace

If Grant Mitchell could be persuaded sit through the screen showing of t Pays to Advertise," the farce-

in which he toured success- ack in 1914, he probably would ocked at the amount of noise has been injected into the e-Hackett play. Evidently Mr. the director, felt that the picould be more effective if every rked, either alone or in unison, hat is not the way a farce is on the stage, when it is played ly. However, thanks to the ers, the original text has been ed in most of its essentials, and and situations are still amusing h to gain frequent laughs.

us Martin, soap magnate, cooks scheme with his pretty secretary, Grayson, to pretend to fall in with his care-free son, and to ide him to go to work and stick for a period of six months. To the compact old Martin gives her eck for $5000, with additional cial rewards to come. The plot s. Rodney hires Ambrose Peale, a agent of lurid imagination and tongue. They invent a slogan for Soap, Not Afraid of Dirt," spend f Rodney's reserve fund on adverg in newspapers, on bill boards and arious other mediums, are nearly dwinked by a young adventuress n a rubber check, narrowly escape son, and practically are broke when eir first soap order comes in. They ay a lot from old Martin's rival, Adams, putting their wrappers on it. When he stops the supply, they use he Martin brand. Through bluffs, hey have Adams and Martin senior bidding for the "13 Soap" business, with Martin the victor. He takes Rodhey in as partner, and Rodney takes Mary as his.

Mr. Pallette proves himself a versatile actor by his portrayal of the self-satisfied, short-tempered soap manufacturer. He can play well any role, from cowboy to police sergeant. Mr. Gallagher is wanly amusing as the inventor of impracticable schemes, Mr. Foster and Miss Lombard play the lovers in simple fashion.—W. E. G.

PARK

"Two Worlds"

An all-talking screen drama, with dialogue by Miles Malleson and music by Otto Stransky; directed by E. A. Dupont and presented by British International Productions with the following cast:

Esther	Norah Baring
The Lieutenant	John Longden
Simon Goldschneider	Randle Ayrton
The Colonel	C. M. Hallard
Mizzi	Constance Carpenter
Mendel	Donald Calthrop
The singer	Mirjam Elias

An exceedingly interesting question is set forth in "Two Worlds," the current screen feature at the Park Theatre. This is the problem of intermarriage between Jews and Gentiles. Unlike most such stories, this one ends in the separation of the two lovers, a solution which is the only one possible. While the film is slow in working up full steam, it is almost continuously dramatic, frequently moving and occasionally tragic. The director, E. A. Dupont, shows a mastery of imaginative, revealing photography and escapes the pitfall of too much explanatory detail. Sombre settings and the simplest of furnishings give an entirely convincing illusion of the poor Jewsh quarter in a large town.

The period is set in the time of the war, when the Austrian and Russian troops are fighting for the possession of certain towns. During the Austrian occupation, there is a pogrom and when a detachment of soldiers is sent to quell it, the son of a Jewish clockmaker, Simon Goldschneider, is accidentally killed. The stricken father assaults Stanislas von Zominsky, the young lieutenant in command of the detachment, and is put in jail for five days. Shortly afterward, the Austrians evacuate the town and Stanislas, having overslept, finds the Russians in occupation, attempts to escape and falls wounded before Simon's very door. His daughter, Esther, takes pity on him and forces her father to swear that Stanislas is his son. Fully conscious of the bitter irony, Simon agrees, only to see the two young persons falling in love. The lieutenant is an honorable young man who wishes to marry Esther and when the Austrians return, announces as much to Col. von Zominsky, his father.

Simon's desperate effort to rid himself of Stanislas and thus save his daughter, recoils upon his own head, when the letter he had written denouncing him, falls into Austrian hands. Stanislas is forced by his father to give up Esther by the threat that if he does not, Simon will be shot for his treachery. He goes away without a word, leaving Esther to believe him faithless. The acting is excellent for the most part, particularly that of Norah Baring, as Esther, and Donald Calthrop as Mendel, Simon's crony. John Longden is stalwart, heavily handsome and sincere, and Randal Ayrton is inclined to overemphasize Simon's grief.

E. L. H.

BOWDOIN SQUARE

Having passsed successfully through the stress of the 39th anniversary week, celebrated last week, the Bowdoin Square Theatre continues to present generous and varied programs for its patrons. Until Thursday the stage show will offer the 8 Lido Venice Girls in new dance creations as a headline feature. Other acts include Nina Caponi, "Princess of Song," Cooper and Watts, the Francais-Denmore Company in a novelty dance number, Hasi and Ossi, Japanese entertainers, Bob May, comedian, and Art Spaulding as master of ceremonies. Two screen features are "Little Caesar," one of the best of gangland films, with Edward G. Robinson, and "Resurrection," with Lupe Velez.

ENSEMBLE CHOIR SINGS AT SYMPHONY HALL

Protestant Church Group Gives Cantata at People's Orchestra Concert

The ninth concert of the People's Symphony orchestra at Jordan hall yesterday afternoon, was featured by the singing of a cantata by the ensemble choir, an organization of singers from Protestant churches of Greater Boston. The ensemble of mixed voices sang Benjamin James Dale's Christmas hymn, "Before the Paling of the Stars," accompanied by the orchestra, as the concluding number of the program.

Leon Vartanian, pianist, was the assisting artist. The orchestra selections included Locatelli's "Concerto Grosso," "Scenes - Pittoresques," by Massenet, Mozart's "Concerto in D Minor," and the "Carneval Overture," by Dvorak.

BY PHILIP HALE

COLONIAL THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Elizabeth the Queen," a play in three acts and seven scenes by Maxwell Anderson. Presented by the Theatre Guild. Staged by Philip Moeller. Settings and costumes by Lee Simonson. Produced at Philadelphia on Sept. 29, 1930; Guild Theatre, New York on Nov. 3, 1930.

Sir Walter Raleigh	Percy Waram
Penelope Gray	Dorothy Patten
Captain Armin	Philip Foster
Sir Robert Cecil	Arthur Hughes
Francis Bacon	Morris Carnovsky
Lord Essex	Alfred Lunt
Elizabeth	Lynn Fontanne
Lord Burghley	Edward Fielding
The Fool	Fred Monti
Mary	Daphne Sherwin
Tressa	Ruth Nelson
Ellen	Phoebe Brand
Marvel	William Sauter
A Man-At-Arms	John Ellsworth
A Courier	Charles Brokaw
A Captain of the Guards	Edward Oldfield
A Courtier	Robert Caille
A Herald	Maurice Wells
Burbage	Whitford Kane
Heming	Charles Brokaw
Poins	Maurice Wells

This is a one-part play, more so by the performance than by the text; for interest in the men and women on the stage is first of all and chiefly centred on Miss Fontanne, whose portrayal of Elizabeth is remarkable in every way. Of the other characters, those who stand out in the performance are the Penelope of Miss Patten, the Cecil of Mr. Hughes and the Bacon of Mr. Carnovsky. The Essex of Mr. Lunt was disappointing. The Essex of history was more of a man, more virile; and even as a lover, Mr. Lunt failed expectation.

There are scenes that merely as a spectacle will not easily be forgotten. Elizabeth on her throne, with the men of her council facing her; the Queen in the Tower—the dark chamber lighted only for the play of her features, as she begs Essex for the ring, and is at last convinced that he valued power more than the royal woman and would gladly have made himself King; that he never loved her for herself.

It is not necessary to ask how closely Mr. Anderson follows history. Last night Miss Fontanne made history. It is not necessary to speak at length about her self-sacrifice in make-up; disguising herself by showing the ravages of time; by unshaping her own features, giving herself that repulsive mouth. Miss Fontanne was not portraying the young Queen; but the Queen so cruelly described by the Duke of Anjou when he tried to stomach her appearance in the hope of a French alliance. The pride of Elizabeth, her indisputable patriotism, the dash of sensuality hers by inheritance, her raging temper, her capriciousness, her moments of cruelty, her coarseness which was more than Elizabethan—there stood this woman before the audience, possessed of all the foibles and grievous faults, matching craft with deceit, lying as easily as she would swear—yet a woman of indomitable courage, trusting her people though they threw up their greasy caps for Essex; her heart breaking, finding herself old and gray as the man she loved, this ungrateful rebel, made his way to the waiting headsman.

And so Miss Fontanne making history, made Mr. Anderson's play. What would it be without her? Not that it is wholly negligible. There are a few scenes that depend on the stage settings, costumes and lighting as much as on the spoken word. The characters are well enough drawn, Bacon, Cecil. Now and then Mr. Anderson attempted to write in the manner of Elizabethan dramatists—as in the opening scene between Sir Walter Raleigh and Penelope, between Essex and Sir Walter. Mr. Anderson even introduced the traditional fool with a sorry result, nor was it Mr. Monti's fault that this particular fool was for the most part tiresome; in fact the actor made him endurable when in his jesting he begged Essex not to set out for Ireland. And it might be asked, could any actor make much of Mr. Anderson's Essex? It seemed as if the dramatist had purposely portrayed him as a windy blusterer and a deceiver, in order to give more glory to the Queen. Mr. Lunt was apt at extolling his military eminence, he was not romantic, not fervent as a lover. Speaking honeyed words, he was as one thinking of himself and his ambition. It was the Queen who wooed the more hotly. The Penelope in this play is as Mary Beaton to the lover of Mary Stuart in Swinburne's play. Miss Patten played the part with a fine sensitiveness, pathetically, not sentimentally.

At the end of the play the audience that filled the theatre and had listened with the closest attention applauded long and loudly.

SHUBERT LYRIC

Koran and Hardeen

Koran, whose startling predictions of both private and public affairs are of amazing boldness, and Hardeen, who brings forth a bewildering array of pigeons, pretty girls, rabbits, flags, etc., with all the mystification which his late great brother, Houdini, formerly imparted to his audiences, share a program at the Shubert Lyric Theatre this week.

At the opening performance last night, Koran, from the usual exotic background of the seer who forecasts "all," concluded with predictions of a series of events which, if they arrive on his schedule, will bring some astounding "streamers" to the front pages.

Among them are a serious but not fatal accident to Col. Lindbergh within 90 days, the passing of Thomas A. Edison within the same period, Calvin Coolidge yielding to persuasion and in October announcing his candidacy for President in 1932, and an earthquake near Santa Barbara, Cal., next fall which will incidentally uncover huge diamond mines and precipitate a "diamond rush" of 10,000 times the volume of the gold rush of '49.

All this he predicted last night in addition to telling mothers then children will recover, "unmasking" the asker of one question as a prohibition agent, and revealing innumerable ages and addresses.

WILBUR

"Petticoat Influence"

"Petticoat Influence," a comedy in three acts by Neil Grant; produced at the St. Martin Theatre, London, June 4, 1930, with Diana Wynyard as Peggy Chalfont; by Gilber Miller at the Empire Theatre, New York, Dec. 15, 1930, with Helen Hayes as Peggy Chalfont; performed last evening at the Wilbur Theatre with the following cast:

Richard Chalfont	John Williams
Peggy Chalfont	Helen Hayes
	Mary Heberdeen
Daimcourt	[illegible]
Reggie Melcombe	Henry Dam[illegible]
The Countess of Darnaway	Audrey Ridgwe[illegible]
Lord Algernon Raytoun	Eric Cowle
The Earl of Darnaway	Henry Stephenson
Talbot	Henry Vincen[illegible]

"Petticoat Influence" is Mr. Grant's sly thrust at the amiable art of blackmail, as practiced by the gentler sex on obtuse males. It also is a leering lampoon of certain "loyal servants of the British government," as Lord Darnaway repeatedly refers to those who devote their lives to diplomacy and statesmanship, among them himself. The subject of blackmail is not new to the theatre yet, susceptible of so many ingenious approaches and treatments, it may take on when artfully dressed what seems to be a novel guise. In this instance the playwright has assembled a group of English men and women to whom he accords none too high powers of discernment. They are not so imbecile as they are stupid, in a well-mannered way. That is, they are apt to do stupid things. In speech they frequently are keenly alive, even witty; and almost steadily amusing, one to another.

If Richard Chalfont had been given the post of Governor of a small but important island in the Pacific, referred to constantly as Arda, and owned by the British empire, there could have been no play. When Lord Darnaway awarded the prize to the wrong man, his wife's uncle, Lord Algernon Raytoun, he started the comedy of intrigue, misunderstanding, blundering suspicions and erring intuitions which ebb and flow through the three acts. Reggie Melcombe, Darnaway's secretary, broke the news to the Chalfonts. Richard was nice about his disappointment, but Peggy, after a stiff drink of prewar whiskey, became a dangerous woman. She knew that her husband, whom she adored, was the exact man for the place. She suspected also that Lady Darnaway and Reggie had spent a romantic month or less at a Swiss resort. That knowledge should be her weapon against nepotism and injustice. Once enmeshed in duplicity, Peggy must go on, though she be accused of indiscretions with none other than Darnaway himself. We must give the playwright full credit. He can turn an awkward corner more neatly than most; in his sprightly game of shuttlecock he keeps the feathered cork moving.

It would be easy to take the plot apart and to find it a bit fraudulent. It is not so easy to dismiss the dialogue, the sparkle, frothiness tang of it; nor the delightful manner in which each and all of the principals pass all this to the audience. Several of the players are English born they know how to make commonplace farce sound like polite comedy. Their inflections of speech, their pauses, their phrasing, their byplay, all are perfect, timed to the second. Against these was pitted Miss Hayes, a charming comedienne with a fascinating freedom from meticulous diction, reliant more on spontaneity, individuality. What she lacked in precise elocution she gave in a glance of the eye, a droop of the head, a quick, impulsive smile or a play of the hands. She was a bewitching little schemer.

Mr. Stephenson has a role somewhat like that of the French ambassador to Spain which he created in "The Command to Love." An unctuous actor always, he draws a memorable portrait of the cabinet member, astute yet dense, with a talent for oratory which he ascribes to a possible plebeian strain, an aging man who, entitled to one guess as to the man responsible for his wife's infidelity, guesses wrong and must thereafter remain silent. His scene with Miss Hayes to close the second act gave rare delight. Here was comedy of the highest order, interpreted by two lustrous artists. Mr. Daniell as Reggie, who wanted "the canal appointment," and finally got it by utmost finesse, was admirable. Mr. Cowley's Lord Algernon was a gem of fatuity, Mr. Williams made Chalfont a very upright and earnest husband. Miss Ridgwell was haughty or gracious or amorous, always with an air of distinction. The play utilizes two stage settings, a room in Chalfont's flat, and the drawing room in the Mayfair residence of the Darnaways. This latter was noteworthy for its dignity and its intimation of being just right.

W. E. G.

COPLEY THEATRE

"Heritage"

A revised version of Adelaide Chatfield Whitman's new play "Heritage," which opened at the Copley Theatre last week, was given last night, the author having made some changes (chiefly cuts) in the play. The cast, (one character less than last week) was as follows:

Joan Ripley	Edith Parker
Richard Elliot	Jack Storey
Treot	Mark Kent
Lydia Ripley	Margaret Douglass
Philip Strawbridge	George Coulouris
Fulton Ripley	Earle Larimore
Nora	Anne Seymour
Freddy Ripley (Fulton's son)	Earle Larimore
Gladys Blaine	Rachel Hartzell
Louis Blaine	Richard Whorf

Having dropped from the first act a superfluous character, and a scene or two that retarded the action, as well as a love scene in the last act between Strawbridge and Freddy's erstwhile

fiancee. Mrs. Whitman has given her play more terseness, more naturalness, more speed. As it was played last night, with Earle Larimore the entirely understandable and likeable Freddy, and with the splendid support of Mark Kent as Trent, the old family servant and Margaret Douglass as the mother, "Heritage" is an interesting, well-knit play—a serious play, and good theatre. It's only defect in these too-self conscious days is that it is a melodrama touched with wit,—and as such the audience is a little worried about whether to be entertained or absorbed. Audiences nowadays don't subscribe quite so fully to the ancient recipe of lightening each serious situation with a little joke; they don't like to smile through their tears. However, Mrs. Whitman's play is well-made; the melodrama is good melodrama, and the wit really sparkles. It has an underlying idea — dramatic and fantastic, that holds the interest.

The plot concerns a young man whose inheritance when the play is done, consists only of a half-mad old servant, to whom the boy's dead father still lives, and the chair in which his father shot himself because he had made a mess of his life. But out of the welter of his mother's selfishness, his fiancee's hardness, and his step-father's treachery, the boy Freddy finds his soul and freedom.—E. B.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra's Tuesday afternoon series took place yesterday in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitsky conducted the following gprogram: Mozart, Symphony in G minor and Berlioz, Symphonie Fantastique—two symphonies rarely heard at the same concert. The Mozart symphony retains a freshness and vigor that make it delightful to hear. Time has not dealt as kindly with the Symphonie Fantastique; though it is interesting, it has not those inherent qualities that tend, at each hearing, to fill it with vitality.

Mozart's symphony was beautifully played—the finale, brilliant and exhilarating; the andante, quietly poignant. There was a perfect fusion of the conductor's individuality with the composer's art. Nor was there any cut and dried playing on the part of an orchestra presumably weary from recent travels. Phrases were exquisitely chiseled. Each movement was a model in finesse.

Sincerely and sympathetically was the Symphonie Fantastique treated. Though this symphony is remarkable in many respects — marvellous in sonority; effective in the various moods it establishes—it is often tritc, banal, and noisy. It looses in power because the composer feels no curb in his dramatic outpouring. The effusiveness of Berlioz, even Dr. Koussevitsky's careful reading could not obliterate. There were moments when the music was frankly vulgar, despite the infinite pains of the conductor; however lovely melodies flicker through the symphony. The "Scene in the Meadows" was so finely done that its length was forgotten.

A large audience was appreciative of the afternoon's music.

The sixth and last concert of this series will take place Tuesday, April 21.
L. B. D.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE CHOIR

The Hampton Institute Choir of Hampton, Va., under its conductor, Dr. R. Nathaniel Dett, gave a concert at Symphony hall last night. There was a large and very appreciative audience. The following was the program: Folk anthem—Gently Lord, O Gently Lead Us, based on a Negro spiritual from the Bahama Islands, (Dett). Classics—Break Forth O Beautcous Heavenly Light (Bach); Sky So Bright (Ancient Netherlands (?) Spiritual); As by the Streams of Babylon (Campion). Negro spiritutals—Fare ou Well; Were You There; Walk Together Children. Russian Liturgical songs—Cherubim (Tschaikowsky); As Waves of the Sea (Gretchaninoff); O Praise Ye God (Tschaikowsky). Negro motet—Don't be Weary Traveler, Bowdoin prize, Harvard, 1920, dedicated to Mr. George Foster Peabody, (Dett). American composers—Fierce Was the Wild Billow (Noble); O Joyful Sound (Schlieder). Secular folk songs (men's chorus)—Swansea Town (arranged by Holst), English sea chanty; Shenandoah (Bartholomew), American mountain white; Water Boy (Robinson), Negro convict; Negro composers—Stan' Still Jordan (arranged by Johnson), spiritual; Poor Mourner's Got a Home (arranged by Diton), spiritual; Listen to the Lambs (Dett); Let Us Cheer the Weary Traveler (Dett).

This fine Negro chorus distinguishes itself by the artistic sincerity, the simplicity and restraint of its work. It does not parade technique (though it possesses an ample measure of that commodity), it indulges in no theatrically sensational stunts, it rejoices in and makes good use of some excellent solo voices, but does not permit them to emerge from the modest anonymity of the ranks.

Their most delightful work last night was done in the group of three Negro spirituals that figured early in the program. These songs were performed (as Dr. Dett explained) exactly in the manner in which they are sung in the Hampton Chapel; the singers were seated, their conductor had temporarily relinquished his post and sat among the basses in the rear. Without leadership, therefore, and responding to the intermittent chant of a soloist, the chorus sang its spirituals—sang them with an infinitely moving beauty of simplicity, with an easy, delicate precision that was inexplicable by any other hypothesis than a complete unanimity of feeling that itself is a phenomenon.

So outstandingly beautiful also that it deserves special mention was the singing of an exquisite old English air by Thomas Campion—"By the Waters of Babylon"— in which the air was given to a soprano (her voice very clear and beautiful), while the slow, expressive accompaniment was softly hummed by the rest of the chorus. The preceding song, tentatively described as old Dutch, employed effectively another extremely fine soprano voice of high range.

Dr. Dett's own Negro motet, with which, in 1920, he gained the Bowdoin prize at Harvard, an admirable piece of music, was especially well sung. The Russian liturgical songs—particularly Gretchaninoff's "As Waves of the Sea"—made good use of some sonorous bass voices. A very pleasing bass soloist was heard in the convict spiritual "Water Boy," which formed one of an interesting group of secular folk songs. The final group of songs by Negro composers—all of them in the style of the spiritual—was performed with that characteristic mixture of lively enjoyment and devotion that so many singers of such songs fail to capture. There was most enthusiastic applause. S. S.

Lily Pons,

BY ELIZABETH BORTON

Lily Pons, tiny French coloratura soprano who has taken New York by storm since her debut at the Metropolitan three months ago, arrived in Boston yesterday. She will give her first American concert outside of New York at Symphony hall tonight, for the benefit of the Travelers' Aid Society.

Last March, after only three years' study, and one year's experience singing as a guest artist with provincial opera companies in France, Lily Pons, unknown, alone, unheralded, and weighing even less than her usual 103 pounds because of seasickness, landed in New York. Within three weeks she had been signed to a five-year contract by the Metropolitan Opera Company, had been engaged as a concert artist by the Metropolitan Music Bureau, and was placed under contract by the Victor Talking-Machine Company for the making of records—and Victor has engaged no new single artist now for more than five years.

"She picked three fine plums," said her proud husband, August Mesritz. "No," said Lily, "Zey fall on my head."

As unpretentious and gay as a child, she has no prima donna airs or eccentricities. When she arrived at the Ritz-Carlton yesterday she stared around her with curiosity and pleasure—an infinitesimally small, black-eyed, pert-nosed little thing. Her black turban, banded with green silk, her smart black suit, with plaid silk blouse, her sport coat of rich fur, her tiny pumps (looking no more than five inches long) were the essence of chic, as might be expected.

In her room, she threw off her coat, walked about briskly fanning herself with a child's size glove, then sat down at the piano to dash off a few chords. (She entered the Paris Conservatory when she was 13 and graduated at 16 in piano, with the first prize.)

"I can't spik any Eenglish," she said, "but I onnerstan' ver' good."

"Yes," said her husband, "every morning she reads the whole paper to me in English, like a good wife."

Mesritz, gray-haired, distinguished, bursting with pride of his pretty 26-year-old wife, travels with her, interpreting for her, protecting her from distractions. It was he who first discovered her voice.

"One evening Lily was playing the piano at our home in Cannes," he said. (Lily listening, very bright-eyed, put in a word of English here and there, with a nod of the head, like a little bird.) "She began to sing a little,—she had never had any lessons—and I thought she had a lovely voice. I thought she should have it trained." ("Oui! He discover my voice!")

"So she went to study with de Gorostiaga, a Spanish resident in Paris."

("Ee ees great," Lily blew a kiss upward.") Then she made her debut in Lakme at Mulhausen, in Alsace, in December, 1927. After a number of appearances she came to America." ("A-lone.")

"She loves America—finds more to interest her in one block here than in a whole street in Europe." ("I lof America!") "For hobbies, she likes everything women like—dresses, automobiles" ("And ani-mals!"). "In Paris she has a Belgian griffon dog, with a head like a faded chrysanthemum." ("Ee 'as a black beard!") "And her canary bird she brought over here with her. The first thing she does every morning is run to his cage, to give him his water; she even tastes his seed, to see whether it is good! ("Ee seceng mar-velous.") "She has collected pictures since she was 16, and now owns many fine French masterpieces.

"The day of a concert she rests all day. If there is sunshine she takes a walk. If there is fog she won't put her head outdoors for fear of catching a cold." (Lily pointed to her nose significantly, then to her throat, and rolled her eyes with simulated terror.) "The day of her debut in New York—it was a matinee performance of Lucia—she went for a walk with me, saw two dresses in a window, and insisted on buying them. ("Oui," and a giggle from Lily.) "That night she went to bed at 9, very nervous—almost ill—after the performance." ("Al-ways, I am nervous.")

After singing at the Ann Arbor and Evanston festivals in May, Lily Pons will go to the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires for 20 performances, and then home to Cannes, for a rest, before returning to a heavy operatic and concert season in America next year.

At her concert tonight she will sing arias from "Lucia," "Lakme," and "The Queen of the Night," as well as other operatic arias and songs.

"Now, I mus' eat some theeng to make me fat," said Lily laboriously in English. (Her French whirls along at a high rate of speed.) "But I theeng, may-bee, America like me so, wot-you-call, skeeny."

LILY PONS

By PHILIP HALE

Lily Pons of the Metropolitan Opera House sang last night in Symphony hall for the first time in Boston; sang for the benefit of The Traveler's Aid Society of this city. She was assisted by Lulgi Alberghini, flutist, and Giuseppe Bamboschek, pianist. Mme. Pons's selections were as follows: Caccini, Amarilli. Pergolesi, Se tu m'ami. Mozart, Aria of the Queen of Night—"Yes, you see in me a rival" but the aria was sung in French. Donizetti, the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor." Rimsky-Korsakov, air from "The Tsar's Bride." Rachmaninoff, Georgian Song. Zecchi, Giovine pastore. Delibes Bell Song and "Pourquoi" from "Lakme" Saint-Saens, Le Rossignol. Delibes Les Filles de Cadiz. She added several songs to this program, among them Bishop's Lo, the gentle lark; Liadov's "Music Box"; also a brilliant song without words etc. Mr. Alberghini played the flute obbligato to Lucia's song, and as solo pieces Mouget's Flute de Pan and Ravel's Tempo de Habanera.

The hall was almost entirely filled wtih an enthusiastic audience that in their joy had little consideration for the singer, not being content with the already generous program.

Mme. Pons, the woman, has been sufficiently described, and accurately, as regards her personal appearance. She came upon the stage last night, a slight, girlish figure, modest, without the airs and graces of the traditional prima donna, although she has been almost fulsomely praised, and sensationally announced for her coming tour. She was a sympathetic, ingratiating apparition, relying on her voice and art, rather than on her personality or any flamboyant or eccentric costume.

Her voice is a soprano of liberal compass, rather light, flexible, fitted for florid music, but with a true legato that told in songs of direct appeal; a voice that in certain phrases of the "Bell-Song" and in the songs by Rimsky-Korsakov and Rachmaninoff had genuine emotional quality. To some her singing of these songs by the Russians rather than her indisputable proficiency in coloratura passages gave the greater promise for her future on the operatic stage; and some might have said of those two beautiful songs, what Burns said of the hymn tunes known to him: "Compared with these Italian trills are tame." But a brilliant technical display, dazzling runs; trills swelling and diminishing; extreme high notes even when they are nearly a squeak; staccato measures thrown out with abandon but with pure intonation—all this technical display captures an audience of any country; hearers who have little appreciation of artistic phrasing as an aid to interpretation, but wish to be surprised and amazed.

Now the voice of Mme. Pons is by no means phenomenal—there are few phenomenal voices on the stage today; but it is a pure, clear, agreeable voice that has been so well trained that it is technically superior to the voices of the great majority of sopranos now applauded. The tones are singularly even; there is no break; they preserve the same quality except, necessarily, in the sky-scraping notes. The ease with which Mme. Pons sings florid music—this is, indeed, remarkable. Her attack, her lack of any physical effort, her musical phrasing—these set her apart in these days of so much slovenly singing. She sings as if she could not help singing; as if it were a natural outpouring of her joyous nature—yet after all—what is now remembered most gratefully is the voice that was heard, the woman who was most intimately revealed in the two songs by the Russians.

METROPOLITAN

"Unfaithful"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by John Van Druten; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Fay Houston Kilkerry	Ruth Chatterton
Carl Holden	Paul Lukas
Gemma Houston	Juliette Compton
Ronald Kilkerry	Paul Cavanagh
Terry Houston	Donald Cook
Aunte Janie	Emily Fitzroy
Jeffries	Leslie Palmer
Burk	Sid Saylor
Steve	Bruce Warren

A visit to "Unfaithful," Ruth Chatterton's current starring film at the Metropolitan Theatre, makes one wonder whether it was made before or after she had agreed to leave Paramount for Warner's. It is the sort of picture that will not be of great help to her reputation, despite the fact that it is directed by John Cromwell and acted by an unusually fine cast. It seems to us that the fault can be blamed equally on author and director. John Van Druten has written some excellent things, particularly "Young Woodley," but "Unfaithful" cannot be counted as one of his masterpieces. At Mr. Cromwell's door lies the responsibility for the slow and stilted action, the unwieldiness of pace and Ruth Chatterton's over-earnest efforts to be terribly high society. By far the best work is done by Paul Lukas and by Donn Cook in an unimportant part.

There are many threads to the plot, but the main one details the efforts of Fay Kilkerry to keep from her brother, Terry Houston, the knowledge that his wife, Gemma, is having an affair with Fay's husband, Ronnie. Broken hearted at her husband's infidelity, Fay is unable to divorce him on her brother's account, so she decides to go to the dogs and to try to forget. Needless to say, every one misunderstands her motives—most of all the precious Terry, who hardly seemed worth the saving. Not even when she falls in love with Carl Holden, a charming and impoverished artist, will she tell the truth and rid herself of Ronnie. Finally Ronnie and Gemma attempt an elopement; the car is wrecked and Ronnie killed. As a final gesture, Fay explains to Terry that Ronnie and Gemma were trying to dissuade her from passing the night with Carl. The ensuing scandal and the inquest behind her, Fay finds happiness with Carl.

One is tempted to sey that Miss Chatterton takes her part too seriously, but unless she did, there wouldn't be any picture. She does what she can with the noble and self-sacrificing heroine, wears handsome clothes and occasionally gets drunk. Paul Cavanagh is dapper and indifferent as the faithless husband, and Juliette Compton is very lovely to look at in the part of the flirtatious Gemma. Donn Cook, a recruit from the stage, does excellent work in the ungrateful and implausible role of Terry. The outstanding work, as so often happens, is contributed by Paul Lukas as Fay's artist lover, Carl. He is manly, ardent, humorous, completely believable and delightfully romantic, while his slight foreign accent adds to his charm. No wonder that he has become a star.
E. L. H.

REPERTORY

"Le Collier de la Reine"

A part-dialogue screen drama adapted from the novel of the same name by Alexandre Dumas, Pere; directed by Gaston Ravel and produced by Eclair Productions with the following cast:

Jeanne de la Motte	Marcelle Favrel Chantal
Marie Antoinette	Diana Karenne
Oliva	Diana Karenne
Chevalier Retean de la Villette	Jean Weber
Cardinal de Rohan	Georges Lannes
Count de la Motte	Ferdinand Fabre
Princess de Lamballe	Jean Evard

At the Repertory Theatre you may

see a handsome, beautifully costumed, part-talking picturization of the famous novel by Alexandre Dumas entitled "The Queen's Necklace." It was made in France—often in the historical settings where the semi-historical event took place—and it is acted by a large cast of decorative players, often a bit uneasy in their regal panoply. To say it is as exciting or as genuinely melodramatic as the novel would not be true, but despite the leisurely unfolding of the story there are a certain number of sequences, particularly toward the end, where your attention does not waver. That the French government permitted the use of the palace of Versailles and the Petit Trianon is of great assistance to the pictorial aspects of the production.

The story, semi-historical, semi-fictional, recounts the still unsolved mystery of the famous diamond necklace never bought nor worn by Marie Antoinette, yet connected forever with her name. Jeanne de la Motte, a beautiful unscrupulous adventuress distantly related to the Valois family, worms her way into the graces of Marie Antoinette and then tries to persuade her to buy a costly diamond necklace which the queen had already refused on account of its excessive cost. Dismissed from court, she yet continues to carry on her intrigues, aided by the desperate desire of the Cardinal de Rohan, handsome and amorous prince of the church, to be reinstated in the graces of Marie Antoinette. Jeanne makes him her catspaw, persuades him to buy the necklace for the queen, dresses up a girl of the streets to resemble Marie Antoinette to fool him into thinking that he had been granted an interview, and finally has him sign a contract of purchase to which was appended the forged signature of Marie Antoinette.

In the end, she over-reaches herself, is found out and brought to trial. Endeavoring to escape, she accuses every one she can imagine from the innocent Caglistro, a follower of the cardinal, to the queen herself. She is sentenced to be whipped, branded and imprisoned. These final moments—the trial and the execution of the sentence were entirely effective, but with the exception of occasional little humorous touches, the remainder of the picture was inclined to drag. An attractive, somewhat inexperienced actress, Marcelle Favrel Chantal, made a handsome, grasping, cold-blooded and tempestuous Jeanne, an interesting contrast to the beautiful, stately queen of Diana Karenne. The others were reasonably satisfactory, particularly the Chevalier Reteau de la Villette of Jean Weber. E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Elizabeth, the Queen," Theatre Guild production, with Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne; 8:20.

COPLEY—"Heritage," play by Adelaide Chatfield-Taylor Whitman, with Earle Larimore; 8:20.

LYRIC—Koran, mystic, and Hardeen, magician; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH—"The Man in Possession," comedy, with Isabel Jeans, Leslie Banks; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Nina Rosa," Romberg-Harbach operetta; 8:30.

WILBUR—"Petticoat Influence," comedy with Helen Hayes, Henry Stephenson; 8:30.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, gave its 18th concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, Symphony in D major (B. and H. No. 16). Steinert, Leggenda Sinfonica (first performance in this country). Brahms, Violin Concerto and Hungarian Dances Nos 2 F major, and 1, G minor. Nathan Milstein, the solo violinist, played for the first time in Boston.

The symphony by Haydn, one of the six written for the Concert de la Loge Olympique, Paris, was no doubt unknown to the great majority of the assembled hearers. It was played in 1902 in the reign of Wilhelm Gericke, as another symphony in this set. The Bear, was introduced at these concerts by Arthur Nikisch in 1889. Its zoological companion The Hen is by no means familiar. The symphony played yesterday is fresh and blithe in spite of the formulas expected from every God-fearing composer at the end of the 18th century. It provokes what a speaker at the banquet reported by Athenaeus called "gentleman-like joy." The Parisian orchestra, which Haydn undoubtedly had in mind, was a large one—40 violins, 12 violoncellos, eight double basses—so that the composer could be sure of strong contrasts in performance by the string section. Fortunate composer—whose symphonies require no analysis—no remarks about chief and subsidiary themes: music that one can, sitting back, enjoy without inquiring into psychological intention or noting attempts at realism in musical seascapes and landscapes—music not inspired by book or picture—just music; now pompous, now merry, and in more serious moments, never too sad, but with a constant feeling for tonal grace and beauty.

The Symphonic Legend by Alexander Lang Steinert, dedicated to the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its 50th anniversary, was played for the first time at the Augusto in Rome on Dec. 14, 1930, when Howard Hanson conducted it. This Legend is a more important work as regards form, construction and contents, if less poetical, than Steinert's Southern Night played here under Dr. Koussevitzky, nearly five years ago. The Legend is the more mature composition, as is natural, for in the years between the composer has not been working and hearing. It is all very well for a composer to stay in his ivory tower lest by straying into concert halls he may be unduly influenced. While Mr. Steinert's teachers since 1923 have been leaders in the Parisian schools, his own music is not like the bean described by Gilbert as "too French." His own independence in musical thought and his natural taste have kept him from slavish imitation of some master either of the impressionistic, the realistic or the anarchistic school. It is not surprising then that this Legend is first of all honest music; there is no desire on the part of the composer to show the originality that is merely eccentricity or perverse in its worship of ugliness. There is a respect for the sound traditions, respect for that which is distinctively characteristic of the French school—we are not speaking of the dissenting or heterodox chapels—clarity, logical continuity, a sense of rhythmic and dynamic values; coloring that is appropriate to the musical thoughts and is neither pale nor gaudy. Although Mr. Steinert calls for a large and modern orchestra he uses it discreetly and does not find it necessary to employ all the instruments all the time or work them overtime. The Legend is the expression of a sensitive musician. It was received with more than the usual favor shown for an unfamiliar work. The composer bowed his acknowledgment.

Mr. Milstein is in his 27th year. There are some who think that a violinist should not attempt to play music by Johannes Brahms until his hair is silvered, his legs wobble and the state of his heart debars him from life insurance. Liszt said that youth is the time for virtuosity, but your true Brahmsite shudders if his "Master" and virtuosity are named in the same breath. After all, Johannes wrote for the fiddle music that demands full expression, and full expression does not come from the fiddle until the player is a virtuoso in the best sense of the word. "But," some say, "the music of Brahms demands thoughtfulness, gravity, a feeling for the eternal verities, a spiritual nature." There is no end to this pretty talk or balderdash as you will. Surely Mr. Milstein's experiences in Russia until he made his escape gave him experience, gave him food for thought. Nor should the fact that he is an accomplished violinist preclude him from expounding the gospel according to St. Johannes. It is enough to say of his performance yesterday that technically, emotionally and "intellectually"—if any one insists on this feature of an interpretation—it was engrossing and admirable, a performance that by its compelling nature aroused genuine enthusiasm. It is needless to say that Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an accompaniment that was not merely a support.

The concert ended with the exciting, fiery, paprika reminder of Hungary. For once the old saying that the music of Brahms is a gypsy woman trying to dance in a tight corset was forgotten.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the usual Saturday night concert will take place on Thursday night. The Friday afternoon concert will still be on Friday. The program will comprise Mendelssohn's overture and Scherzo from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; Honegger's Symphony (played earlier in this season); Tchaikowsky's piano concerto No. 1 (Mr. Horowitz) and Salome's dance from Strauss's opera.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Prodigal"

An all-talking screen drama by Bess Meredyth and Wells Root; directed by Harry Pollard with music by Vincent Youmans, Herbert Stothart and Oscar Strauss; produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with the following cast:

Jeffry Farraday	Lawrence Tibbett
Antonia Farraday	Esther Ralston
Doc	Roland Young
Snipe	Cliff Edwards
Rodman Farraday	Purnell B. Pratt
Christine	Hedda Hopper
Mrs. Farraday	Emma Dunn
Hokey	Stepin Fetchit
George	Louis John Bartels
Carter Jerome	Theodore von Eltz
Peter	Wally Albright, Jr.
Elsbeth	Suzanne Ransom
Naomi	Gertrude Howard
Jackson	John Larkin

The Tibbett voice booms less frequently in song in "The Prodigal" than had been promised. This seems a pity, for the simple little plot is of such porous or elastic character that almost anywhere a ballad could be interpolated, and would be more gladly welcomed. Out of it all, however, comes Vincent Youman's glorious "Without a Song," given as a solo by Mr. Tibbett as he stands happily in the southern home to which he has returned as a tramp. Mr. Youmans wrote that number for solo and Negro choir in that ill-fated "Great Day," which he tried so hard to produce a season or two ago. In "The Prodigal" there too is a Negro choir, heard in "Chidlins" and, with Mr. Tibbett, in "A Child Is Born" and "Looks Like Pappy," all composed by Herbert Stothart. If with these splendid voices behind him Mr. Tibbett had repeated "Without a Song," that would have proved ample compensation for much which was endured before and after.

The picture opens with the return to his southern home of Jeffry Farraday after five years of wanderings enforced by some youthful escapade. Accompanied by two scalawags, Doc and Snipe, the one a discredited doctor and surgeon and the other a kleptomaniac specializing in silverware, he re-enters the family circle. His loyal mother burns his rags, forces him to bathe, even washes his back, and decks him out in his brother Rodman's clothes. He and Rodman hate each other cordially. Rodman incidentally annoys his wife, Antonia, with his hardness and his petty jealousies. When Tony, as Jeff calls her, would elope with Carter Jerome, Jeff interferes, carts her back. Mother Farraday, ever watchful and all-wise, finally steps in, announces that Antonia shall divorce Rodman and marry Jeff, and sends her favorite son back to his box cars and his haystacks until a decent time for the wedding arrives.

The sentiment is of artificial form and effect. For comedy there are the adventures of Stepin Fetchit, that gangling Negro comic of infrequent screen appearances; and of Mr. Young and Mr. Edwards in the unhappy habiliments of hoboes. There are spirited scenes of a fox hunt in which Reynard takes refuge on the punt from which the three knights of the road, with Hokey, are fishing; and of a Negro barbecue with all the 'fixins,' including singing and dancing. Stripped of the glamorous trappings of a gypsy bandit or of a Russian cavalryman, stepping for the moment out of screen operetta into a far less attractive role, Mr. Tibbett is still the best male singer in the studios. Nor is he half-bad as an actor; at least he is manly and natural. The best characterization is given by Emma Dunn as the understanding mother. Miss Ralston blows hot and cold as Antonia, who at best is a weakling. Her voice is light. Her features do not always register succinctly the emotions which are supposed to actuate her. The others are competent in parts written as if by amateurs at stage craft. W. E. G.

SCHELLING CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Schelling, assisted by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave the fourth and last concert of the seventh season for young people in Jordan hall yesterday morning. The program that had been requested was as follows: Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman"—this received the largest number of votes. Chadwick, Scherzo from Symphony No. 2. Madam Wagniere-Horton, Tableau Helvetique. Dukas, "L'Apprenti Sorcier." Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish Themes. Everybody was requested to join in singing "America the Beautiful."

As Mr. Schelling said, this was an important day for the children, who were to receive prizes for the best books handed in, reviewing the concerts of the seasons, commenting on what had been told them about dances and how dance-tunes finally formed movements of 18th century suites. Mr. Schelling himself in a few words gave a summary of his course—"Course" sounds too pedagogic—and showed again on the screen old prints of court and country dances from the branle to the minuet. Chadwick's delightful Scherzo gave Mr. Schelling the opportunity of saying that to his knowledge this Scherzo was the first instance of an American composer using a native folksong in a symphonic work. This was prefaced by a few well chosen words about Mr. Chadwick's musical life. He was present and bowed in acknowledgment of the hearty applause.

The "Tableau Helvetique" proved to be agreeable music based on a Swiss song. The composer, whose home is now near Vevey, once lived in Boston and gave a piano recital here some years ago. The music is suavely melodic. Before it was played, a view of Lake Leman was thrown on the screen.

Thus ended a series of concerts which have instructed children of all ages even up to 60 years. Mr. Schelling has a peculiar gift for entertaining and teaching children without making them feel as if they were in school, conscious of a task-master and a ferule.

The prizes awarded were as follows: First class, age 6 to 9 years. Medal, Riccardo Bruno. First prize, John F. Tolleson.

Second class, age 10 to 12 years: Medal, Ellnor Bancroft. First prize, Gall Nielson.

Third class, 13 years up: Medal, Ann Meserve. First prize, Jean Saurwein.

DE COU DREAM PICTURES

In his concluding lecture with pictures here this season, Branson De Cou chose as a subject "Unusual Europe," under which head he grouped views of soviet Leningrad and Moscow, Prague and rural Czechoslovakia, the Dalmatian coast, and Lake Garda, most beautiful of the Italian lakes. None of these sections of Europe is well-known to American tourists, and each is superlatively interesting—as to scenery, quaint costumes of the people, or modes of life that are unique.

Naturally the most fascinating part of the lecture concerned soviet Russia. Mr. De Cou's remarks accompanied by his excellent photographs, combined much actual information with a viewpoint that was interested, sympathetic, and tactful, but not partisan. He showed pictures of the long, patient "serpents" in front of the government stores—where goods are limited, and one must wait hours and sometimes days for simple necessities. He explained that Russia is doing everything in her power to secure adequate credit abroad so that she can purchase needed machinery, and that ruthless limitation of luxuries for the people and the highest possible prices on luxuries for the tourists, and many other such facts are explained by this overpowering need for foreign money (since the Russian ruble has little value outside Russia, and is incapable of purchasing what the government needs in its plan for industrialization.) His pictures also showed crowds of workers being shown through the gorgeous gardens of Peterhof, through the Smolney Institute, and the magnificent Hermitage Museum. Also interesting was a beautiful estate on the island of Kamenoi-Ostrow, which had been converted into a rest house for workers on vacation.

Moscow, in all ways more interesting than Leningrad—intrinsically, and also because it is now the centre of the government—was next shown. The red square and the red stairway (red in Russian means not "bloody," as might be supposed, but "beautiful); the imposing Kremlin; the crazy, Arabian Night's nightmare of Ivan the Terrible's cathedral; the beautiful Church of the Redeemer; many Russian types—these and other pictures gave reality to a land that has somehow become less real than ever to the minds of most Americans.

Then to Prague, combining medieval architecture and grandeur with a look of homeliness and warmth; to rural Czechoslovakia, where the costumes are fearful and wonderful, forcing one to think of the eyes that have been ruined over the wealth of embroidery, tucking, pleating and stitching.

From Czechoslovakia, with its statues of Woodrow Wilson, to Dalmatia, where red-tiled villages sit on the seashore, leaning their backs against towering mountains; through the grandeur of the mountains to Montenegro, where the Turkish influence is seen still in the fez and baggy trousers of the men, and in the occasional veiled faces of the women.

Then, to conclude, Mr. De Cou showed many breath-taking views of Lake Garda—so lovely as to make inadequate Mr. De Cou's descriptive title of "Dream Pictures."

As usual, too much cannot be said for the restfulness and delight of Mr. De Cou's lecture plan—with its leisurely comment, and its episodes of pictures accompanied only by appropriate music. He will be welcomed next season. E. B.

By PHIL

The concert in Symphony hall this afternoon will be given by two excellent artists: The violinist Yelly d'Aranyi and the pianist Pauline Danforth. As is well known the former's Christian name is Jelly; but fearing that it would be pronounced as in English, or that sport might be made of it, the Hungarian pronunciation has been turned into English spelling; but the irreverent it seems to us, could as easily indulge in merry jests on the word "Yelly."

She will end her program with Ravel's "Tzigane," which written originally for violin and piano was first played by her and Henri Gil-Marchez at a concert of Ravel's works in London in 1924 (April 26). The piece was completed after Ravel's arrival in London a week before the concert. Miss d'Aranyi had only two or three days in which to master its

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"The Last Hour," a play by Charles Bennett, will be seen for the first time in Boston at the Copley Theatre tomorrow night. London saw it at the Comedy Theatre on Dec. 20, 1928. It was then said that the second act was more thrilling than the first, and was in turn exceeded by the third. There are two desperate men, a Prince Nichola de Kovatch and his friend, Dr. Hugh Logan, who plot terrible things against England. There are all sorts of horrors, chief among them a Death Ray which reduces the strongest man to "a heap of carbon"; secret service men are tied to chairs and posts; there is neat throttling; successful demolishment of at least one building; and there is a fair maiden—in the London portrayal by Lydia Sherwood—"dithered prettily in apricot georgette—a rum habiliment for an inn-keeper's daughter in a Devonshire fishing village."

Mr. James Agate, who described the plot, not without humorous asides, said it was only fair to Mr. Bennett to say: "I personally was never bored nor did I begin to feel that I should be bored presently." He opened his long review by quoting John Addington Symonds on the writer of "The Duchess of Malfi" and "The White Devil"—by Webster.

"The culmination of these tragedies, setting like stormy suns in blood-red clouds, is prepared by gradual approaches and degrees of horror. The materials with which this dramatist builds are sought for in the ruined places of abandoned lives, in the agonies of madness and despair, in the sarcasms of reckless atheism, in slow tortures, griefs beyond endurance, the tempests of sin-haunted conscience, the spasms of fratricidal bloodshed, the deaths of frantic, hope-deserted criminals. He makes free use of poisoned engines, daggers, pistols, disguised murderers, masques and nightmares. Yet his firm grasp upon the essential qualities of diseased and guilty human nature, his profound pity for the innocent who suffer shipwreck in the storm of evil passions not their own, save him, even at his gloomiest and wildest, from the unrealities and extravagances into which less potent artists—Tourneur, for example—blundered."

Mr. Bennett, although he brings into "The Last Hour" a "poisoned engine"—for so the Death Ray might be called—is of course no Webster, but Mr. Agate suggests at the end of his review that "anybody who deems ("The Last Hour") to be a poor thriller should try to write a better." In the London production the Prince and his wicked mate were played by Franklin Dyall and George Bealby; the secret service men by Lawrence Anderson and Cyril Raymond.

We have not read Mr. Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," so we wonder if in writing it, he was indebted to John Aubrey's "Lives of Eminent Men" and Sir Robert Naunton's "Fragmenta Regalia;" and if Mr. Anderson, the author of "Elizabeth the Queen," in which Miss Fontanne shines brilliantly, helped himself from any one of the three.

Essex was beheaded in 1601. Elizabeth died in 1603. Aubrey began to collect his material in 1669. Sir Robert Naunton probably made his notes in 1630. Arber in his edition says "this 'essay' is an A. B. C. book in the history of Queen Elizabeth's court; a primer, but hardly anything more. Naunton lived too near the times he wrote of to write all he knew."

In the drama now playing at the Colonial Theatre, Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh and Bacon stand out by the side of Elizabeth and Essex. Aubrey has much to say of Sir Walter. He was taught to be a deist by Thomas Hariot who died of a cancer in his lip, so that the divines "looked on his manner of death as a judgment upon him for nullifying the Scripture." As for Sir Walter: "He was a tall, handsome, and bold man; but his naeve (fault) was, that he was damnably proud." (So he is in the play.) The Earl of Nottingham wiped the dust from Sir Walter's shoes with his cloak in compliment. There was a portrait of him dressed in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, "and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck." "He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced and sour eye-lidded, a kind of pigeye." There was a bold, impertinent fellow, "a perpetual talker and made a noise like a drum in a room, so one time at a tavern Sir W. R. beats him and seals up his mouth, i. e. his upper and nether beard with hard wax." There are lines about Sir Walter smoking tobacco, interested in chemistry, carrying a trunk of books with him on his sea voyages. He took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold. He had an "awfulness and ascendency in his aspect over other mortals. . . . Queen Elizabeth loved to have all the servants of her court proper men, and (as before said) Sir W. R.'s graceful presence was no mean recommendation to him." Aubrey speaks of "the tragedy of one of the gallantest worthies that ever England bred."

Bacon, of whose meanness stories are told by Aubrey, had "the eye of a viper." Sirsilt was the true name of Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Cicero's epistles were "his glass, his rule, his oracle, and ordinary pocket book."

Sir Chas. Danvers urged Essex either to treat with the Queen's hostages or to make his way through the gate at Essex house to the King of Scots and there he might make his peace; "if not the Queen was old and could not live long." Naunton wrote that there was in the young Lord Essex, "together with a most goodly Person, a kind of urbanity or innate courtesy, which both won the Queen, and too much took upon the people, to gaze upon the new adopted son of her favor." Naunton speaks of "the violent indulgency of the Queen (which is incident to old age, where it encounters with a pleasing and suitable object) towards this Lord, all of which argued a non-perpetuity"; and Essex was at fault, "like a child sucking on an over-uberous nurse, and had there been a more decent decorum observed in both, or either of those, without doubt the unity of their affections had been more permanent, and not so in and out as they were, like an instrument ill-tuned and lapsing to discord. . . . My Lord of Essex (even of those that truly loved and honored him) was noted for too bold an ingrosser both of name and favor."

Pierre Bayle in the voluminous notes to his article on Elizabeth in his "Critical Dictionary," retails the gossip and scandal about her, quoting freely from Du Maurier, whose father was envoy from France to Elizabeth. The Queen craved admiration of her beauty even when she was in a decrepit state; she was "vehemntly angered" if any one said she was less beautiful. "The imprudence of Essex who blurted out that she was an old woman in mind as in body incensed her. "Whenever she was to pass in rooms where there were mirrors in which she might accidentally see herself, these mirrros were removed for the time by her attendants." There are most extraordinary reasons given for her remaining unmarried, as well as doubts as to her right to be known and praised as the Virgin Queen, but these reasons and doubts, as far as the readers of The Herald are concernd, are better left in the obscurity of the Latin tongue, as even the free-spoken Bayle left them. Reading the old gossipers, and the more formal, stately Naunton, one wonders at and admires the more Miss Fontanne's portrayal of Elizabeth the Queen.

We have received the following note:

"John Williams of the 'Petticoat Influence' company is the son of a British army colonel who is aide-de-camp to King George V. Dion G. Boucicault, who in his youth was called Dot, coached Mr. Williams for his first role, the character of John in a London production of 'Peter Pan.' It was Mr. Boucicault's father, Dion Boucicault, who became famous as a playwright and as an actor, and was well known in this country for many years. Probably the best remembered of his plays was 'The Shaughraun.' Sadie Martinot, a Boston girl, to whom he took a great fancy, and an actress of no mean ability, was for a long time in his companies, playing the ingenue leads. Dot Boucicault, who died June 25, 1929, went to Australia 45 years or more ago and was very successful in Sydney and Melbourne as a producer in partnership with an actor named Brough. Under the firm name of Brough and Boucicault they leased theatres in both Melbourne and Sydney."

Let us add to this communication. The father of John Williams is Col. Alfred Edward Williams, D. S. O., A. D. C. The son was born in 1903. He made his debut at the New Theatre, London, in December, 1916. The Brough referred to is Robert Brough. He died in Australia in 1906. His wife, Florence Trevelyan, began her life as an actress in 1882. Mr. Williams first came to the United States in 1924. Townsend Walsh in his excellent life of Dion Boucicault mentions Nina, "Dot" and Aubrey. "Dot" went to Australia with his father in 1885, and decided to remain there. The partnership with Brough ended in 1896. "Dot" returned to England.

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great technical difficulties. After the concert Ravel said to her: "If I had known, I should have made it still more difficult; I thought I had written something very difficult, but you have proved the contrary." The first performance in Boston was by Miss d'Aranyi and Mme. Hobday on Dec. 6, 1927. Mr. Kochanski played the piece with the Boston Symphony orchestra on March 30, 1928. Those who are disposed to find irony in whatever Ravel sends forth ask if "Tzigane" is not "a parody of all the Liszt-Hubay-Brahms-Joachim school of Hungarian music."

But Miss d'Aranyi will do more than set-off musical fireworks; she will play music by Bach-Siloti, Pergolesi-Fachiri, and Mozart, and with Miss Danforth perform Brahms's sonata in D minor, regarded as the greatest of his three. Fachiri? She was born Aranyi de Hunyadvar, at Budapest in 1889. She studied under Hubay, was awarded the "artist's diploma," then studied in Berlin under Joachim, her great-uncle. He left her one of his Stradivarius violins. Having toured the European continent, she first went to London, in 1909. In 1915 she married Alexander Fachiri, an English barrister.

Miss Danforth is one of the few pianists that reconcile one to the instrument that is considered by many as a member of the percussion family; to be smote lustily, without regard to song and beauty.

The Boston Flute Players' Club this afternoon will play a sextet for string quartet and two horns which Beethoven wrote in 1795 or perhaps in 1794. It was published in 1819. Beethoven sent a letter to the publisher Simrock, who was himself an admirable horn player. In the letter he said that "the pupil had given his master many a hard nut to crack." Whether the sextet had been played before it was sent, has not yet been determined.

Alexander Lang Steinert's piano trio will be performed for the first time in Boston. The Trio was completed in 1928. The composer will play the piano part; Felix Fox the piano part in Cesar Franck's quintet.

Nicolai Beresowsky will conduct his symphony in one movement at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra tomorrow night. He was born at Leningrad in 1900. In his eighth year he joined the Royal Kapella. One of his teachers was Kimov, in pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov. In 1918 the young man was a professor at the Saratov Conservatory. He studied in Vienna with Robert Pollak; in the United States with Josef Borissoff and later with Kochanski and in composition with Rubin Goldmark.

He came to the United States in 1922 and joined the Philharmonic Society, as leader of the second violin section. In 1925, he was a Stadium audition winner; in 1926, he gave a violin recital in New York. In 1928 (Dec. 6, 7) his "Hebrew" Suite was played by the Philharmonic Society with Mengelberg conductor. In January of this year he was a guest conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra. His Sextet for strings, piano and clarinet, written for Mrs. Coolidge, has been performed in European cities, and some of his chamber music has been heard in New York. He has written an operetta, "Prince Batrak," a cantata (Dryden's ode to St. Cecelia), much chamber music.

Leon Zizhera, a brother of the Zizheras in the Boston Symphony orchestra, a violinist of European reputation, will play Mendelssohn's concerto. Dr. Koussevitsky will also conduct "The Leonore" overture No. 3 and Rimsky-Korsakov's Capriceon Spanish Themes.

Elly Ney, who will play the piano next Sunday evening in Jordan hall, will not forsake Beethoven even for a few minutes. The sonata in C minor, op. III; six variations op. 34; sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2; Andante favori; sonata, F minor op. 7. Only three sonatas! Mme. Ney is moderate. Frederic Lamond has played four in one recital and that "without the aid of the springboard or any mechanical appliance."

Donald Grout, a pianist who will give a recital in Jordan hall on March 25, will play only one sonata, but that is by the inescapable Beethoven—op. 24. The one with the funeral march on the death of a hero. Mr. Grout will play a prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn, and with it in a group the Perpetual Motion of Weber, that frisky old warhorse, and Debussy's Sarabande and Toccata. The last group includes music by Griffes, Turina, Liszt and Chopin. Turina's fantastic dance is entitled "Orgia." Musical orgies seldom are contagious as far as an audience is concerned. Take the "Orgy" in "The Huguenots," a most respectable supper party; or the orgy in the finale of "Childe Harold" symphony, a noisy, yet rather dull affair.

Katherine Follet Mann, soprano, will sing in Jordan hall on Wednesday evening, April 8. Her program promises to be a departure from the usual series of "groups." She announces songs by Donizetti, Marx, Straub, Pierne, Dupont, Luzzatti, Daniels, Smith and others designated by "etc."

Maxim Karolik, tenor, is coming again. You can't stop him, this time giving his third recital in Symphony hall on April 14. This season, he will commemorate the semi-centennial of Moussergsky's death, by devoting himself to that composer's songs. April 14. H-m-m. Moussorgsky was so short-sighted as to die on March 28.

John Charles Thomas will sing in Symphony hall on Sunday afternoon, April 12.

Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor of the Chamber orchestra of Boston, has gone to Havana where on March 17 and 21

he will conduct two concerts under the auspices of the Sociedad de Musica Contemporanea. His first program may make the Cubans sit up—possibly throw things at the distinguished visitor: Mozart, Symphony No. 1—that may go, but see what follows: Ives, Three Places in New England; Honegger, Napoleon; Ruggles, Men and Mountains; Block, Four Episodes. The second program may also create alarm: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto in G. Caturla, Bombe. Cowell, Sinponietta. Bartok, Rumanian Dances. Prokfieff, Overture on Hebrew Themes.

Lewis Emery, baritone, will sing in Jordan hall on Tuesday evening, April 7.

Beatrice Griffin, violinist, will play at the Colonial Theatre, on Sunday afternoon, March 22.

ONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M.—Yelly d'Aranyi, violinist and Pauline Danforth, pianist. See special notice.

Boston Art Club, 150 Newbury street, 3:30 P. M. Boston Flute Players Club (Messrs. Elcus and Laugs, violinist; Lefranc, viola; Zighera, violoncello; Boettcher and Valkenier, horns; Fox, piano). Beethoven, sextet for string quartet and 2 horns. A. L. Steinert, trio for violin, violoncello and piano. Franck, quintet, F minor. The sextet was composed in 1794 or 1795. Steinert's Trio was completed at Rome in 1928. It was announced for performance at a League of Composers Concert, New York, March 1, 1931. Mr. Steinert will play the piano part this afternoon.

Brown hall, New England Conservatory of Music, 3:30 P. M. Adult choir of St. Paul's Cathedral Church. Anthems by Gibbons, Bach, Vaughan Williams. Part songs by Bennet, Morely, Vaughan Williams, Coleridge-Taylor, Bantock, Cui, Grainger, Elgar, Rhodes; also Scottish: A Hundred Pipers (male voices and piano, four hands) and Loch Lomond, Brahms' Love Waltzes (for chorus and piano, four hands). Proceeds for the Neighborhood Kitchen.

The Boston Public Library Lecture hall, 8 P. M. Orchestra of the Lincoln House Association, Jacques Hoffman, conductor. Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. The Workmen's Circle Orchestra of Boston, Morris G. Paderson, conductor.

Monday, Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. People's Choral Union, Leland A. Arnold, conductor. The Choral Union will be assisted by Marjorie W. Leadbetter, soprano; Abbie C. Rise, contralto; George Boynton, tenor; Walter H. Kidder, baritone; Reginald Boardman, pianist; Harold Schwab, organist. The miscellaneous program will include these choral numbers: Dvorak, Stabat Mater. Handel, Hallelujah, Amen from "Judas Maccabeus," Mozart, Ave Verum. Loehr, Slumber Song. Mabel Daniels, Through the Dark the Dreamers Came.

Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Paul Velucci, pianist. Schobert, Allegro and Presto. Bach, Sonata, D major. Brahms, Sonata, F minor, op. 5. Debussy, La Soirce dans Grenade. Ravel, Alborada del Gracioso. Fairchild, En Bateau and Toccata (Promenade a Cheval a Long Island). Infante, El Vito.

Wednesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Howard Goding, pianist: Beethoven, "Pathetic" Sonata; Chopin, Sonata in B flat minor; pieces by Couperin, Debussy, Satie and others.

Thursday, Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Friday, Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M. Dorothy Gordon's second and last "Young People's Concert Hour." Folk songs of the British Isles and European continent; also two groups of songs with lyrics by A. A. Milne and music by H. Fraser-Simson.

Brown hall, N. E. Conservatory of Music, 8:15 P. M. Russell W. Lee (class of 1929) Mozart, Sonata, C major. Bach, Prelude and Fugue, C sharp major. Scarlatti, Sonata, A major. Beethoven, "Waldstein," Sonata, op. 53. Schumann, Papillons. Seiabin, Etude, E major. Liszt, Concert Etude, D flat major. Foote, Two Etudes, op. 27, numbers 9 and 25. Chopin, Scherzo, C sharp minor.

N. E. CONSERVATORY

At the concert of the New England Conservatory orchestra in Jordan hall next Friday evening, Wallace Goodrich conductor, Three Pieces for Orchestra, by George W. Chadwick:—Ouverture Mignonne, Canzone Vecchia and Fuga Giocosa will be played for the first time. The program will also comprise the overture to "The Magic Flute," two movements of Brahms's Symphony No. 3, the Prelude to Saint-Saens's "Deluge," Franck's Symphonic Variations (Henry Clay, pianist), and airs from "The Magic Flute" and Gretry's "Les Deux Avares," sung by Mae Taylor.

D'ARANYI-DANFORTH

By PHILIP HALE

Yelly d'Aranyi, violinist, and Pauline Danforth, pianist, gave the Symphony hall afternoon concert yesterday. Carl Lamson accompanied Miss d'Aranyi. The program was as follows: Violin: Bach-Siloti, Adagio; Pergolesi-Fachirl, Arietta; Mozart, Rondo in G. Piano: Chopin, six Etudes. Violin and piano: Brahms, Sonata in D minor. Piano: Debussy, Prelude, Cathedrale Engloutie, L'Isle Joyeuse, Clair de Lune, Ravel, Jeux d'Eau. Violin: Ravel, Tzigane.

This was an unusually interesting concert; The music was worth playing; the performance was excellent. Miss d'Aranyi kept her display of fireworks for Ravel's "Tzigane," which was first played by her in London at a concert given by the composer. It is true that Mozart's Rondo called for the technical proficiency of the kind that impresses an audience on Sunday or any week day, but this violinist did not rely solely on brilliance; Bach and Brahms; the Adagio demanding tonal beauty, breadth and nobility of style as well as tenderness and a peculiar emotional quality. Miss d'Aranyi might have thought of the Brahms of the D minor sonata what the exiled duke said of the melancholy Jacques: "I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

"For then he's full of matter."

She did not dally with Brahms, nor did she seem oppressed by his austerity. She and Miss Danforth gave a thoughtful interpretation, not incongruously dramatic, not portentously solemn as if officiating in a sacred rite; they brought out the structure of the work but not as mere analysts in a lecture room. They gave the music its inherent strength and beauty when the composer had not forgotten to provide these qualities. We have seldom heard more delightful, more musically intelligent ensemble playing. Par nobile sororum, dwelling together in unity of feeling and of art.

Pergolesi's song, "Se m'ami," arranged by Miss d'Aranyi's sister—who is herself a celebrated violinist—was charming in itself—an arrangement that showed respect for the composer and an absence of any desire to shine at his expense by elaborate ornamentation.

Miss Danforth was not afraid to present Debussy and Ravel to a Sunday afternoon audience. Her playing of this music and of six Etudes by Chopin pleased the hearers greatly, and with good reason; for this pianist has the technical proficiency to impress any audience, and this porficiency is employed with so much ease—one might say so gracefully—so elegantly if the word "elegant" were not now out of fashion—that the hearers forget any technical display in the pleasure of hearing musically poetic, and also individual interpretations. She has strength, which she does not abuse; lightness that is not careless or flippant; she has at command an unusual gradation of dynamics, to aid her in the expression of thoughts that are suggested to her by the various composers. Although she has studied with celebrated teachers here, also in London and Paris—wisely avoiding pedagogues in Berlin—when she plays in public it is without undue recollection of this or that instructor. She plays for herself, for the composers and for these who hear her.

The audience which was of good size was more than friendly; it was most applausive throughout the concert. Mr. Lamson's accompaniments were a pleasing feature. Miss Danforth after her second group played a sparkling little sonata by Scarlatti.

BOSTON FLUTE-PLAYERS' CLUB

At the Boston Art Club, yesterday afternoon, the Flute-Players' Club gave its final concert of the season—the 57th concert of its lively career. Not a solitary flute was heard during the afternoon: the club has always shown an intelligent breadth of view in the interpretation of its functions, refusing to limit its activities too narrowly to those suggested by its title. The program began with Beethoven's Sextet for two horns and strings, Op. 81, and ended with Cesar Franck's Quintet. Between these two was a "novelty"—Alexander L. Steinert's Trio for violin, 'cello and pianoforte, in which the composer himself played the piano part. The other performers at this concert were Gaston Elcus and Norbert Laugs, violin, Alfred Zighera, 'cello, Jean Lefranc, viola, George Boettcher and Willem Valkenier, horn, and Felix Fox, pianoforte.

Mr. Steinert's trio, composed in 1928, was performed a year ago at a concert of the League of Composers in New York, but has not hitherto been heard in Boston. It is an elaborately constructed work of considerable length, having a luxuriant piano part, to which the composer as performer did full justice, and strongly individualized parts for the strings. The melodic and harmonic character of this trio, though its idiom is of today, hovers uneasily on the bitter edge of sweetness, its abundant dissonances seeming often to be a conscious and rather strenuous effort to avoid the tritely mellifluous. Somewhat episodic in form, its development tended toward the mechanical, progressing through hard-driven sequences of short melodic fragments toward climaxes of almost melodramatic violence. Yet the work was interesting—contrapuntally rich, rhythmically vigorous and varied. It had moments of undeniable charm, as in the Andante and the Scherzo-like Allegretto. The technique and the material alike were frequently, but not exclusively, reminiscent of the French impressionists. Mr. Steinert and his fellow performers were warmly applauded.

Beethoven's Sextet is Op. 81b, Op. 81a being the pianoforte sonata "Les Adieux, l'absence, et le retour,' but it is held to be a much earlier work than the date of its publication, 1810. would suggest. It is charmingly melodious, even naive, with nothing about it of the stressful romantic of the later Beethoven. It was admirably performed, with some delightfully fluent, agile, and expressive horn-playing on the part of MM. Boettcher and Valkenier, and a remarkably delicate precision of ensemble.

Franck's great quintet was given a performance of memorable beauty, a performance thoroughly worthy of the strong simplicity, the sombre richness, the organic vitality of the music. For beauty of tone, sensitive treatment of detail, unifying breadth of style, and living perfection of ensemble, it could not easily have been surpassed, whether in spirit or in execution. All five players shared alike in responsibility for this result, but since his part is individually the richest and most prominent it may be permitted to mention particularly Mr. Fox's excellent playing. S. S.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Don't Bet on Women"

An all-talking screen farce-comedy adapted from a story by William Anthony McGuire, directed by William K. Howard and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Roger Fallon	Edmund Lowe
Jeanne Drake	Jeanette MacDonald
Herbert Drake	Roland Young
Tallulah Hope	Una Merkle
Chipley Duff	J. M. Kerrigan
Doris Brent	Helene Millard
Butterfield	Henry Kolker

The existence of confirmed motion-picture viewers would become much more cheerful were there more productions like "Don't Bet on Women." Thanks to alertly intelligent direction, which includes attractive settings and effective film-cutting, and to capable performance by all concerned, a flimsy little story is so embellished and pointed that it keeps an audience chuckling and marveling at the ease by which it is all accomplished. Counting exposition, treatment, dialogue, situation, here is provided an hour during which one may relax, be amused, and depart feeling exhilarated in spirit. And what more does one seek in any theatre?

Roger Fallon, rich and handsome, once married the wrong woman. His experience soured his estimates of women, he believed them an unscrupulous lot. When this former wife asked prettily for an independent annuity that she might marry a third time, Fallon agreed. This led to his introduction to Drake, an attorney with strong opinions, one being that all wives should be considered trustworthy and carried his strange premises to such heated climax that he forced on Fallon a wager of $10,000 that within 48 hours he (Fallon) could not kiss without use of force the first woman to cross a veranda's threshold. When that woman proved to be Drake's beautiful wife the comedy took on engaging proportions. The wife's anger when she learned of the wager through her niece, Tallulah, Drake's mental perturbation and Fallon's embarrassment become incentives for suspicion and misunderstandings. In the supreme test Jeanne offers her lips, Fallon refuses to fall, she slaps his face. Drake, observing the assault only, applauds, generously tears up Fallon's check. He thinks he has won the argument; but Jeanne blunts his victory by kissing Fallon as she bids him good-by. Noting this, the women in the audience will indulge in speculation. Was it good-by, or just pretence?

Mr. Lowe and Miss MacDonald play opposite each other admirably, he in his most ingratiating manner, she as a comedienne of growing talents. Acting honors, however, fall to Mr. Young as the middle-aged lawyer of orderly mind and specious theories, the husband who takes pills at night, runs his house on meticulous schedule. It has taken Hollywood a long time to discover that here is a comedian of intellect with a technique polished through repeated stage successes. Miss Merkle, as the Kentucky girl of blunt speech, now worldly wise and now unmistakably moronic, is very amusing. Mr. Kerrigan as Fallon's Irish friend whom Tallulah acquires without a struggle, does a small part well. W. E. G.

SCOLLAY SQUARE

"The Drums of Jeopardy"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Florence Ryerson from the novel of the same name by Harold McGrath; directed by George B. Seitz and presented by Tiffany with the following cast:

Boris Karloff	Warner Oland
Kitty Conover	June Collyer
Prince Nicholas Petroff	Lloyd Hughes
Gen Petroff	George Fawcett
Prince Ivan	Ernest Hilliard
Prince Gregor	Wallace MacDonald
Martin Kent	Hale Hamilton
Anya Karlov	Florence Lake
Peter	Miscah Auer
Aunt Abbie	Clara Blandick
Tazia	Ann Brody

Not very often do they get a first-run motion picture at the Scollay Square, but when they do the audiences are given their money's worth. In this screened thriller from Harold McGrath's sensational shocker will be found all the formulae of all the ages pertaining to the proper presentation of 10, 20 and 30 melodrama. The hero is not safe until the last minute, the arch-villain seems to possess more lives than a normal cat, the chief of the United States secret service seems to be incredibly stupid. And when we reach the last scene but one, who thwarts that mad bolshevik agent, Karlov, but good old Aunt Abbie, she of the vinegary tongue! With a quick thrust of the crooked handle of her umbrella she accomplishes what the hero and all the secret service men could not do. Further details must not be disclosed here. It is unethical to reveal the tag to any mystery play or story, however great the urge to do so.

Karlov's daughter, Anya, of the Russian ballet, dies after an unfortunate love affair with one of the Petroffs. She refuses to divulge his name, but Karlov finds tied in her handkerchief the famous Petroff rubies, known as "the drums of jeopardy," stolen from some far-east temple. He vows to send one of these precious drums to each of the Petroffs as warning of death. He will exterminate the name itself. When they flee to America he is there to greet them. There follows such a series of wild, improbable incidents of violence, actual or threatened, that one suspects Director Seltz of letting loose his stored-up ideas of travesty on a theme so sacred to the gallery gods and to that feminine group which loves to shriek in the theatre. Of the Petroffs, all were killed save Ivan, who has sought refuge in the roof studio of Kitty Conover in New York and who, we are then sure, must be spared to wed his fair preserver.

Mr. Oland again revels in one of those malignant roles which have made his name a synonym for exquisite villainy. He still has his troubles with the voice recorded, as note his "con-thid-er" and his "thee" for see. This unhappily gives his utterances an effeminate tone scarcely in keeping with his baleful deeds. Miss Blandick, as Kitty's voluble aunt, extracts a lot of fun out of her role, whether rushing uncorseted, for a doctor or telling Karlov and his henchmen what she thinks of them. The others are placed in such preposterous positions that it is impossible to gauge their histrionic virtues. Those who wish to see "The Drums of Jeopardy" should hasten Scollay Squareward, for it is doubtful if the picture will be shown elsewhere here.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Behind Office Doors"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by Carey Wilson from the story by Alan Brener Shultz; directed by Melville Brown and produced by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Mary Linden	Mary Astor
James Duneen	Robert Ames
Ronnie Wales	Ricardo Cortez
Dolores Kogan	Kitty Kelly
Daisy Presby	Edna Murphy
Ellen Robison	Catherine Dale Owen
Ritter	Charles Sellon
Robinson	William Morris

The director of "Behind Office Doors," current screen feature at the Keith-Boston Theatre, seems obsessed by the idea that the audience must be shown how good an emotional actress is Mary Astor. Accordingly the beautiful Mary is put through her paces in sequence after sequence of unreal dialogue and extraordinary futility. One is tempted to grant the director his purpose, to say: "Yes, yes, we know that Miss Astor is a good actress, but won't you please get on with the story?" Sad to say, he doesn't: the film rambles and rambles for well over an hour and a half and arrives at a conclusion that was evident from the first reel. A good cast and some amusing lines were lost in the shuffle and only poked their heads above water once in a while to let you know that they were there. Not for months have we seen a picture in which there was such an abundance of clipped scenes—brief, disjointed episodes that lasted about half a moment.

Mary Linden, handsome, quiet and super-efficient secretary in a big business concern, takes a more than sisterly interest in the welfare of the conceited James Duneen. She teaches him good English, the proper clothes to wear, even the right way to make business contacts and to run a manufacturing concern. Jim means well but is unutterably self-satisfied and obtuse. He accepts all Mary's devotion and spends his time and money on cheap little flirts. Finally he becomes engaged to a rich society girl, Ellen Robison, who forces Mary to leave the office because of her love for Jim. Not caring what happens to herself, Mary goes to Atlantic City with a rich admirer, Ronnie Wales, only to decide, once they have arrived, that she can't carry out the bargain.

Meantime, Jim, deprived of the efficient Mary, finds his business going from bad to worse. The silly little secretary, Daisy Presby, who had once caught his fancy, accidentally sets a fire in his house in which most of his important papers are destroyed. Finally, at his wits end, Jim discovers that Ellen had forced Mary to leave and breaks

off his engagement. After a few more complications, he comes to his senses, finds Mary and asks her to marry him. Mary Astor gives a quiet self-contained, honest performance as the much-enduring Mary. Her emotional scenes she handles without a straining for effect and she makes one believe as much as possible in the reality of the story. As Jim Duneen, Robert Ames gives his usual bluff and hearty performance—perfectly respectable but nothing very special. Ricardo Cortez has a brief and conventional role as Ronnie, and Edna Murphy is amusing as the little blonde fool, Daisy. E. L. H.

PARK

"The Love Kiss"

An all-talking screen drama with dialogue by Harry G. Smith; directed by Robert R. Snody and presented by Celebrity Productions, Inc., with the following cast:

Annabelle Lee ..... Olive Shea
Roger Jackson ..... Forrest Stanley
Helen Foster ..... Joan Bourdelle
Miss Primm ..... Alice Hegeman
William ..... Donald Meek
Ruth ..... Terry Carroll
Joan ..... Rita Crane
Mary ..... Berta Donn
Sally ..... Sally Mack

At the Park Theatre for the current week may be seen "The Love Kiss," another of those passionate dramas about boarding schools, the sort, you understand, that are run on somewhat co-educational principles. So casually conducted is it, that one of the mistresses remarks to a pupil unjustly accused of harboring a man in her room that it would have been such fun if there really had been a man. Of course, all the girls are madly in love with a handsome professor who is also athletic instructor, but because it is a girls' school, the plot does not come to a climax in a big football game.

Annabelle Lee, student at the Mount Eden school, is secretly in love with Roger Jackson, the aforesaid professor, who regards her coldly as an unmitigated flirt. The girls wager as to which of them he will kiss first and Annabelle almost wins out—when Jackson rescues her from her runaway horse—but she loses to Helen Foster, a snake in the grass and her chief rival. A dance comes along for which Annabelle had purchased a new dress, but Helen steals it, the other girls take the rest of Annabelle's party wardrobe and she is forced to go to the dance in her coat. Of course there is a misunderstanding when Jackson sees her scanty attire and Annabelle runs home to cry. Helen and her escort leave the party for an automobile ride; Helen picks up Annabelle's discarded coat and puts it on, thus leading Jackson to suppose that she is Annabelle.

Under this misapprehension, he pursues her, only to have his car wrecked when he tries to beat a train over a railroad crossing. The accident comes to the ears of the heads of the school, but Annabelle takes the blame for everything and is accordingly expelled. She returns to get her doll—one of those elaborate French affairs won by Jackson in a lottery and presented to her—and meets Jackson, who has been told by William the janitor, how sweet a girl she really is and how much she loves him. The cast did what they could, but the only real acting was contributed by Donald Meek as William. Olive Shea is pretty, Forrest Stanley stalwart and obtuse, and the rest of the cast, chiefly girls, behave in a very collegiate manner. E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL — "Elizabeth the Queen," Theatre Guild production, with Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt; 8:20.

COPLEY—"The Last Hour," English mystery play; 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"The Man in Possession," comedy, with Isabel Jeans, Leslie Banks, final week; 8:30.

WILBUR—"Petticoat Influence," comedy, with Helen Hayes, Henry Stephenson, 8:30.

NOTE—The Shubert and the Lyric theatres are dark; the Tremont and the Majestic theatres are showing motion pictures.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Monday evening series took place last night in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Overture to "Leonore" No. 3. Berezowsky, Symphony No. 1, Op. 10 (played without pause; first performance; conducted by the composer). Mendelssohn Violin Concerto (Leon Zighera, violinist). Rimsky-Korsakov, Caprice on Spanish themes.

There was a time in the history of this orchestra when any one of Weber's three greatest overtures was considered by conductors as a safe "filler" in any program. In recent years "Leonore" No. 3 has taken their place. A famous overture, to be sure, more dramatic than the opera "Fidelio," but like other works of Beethoven's it has been performed too often. There has been undue and injurious familiarity with it; so that audiences have come to take it for granted, and, no matter how brilliant the performance, are no longer thrilled by the trumpet's announcement offstage, nor by the tumultuous rejoicing at the discomfiture of the wicked master of the prison. If this overture were to be performed only once in several years, its grandeur would be more fully realized. Yet when a performance is so eloquent as that of last night, one is tempted to wish a repetition at no distant day.

Nicolai Berezowsky, born at Leningrad in 1900, studied there and in Vienna. He came to New York in 1922 and joined, as a violinist, the Philharmonic Orchestra of that city. His "Hebrew" suite was played at a concert of that orchestra in 1928. He continued his studies in New York and gave a violin recital there. He has composed orchestral and chamber music—including a work that has been performed in European cities as well as in this country. In January of this year he was a "guest" conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra.

The symphony, written, we hear, four years ago, is full of vitality, at times in a yeasty manner. It shows the exuberance of youth, which, after all, is preferable to the scheming callousness of a more mature composer, arranging in cold blood his patterns and an "original" harmonic scheme, in which all that is unfamiliar is carefully sought out. Mr. Berezowsky's thematic material is pleasing; melodious without being lush. The chief theme is created in an interesting manner in its varied reappearances. The motive for violas has character; the scherzo is sufficiently piquant; the finale bringing in the chief theme with insistence in tumultuously exciting. The orchestration suits no doubt the prevailing hurrah-boys spirit of the symphony. One would gladly hear passages of delicacy; recognize a more discreet use of the orchestra. A more frequent dynamic contrasts; a keener search after beauty of emotional expression. But one should not expect too much, even from a young man of an indisputable musical nature, who has a flaming temperament as was shown even in his conducting. His symphony means much to him, and if at times he "over-conducted," not sparing even the score which in his enthusiasm he knocked from the desk; if certain pages of the work seemed unnecessarily flamboyant, yet the very large audience felt that Mr. Berezowsky had something to say that was worth while, and often said it effectively; it felt this and was so pleased with his fiery spirit that it recalled him several times and in no perfunctory manner.

Mr. Zighera played in Boston for the first time. He is a brother of the harp-player and a leading violoncellist of the orchestra. He has won recognition in Paris, London and other European cities. His tone is not large, nor particularly rich—one should not say "sensuous" for the priggish Mendelssohn would haev shuddered if any violinist had thus disturbed his genteel and always agreeable concerts. Mr. Zighera showed facility and taste, though in the opening movement he was inclined to be feverish; and Mendelssohn was placid in rapidity. Mr. Zighera's tone was at times acid, especially in forte passages. The audience liked him: applauded him warmly, and appreciated Dr. Koussevitzky's accompaniment. The concert ended brilliantly with the Caprice. The sixth and last concert will be on April 27th.

THE PEOPLE'S CHORAL UNION

The People's Choral Union, long an admirable amateur singing organization of Boston, gave a concert last night at Jordan hall, Leland A. Arnold conducting. The program was as follows:

Stabat Mater ..... Dvorak
Stabat Mater Doloroso
Quartet and Chorus
Quis est Homo ..... Quartet
Eia, Mater ..... Chorus
Aria: Bel Raggio (from "Semiramide") Rossini
Marjorie Warren Leadbetter
Pilgrim Song ..... Tschaikowsky
None But the Lonely Heart ..... Tschaikowsky
Bid Me To Live ..... Hatton
Walter Kidder
Ave Verum ..... Mozart
Through the Dark the Dreamers Came
Mabel Daniels
Duet: Solenne In quest 'ora (from "La Forza del Destino") ..... Verdi
Mr. Boynton and Mr. Kidder
Aria: Adieu Forets (from "Jeanne D'Arc") Tschaikowsky
Abbie Conley Rice
Over the Mountains ..... Quilter
Sail Forth (from "In Memoriam") ..... Rogers
George Boynton
Slumber Song ..... Lohr
Hallelujah, Amen (from "Judas Maccabaeus") ..... Handel
Soloists—Marjorie Warren Leadbetter, soprano; Abbie Conley Rice, contralto; George Boynton, tenor, and Walter Kidder, baritone.

The most ambitious work of the chorus was done in Dvorak's Stabat Mater, a composition that rings labored and insincere through many of its pages and very seldom either ecstatic or deeply tragic. However, it was good material for this chorus (which in no wise pretends to virtuosity, but rather to mutual instruction) to set its teeth in. With the assistance of an unusually able quartet of soloists the People's Choral Union made this Stabat Mater interesting melodically, if not dynamically and rhythmically. Mr. Arnold is no doubt to be censured for not setting better tempi for his chorus; it is evident that they do their best to carry out his musical intent. The subtleties he seemed to be striving for are perhaps not the best objectives for an amateur chorus, no matter how well-meaning.

In Mabel Daniel's compact, well-written chorus, "Through the Dark the Dreamers Came," the People's Choral Union did its best singing. Their performance, and Miss Daniel's music, stirred and pleased the audience. The Choral Union also sang a slumber song of Lohr tenderly, and the Hallelujah Amen from "Judas Maccabaeus" with vigor.

The soloists of the evening had a fair share of the concert to carry. Besides the quartet of the Stabat Mater, the singers gave individual numbers, and Mr. Kidder and Mr. Boynton joined in singing a typical Verdi duet—Solenne in Quest 'Ora, from "La Forza del Destino" that was much appreciated.

Mrs. Leadbetter displayed her beautifully high, bird-like coloratura in two arch airs; Mrs. Rice sang Joan's "Farewell Forests," from Tschaikowsky's opera "Joan of Arc" in a rich voice, which would be startlingly lovely if she could free it from the smothered sound that comes from too constant an attempt to keep the tone darkly luscious.

Mr. Kidder's full-voiced, voluminous bass voice was heard to advantage in three songs; Mr. Boynton sang intelligently and pleasantly.

The audience was not large, but it was appreciative, and demanded extra numbers. E. B.

COPLEY THEATRE

"The Last Hour"

"The Last Hour," melodrama in three acts by Charles Bennett; produced at the Comedy Theatre, London, Dec. 20, 1928; presented last evening at the Copley Theatre with the following cast:

"Smartie" Walker ..... Harry A. Huguenot
Garge ..... Richard Whorf
Een ..... Jack Kuell
Mary Tregellis ..... Carolyn Humphries
hn Tregellis ..... Jack Storey
Peter Byron ..... Robert Henderson
Carol Blumfeldt ..... David Baker
An unexpected visitor ..... Frank Harrington
Prince Nichola de Kovatch ..... George Coulouris

Mr. Bennett calls his play "an adventure in three acts." He should have called it "murder in the first act, trusses and torture in the second, and carnage in the third." Not even in the most lurid thrillers ever staged by Mr. Clive in the not so remote past was there ever such wholesale manslaughter, such resounding bombing, such scenic destruction as occurred in the course of last night's performance. That the audience liked it seemed evident. The familiar gasps, shrieks and maidenly warnings were heard down-stairs and up, certain sign of alert interest and watchfulness.

Though the author lays many a blind trail as he introduces his various characters, it becomes evident in time that Prince Nichola de Kovatch, the cleverest spy in all Europe, has stolen the British government's most important scientific invention, the Havilland Death-Ray, an instrument capable of dealing out devastation of incalulable magnitude. He plans its removal from England by a ship which at the stroke of midnight shall carry it and its guardian to another land. The Prince has figured out every last detail. He will not go. He must appear the following day at the King's garden party. Unfortunately Marks, one of his minor aids, is killed. "Smartie" Walker, next choice, disappears. Luck, however, seems compassionate. A stranger arrives at "The Goat and Compasses," that lonely inn on the edge of Dartmoor, which serves as rendezvous for the prince and his most trusted accomplice, Blumfeldt, alias Dr. Logan. That stranger might be an escaped convict for whose apprehension the bells of Princetown prison are tolling. He might be a war-time friend of the innkeeper and lover of the innkeeper's daughter, believed dead these five years. He might be Col. Charteris, of the British secret service, and that last guess would be correct. Such a stupid and maladroit detective he turns out to be, though no more obtuse than his companion, the too loquacious Peter Byron.

Thereafter it becomes a game of wits, with the prince far the cleverer. He finds it necessary to shoot down the innkeeper and to conceal his body beneath the stairway. He trusses up first Byron and later the stranger, has Blumfeldt half-strangle them when they wax too impudent. He trains the death-ray on panels and doorways and walls, splintering them to accompaniment of blinding flashes and deafening detonations. But meantime he gets no nearer to the hovering ship off the coast; and everyone knows that villainy may seem to triumph but ultimately must be defeated. So fate, in the person of the wounded innkeeper, intervenes opportunely, to choke life out of the atrocious Blumfeldt, to fall upon the trigger which releases a parting death-ray blast at the wicked prince, at the very moment when he is making a politely phrased and apparently victorious exit.

Into such sanguinary diversions the players bravely plunged. Perhaps they enjoyed release from recent roles devoted to boudoir badinage or to lethargic folk drama. Mr. Coulouris, with black, pointed beard and in evening clothes, purred and barked and killed and maimed with sinister abandon. Mr. Baker was not far behind in resourceful deviltry. Mr. Huguenot was interesting as "Smartie," the cockney crook, as he duped Garge, the village constable, and Ben, his yokel assistant with his incessant "Aye," in a friendly three-card monte bout. It was a pity that "Smartie" had to pass out of the picture so early. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Harrington played the brace of secret service men, noisily and blunderingly, as the playwright willed it. They did not even see Blumfeldt pass his revolver to the prince, an almost fatal oversight. Mr. Storey was the innkeeper, a plotter against his will but a splendid instrument of vengeance. Miss Humphries wore cheerful gowns, and modish, for such dreary environment. Mr. Whorf out-Clived his preceptor as the comic constable, though in moments of stress he blended cockney and brogue with sublime indifference. If he shouted too loudly in the final act it was in self-defence. The others evidently were trying to repair the one neglect of the death-ray,—namely, to raise the roof. W. E. G.

Mch 18 1931

PAUL VELLUCCI

Paul Vellucci, pianist, gave a recital at Jordan hall last evening. He played the following program: Schobert, Allegro, Presto; Bach, Sonata in D major (Allegro, Lento quasi recitativo, Allegro moderato, Adaglo, Allegro Scherzando); Brahms, Sonata in F minor, Op. 5; Debussy, Soiree dans Grenade; Fairchild, En Bateau, Toccata (Promenade a cheval a Long Island); Infante, El Vito.

Schobert, of whom a couple of very pleasant, lively movements opened Mr. Vellucci's concert last night, is not Franz Schubert disguised by an easy-going printer (though concert programs, to be sure, are rarely models of typographic perfection) but an exceedingly popular harpsichord virtuoso of the 18th century, of "brilliant and enchanting execution, and unequalled facility and clearness." Not much is known about him except that he was "raised" at Strasburg, dismissed for negligence from a post as organist at Versailles, established himself very successfully at Paris, and died (with his wife, children, a servant, and a friend) through eating what he thought were mushrooms, leaving behind him some chamber music, six piano concertos, and four books of piano sonatas. The Bach whose sonata Mr. Vellucci also played is doubtless Johann Christian, the great Sebastian's 11th son, certainly not J. S. himself. This, too, was pleasing harpsichord music, of Italian rather than German style, piquantly enlivened by unexpected modulations and inconclusive cadences. Mr. Vellucci played this old music very delicately, with a natural grace and with a quiet clarity that, however, strangely retreated at moments into an exasperatingly impenetrable vagueness—the effect of excessive delicacy. But his handling of the little fugue that occurred in the sonata was admirably transparent, the parts well handled, the pedalling judicious.

Of Mr. Vellucci's playing of Brahms's F minor sonata less complimentary terms must be used. Isolated moments of beauty there were; but in general the spirit of the work was missed, languishing rubatos were introduced in defiance of the composer's clearly stated intentions (as in the second subject of the first movement), the performance bristled with wrong notes, many of them due to technical insufficiency, others evidently to inaccurate reading of the score. Attempts had been made to simplify the music; in the scherzo, for example, an octave skip of a ninth had been changed to the easy but less effective interval of a second. The finale was by far the best performed of the movements, although the pianist lacked the power to build up its climax effectually. He deserved all praise for his limpid and unsentimental treatment of the too saccarine melody that occurs soon after the opening of this movement.

Debussy's "Evening in Granada," like most French impressions of Spain, pales

now beside the abundance of genuinely Spanish piano music that has recently become familiar. Since Blair Fairchild's "Toccata" was inspired by a gallop on Long Island, his "En Bateau" was sufficiently interesting to warrant research on this question. In "El Vito," by Infante, a series of variations—some of them musically effective—upon a good Spanish tune provided a moderately brilliant display of technique. Mr. Vellucci was applauded warmly. S. S.

Mch 20, 1931

By PHILIP HALE

The 19th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place last night in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Overture and Scherzo from the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Honegger, Symphony. Tchaikovsky, Piano Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor (Vladimir Horowitz, pianist). Strauss, Dance of The Seven Veils from the opera "Salome."

The fame of Mendelssohn has had its ups and downs and again its ups. It was natural that after the slobbering adoration of the English, there should be a reaction, but he did not deserve the contempt with which his amiable music was treated in certain quarters. Most surprising of all the shifting opinions is the favoring attitude of the wild-eyed members of the younger French school, who speak approvingly of him—in a somewhat patronizing manner—at the expense of Cesar Franck and his disciples, who, it is true, are more or less irritating in their sermonizing. The man that wrote the music for Shakespeare's comedy, the overture to "Fingal's Cave" and the "Walpurgis Night" is not to be ignored even in 1931. Some might think that the overture was performed last night in a too heroic vein—as if there were profound "meaning" in the comedy and the music, but all would agree that the Scherzo was played delightfully; so delightfully that the audience insisted twice on the players standing with several recalls for the conductor.

Honegger's symphony was brought out for the second time this season. The first movement seemed again to be ineffectively ugly and impotently bombastic. The fine ideas in the slow movement are at times curiously perverted, and in a labored manner. In the Finale one finds Honegger at his best, and not only by reason of the lovely, peaceful final measures, the calm after the "sturm and drang," the roaring of the billows and the howling of the winds.

With every performance of Tchaikovsky's concerto the wonder grows that after the launching of his imposing, inspiring theme, he threw it aside carelessly as a little thing of his own, but not worthy of reappearance or development. The announcement, whether it is made by the orchestra or by the pianist, is a cruel blow to legitimate expectation of what will be done with this theme. Mr. Horowitz gave a remarkable virtuoso interpretation of the concerto, remarkable for brilliance and dash. An interpretation that excited admiration and tumultuous applause on account of the display of technical proficiency. whenever Tchaikowsky is emotional, whenever he puts on the poet's robe, Mr. Horowitz leaves us cold. He is an illustrious member of the school that regards the piano first of all as a huge percussion instrument. But one can sing emotionally as well as melodiously on a piano, and Mr. Horowitz, with all his technical proficiency, his strength, his fire, has not a singing tone. It is said that he more or less recently went to Berlin, where his impetuosity was somewhat chastened; but the pedagogues in that city are not the ones to turn a virtuoso—in the common meaning of that word—into an emotional or even a mildly poetic pianist. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an accompaniment that was marvelous, and when the composer called on them for song, they sang.

An engrossing performance of Salome's dance brought the end to an interesting concert that will be repeated this afternoon.

The programs of Friday afternoon, March 27, and Saturday evening, March 28, belong to the Bach festival in memory of Henry L. Higginson, the founder of the orchestra.

Friday afternoon Suite No. 3, D major; Concerto for two violins (Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz), and two cantatas, "Ich bin ein guter Hirt" and half of "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort" sung by the Bach Cantata Club. On Saturday night the program will comprise the Easter cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden;" the Brandenburg concerto No. 5, preludes and fugues to be played by Mr. Borovsky, and the cantata "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." The solo singers will be Mmes. Evans and Matzenauer; Messrs. Crooks and Gange.

METROPOLITAN

"Doctors' Wives"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the novel by Henry and Sylvia Lieferant; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Dr. Jude Penning ..... Warner Baxter
Nina Wyndram Penning ..... Joan Bennett
Dr. Kane Ruyter ..... Victor Varconi
Vivian Crosby ..... Helene Millard
Dr. Calucci ..... Paul Porcasi
Julia Wyndram ..... Nancy Gardner
Dr. Mark Wyndram ..... John St. Polis
Aunt Amelia ..... Cecilia Loftus
Dr. Roberts ..... George Chandler
Lou Roberts ..... Violet Dunn
Charlotte ..... Ruth Warren
Mrs. Kent ..... Louise Mackintosh
Rudie ..... William Maddox

For the current week the feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre is "Doctors' Wives," a prolonged sermon on the senseless jealousies of the unfortunate women whose husbands write M. D. after their names. If you walk into your husband's consulting room and find him with a lady patient in an extreme state of undress, you should not hurry out and slam the door in a pet. Not at all: you should tipote out, breathing sympathy for the unfortunate woman who is no doubt suffering from some obscure and terrible complaint. Again, if you should see your handsome husband kissing another lady in becoming negligee, you must understand that it is merely because she is going away and wants a farewell salute to keep in memory of her unrequited love. That, at least, you may gather from the unhappy experiences of the heroine of "Doctors' Wives."

Some unwise cutting at crucial moments left the audience wondering just what was going on, anyway. These excisions helped confuse a plot that was pretty improbable as it stood and make it even less easy to believe. Judson Penning, a brilliant and handsome young surgeon, marries Nina Wyndram, but finds life growing difficult when she fails to understand that his patients must come first, even on their wedding night. That Nina was a doctor's daughter seemed to have taught her nothing. She is jealous of the attractive women that throng Jude's office and particularly of Vivian Crosby, who is quite evidently fascinated by him. Finally she catches him kissing Vivian and in a temper rushes off to Dr. Kane Ruyter, a brilliant research man, Jude's friend of many years' standing, and desperately in love with her.

She gives herself to him for a night and then returns home to tell Jude that she is through with him for good, not telling him the real reason. She gets a job as probationer at a big hospital and so chances to be on hand when Jude is called on to operate on Ruyter. She learns her lesson and goes back to her husband.

The acting was very uneven. Certainly the most natural performance was that of Cecilia Loftus as Jude's worldly, witty and understanding Aunt Amelia. Next must come the sincere and interesting work of Victor Varconi as Kane Ruyter. He really looked and acted as you might expect of a medical genius who had chosen work instead of women. His pronounced foreign accent was not in any way a handicap. The two star performers, Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett, were frequently disappointing. Mr. Baxter, debonair and handsome as always, failed to convey the illusion that he was really a doctor, though he acted with a praiseworthy attempt at conviction. Miss Bennett wore a variety of charming evening dresses and negligees, but seemed to find the contradictions of her part somewhat bewildering, as well she might. The hospital equipment and laboratories had a very authentic look, and were the most realistic features of the film.—E. L. H.

REPERTORY

"The Girl from the Reeperbahn"

An all-talking German picture adapted from the story by Benno Vigny; music by Willy Engel-Berger; a Sonor Film Company production directed by Karl Anton with the following cast:

Uwe Bull ..... Hans Von Schlettow
Hanna Bull ..... Olga Tschekova
Jens ..... Josef Rowensky
Margot ..... Trude Berliner
Pepito ..... Andre Pilot

Two more alien actresses who might find favor with Hollywood producers if they could learn the English language carry off honors in this German film detailing a phase of the eternal triangle as only German directors and cameras can. The leading woman is supposed to be Trude Berliner, youthful, with mobile features which can appear sullen or radiant in a flash. The "heavy" would be Olga Tschekova, a Russian player whose profile brings jolting reminders of Greta Garbo, whose unfathomable eyes as definitely suggest Marlene Dietrich. She is the more talented of the two, it would seem. Both have personality, histrionic talent, camera poise. It would be very interesting to see and to hear them after a probationary training under some one of our best directors.

The Reeperbahn, one is told, corresponds to the Barbary Coast of San Francisco or the cabaret district of New York. Margot, the girl, a frequenter of these pleasure-vending resorts, a shallow, selfish little wanton, has been rescued from the sea by Jens, a stolid helper to Uwe Bull, keeper of a light house. Jens is a mute, a pitiable relic of the war, befriended by Uwe. The latter, a big oaf of a man, has married Hanna, from the village, pretty, placid, and practical. She dons overalls and clumsy boots, fusses with machinery, guards the light even more zealously than either of the two men. She has aged since her happy wedding. Uwe, never a demonstrative lover, has grown to accept her more as an accessory of the tower's equipment than as an object of endearment. Sensing this, Margot baits Uwe, tantalizes him, provokes him to drink and to base passions. The wife endures quietly, Jens watches broodingly. Margot and the two men visit a cabaret, where Pepito, a handsome sailor, ogles her, sings sentimental songs to her and to the other girls in the place. Uwe drunk, jealous and ugly, starts a fight, and all three are thrown out, as Pepito finishes the song with another girl.

Soon the tragic climax arrives. Uwe prepares to elope with Margot even when the light fails because of faulty mechanism, when ships' plaints are heard from the murky seas. Jens, now a demon aroused, making horrible sounds in his throat, drives Margot away, tries to induce Hanna to pursue her bewitched husband. She refuses to leave the light, they struggle, the weakened stairway breaks, and Jens is hurled down to his death. Hanna, left swinging from a single iron railing, is rescued by Uwe, suddenly remorseful. The two reset the light, reach new understanding. For fade-out, we see Margot drinking with a new lover in a curtained cabaret.

Karl Anton has directed with that dramatic instinct which seems to mark all German directors, and for the most part has kept the picture at steady pace. His camera does wonders, following the winding staircase from lighthouse base to tower with fascinating effects, catching every flickering mood of bare chambers and the persons acting out a drama with them. The settings are realistic and the cabaret scenes lively. There are several musical numbers, well done but less appealing than those of "Zwei Herzen im ¾ Takt." That fact, however, should not deter one from enjoyment of "The Girl from the Reeperbahn."

W. E. G.

ARLINGTON THEATRE

Vincent Voodoos

A George M. Miles Production

No show since the Vincent Club has turned to the musical review has been more gorgeous than this year's Voodoos. George B. Erdman has brought with him magnificent settings and superb costumes in which to display Boston's wit and beauty. Amide so much splendor it would perhaps be straining at a gnat to take exception to the valentine effect of the bouquet in the "Flower from an old Bouquet." More justifiable, however, was the overheard criticism that the make-up was laid on "just too, too cruelly, my dear." Ruby Newman's popular orchestra did more than justice to the excellent music of the review and the cast gave him the support of clear and firm voices.

Mrs. Higginson and Miss Scaife, in "Every Bit of You," the duet in "A Flower from an Old Bouquet," and Mrs. Proctor and Miss Warren in "Venetian Nights" deserve special mention for their singing. But soloists cannot carry such numbers as these alone. The choruses gave their principals the fullest support. The Vincent Club has always been noted for the excellent training of its choruses and the dancing in this show lives up to this reputation. Not only in the numbers just mentioned but in others like "High Hatters," "Maids on Parade," or "Sweetheart of the Vincent Boys," the steps were accurate and executed with a verve and spirit which showed how much the dancers enjoyed themselves.

Outstanding for a happy combination of prettiness with grace were the dances in "Flowers of an Old Bouquet" and for effective color and gaiety that of the gondoliers in "Venetian Nights." Undoubtedly, however, for technical perfection the palm should go, as always, to the drill—"Soldiers of the Guard." While the girls' voices were not entirely adequate to carry the martial strains or live up to the striking setting of the opening guardroom carouse, thereafter the complicated figures were executed with precision, snap, and swing which would have done credit to professionals. Spectacular scenes are an inevitable part of musical shows and those which stood out in the voodoos were the finale, "Bird of Paradise," and "The Young King," which opened the second act. This last, adapted from the story of Oscar Wilde, took the place of the fashion parades of previous years and gave the cast a chance to parade some very elaborate and variegated costumes in a mediaeval setting of palace and cathedral. If the purpose of this number was simply display, it may be said to have succeeded. If, however, it aimed to present something of the feeling for contrast and the quixotic which characterized the middle ages, it lost much of its effect by the too delicate tones of its composition. Cardinals in pink would have outraged thirteenth century taste.

The special dances allowed those who have individual talents to display them admirably. Among these numbers may be mentioned the "Cane Dance" of Miss Draper and Miss Porter, the "Fox Trot Tap" of Misses Bent and Whitman, and notably the "Tennis Dance" of the sisters Palfrey. The generous applause accorded to the last was a tribute to the talent which these stars brought from the courts to the stage. A comedy number, "Back Bay Backyards," gave sympathetic rending of the woes of washerwomen. In "An Oriental Phantasy" Mrs. Cummings and Miss Blake and in "Venetian Nights" Miss Morison displayed a rhythm and grace in interpretative dancing which would have done credit to professionals.

In fact, those who lament the passing of the old type of Vincent show in which persons and the topical was preferred to groups and the grand could derive satisfaction from the wide range of individual talent. Mrs. John Thayer, supported by Miss Whitman or by Mrrs. Rand or by the Harmony Trio, has lost none of her art of miming. And Miss Parker an "Old Lady Traveling," upheld a deserved reputation for character parts. An unusual event, at least in recent shows, was the playing and singing of their own compositions by Miss Wambolt and Miss Read. Mention should also be made of the lyrics contributed to this number by Mr. Hart an dthe music both for this and the finale by Mr. Batchelder. These excellent results, diverse abilities, suggest that further talents may have been hidden under the weight of the larger numbers and inspire a hope that some day simplicity and individuality may reassert themselves.

The Voodoos, however, can hold their own against any amateur production and will keep those who have the intelligence to spend their money not only on a good cause but on a fine entertainment, an evening of tune and step, of fun and grace, of youth and beauty.

M. H.

Mch 21

LOEW'S STATE

"Kiki"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sam Taylor from the play of the same name by David Belasco; directed by Sam Taylor and produced by United Artists with the following cast:

Kiki ..... Mary Pickford
Victor Randall ..... Reginald Denny
Alfred Rapp ..... Joseph Cawthorn
Paulette Valle ..... Margaret Livingston
Eddie ..... Phil Tead
Bunson ..... Fred Walton
Dr. Smiley ..... Edwin Maxwell

The reconstruction of Mary Pickford's career is not proving so easy a matter as might have been supposed. With her latest vehicle, "Kiki," now showing at Loew's State Theatre, the difficulties become apparent. The story in itself bears unmistakable traces of age, and the harder Mary acts to cover them up the more apparent they become. If the plot starts to flag, Mary immediately screams, puts on another absurd costume or throws a fit. She throws a great many and the result is extremely noisy. There are numerous amusing sequences, such as the one in which Mary, dancing in the chorus of a big musical show, gets all mixed up in her routine and ends by sharing the curtain calls with the infuriated star, and the first of her scraps with the small but indignant butler of the man with whom she is in love. The rest of the time she seems bent on proving that Douglas Fairbanks cannot monopolize all the acrobatic renown in the family.

Briefly, the story tells of the frantic and finally successful efforts of Kiki, a most incredible specimen of humanity and an impossible chorus girl, to win the love of Victor Randall, the debonair young producer of the show in which she is taking part. This she achieves by pestering the life out of him, destroying the letters that come to him from his temperamental ex-wife, Paulette Valle, refusing to leave his apartment, bullying the life out of his unhappy butler and finally by pretending to have a cataleptic fit. The material is thin and when eked out for a hour and a half wears almost transparent. It is not meant as derogatory to Mary Pickford to say that this sort of thing is not really in her line. Much of it was horseplay, and frequently strained horseplay, too. Mary can do better than this and we sincerely hope and trust that she will.

The picture being what it is, a vehicle for Mary Pickford, the star occupied the centre of the stage nine-tenths of the time. She acted for all she was worth and in her quieter moments was often appealing and amusing. Once called on to display temperament, however, she positively ripped the scenery to fragments and wore herself out in an effort to be too cunning and too pestiferous for words. The minor roles were all well handled. Reginald Denny, as the principal victim of Kiki's tantrums, was his usual pleasant and agreeable self.

Joseph Cawthorne, as an elderly friend of Victor, and Fred Walton as Victor's chief assistant—a kind-hearted and melantholy individual—were excellent. Margaret Livingston made a handsome and tempestuous Paulette and Phil Tead appeared to advantage as a bewildered butler. E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"The Last Parade"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Dorothy Howell from the story by Casey Robinson; directed by Erle C. Kenton and produced by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Cookie Leonard ..... Jack Holt
Mike O'Dowd ..... Tom Moore
Molly Pearson ..... Constance Cummings
Larry Pearson ..... Gaylord Pendleton
Marino ..... Robert Ellis
Lefty ..... Earle D. Bunn
Vivi Vivi
Rosenberg ..... Jess De Voreka
Chief of police ..... Ed Le Saint
City editor ..... Edmund Breese
Alabam' ..... Clarence Muse
Joe ..... Gino Corrado
Danny Murphy ..... Robert Graham

Not all gangster pictures are grimly realistic from start to finish. Here is one which contrives to put its audience in good humor with the very first sequences and maintains that mood until nearly to the end. Even that conclusion, dramatic as it is intended to be, is so staged that the tragedy of the situation by which a man must walk to the death chair is mitigated by the ingenious twist in the manner of his exit. He does not walk alone. Cookie Leonard, war hero and racketeer, consistently adhering to his peculiar code to the melancholy end, has as supporting companions in that fateful procession Mike O'Dowd, the man whose life he saved outside the trenches, now a homicide squad captain of police, and Molly Pearson, a pretty lass who had nursed them both when they lay in a hospital, one with a leg wound, the other with his left eye shot out. In every Armistice day parade these three, like Aramis, Athos and Porthos, had joined proudly and joyously. Now, with the pall of ignominious death over one of them, they marched in Cookie's last parade.

Many exciting things had happened after the war's close. Mike had returned to the police force, as sergeant, with promotions to come. Cookie, whose first name was Chauncey, "but don't let that mislead you" as he himself remarked—found no place awaiting him as a newspaper reporter, though a tablet recording his valor adorned the outer wall. From the bread line he drifted into hi-jacking, thence to ownership of a night club and bootlegging privileges of wide scope. Marino, oily Italian head of a rival gang, feared and hated him. When Larry Pearson, Molly's brother, also a reporter, wrote too searchingly about Marino's activities in his paper, the Italian threatened reprisals. Cookie had just promised Molly to quit and to take her and Larry to California when Marino kidnapped and killed Larry. Cookie, self-appointed guardian of the lad, went alone to Marino's warehouse, raked him with machine gun slugs, surrendered to his one staunch male friend, O'Dowd. In half an hour he had sacrificed happiness and future on the altar of friendship and loyalty. He had condemned himself to the chair.

In all this there is humor of speech and of situation. There is suspense, as is essential in all underworld narratives. There are also several excellent, informative characterizations by Mr. Holt, Mr. Moore, Mr. Ellis as Marino, by Mr. Muse as the Negro boy, Alabam', and by Mr. Breese as the city editor, though he does make this one an abnormally callouseed executive. "The Last Parade" might have been better. It might have been worse. It emerges as fair entertainment of its species.

W.E.G.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Fifty Million Frenchmen"

An all-talking screen comedy, adapted by Joseph Jackson, Al Boasberg and Eddie Welch from the musical play of the same name by Herbert Fields; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warners with the following cast:

Jack ..... William Gaxton
Simon ..... Olsen
Peter ..... Johnson
Violet ..... Helen Broderick
Baxter ..... Lester Crawford
Michael ..... John Halliday
Pernasse ..... Charles Judels
Looloo ..... Claudia Dell
Joyce ..... Evalyn Knapp
Marcelle ..... Camelita Geraghty
Mrs. Carroll ..... Daisy Belmore
Mrs. Rosen ..... Vera Gordon
Mr. Rosen ..... Nat Carr
Fakir ..... Bela Lugosi

"Fifty Million Frenchmen," musical comedy by Herbert Fields and Cole Porter, has been transferred to the screen minus its musical score and may now be seen as the feature attraction at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia Theatres. Several members of the stage cast, notably Helen Broderick and William Gaxton, retain their original roles. To provide the farcical element, two vaudeville comedians are thrust into the plot to play some of their supposedly excruciating tricks. None the less, it is to Miss Broderick and once in a while to Mr. Gaxton, that the credit for the laughter belongs.

Jack Forbes, rich American youth footloose in Paris, wagers with his friend, Michael Cummings, that he can stay in the city for two weeks, earn enough money to support himself and marry Looloo Carroll, one of the several pretty girls who has caught his fancy. He tries all sorts of expedients, especially that of American Express Company guide, and passes more than a few ludicrous moments trying to get Violet, a thoroughly experienced tourist, satisfactorily insulted. Violet has been everywhere and seen everything, but she is quite willing to pay generously for some real excitement. In and out of the proceedings wander two fake detectives, Simon and Peter, whom Cummings hires to make sure that Jack earns all his money and does not borrow or steal it.

The ramifications of the plot defy comprehensive compilation. There is a horse race, a party where Jack steals the clothes of an Indian magician, tricks Cummings out of his money and breaks his watch, some wild chases up hill and down dale, ending with the marriage of Looloo and Jack at the last possible moment. Mr. Gaxton, very much in the same manner as he played on the stage, dashes through his role in a brash and breathless fashion. Miss Broderick is laconic, angular and extremely amusing. As for Olson and Johnson, opinions may differ; many seem to like them, while to others, ourselves included, they are excessively unfunny. John Halliday and Claudia Dell are satisfactory in minor roles. E. L. H.

mch 22

DOROTHY GORDON

Yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall, Dorothy Gordon gave a "Young People's Concert Hour"—her second this season. "Hour" in this connection is an elastic term, since the concert lasted an hour and a half—rather longer, indeed, than the attention and politeness of a youthful audience might reasonably be expected to hold out. But Miss Gordon has the power to interest and amuse and charm her hearers, and to keep their interest alive and constantly renewed; there were few signs of inattention or boredom. The children were often invited to join in the music-making, and with a little tactful encouragement did so with gusto. The house divided into three parts, they sang the old French round "Frere Jacques." In French again they lifted up their voices heartily in "Sur le Pont d'Avignon;" they launched themselves zestfully into the cumulative refrain of the English folk song, "All In a Wood There Grew a Tree," with its endless and memory-taxing catalogue; they whistled and sang happily at the appropriate moments of "Grandma Grunts." Undoubtedly, it is by thus enticing the children into active participation, and by her informal and informative comments and unforced humor, as well as by her charmingly sweet and fresh voice and clear intonation, that Miss Gordon succeeds so well in pleasing and interesting the many children who come to her concerts.

Her program yesterday included groups of songs from the British Isles (including Welsh and Hebridean songs), from the Continent of Europe (Brittany, Germany, Provence, Spain, Italy), and America (Negro spirituals), and a half-dozen songs from the A. A. Milne-Fraser-Simpson books, "When We Were Very Young" and "Now We Are Six." There were, as usual, many changes of costume which contributed to the pleasures of the afternoon. Miss Gordon was warmly applauded. S. S.

WEDDINGS

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY: Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M. Pepole's Symphony orchestra, Thompson Stone, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8 P. M. Elly Ney, pianist. Beethoven program: Sonatas, op. 111, op. 27, No. 2 ("Moonlight"), op. 57 ("Appassionata"), variations op. 34; Andante Favori.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Cantor H. Leon Masovetsky. Edythe Barr, accompanist

TUESDAY: Symphony hall, 4:30 and 8:30 P. M. Bach's mass in B minor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Martha Cantor, pianist. Her first recital in Boston: Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Cantico. Royce, Theme and Variations. Beethoven, Sonata, A flat major. Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio, Chopin, Etude, F major, Impromptu, A flat major. Paganini-Liszt, Etude, E flat major. Weber, Rondo, E flat major.

WEDNESDAY: Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Organ and harpsichord music by Bach. Bliss Perry will speak about Maj. H. L. Higginson. See psecial notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Donald Grout, pianist. Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue, E minor. Weber, Perpetual Motion. Debussy, Sarabande and Toccata. Beethoven, Sonata, op. 24. Griffes, The Fountain of the Aqua Paola. Turina, Orria. Liszt, Gnomenreigen. Chopin, Scherzo, B minor.

THURSDAY: Symphony hall, 8:30 P. M. Instrumental music and the Magnificat by Bach. See special notice.

FRIDAY, Symphony hall, 2:30. Boston Symphony orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Instrumental and vocal music by Bach. See special notice.

SATURDAY, Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra. A different program of instrumental and vocal music by Bach from that of Friday night. See special notice.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Montrose J. Moses, accomplished and indefatigable, has edited "Dramas of Modernism and Their Forerunners," a volume of 741 pages—the plays in double columns—published by Little, Brown & Co., "Edited with Introductions and Biographies," also with short individual biographies—Mr. Moses is too modest, for his preface of seven pages is valuable for its view of present dramatic tendencies.

He begins by saying that reading a play is not an easy matter. The dramatic form is not "a running narrative . . . the Modern Drama is demanding of close scrutiny, because it attempts to do so much that can only be suggested and can never be definitely stated."

It will be remembered that some thought in years gone by that certain plays—as Charles Lamb said of "King Lear"—should be read, for they defied acting, while others insisted, and still insist, that a play is not a play until it is put on the stage. Mr. Moses speaks of those who read plays so rapidly that they are liable to miss the point, "to neglect those infinite sidelights that elucidate character and enlighten motives." He tells of a person who had read such an "apparent" play as "Monna Vanna"—she was a member of a club "doing" the modern drama. "Of course," she said, "nothing like that could ever happen in our town." "Maybe not," Mr. Moses suggested, "but let us hope that if a similar situation should arise amongst you, there would be one woman at least willing to do for her town what Monna Vanna did for hers." Reading the play this woman had lost the point. "She was intent only on the Lady Godiva situation." Another member of that club failed to see the human sympathy expressed by Luka in Gorky's "Lower Depth"; she could see only the wretched persons "over whom floated a miasma of dank, malodorous thoughts and actions." And so in reading a play of subtle character one has to supply what the stage director and the scenic artist give in the production. "The modern drama belongs to a scientific age."

The plays selected by Mr. Moses are Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard"; Gorky's "Lower Depths"; Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped"; Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight"; Toller's "The Machine Wreckers"; Lenormand's "Dream Doctor"; Pirandello's "Right You Are (if you think so)"; the Capeks' "Adam the Creator"; Molnar's "Liliom"; Strindberg's "There Are Crimes and Crimes"; Maugham's "The Circle"; Milne's "The Truth About Blayds"; Nichols and Browne's "Wings Over Europe"; Kelly's "Craig's Wife"; Howard's "The Silver Cord," and O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms." He chose this play by O'Neill, because its steady "glow of passion" shows him at his best. Mr. Moses does not approve of the murder of the child, and thinks that if Abbie had killed old man Cabot instead, there would have been just as effective a close to the play, and a more vivid impression would have been left, for the audience would have felt that the action was justified. To Mr. Moses there is the old melodramatic violence in O'Neill's plays as well as the modern note. "He uses symbolism and realism side by side." In this particular play is "bitterness mingled with beauty." "Desire Under the Elms" was performed last month in London before a subscribing audience, for the censor would not allow a public performance. Ivor Brown described the drama as "fiery and flinty," having all the unrelenting vigor of Mr. O'Neill's workshop, "and vigor has a scarcity value nowadays." Not that the dramatist sees both sides of a question. "He gets an idea and drives ahead, even to the extent of stepping on the gas for four or five hours at a stretch. In this play, having gone to earth, he fairly rolls in it." The dramatist planting a Phaedra "in the soil of Cabot's farm has mixed the lust of property with the lust of sex. . . . It is this interplay of the two greeds which gives the emotion its freshness and authenticity. The peasants are not just clinical cases and specimens of sexual psychology. They are common clay, conditioned by the eternal strife with clay in a war, which has no glory, no banner, and no drums."

Mr. Moses wisely says that the theatre is not a place where we must always be proving something; one of its functions is to amuse an audience. Mr. Milne has set his own standards; "he is held in the chains of whimsy, and he can move only so far as those chains will allow him." In all he does he shows himself the gentle man and the gentleman; thoroughly British in his humor." Some will wish that Mr. Moses had chosen "Mr. Pim Passes By."

As for George Kelly, he has "an unerring eye for realistic detail, a wit that is tinctured with sardonic humor, and a moral purpose seen in a relentless indignation. No American playwright since Clyde Fitch, has so thoroughly understood feminine human nature." His background has been mainly a "depressing middle-class atmosphere." He is thoroughly native.

There is an admirable study of Maugham, of whom Mr. Moses says, "No one, writing for the British theatre, has maintained a better style in the special field of light comedy." In the introduction to "The Circle" Mr. Moses has much to say about the realistic mood of the English, how they are keenly concerned with the state of society in the British empire; how their dramatists are revaluing that which is gradually slipping from them. The new drama is strange to the English because it differs from what is accepted as life in the average English home. (And so the late Henry A. Clapp of Boston failed to appreciate Ibsen, because, as he once wrote, the situations and the characters in the Norwegian's play could not possibly be accepted in New England.) The London critics—all of them except Ashley Dukes—"view the new theatre sceptically" This is a rather sweeping statement. The British theatre is still too comfortable, or else too commercial.

Molnar has brilliancy. "It is because he is so entertaining, so brilliant,

so artificial, that 'Liliom' has, in his career as a dramatist, such a worthy place as something not wholly artificial but to a great degree profoundly sincere."

One wishes that Mr. Moses had written a special introduction to Pirandello's play instead of coupling him with Lenormand; that he had done for the Sicilian what he has done for Chekhov and others. He shrewdly says of Chekhov: "If we, in America, have felt that there is a drabness to his plays, that there is a lack of gayety to them, I believe the reason for it lies in the overseriousness manner of their presentation. The fault is not in Chekhov. For, while there is an infinite sadness in the movements of the characters in his dramas, such sadness as Matthew Arnold speaks of, 'where ignorant armies clash by night,' there is also an exalted expectancy that permeates the dialogue." One might add to understand and appreciate more fully Chekhov's plays one should read his short stories—as "The Steppe."

Gorky's "Lower Depths" may not have literary style—less than in any modern play known to Mr. Moses—yet this play has "in the effect it creates on the reader a greater richness of human contrasts. . . . I have selected it for this volume, not because I have great belief in the greatness of Gorky as a dramatist, but because it represents a triumph in the manipulation of realistic detail."

"Chekhov was gifted with a mental wisdom; Andreyev was wrecked by a passionately restless and ungovernable nature. Chekhov was moved by a beautiful sadness through which shone gently a great compassion; Andreyev was conquered by a pessimism in his search for some meaning to life."

With Lenormand, Mr. Moses, as we have said, couples Pirandello under the head, "The Psychic Drama." The cerebral quirks by which Pirandello mystifies us when, through a logical method that is brilliant but cold, he turns the world upside down, are put in a polished form that makes all concessions to the old theatre. The Freudian interest in Lenormand who, with a cold passion, stirs the inner depths of his characters, looking for dormant influences, is poured into a more unconventional mold. He is in a decided manner a follower of the Expressionistic school. . . . There seems to be both in Lenormand and Pirandello an exultation when proof is reacted; they both say 'Ha!' What is reality? Is this truth? No. Is that truth? No. 'Ha,' exclaims Pirandello, what is the secret gnawing at your soul? And working its way whether you are asleep or awake? Is it this? No. Is it that? No. Is it this canker worm? Yes. 'Ha!' exclaims Lenormand. The one is the way of the logician, the philosopher, the other is the way of the psychiatrist."

Capek's drama may be "ironical of social condition, may excoriate human nature and mass action, may smile disdainfully at nationalistic tendencies, but no comedy after all is of value that does not seek to clear the atmosphere by such a critical method. Capek's plays are not steeped in personal mood; they have more social propagandists. His attitude is distinctly post-war. And though his comedies on the surface may appear light and fantastic, there is deep tragic note to them which is cleansing and beneficial."

The preface and the introductions tempt one to read and ponder and reread, leaving the plays themselves, with pachesi, the old-fashioned backgammon, and bezique for the relaxation of old age. The contributions of Mr. Moses here published would make in themselves an engrossing, delightful and stimplating volume. The bibliographical notes for each dramatist show the editor's far-reaching knowledge and appalling industry.

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. St. John Ervine voices in the Observer what many of us have felt.

"I am sick with a great sickness, sick, sick of jazz and jazzers and of sleek young men, with fishy eyes, who come out and sing a lil' song entitled 'She's Ma Sweetie But A Hadden Got No Money So She Didden Wanna Play Witt Me-e!" If I hear another over-brilliantined under-aired young man announcing in tones of tin that he wants to go, he wants to go back to the shack where the pop-eyed Susans grow, I shall say 'For God's sake go, and don't trouble to return!'"

The Bach Festival—orchestral, choral and chamber music of Bach—takes place this week beginning next Tuesday night and ending next Sunday night, Dr. Koussevitzky will be the conductor. The Festival will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The choruses of the B minor Mass and the Magnificat will be sung by the Harvard Glee Club with the Radcliffe Chorus Society; the choruses of the cantatas by the Bach Cantata Club. The solo quartet: Amy Evans (Mrs. Fraser Gange), Margaret Matzenauer, Richard Crooks, Fraser Gange. The instrumental soloists will be Mme. Patorni-Casadesus, harpsichord; Alexander Borovsky, piano; Wallace Goodrich, organ.

Tuesday, March 24, at 4:30 and 8:30 o'clock, the mass in B minor. The first complete performance of this mass apparently was at Berlin, in 1861. The first complete performance in this country was by the Bach choir at Bethlehem, Pa., in 1900. Portions of the Mass were performed in Boston at a Handel and Haydn concert on Feb. 27, 1887: Lilli Lehmann, Mary H. How, G. J. Parker, Jacob Benzing. The Cecilia Society gave a complete performance on Dec. 3, 1901. Mmes. Hilke, Griggs, Hussey; Messrs. Van Hoose, Townsend and Hay were the solo singers, the performance, beginning at 8 o'clock, was not divided

Wednesday, 8:30 P. M., Bliss Perry will deliver an address, "Henry L. Higginson." Mme. Patorni-Casadesus will play harpsichord pieces: the Fantasia in C minor, the Italian concerto and a prelude and fugue from the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." Wallace Goodrich's selections will be a Fantasia in C minor, the beautiful Adagio from the Toccata in C major; a Fugue in C major; the Chorale-Prelude "Schmuecke dich, o liebe Seele," and the great and familiar Fugue in G minor.

Thursday, 8:30 P. M., the Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 (solo violin, Mr. Burgin; flute, Mr. Laurent; oboe, Mr. Gillet, and trumpet, Mr. Mager) and Piano Concerto in D minor (Mrs. Borovsky) and the Magnificat (chorus and orchestra). The Magnificat was apparently first performed in a complete form at the Cincinnati Festival of 1875. On Dec. 8 of that year Antoinette Sterling sang in Boston at a Theodore Thomas concert the solo "Esurientes implevit bonis." On March 1, 1876, the whole work was performed here at a Theodore Thomas concert: Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. G. H. Oakes, E. Flora Barry, W. J. Winch, John F. Winch. The Sharland Choral Society sang the choruses, and John K. Paine was the organist.

Friday: 2:30 o'clock. Suite for orchestra No. 3, D major; concerto for two violins (Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz); cantatas, "Ich bin ein guter Hirt," for Easter, and the first half of "O Ewigkeit," the earlier form of that cantata for the first Sunday after Trinity.

Saturday: The cantata "Christ lag in Todesbanden," for Easter. Brandenburg concerto No. 5 (with solo piano, Mr. Borovsky, violin, Mr. Burgin, and flute, Mr. Laurent). Preludes and fugues for piano, Mr. Borovsky, and the cantata "Ein feste Burg." Bach set music about 1716 for a text by Salomo Franck, and added in 1730 Luther's hymn for the Reformation festival. The earlier portions of the cantata's text were designed for the third Sunday in Lent.

Sunday, March 29, 4:30 and 8:30 P. M. Repetition of the mass in B minor for the pension fund of the orchestra.

At the concert of the People's Symphony orchestra this afternoon Thompson Stone, conductor, a new symphony in A major by Philip Greeley Clapp will be performed for the first time. The composer will conduct his symphony. The program will also comprise a serenade by Volkmann (Josef Zimbler, violoncello soloist), Rubenstein's piano concerto in D minor (Reginald Boardman, pianist) and Dr. Clapp's tone-poem "Norge."

Dr. Clapp's symphony was planned and partly written in 1927; it was completed at Iowa City in the summer of 1929. "The symphony is lyrical, and regular in form. The first movement is sunny in mood and is based upon a group of lyrical themes. The second movement is a Scherzo with a quiet Trio theme; both motives are developed together in the return to the livelier tempo. The third movement is slow and consists of an introduction, theme, answer, concluding phrase and a variation of these elements in order. It leads without pause in the Finale, a free Rondo. Each appearance of the principal theme is more vigorous than its predecessor and leads to a strenuous climax followed by a quiet close. The themes of the four movements are independent, but the last movement includes reminiscences of the preceding three."

Dr. Clapp, born at Boston in 1888, was graduated at Harvard University, where in 1911-12 he was an instructor in music. He taught music at the Middlesex school for two years; and was director of music at Dartmouth College for three years. In 1918 he served in the war as a bandmaster. Since 1919 he has been a professor and the director of music at the State University of Iowa at Iowa City. He has conducted as a guest on various occasions.

His "Norge" for orchestra with piano obligato was composed for the centenary of the Pierian Sodality, Cambridge, and performed by that orchestra in 1908. In 1909 it was played in the Sanders Theatre by the Boston Symphony orchestra. A symphony in E minor was produced by the Boston Symphony orchestra in Symphony hall in 1914; one in E flat major in 1917.

Dr. Clapp's prelude, "In Summer," was played by the St. Louis Symphony orchestra in 1914. His chorus, "O Gladsome Light," won the Francis Boott prize of Harvard University in 1907. Other compositions by Dr. Clapp are a string quartet, songs and partsongs; a "Dramatic Poem" for trombone and orchestra, played in New York and Cambridge, 1912, by the Pierian Sodality, Modeste Alloo, trombone.

ELLY NEY

Elly Ney played Beethoven last night in Jordan hall. This was her program:

Sonata C minor, op. 111; six variations op. 34; Sonata C sharp minor, op. 27, No. 2; Andante favori; Sonata F minor, op. 57 (Appassionata).

If more players of instruments and singers of songs would confine themselves to performing works from one composer at a concert, they would more honestly fit into their field as simple performers and purveyors of the music created by some one else; the public would come to hear the music rather than "the artist," and the performers themselves would have to prove themselves the better musicians, at the risk of their present-day efforts to prove versatility. No doubt much of the aversion to one-composer concerts arises from the fact that it takes a first-rate composer to hold attention for an hour and a half or two hours, concerts being the length they are (and there are many writers of short pieces who must be heard, but who need not be honored by an evening's exclusive attention). Also, no doubt, there are some who feel that the audiences demand variety. However, last night's audience was attentive, with that live, though silent attention, that testifies to active enjoyment. But of course, the combination of an all-Beethoven program, and Elly Ney, one of the most justly famous of Beethoven players, is one that is not often to be heard, and is greatly to be appreciated when it is.

Mme. Ney adds to her amazing technique (one that carries with it none of the usual mental reservations "for a woman"—for she has strength and power to spare) the true romantic temperament. The impetuosity, the fire, the surge of emotion, tone, and rhythm, that make her playing alive with genuine passion—these never pass the bounds of what is musical. When she asks of the piano more than it can give, it is because the composer, too, asked for more, and not because she happens to feel a personal frenzy of emotion at that point in the music. And distinguishing everything she plays is an exquisite sense of proportion, and an ability to submerge herself so completely in the composer's intent, that she scorns the pretty fondling of surface tone, the distracting attempts at "interpretation" that mark the playing of many minor performers. She does not miss the forest for the trees.

It would be difficult to select from last night's program one piece that was played more delightfully or more thrillingly than the others. The Moonlight Sonata, with its unhurried, calm, and poetic opening, the perfect Allegretto (usually played too fast), and the stormy Presto, was an experience. So was the Appassionata. It is good to hear these Sonatas played by one who does not feel that she must put her own trade-mark on it, no matter what the cost. These were pure Beethoven. The shorter pieces were played delightfully.

E. B.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The People's Symphony orchestra gave yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall its 10th concert of the season. Thompson Stone conducted. The program was as follows: Robert Volkmann, serenade for string orchestra, No. 3 (Josef Zimbler, solo violoncellist); Philip Greeley Clapp, symphony in A major (first performance, conducted by the composer); Anton Rubinstein, concerto in D minor for pianoforte and orchestra; Philip Greeley Clapp, Norge (tone poem with the composer at the piano); Reginald Boardman, pianist, was soloist in Rubinstein's concerto.

Dr. Clapp, two of whose compositions were performed at this concert, is professor and head of the music department at the State University of Iowa; he has taught at Harvard, at the Middlesex school for boys, at Dartmouth. Symphonies, other orchestral works, chamber music and songs have flowed from his pen. The works played yesterday (but one of them, the symphonic poem "Norge," has been heard in Boston before, though not recently—it was 22 years ago, to be exact) reveal their composer as a skilled and confident manipulator of the orchestra. He revels—a trifle ponderously—in orchestral sonority and color; uses with familiarity the procedures of the great orchestral craftsmen of the recent past; experiments a little, too, on his own account, and shows a predilection—so marked and frequently manifested as to warrant special mention—for wandering chord sequences in the brass. But lightness and transparency are not among the effects at his command.

In his new symphony he makes it clear, moreover, that he does not intend to be regarded as a conservative. His harmonic scheme makes lavish, though not thoroughly consistent, use of modern dissonances; he strives, in the choice of his melodic material, to avoid the trite and commonplace, but without achieving significance or distinction. The symphony seems to lack organic development, the significant progress that holds the attention and leads it onward; its first and last movements seemed sometimes a patchwork of loosely articulated episodes; its climaxes seemed superimposed. The Scherzo ("very lively" is a powerfully rhythmed, almost frantically capricious movement, too thickly orchestrated, if yesterday's performance was a safe basis upon which to found an opinion. The orchestra performed the extremely difficult score very creditably under the composer's direction, and there was cordial applause. "Norge," a less ambitious and perhaps more successful work, seems only intermittently Scandinavian in idiom, but it contains many pleasing passages and was evidently enjoyed by yesterday's audience.

Mr. Boardman's performance of the solo part of Rubinstein's pleasant concerto in D minor—the one, as a program note stated, in which the composer in 1872 made his Boston debut—brought him well deserved applause. His playing was technically secure, vigorous and nearer to brilliance than he has heretofore approached, though the melodic passages that occur in the andante and elsewhere might have been more warmly sung.

Volkmann's Serenade is an undistinguished piece of mid-19th century music. Mr. Zimbler played the promi-

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SCOLLAY SQUARE

"The Great Meadow"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Charles Brabin and Edith Ellis from the novel of the same name by Elizabeth Madox Roberts; directed by Charles Brabin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Berk Jarvis..... John Mack Brown
Diony Hall.....Eleanor Boardman
Elvira Jarvis..... Lucille La Verne
Betty Hall.....Anita Louise
Evan Muir.....Gavin Gordon
Reuben Hall.....Guinn Williams
Thomas Hall.....Russell Simpson
Mistress Hall.....Sarah Padden
Sally Tolliver.....Helen Jerome Eddy

Mr. Brabin has done the courageous thing with "The Great Meadow." He could have bedecked and cumbered it with all the trappings of the now familiar and rather tiresome frontier "epic," utilizing all the stock characters and melodramatic situations allied to such productions. Instead, he has followed as closely as screen technique permits the purport of the novelist. He has held tenaciously to his story, has refrained from impeding it by introduction of spectacular stunts. There are no thousands of extras to clutter his canvas. In their place he has stressed atmosphere, characterization, speech of the period, customs and manners of those distant years of 1777-9. For this treatment we

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boy is born, while Berk is off after salt for the fort. Berk's mother is killed and scalped by Black Fox. Again Berk is off, on an errand of vengeance. He kills Black Fox in a knife duel, but is captured by the Shawnees, held prisoner for two years. Here Director Brabin apparently reached an impasse. He must have a dramatic finish, so he rings in that old reliable, the Enoch Arden theme. Diony, tired of waiting, has married Evan Muir. They seem happy. When Berk returns, he would fight Muir for the woman. She asserts her right to choose, but Berk agrees that he is the trespasser and is about to depart when Muir withdraws voluntarily. He knows where Diony's heart is.

The players are excellent throughout, Miss Boardman as the brave and patient little wife and mother, and Miss La Verne as the dauntless mother of Berk, giving particularly fine performances. The photography is splendid. There is something restful about the simple, drawling phraseology. And best of all, barring the Redskins, there isn't a villain within sight anywhere in that five-hundred-mile reach from Virginia to Kentucky. W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Lonely Wives"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play by Walter de Leon; directed by Russell Mack, produced by E. B. Derr and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast

Mr Smith ..... Edward Everett Horton
Mrs Smith ..... Esther Ralston
Diane ..... Laura La Plante
Minter ..... Patsy Ruth Miller
Andrews ..... Spencer Charters
Mrs. Mantell ..... Maude Eburne
Muzette ..... Georgette Rhodes
Mr. Zero ..... Edward Everett Horton

One of the more interesting features about "Lonely Wives," current screen feature at the Keith-Boston Theatre, is that it contains three former screen luminaries who are trying for what is known as a comeback. These are Esther Ralston, Patsy Ruth Miller and Laura La Plante, the last of whom signalizes her return by doing a drunk scene that is funny for all of five minutes. A more intriguing bit of business is the trick photography by which Edward Everett Horton is enabled to play two parts at the same time, quite in the manner of Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love." About the only thing he doesn't do is embrace himself. Otherwise, the picture must be classed as trite material, obviously produced to elicit sniggers from audiences whose favorite form of humor is the double-entendre. It is not helped much by Mr. Horton, who fails pretty dismally to be amusing in spite of playing two comedy parts at once.

Richard Smith, during his wife's absence, hires a vaudeville impersonator, Mr. Zero, to take his place while he has a pleasant evening in company with Minter, his new secretary, and Diane, a beguiling blonde anxious to divorce her husband who happens to be none other than Zero. Zero gets on all right until Mrs. Smith turns up unexpectedly, and her mother, Mrs. Mantell, locks them in together after babbling for hours about "the patter of little feet." In the morning, Smith returns home to the complete befuddlement of his butler, Andrews, who finds himself serving two masters at the same time. To complicate matters, Diane wanders in, decidedly intoxicated, having driven around in a taxi all night in spite of not having a cent of money. Mrs. Smith now emerges to tell her real husband what a lovely evening she spent and eggs him on until he is quite ready to slay Zero. In the end she informs him that she knew all about the little trick, having recognized the impersonator from the start.

All the players apply a broadly farcial touch, especially Maude Eburne as Mrs. Mantell, and Spencer Charters as Andrews. The assorted ladies do what they can and are at least pretty to look at. The most natural and attractive work, however, is contributed by Georgette Rhodes in the infinitesimal role of a French maid. E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Not Exactly Gentlemen"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by William Conselman and Dudley Nichols from a story entitled "Over the Border" by Herman Whitaker, directed by Benjamin Stoloff and presented by Fox Films with the following cast

Bill Stanley ..... Victor McLaglen
Lee Carleton ..... Fay Wray
Ace Bandry ..... Lew Cody
Bronco Dawson ..... Eddie Gribbon
Layne Hunter ..... Robert Warwick
Nelson ..... Frankiyn Farnum
Bruce Randolph ..... David Worth
Bill's Girl ..... Carol Wines
Ace's Girl ..... Joyce Compton
Bronco's Girl ..... Louise Huntington
Marshall Dunn ..... James Farley

Land rushes in the movies are getting to be almost as common as pretty office secretaries who go wrong or underworld chieftains who are killed in the last reel. That seems to be the way in the studios. If one does something, the others must imitate it. So in "Not Exactly Gentlemen," a bad title for an ordinary picture, we have the line-up of covered wagons, the officer from a military post with his watch, the bugler ready to give the starting signal, the wild stampede across the plains to new homes, this time from the frontier town of Custer across the border into the Dakotas. The only interest our heroine, Lee Carleton, her lover, Bruce Randolph, and the three bad hombres who have attached themselves to her temporarily, have in this whirling race is to locate a gold mine. Lee's father had a crude map of this mine's location on his person when, en route from Virginia northward, he was killed by desert marauders. The three bad men, Bull, Ace and Bronco, each with a price on his head, arrived in time to rescue Lee, who in turn retrieved the precious map. Bull was a two-fisted gunman, Ace was a crooked gambler, Bronco was a horse thief; but under Lee's gentle eye and kindly voice they became knights of the plains, to do or die for her; especially after each, with the gold mine in view, had proposed to her and had been accepted, as brothers. They even were polite to young Randolph when he, also from Virginia, joined the party.

Layne Hunter, the villain, kidnapped Lee and stole the map, and this outrage was Mr. McLaglan's cue as Bull to prove that if the talking pictures haven't helped his vogue much, he still is mighty handy with his fists. He engaged in a fracas with three touch bartenders and a like number of the villain's retainers, and floored them one by one, before he kicked in the door of the room over Hunter's saloon and rescued the girl. Later, after what seemed miles and miles of land rush and pursuit, he overtook the knave, beat him up and threw him over a cliff, which happened to mark the site of the gold mine. Just as Lee was thanking her champions the sheriff and his posse spotted Bull, Ace and Bronco. Off they rode, with the sheriff after them. Bull promised to come back some time, so there may be another picture about that. But why borrow trouble?

W. E. G.

PARK

"The Flood"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John Thomas Neville from his own story; directed by James Tinling and presented by Columbia with the following cast

Joan Marshall ..... Eleanor Boardman
David Bruce ..... Monte Blue
Bruce ..... Frank Sheridan
Randolph Bannister ..... David Newell
Col. Marshall ..... William V. Mong
Emily ..... Violet Barlow
Willie ..... Eddie Tamblyn
Uncle George ..... Arthur Hoyt
Aunt Constance ..... Ethel Wales
Jeff ..... Buddy Ray
Ozkins ..... Ethan Allen

"The Flood," current screen feature at the Park Theatre, is another of those things about a woman with a past who doesn't know how to tell her husband about it. Fortunately, this is better acted than most such stories, having in the two leading roles Monte Blue and Eleanor Boardman. Besides this, there are some excellent scenes of a Mississippi dam breaking under the impact of the spring floods. It is hard to realize that the biggest spectacular effects were taken in miniature, for the raging waters have a very lifelike and terrifying sweep, as they rush over the embankments and carry houses, trees and bridges down in ruin.

Joan Marshall, a charming girl living in a small Mississippi town, has a double escape; first, when she leaves Randolph Bannister—whose intentions prove far from honorable—and second, when David Bruce, a visiting engineer, rescues her from a flood. The scandal about Bannister causes her to leave town and through Bruce's intervention, she gets a position in his uncle's office. Presently Joan and Bruce fall in love and are married. Chance brings them back to the place where Joan had lived—chance, and a job on the levees for David to strengthen a levee. Unfortunately, Bannister is back in town and tries to force himself on Joan once more, under cover of his friendship for David.

Matters are brought to an abrupt climax by heavy rains, which menace the safety of the town, protected only by the half-completed embankment. While David is in the thick of the fight against the flood, working like a Trojan in the dark and stormy night, Bannister brings Joan to his house by means of a trick. The siren, warning all in town to make for the upper levels, permits her to escape. Bannister, in his stalled car, is drowned by the overtaking waters, and Joan is rescued in dramatic fashion by David. Miss Boardman plays sincerely and often with charm in a conventional part, and Monte Blue is quite satisfactory enough to make one wonder where he has been all these many months. David Newell is a conventional Bannister, and the rest are satisfactory. E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COPLEY—"The Last Hour," melodrama; 2nd week; 8.20.

NOTE—The Majestic Theatre is showing "Trader Horn," a motion picture; all other playhouses are dark this week.

Mch 24

BACH'S GREAT MASS

By PHILIP HALE

The Bach festival, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, held in commemoration of the Boston Symphony orchestra's 50th year and in memory of Henry L. Higginson, the founder of the orchestra, will begin today with a performance of the Mass in B minor. The chorus is made up of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. The solo singers will be Amy Evans, Margaret Matzenauer, Richard Crooks, Fraser Gange. The performance will be divided into two parts: One beginning at 4:30 P. M., the other at 8:30 P. M.

In 1733 Bach went to Dresden. He had proposed his son Friedemann for the position of organist at the Sophienkirche, but he had another reason for leaving Leipsic. He took with him the Kyrie and Gloria in Excelsis of his great Mass and conveyed them to the palace of Augustus the Third with a letter couched in the abject terms customary at that time with composers wishing royal patronage: "Profoundest devotion," "insignificant example of my skill in music," "your majesty's notorious generosity," "my humble prayer," etc., etc. "Insignificant example" reminds one of the courteous Chinaman underrating himself and his belongings, debasing himself, as he welcomes a guest.

Augustus at that time was interested in a Polish political mess. He paid no attention to Bach's act of homage. Now Bach, unhappy at Leipsic, thinking himself unappreciated and even slighted there by the authorities—he complained in his letter to Augustus of "undeserved affronts, even the confiscation of emoluments due him"—wished Augustus to appoint him to the office of Court Composer. This was in 1733. It was not until 1736 that he was appointed. The vocal and instrumental parts of the Mass are now in a state library at Dresden and apparently were never used.

Bach, like Handel, did not hesitate to borrow from his own music. Not one of the four movements that follow the Sanctus was written for this Mass. Even in the Gloria and the Credo there are pages borrowed from church cantatas composed earlier than the Kyrie and the Gloria.

The Mass in B minor was not written for the Roman ritual. The text is treated almost clause by clause. Arias and duets alternate with choruses. Twice at least the text differs from the Roman canon. "Bach did not write the Sanctus with his eye upon a Roman Catholic interior, nor has the Mass ever been heard, nor is it likely to be heard, in surroundings which demand attention to ritual observance." The extreme length of the movements and the difficulties in performance would forbid.

The Lutherans treated the Communion Office as the chief form of public worship. In Bach's time the Kyrie, Gloria in Excelsis, Credo were sung at St. Thomas's, Leipsic, in the Latin of the Roman mass. The prayer-book in use contained prayers in German for those unacquainted with Latin. The B minor Mass may be called a Lutheran Missa with additions that warranted Bach's son Philipp Emanuel in calling it a "Catholic Mass." The word "Missa" had a restricted meaning in the Lutheran service: "The Missa, or Kyrie Eleison, along with the ancient Church's praise of the Holy Trinity"—i.e., the Gloria in Excelsis. Some have asked why Bach wrote a Mass of these huge proportions, one not suited to the service of either church. Various answers have been given: "The Mass is the expression of Bach's Christian idealism, neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant"; his "genius was Teutonic in its inclination to create a clearly pictured design," and again, "A desire to express himself in an art form which he had studied in others may also be conjectured." And he wished the office of Court Composer.

It is thought that the Kyrie may have been heard in Leipsic on Trinity Sundays; that the Credo was heard there at festal occasions; that even the Sanctus and the Benedictus may have been heard at St. Thomas's; but the first performance of the Mass as a whole was in Berlin under Julius Stern's direction in 1861 and by Stern's Gesangverein.

The first performance in the United States was at Bethlehem, Pa., in 1900, by the Bach Choir, J. Fred Wolle, conductor.

The first performance in Boston was by the Cecilia Society, B. J. Lang, conductor, on Dec. 3, 1901: "The second complete performance in America." The announcement also read: "The original instrumentation will be used, including the almost obsolete high trumpets loaned by Mr. J. Montgomery Sears (three), and the two hautbois d'amour, loaned by Mr. Damrosch." (Probably Frank Damrosch, who as conductor of the Oratorio Society, New York, had given portions of the Mass in April, also in November, 1900.) The singers in the first performance in Boston were Kathrin Hilke, soprano; Adelaide Griggs, contralto; Adah Hussey, contralto; Stephen Townsend, baritone; Clarence E. Hay, bass. B. L. Whelpley was the organist. The orchestra was made up of Boston Symphony players.

S 12 / 6th Column

should be grateful. For once illusion has been caught without the aid of grandiose methods.

Some time is passed in the foothills of Virginia, whence Diony Hall and Berk Jarvis, after their wedding, set forth with other adventurous men and women to follow the trail into Kentucky blazed by that romantic figure, Daniel Boone. Their destination is that land of plenty known ot the Indians as the Great Meadow. Strangely, these hardy empire builders travel on horseback or afoot. Yet Mr. Brabin's camera contrives to indicate graphically the perils and travail of that decimating journey. Horses and oxen are mired and abandoned, women give birth to infants on desert or moutain side. There are wicked storms, drenching rains. Echoes of thunder, reverberate through the hills. Supplies of food are exhausted. The band plods on, repulses one Indian attack, reaches Fort Harrod and its little group of settlers. To Diony a

FINE ARTS

"Storm Over Asia"

A silent screen drama, directed in Russia by Pudovkin and presented by Amkino with the following cast:

The Son ..... V. Inkizhinov
The Rebel Leader ..... A. Tchistiakov
The Commander ..... L. Dediseff
His Wife ..... L. Belinskaya
His Daughter ..... A. Sudakevich

Since Boston is not as yet a hotbed of communism, and since its motion picture audiences can calmly ignore or view dispassionately films sponsored by soviet sympathizers, there is no reason why "Storm Over Asia" should fail to attract all who admire and appreciate dramatic oddities, whatever their genesis. In truth there is less of partisan propaganda in this Pudovkin product than has been noted in other Russian films, less stark savagery, less frenzied action and appeal. Its theme, of course, has to do with the oppressed and their despotic, unjust rulers, in this instance the Mongolian hordes of China's northwestern territory, and Russia's white army of occupation in the year of 1918. That in the end the oppressors are annihilated by their aroused victims is a foregone conclusion. The picture would scarcely be true to its soviet doctrines otherwise. There have been hints that since its first release "Storm Over Asia" has been toned down, that much of its original venom and vitality have been removed. However that may be, it now is an interesting, moving and often exciting screen drama of conflict between a simple, stolid and long-suffering peasantry and a ruthless body of militarists.

Six or seven centuries ago one Genghis Kahn and his hordes ruled the Mongolian barrens. With his death the natives became an oppressed people, existing by hunting and trapping, robbed by traders backed by Russian soldiery. The son of a trapper, lying ill, is sent to town with his pelts, including one of a silver fox of great value. A trader tosses him a few pieces of silver in place of the 500 pieces the son demands. The son, after attacking the trader, escapes to the mountains, joins the Reds, is taken prisoner and led out to be shot by a young White soldier who has no taste for the job. The Russian officers meantime discover among his effects a packet which conceals an ancient document indicating that the wearer is a lineal descendant of Genghis Khan. Pudovkin, the director, does not explain why this packet came into possession of a temple priest who was visiting the sick trapper and who dropped it in the hut as he departed.

However, the commandant, just come from the temple, where an infant Mongol had been exhibited as the reincarnated lama, is inspired to present the trapper's son as the reincarnated Genghis Khan, to set him up as native ruler of central Asia, and through him to enact a treaty insuring peace to all and particular benefit to Russia. Searching parties find the son, severely wounded, in a slimy clay pit. He is nursed back to health, given fine raiment. Just as the treaty is to be signed the trader who had robbed him of the silver fox pelt arrives to present it to the beautiful daughter of the com-

mandant. The son, enraged, seizes a huge scimitar, slashes his way clear, rouses and assembles the Mongols, who needed only a leader, and kills every Russian wearing the white uniform.

There are countless unconventional scenes; the skirmishes in the mountains; the vast, dreary barrens and their patient inhabitants; the killing of a Mongol prisoner in cold blood; the barbaric ceremonials in the temple. There are flashes of sardonic humor, as when the commandant's wife is laced into her stays. But mostly it is cumulative tragedy, bleak and hopeless, which stalks across the screen. Inkizhinov, as the son, gives a splendid portrayal in pantomime. One needs no text to read the emotions which smoulder in his expressive eyes. In fact, all the players are convincing, either as principals or as types. Not all of the cinematic art is to be found in Hollywood. W. E. G.

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BACH FESTIVAL

By PHILIP HALE

The Bach Festival, given by the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitsky, conductor, in its 50th season and in honor of its founder, Henry L. Higginson, began yesterday afternoon and evening with a performance of the Mass in B minor. The orchestra was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society; Amy Evans, soprano; Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Richard Crooks, tenor; Fraser Gange, baritone. The violin solos were played by Mr. Burgin; the horn obbligato to "Quoniam tu solus sanctus," by Mr. Boettcher; the two oboe d'amore by Messrs. Speyer and Devergie. There was a very large audience.

The chorus showed the long and careful training under Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth. The singing of a great chorus is too often the roaring of multitunous mediocrity—roaring and nothing more. Dr. Koussevitsky would not have been content with this; the respective conductors knew it, nor would they themselves have sent their singers poorly prepared to him. Under his direction there were the requisite nuances; the poetic and dramatic effects; his artistic sensitiveness and personal magnetism inspired the chorus to sing with enthusiasm and musical understanding. It should be remembered that this chorus is not made of professional singers; that the members have not stood side by side for many years; their achievement last night was the more remarkable. There was not only a magnificent volume of tone in exultant outbursts and imposing climaxes; tonal swelling and diminishing, unfaltering execution of long roulades, sudden contrasts from forte to piano, precision in attack—these made the performance truly memorable.

To the chorus Bach entrusted his greatest musical thoughts, his noblest pages; it was as if the singers recognized it; for they were particularly effective in the opening of the "Kyrie," the ending of the "Gloria in Excelsis"—Cum sancto spiritu" was sung with amazing brio—the section of the "Credo" beginning "Et incarnatus est" and the "Sanctus." To some in the audience the choruses, "Cum sancto spiritu" and "Crucifixus" were the commanding features of the choral performance.

The solo singers in this mass often have an ungrateful task. It has been said that when Bach wished to be particularly emotional he called on a contralto for full expression. Certainly in this mass Mme. Matzenauer was the one most favored by the composer. Her singing of "Qui Sedes" and the "Agnus Dei" will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Crooks's delivery of the "Benedictus qui venit" was characterized by a skilful use of his fine voice and by a taste that did not allow him to seek favor through a specious but undue display of the sentiment that falls into sentimentalism. Donald Frances Tovey recently made changes in Bach's score for a performance in Edinburgh. His most surprising alteration was the substitution of an oboe solo for the violin in the "Benedictus." He argued that as the autograph score does not name the instrument and the violin is here confined within the compass of the flute, Bach clearly intended the obbligato for a wind instrument. This did not prevent Mr. Burgin from playing in a masterly manner. The same is to be said of Mr. Boettcher's horn obbligato.

Yes, Mr. Crooks sang like a man and a musician, not after the manner of the beeping, bleating tenor who mistakes palsy for emotion in oratorio or other forms of supposedly sacred music. And Mr. Gange, too, sang like a man and made the most of music that in itself is of little interest. Miss Evans was heard to better advantage in the evening than in the afternoon, but one would have preferred a voice with more body and of a more decided character. It is hardly necessary to add that the orchestra responded sympathetically to Dr. Koussevitsky's every wish. The Mass will be heard next Sunday at the concert in aid of the orchestra's pension fund.

The second concert of the Festival will take place tonight at 8:30 o'clock. Mme. Patorni-Casadesus will play these harpsichord pieces: Italian concerto; Fantasia No. 3, C minor; Gigue in D minor. Wallace Goodrich, organist, will play a Fantasia in C minor, Adagio from the Toccata in C major, a Fugue in C major, the chorale prelude "Schmuecke dich, O liebe Seele," and the great Fugue in G minor. Bliss Perry will deliver an address: "Henry L. Higginson."

MARTHA CANTOR

Martha Cantor, painist, gave a recital last evening in Jordan hall before a friendly and appreciative audience of good size. Her program was as follows: Scarlatti, Pastorale and Capriccio; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat major, Op. 26; Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Cantico; Edward Royce, Theme and Variations; Chopin, Etude in F major and Impromptu in A flat major; Paganini-Liszt, Etude in E flat; Weber, Rondo in E flat.

Miss Cantor is a young lady endowed with an agile and extremely vigorous, but somewhat ill-controlled, technique. She quite evidently enjoys the opportunities afforded her by such pieces as the Royce Theme and Variations for piling up a great volume of sound—louder than anything one may hear in many a month. In the two little sonatas of Scarlatti which, in Tausig's version, have become a "Pastorale" and "Capriccio," she was very fluent but a little heavy and decidedly uneven and ungraceful in rhythm. The sonata she had chosen from among Beethoven's—that containing the theme with variations and the funeral march—suffered severely from the same defect of jerky and inconstant rhythm: the tempi of certain of the variations were unduly precipitate; the theme itself as none too beautifully expounded. The funeral march revealed too uneven a progress. The last movement was the most satisfactorily rendered; the fast pace at which it was taken seemed to suit it well.

There were many inaccuracies throughout the concert. Miss Cantor is inclined occasionally to fix her eyes upon a distant vision and sway ecstatically; it is usually at such times that wrong notes and lapses of memory occur. Castelnuovo-Tedesco's Cantico—a piece based, in the modern Italian manner, on plainsong motives and much elaborated—was played sonorously. The Etude and Impromptu of Chopin had fluency but little style. The pieces by Liszt and Weber—the latter a hackneyed piece that has lately re-emerged from its retirement but needs to be played, if at all, with superlative eloquence—confirmed the impression gained of a technique developed far beyond the present power to make consistently secure, effective, or artistic use of it.

Miss Cantor was applauded warmly. She added to her program. S. S.

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BACH FESTIVAL

The second concert of the Bach Festival, given last night at Symphony hall, paid special tribute to the memory of the noble founder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Maj. Henry L. Higginson. Dr. Bliss Perry, who knew Maj. Higginson, gave the great audience a vivid picture of the man, his ideals, and his dreams . . . recalling a fine friend to those who knew him, and acquainting those who did not know him, with the charm and generosity of his character. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky paid eloquent tribute to this great friend of music, and to the music of Johann Sebastian Bach, whose works are being played in this festival to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the man who founded it, and who through so many years supported it, alone.

The music of Bach that was played last night—organ music, and music for the harpsichord—is some of the loveliest he wrote. The Italian Concerto, the Gigue in D Minor, and the Fantasia in C Minor, that were played by Madame Patorni-Casadesus, embody all the lively humor, the grace, piquancy, and graciousness of Bach's best "entertainment" music. Madame Patroni-Casadesus's playing was all that could be desired. Not unknown to Symphony audiences here, she played even more delightfully than at previous concerts, and she was recalled continuously until Dr. Koussevitzky requested that she repeat the Gigue.

Wallace Goodrich, organist, played the Fantasia in C Minor; Adagio from the Toccata in C Major; Fugue in C Major; Choral-prelude "Schmueckedich, o liebe Seele"; and the great Fugue in G Minor. This admirable selection of organ music was played with taste and brilliance. Perhaps most impressive was the great G Minor Fugue, in which the bold, sonorous structure of the Fugue, rising to a tremendous climax, most appeals to organ-music lovers today.

mch 29

"CHOLERICK GAMES"

By PHILIP HALE

Divorces have followed disputes at bridge; there has been at least one instance when a pistol was used as an aid to the instruction of a careless wife not wholly familiar with the rules. Now one reads of a fight with fists over a disputed point at a supposedly friendly game of mah jong in San Francisco; a fight that resulted in one of the players suing another for $50,000, alleging permanent injury to his head.

Mah jong, once much in vogue, is a pretty indoor amusement, if only for the decorated, fascinating pieces and the ornate box that might serve as a receptacle for precious jewels. Now it seems to be what old Robert Burton said of chess, "a testy cholerick game, and very offensive to him that loseth the mate." And Burton tells of William the Conqueror, who in his younger years "playing at chess with the Prince of France, knocked the chess-board about his pate, which was a cause afterwards of much enmity betwixt them. For some such reason it is, belike, that Patricius, in his 'Schooling of Princes,' forbids his prince to play at chess."

Now, De le Mothe de Vayer, the tutor of the Duc d'Anjou and later of Louis XIV, in his "Instruction de M. Le Dauphin," objected to chess because it fatigued the mind, not lest there might be an unworthy use of the board. One does not like to think of a famous ex-champion, losing the mate from a dozen or twenty or more simultaneous contestants and in his anger bashing their heads with his board, however handsome it might be. And in this game of mah jong, the fists were employed, not the box, in calling attention to a violation of the rules.

A backgammon board, whether the game be the old, traditional one, Russian or English, or the present, as some would have it, improved version, is not to be recommended, owing to the material of which it is made; yet to hit the winner on the head with "History of England," or "Rollin's Ancient History," or whatever the lettering on the folded back may be, might be regarded as an instance of pleasing jesting.

Any game, even parchesi or tivoli, may be a "testy, cholerick" indoor diversion. Not every one, boy or man, of importance, one born to be chairman of committees or to preside at a meeting of bank directors, is a good loser. Even a saintly woman, a devoted wife and mother, may be seen scowling, with flushed face, indignant speech, when the cards are against her; when her partner, male or female, ignores her indications, showing lamentable, reprehensible ignorance.

Dr. Bliss Perry's splendid word-portrait of Henry Higginson was the outstanding feature of the evening. Without making the talk a ceremony, and without investing it with the entirely laudatory character of things forever gone and very unreal, he struck the note of appreciation surely and truly. In his own words, "Beauty and truth do not go out of fashion, any more than Johann Sebastian Bach goes out of fashion. They are forever being recreated; and whatever new and rich pleasures come to the patrons of the orchestra in the next 50 years, they can never quite forget the noble gentleman who first lighted the fire on this hearth." E. B.

DONALD GROUT

Donald Grout, pianist, played the following music last night in Jordan hall:

Prelude and Fugue, E minor, Mendelssohn; Perpetual Motion, Weber; Sarabande and Toccata, Debussy; Sonata, Op. 26, Beethoven; The Fountain of the Acqua Paola, Griffes; Orgia, Turina; Gnomenreigen, Liszt; Scherzo, B minor, Chopin.

To a fluent and generally dependable technique, Mr. Grout adds a rare musicality that experience and maturity should ripen into a genuine gift. In his playing of the Prelude and Fugue of Mendelssohn, with which he opened his program, he revealed that he felt the phrase, the structure, and the color of the music, and was able to reproduce his feeling for the listeners. Untertain tempi (due to nervousness, no doubt, for this fault was not so noticeable in other pieces), marred the progress of the fugue. Mr. Grout had ability and the light touch of humor for Weber's "Perpetual Motion" (though perpetual motion machines would never work long on any such spasmodic and irregular basis as the jovial German tunes in the bass which supported Weber's piece). Mr. Grout's Debussy had tastefully blended tone colors and no little poetry; his Chopin impetuosity and warmth.

He added to his program. E. B.

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BACH FESTIVAL

The third concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Bach festival took place last night at Symphony hall, with Dr. Koussevitzky once more in command of a vast assembly of players and singers. The greatly enlarged stage held, in addition to a contingent of the orchestra large enough to do justice to the music of Bach, the combined forces of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, and sufficient additional space to permit soloists to seat themselves at a comfortable and reassuring distance from the edge of the platform. The program of the evening was as follows: Brandenburg Concerto No. 2, in F major; Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, in D minor (soloist, Alexander Borovsky); Magnificat (chorus and orchestra; soloists, Amy Evans and Adelle Alberts, sopranos, Margaret Matzenauer, mezzo-soprano; Richard Crooks, tenor; Fraser Gange, bass).

The concert was a well balanced, pleasantly varied, thoroughly festive one. More than that, it was one admirably representative of the composer at his best in three aspects of his genius. It was happy thought, or a happy accident, to place in instructive proximity two kinds of concerto, dissimilar yet related—a concerto grosso, the second of those commisisoned by the Margrave of Brandenburg, with its quartet of solo instruments alternating with each other and with the complete orchestra—and a pianoforte concerto, of more modern stamp.

In the Brandenburg concerto, played last night, the solo instruments of the "concerto" are violin, flute, oboe and trumpet. Messrs. Burgin, Laurent, Gillet and Mager were the players. Contrasted with them was an orchestra not so large as to swamp them too violently. The performance was an excellent one. Mr. Mager wrestled valiantly, and with fair success, with the almost unplayable high trumpet part. The flute, oboe and violin wove the melody of the slow movement into enchanting patterns and webs of sound. The exhilarating rhythms of the two allegri were admirably achieved.

In the delightful D minor concerto for clavier (or piano) and orchestra, Mr. Borovsky—a rare visitor to Boston—covered himself with honor. He proved himself a sober and musicianly pianist, though no dry pedant; a pianist gratifyingly free from virtuoso tricks and poetic exaggerations, yet playing in a manner that unobtrusively betrayed a powerful undercurrent of emotion. The tempo of the first movement, with its finely vigorous, virile themes, and daringly chromatic cadenzas, was felt to be excessively slow and the resulting effect narrowly escaped a devastating stolidity; but the nobly poised phrasing, the remarkable and sustained beauty of Mr. Borovsky's playing of the adagio, the rhythmic vigor and exuberant tempo of the final allegro made generous amends. The soloist was accorded an extremely enthusiastic and prolonged demonstration of applause.

The great Magnificat, composed probably for Bach's first Christmas at St. Thomas's in Leipsic, was worthily performed. The choral singing was uniformly excellent, though some of Dr. Koussevitzky's tempi, notably those of the last two choruses—"Sic locutus est" and "Gloria patri"—seemed unnecessarily deliberate, so much so as to rob them of that exhilarating power that should be theirs, and which had been so thoroughly and so stirringly achieved in the opening chorus.

Mme. Matzenauer's beautiful singing of the air "Quia respexit" and particularly of the "Esurientes implevit bonis" was a feature of the performance. Mr. Crooks sang admirably the fine air "Deposuit potentes" and joined effectively with Mme. Matzenauer in the moving "Et misericordia." Mme. Evans alternated moments of excellence with others at which her voice lacked resonance and smoothness. Mr. Gange, as musicianly as ever, was less impressive than the singer of "Quia fecit" should be. Mrs. Alberts' voice, evidently a beautiful one, was heard only in the Trio "Suscepit Israel"—an ensemble which hung together a trifle precariously, as it seemed. There was long and loud applause for Dr. Koussevitzky and all the others concerned in this performance. This afternoon's program will comprise the following:

Suite for orchestra in D major; Concerto in D minor for two violins and string orchestra; Cantata, "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt"; Cantata, "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort." S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"Man of the World"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the original story by Herman J. Mankiewicz; directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount wit the following cast:

Michael Trevor ..... William P
Mary Kendall ..... Carole Lo
Irene ..... Wynne
Harold Taylor ..... Guy
Frank Thompson ..... Lawre
Mr. Bradkin ..... Ton
Victor ..... And
Fred ..... Georg

Steele ..... Tom Costello
Mrs. Jowett ..... Maude Truax

William Powell is his usual suave, silken, gentlemanly self in "Man of the World," current feature picture at the Metropolitan Theatre. The film which he adorns is a moderately interesting, well-acted story of a blackmailer who finds his plans brought to nothing when he falls in love with the niece of one of his victims. Things do not move very rapidly, but the production is handsomely dressed, artistically photographed—with that fondness for dim but effective lighting for which Richard Wallace is well known—and admirably acted. The greater portion of the story takes place in Paris, and authentic backgrounds taken in the better known portions of the city have been skilfully worked in. One is, perhaps, a little disappointed at the leisurely progress and the unexciting development of the plot, but the players are so nice to look at and so natural in their behaviour that the film on the whole provides agreeable entertainment.

Michael Trevor, once a newspaper man, but now living by his wits in Paris, runs a blackmail sheet by means of which he extorts money from wealthy Americans who have been ever so slightly indiscreet. His game is to be paid by the victims rather than have the newspaper get back to America with news which might be bad for their reputations. One fine day, however, he chances to meet the charming Mary Kendall, niece to Harold Taylor, a coal baron enjoying Paris with considerable ardor, and finds himself genuinely in love with her, while she is strongly attracted to him. His former sweetheart and present accomplice, Irene, warns him that Mary will have nothing to do with him if she knows what he really is. Trevor decides to tell the truth and is immediately forgiven.

For the sake of true romance, things should end there, but Irene finally makes Trevor see that he has no right to expose Mary to the unhappiness that will be hers when he is eventually called to account for past misdeeds. Accordingly, Trevor pulls his old blackmail scheme once more, this time with Mary's name dragged in, calls her a silly little girl and pockets a large check from Taylor. The closing sequences find Mary homeward bound and happy with her childhood sweetheart, Frank Thompson, and Trevor on his way to Capetown with Irene.

To say that Mr. Powell gives a smooth and gentlemanly performance is nothing new: what is surprising, is to see him grown a bit self-conscious about his reputation as a smooth and gentlemanly actor. Carole Lombard, dressed in the height of fashion, is extremely attractive and rings true in all her emotional scenes. Wynne Gibson is effective as the jealous Irene, and Guy Kibbee, newly recruited from the stage, does excellent work as the middle-aged, giddily inclined Harold Taylor. E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 20th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. It was the fourth concert in the Bach festival. The orchestra was assisted by Amy Evans, soprano; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor and Fraser Gange, bass; also by the Bach Cantata Club which had been trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, its conductor. The program was as follows: Suite for Orchestra No. 3, D major; Concerto in D minor for two violins (Messrs. Richard Burgin and Julius Theodorowicz) and string orchestra; Cantata No. 85, "Ich bin ein Guter Hirt" and Cantata No. 20 "O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort."

Bach the writer for instruments outvied yesterday, Bach the writer for human voices. The first part of the concert was the more pleasing to the audience; the more creditable to the composer. For Bach, like Mozart and Beethoven, was not always inspired; the three could write as dull and barren music as the humblest of their now forgotten contemporaries.

Perhaps the choice of the cantatas was unfortunate. The chorus had little to do; what was given to it was well performed. The cantatas were sung in the German text. And the arias, the dreary, sandy stretches; arias with endless repetitions of musically insignificant phrases; arias, some with interminable roulades; only one or two with any sympathetic relation to the text; only one or two of a spiritual nature, and then inciting contemplation of a religious nature through the interpretation by Mr. Crooks, the one singer of the quartet who was favored by the composer. Miss Evans had little to do; Mme. Matzenauer for once lost control of her tones and seldom sustained them; Mr. Gange, singing in a straightforward manner, could not vitalize dead matter. Take the opening of "I Am a Good Shepherd"—"Ich bin ein Guter Hirt." As far as there is any pastoral suggestion in the music of the aria, the text might as well have read "Ich bin ein guter Wirt." What pastoral significance was given was by repeated figures for oboes, repetitions that finally with their acidity and without relief fretted the ear and rasped the nerves. One could not help thinking of how Handel would have treated the text of this cantata. But Handel was one of the world's greatest melodists as well as a master of choral writing.

Take the other cantata, "Eternity, thou Thunder-word," containing speculations as to the number of years the damned would be tortured in hell—a cantata for a "Brimstone Corner" service in years, happily, gone by. Here was opportunity for a dramatic recitative. The good Bach could not in his heart avail himself of it. Mr. Crooks appreciated the errors of the text, and made the best of them; Bach gave him no suggestions, no encouragement in the music itself. Only in the opening chorus, "Eternity," did Bach give emphasis to words, to the solemnity of the thought, and here the chorus did full justice to the music.

The orchestral suite and the sonata for two violins—that was another story. The famous air in the former was played superbly by the rich, sonorous strings; and Dr. Koussevitzky did not allow the beauty of the melody to be ruined by the incongruous prettiness or the mushy sentimentalism often noted when some violinist or violoncellist plays it "with great expression." The overture was nobly given; the liveliness of the dances was not a rush, a scramble, with coarse thumps in marking time; there were nuances and contrasts—an eloquent interpretation, an admirable performance, as was that of the concerto played by Messrs. Burgin and Theodorowicz, whose tone and art enlivened and gave interest to the quick movements; whose sympathetic ensemble increased the loveliness of the Largo, "pure, beautiful melody."

The program of the concert tonight comprises the Easter cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden"; the Brandenburg concerto, No. 5, for orchestra (Mr. Borovsky, solo piano; Mr. Burgin, violin; Mr. Laurent flute); the well-tempered Clavichord: Prelude and Fugue, G minor, No. 16; D major, No. 5; B flat minor, No. 22; C sharp major, No. 3 (Mr. Borovsky, pianist). Cantata "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott." The cantatas will be sung in English. The Bach festival will close tomorrow with a repetition of the Mass in B minor.

Woman's Achievements in 380 Years of the Theatre

ENTER THE ACTRESS: THE FIRST WOMEN IN THE THEATRE, by Rosamond Gilder; Houghton Mifflin Company. 313 pp., 34 illustrations. $5.

By PHILIP HALE

Miss Gilder thinks that women have risen to "greater heights of achievement as actresses than in any other art," yet as "only during the last 380 years have women been allowed any official part" in the development of the theatre; she believes that the processes by which they have won their place in the artificial sun of candle flare and footlight, against more than two centuries of rooted custom and prejudice are worth recording.

Her book is not a history of famous actresses, but of their predecessors, the innovators: the early women playwrights, managers. Miss Gilder goes back to the women of the early days who danced and sang and mimed in magical and religious rites; sang in symbolic movements, propitiatory, imploring the aid of Nature, even assuming the role of goddess, or portraying birth, death and reincarnation. With the rise of the Greek drama, women disappeared from the stage. It is doubtful if they were in the early choruses. There is a question whether they were allowed to witness the tragedies. They took part in what may be called the theatre of pure — often impure — diversion.

The early Christian church welcomed repentant actresses, but was a foe to the theatre, yet in the 10th century a devout nun at Gandersheim, by name Hrotsvitha, wrote plays, one or two of which have been acted within recent years. As a dramatist, she showed a surprising knowledge of fleshly lusts and temptations. Glorifying virginity, she was singularly realistic in describing temptations. In her creation of situations and in her choice of dialogue: witness her "Abraham"; her "Paphnutius," the story of Thais. It is strange that Miss Gilder does not refer to the delightful essays of Anatole France concerning Hrotsvitha and her plays.

The next chapter is an interesting account of the early Italian theatre. The women, forbidden to play in church, joined charlatans and mountebanks for the enjoyment of crowds in the squares and theatres, miming and cracking coarse or licentious jokes. From singing and dancing they came to straight acting. Then arose the "commedia dell' arte"—a comedy performed by members of a guild or "arte" whose time was devoted to acting. The first professional actress of whom there is definite record was the Roman girl Flaminia in the middle of the 16th century. There was her rival, Vincenza Armani; also Angelica Martinelli, but Isabella Andreini was the greatest, the "first distinguished actress of the European theatre; she could dance and sing, she could play hilarious comedy and hold her own in the crudest farce." What is more surprising, her virtue was above reproach. She could "create theatre by her mere presence on the stage, by a turn of the head, an inflection of the voice, a gesture of welcome or dismissal." When she died at Lyons in 1604 she was buried with pomp and circumstance. Flags of the city were borne in procession at her funeral.

Having spoken of pioneer actresses of France, Miss Gilder comes to Madeleine and Armande Bejart and Moliere, for it is impossible to speak of the two women without the great dramatist and actor. Moliere married Armande; was she his daughter by his mistress Madeleine? But some say that Madeleine was not his mistress; they assign the paternity of Armande to the Count of Modena. There is still dispute. Any one, not satisfied with Miss Gilder's chapter, should consult the articles, especially the one "Armande Moliere" in Lyonnet's "Dictionnaire des Comediens Francais."

Who was the first actress in England? Was she Ianthe Coleman who appeared in 1656 in "The Siege of Rhodes"—at a time when Puritan fanaticism suppressed theatres and scattered players abroad? When the piece was played in Rutland House, the audience entered with dark mantles over elegant apparel. (The handsome Edward Kynaston was one of the last of the actors of women's roles. Ladies of fashion used to take him driving in the park dressed in his stage clothes.) Women found their way on the London stage in Charles the Second's effort to make the theatre "serve as innocent and harmless divertissement." But what a mess they were as regards morality! Miss Gilder gives a vivid account of the theatre at that period, but allots to Mary Saunderson who married Betterton, an admirable actor—Mary, eminent and of unsullied reputation—a whole chapter. And Miss Gilder is gallant in her defence of Aphra Behn, as dramatist and woman, "one of unusual spirit and remarkable gifts, neither better nor worse than her time . . . the object of much ignorant criticism in later generations," still known to many only by Pope's malignant couplet.

Famous as actress and manager was Caroline Neuber—there is a picture of her as Elizabeth in "Essex"—who brought new methods of direction, new ideals of production to the German theatre, and introduced the masterpieces of France. Famous, too, was the extraordinary Mlle. Montansier, who produced plays, trained actors, built theatres, inaugurated theatrical enterprises; in her early life a witty, seductive light-skirt, she died in 1820, 90 years old. Did she herself write the little licentious book of memoirs sold "under the cloak"? Miss Gilder does not mention it. The last of the noble dames in Miss Gilder's volume that is of great biographical and historical interest, showing humor and independence of opinion, is Madame Vestris, the first female lessee of the English stage, the fascinating Elizabeth Vestris, who coming to New York in 1838 with Charles Mathews, whom she had married, to satisfy American ideas of decency, failed because the freedom of her earlier life shocked the righteous public. Nevertheless, we wish we could have seen her in her breeches parts of Capt. Macheath and Don Giovanni in the London of the 'twenties.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Bachelor Father"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Lawrence E. Johnson from the play of the same name by Edward Childs Carpenter; directed by Robert Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Sir Basil Winterton ..... C. Aubrey Smith
Tony Flagg ..... Marion Davies
John Ashley ..... Ralph Forbes
Geoffrey Trent ..... Ray Milland
Dick Berney ..... Guinn Williams
Dr. MacDonald ..... David Torrence
Mrs. Webb ..... Doris Lloyd
Bolton ..... Edgar Norton
Maria Credaro ..... Nina Quarlero
Larkin ..... Halliwell Hobbs
Mrs. Berney ..... Elizabeth Murray
Mr. Creswell ..... James Gordon

Primly censored and carefully produced, Mr. Carpenter's mischievous little comedy of the elderly English baronet who whimsically assembled about him some of the "brats" who came into being as a result of his youthful philandering, has reached the screen. Those who had hoped for cause to blush will be disappointed. The audacity and frankness of the stage play have been minimized, but its cleaner humors have been retained, which makes everything quite all right. Moreover, without disparagement to Miss Davies, it is a privilege to be allowed to watch a good actor on the screen, to observe that perfect technique, acquired from years of stage training, which no studio director can supply to those who lack it. This reference is to Mr. Smith, who created the role of Sir Basil Winterton, and who could create any other role with like finesse and intelligence, and success. Without him, we shudder at thought of what might have been done to "The Bachelor Father" in this film version.

Sir Basil, scolded by his friend and physician, Dr. MacDonald, as a selfish, stubborn, ugly old gourmand, takes affront particularly to references to the absence of children about him, though he had loved women in every land and, according to his own records, must be father to a rather substantial progeny. He sends out his secretary, John Ashley, to collect these youngsters, three responding. One Maria Credaro, whose mother was an opera singer in Italy; another Geoffrey Trent, musical-minded son of a musicianly mother; and a third, Antoinette Flagg, better known as Tony, who lived in New York, and was the daughter of Nancy Flagg, a stage dancer. The first two were fairly well bred, but Tony, being a "hoofer" herself, brought up by an Irish woman who ran a theatrical boarding house, was rough, slangy, and boisterous, with a good heart withal.

Strangely, the three, who have put old Sir Basil on probation for a month, convert him from a choleric bear to a docile and excessively paternal human; and as strangely, it is Tony who is foremost in accomplishing this metamorphosis and on whom he lavishes the greatest affection. When it turns out that Tony is not his daughter after all, there is an unpleasant scene none too creditable to Sir Basil or to young Ashley, who has fallen in love with the girl. In the end, however, sentiment conquers, and Tony is established permanently in the safekeeping of her two guardians.

Miss Davies flutters uncertainly between two schools of screen performance, the slapstick of her silent picture days, and the artificial veneer of a young woman trying to be a comedienne and not quite certain as to methods. She is amusing at times, and in serious scenes seems to be trying earnestly; but the contrast between her processes and those of the veteran Mr. Smith is unfortunately against her. Of the others deserving of mention are Mr. Forbes, Mr. Hobbs, as the perfect butler, and Miss Murray, as the Irish foster-mother, whom a select few may recognize as one of the best "coon shouters" of her day. W. E. G.

FENWAY AND SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Charlie Chan Carries On".

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Barry Connors from the detective story of the same name by Earl Derr Biggers; directed by Hamilton McFadden and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Charlie Chan ..... Warner Oland
Mark Kennaway ..... John Garrick
Pamela Potter ..... Marguerite Churchill
Max Minchin ..... Warren Hymer
Sadie Minchin ..... Marjorie White
John Ross ..... C. Henry Gordon
Patrick Tate ..... William Holden
Capt. Ronald Keane ..... George Brent
Inspector Duff ..... Peter Gawthorne
Dr. Lofton ..... John T. Murray
Elmer Benbow ..... John Swor
Mrs. Benbow ..... Goodee Montgomery
Walter Honeywood ..... Jason Robards
Inspector Hanley ..... Lumsden Hare
Mrs. Luce ..... Zeffie Tilbury
Sybil Conway ..... Betty Francisco
Kent ..... Harry Beresford
Martin ..... John Rogers
Eben ..... J. G. Davis

"Charlie Chan Carries On" is the best thing that could have happened, as far as Warner Oland is concerned. Just as folks had begun to fear that he was a one-type actor, given to pouring imitative images into the same mould, he swings blandly from the sinister characterizations of a Fu-Manchu devil to one still oriental but of beneficent aspect. He is now a noted detective stationed in Honolulu, proud possessor of a wife, a son and "a brand new second-hand 1919 model Why." He calls it "Why" because all his friends ask him why he bought such an antique contraption. If he does not appear in the story until it is nearly half told, he offers compensation through his admirable performance thereafter. And it might as well be stated at this point that "Charlie Chan Carries On" is one of the best and most expertly fashioned murder mystery melodramas of the current screen year.

The parties, active or passive, in this Earl Derr Biggers puzzle are members of a small group of round-the-world tourists. Scotland Yard, in the person of Inspector Duff, enters the group when a rich old man named Drake, one of the tourists, is found murdered in a hotel room in London. A strap, a room-key with a broken chain, a small pouch containing several pebbles, are all that Duff has to work on. He assembles the other tourists but elicits scant information as to motive or identity of the murderer. Honeywood, who has behaved suspiciously, is next killed off; then Sybil Conway, his wife from

whom he had become estranged and who was dwelling in Nice. Inspector Duff, who has decided to remain with the tourists, is shot in the back in Charlie Chan's office in Honolulu, and Charlie instantly announces that he will carry on, and that if he does not solve the murders and apprehend the murderer before the ship docks at San Francisco he will resign his high office. Working quietly, uttering many quaint Chinese proverbs to point his progress, piecing this and that to make his case complete, he succeeds just as the ship drops anchor off quarantine. So cleverly and yet so legitimately is the climax reached that it is doubtful if one in a thousand of motion picture patrons can foretell who is the guilty person.

Plenty of action, well-timed suspense, crisp and pointed dialogue, and a number of illuminative interludes to indicate the progress of the tour from London to Honolulu—a sort of tabloid travelogue—mark the picture. Much of the performance is on shipboard, always a fascinating locale for adventure. The acting throughout is commendable, with especial credit to Mr. Gawthorne, the English actor, as Inspector Duff, and to Mr. Oland, of course, for the ease and polish of his Charlie Chan. Honorable mention is due to Mr. Warrick and Miss Churchill as the young lovers, Mr. Holden as an American criminal lawyer, Mr. Hymer as a Chicago racketeer, who left his son at home to learn the language, and to Miss Tilbury, who made her first American appearance with Mary Anderson, which, for those who never heard of Mary Anderson, was some time ago. W. E. G.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"Gentleman's Fate"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Leonard Praskins from the novel of the same name by Ursula Parrott; directed by Mervyn Leroy and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Giacomo	John Gilbert
Frank	Louis Wolheim
Marjorie	Leila Hyams
Ruth	Anita Page
Mabel	Marie Prevost
Florio	John Miljan
Mike	George Cooper
Angela	Ferike Boros
Dante	Ralph Luce
Francesco	Frank Reicher
Mario	Paul Porcasi
Guy	Tenen Holtz

It is hard luck on John Gilbert that his fourth, and best, talking picture, should also be the last in which the late Louis Wolheim was to appear. Mohn's work is encouragingly good, but he is pretty well submerged by the forceful and lovable characterization offered by Mr. Wolheim. The story of "Gentleman's Fate," now showing at Loew's Orpheum Theatre, is an underworld yarn with some unusual twists to it and a tragic ending. Much of its merit is due to its having been directed by Mervyn Le Roy, the young expert who made so excellent a job of "Little Caesar." He has a knack of handling criminal types that rings definitely true. One of the highlights of the picture is the "Peace Banquet," given by one rival bootlegging gang to another, which is as fine a bit of satirical foolery as we have seen in many months.

Jack Thomas, a wealthy young society man, suddenly discovers that he is not an orphan as he had always been told. His father, successful bootlegger, is dying from a shot wound and sends for him to come to a cheap hotel in Jersey City. There Jack learns that his real name is Giacomo Tomasulo and that he has a brother, Frank, his father's right-hand man. His fiancee, Marjorie, breaks off their engagement when she learns of his real origin, and Jack, in desperation, enters the bootlegging business at his father's death. One night, while they are running liquor from Canada, members of a rival gang, run by another Italian, Florio, attempt to hi-jack their trucks and Jack is forced to kill one of them to save Frank's life.

Florio bides his time for revenge, but sends Ruth, once the girl of the main man, to get Jack into her power. Unfortunately for all concerned, she falls in love with Jack and he marries her, being at last convinced that Marjorie will never come back. The day before they start on a round-the-world trip, Florio comes to settle scores. There is a brief and bloody shooting affray: Jack kills Florio but is mortally wounded himself and dies, ordering Frank to take care of his wife. Mr. Wolheim's splendid work as the rough-grained, hard-hitting Frank, who scorned his brother's gentlemanliness at first and then came to admire him for it; who could be as cunning as a snake under a blandly innocent expression, and whose feelings were deeper than he could express, takes first honors, making one regret with increasing bitterness the senseless sacrifice of his life on the altar of the deadly Hollywood craze for slimness. Mr. Gilbert was often very good indeed as the gentleman whose fate played him so ironic a trick. He still has mannerisms of speech, but his grasp of character has greatly improved. There were a number of excellent performances, particularly by Marie Prevost as a tough desk girl in a cheap hotel, by John Miljan as the sinister Florio and by Anita Page as Ruth. E. L. H.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Mr. Lemon of Orange"

An all-talking screen comedy with dialogue by Eddie Cantor and Edwin Burke; directed by John G. Blystone and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Mr. Lemon	El Brendel
McGee	El Brendel
Julie La Rue	Fifi Dorsay
Mr. Blake	William Collier, Sr.
Mrs. Blake	Ruth Warren
June Blake	Joan Castle
Jerry	Donald Dillaway
Waiter	Eddie Gribbon
Gangster	Nat Pendleton

If you can, by the faintest possibility, conceive what it would be like to see El Brendel as a gangster, you'll be able to guess, more or less, what "Mr. Lemon of Orange," current screen feature at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia theatres, is like. The results are surprisingly amusing, for the suspense and the humor are kept running neck and neck, with Mr. Brendel more restrained and far more entertaining than usual. One look at the larger portion of the supporting cast suggests that Hollywood is an excellent place for gangsters out of a job; what with the avalanche of crime pictures that keep on coming, there ought to be a demand for new players with hard countenances—the old ones are getting almost too familiar.

The plot is too confusing to give in detail, but it hinges on that sure-fire situation, mistaken identity. Oscar Lemon, an innocent clerk just fired from his job in a toy store, bears a striking resemblance to "Silent" McGee, a notorious gunman. Julie La Rue, whose brother has just been killed by McGee, mistakes Oscar for the murderer and invites him to the night club where the La Rue gang are waiting to kill him. Oscar borrows his brother-in-law's dress suit, after promising to keep it clean, and sets off for his gay evening. McGee also being in evening attire, there follows a whole string of ludicrous blunders. McGee's gang ask Oscar what to do with a hi-jacked liquor truck stuck in the mud, and Oscar's brother-in-law beats up McGee when the latter appears at his door all covered with mud.

Oscar enjoys himself enormously at the night club, gets tipsy on something which he thinks is sarsaparilla, makes love to Julie and finally saves her from McGee's gang by impersonating McGee. In the end Oscar and McGee come face to face—by dint of some clever photographic doubling—and Oscar holds up the gangster with a fake pistol until the police come. Mr. Brendel distinguishes sufficiently well between the innocent clerk and the tough gunman and is extremely laughable in both guises. We did think, however, that his trick of swallowing the miniature harmonica was a bit too much like Charlie Chaplin and the whistle in "City Lights." With two Mr. Brendels on the scene, the rest hadn't much to do. William Collier, Sr., did excellent work as the grouchy brother-in-law, Fifi Dorsay worked her French accent and her hips almost to death as the vivacious Julie, and Donald Dillaway did nicely in a small bit. Considerable comic use was made of a Baby Austin car. E. L. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—Symphony hall, 4:30 and 8:30 P. M. Repetition of Bach's Mass in B minor. The Harvard Glee Club; the Radcliffe Choral Society, Amy Evans, Margaret Matzenauer, Richard Crooks, Fraser Gange, Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Esta Cantor, soprano, assisted by a small orchestra of players from the People's Symphony orchestra, Thompson Stone, conductor. Edwin Biltcliffe, accompanist. Mozart, Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro." Handel, Ask If Yon Damask Rose, from "Susanna"; As When the Dove, from "Acis and Galatea"; So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake, from "Judas Maccabaens." (Miss Cantor and orchestra). Goldmark, Scena "Ah, They Are Lovely," from "The Cricket on the Hearth" (Miss Cantor). Songs with piano: Foote, A Song of Four Seasons. Loeffler, A Dream Within a Dream. Chadwick, The Lament. Ballantine, The Lute Still Whispers in the Wind. Gebhard, Charm (the composer accompanying). Mozart, Dove Sono from "Le Nozze di Figaro"; In Uomini from "Cosa fan tutte" (Miss Cantor and orchestra. Debussy, Petite Suite (orchestra). Donizetti, Closing Scene from "Lucrezia Borgia" (Miss Cantor and orchestra).

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M., Boston Civic Symphony orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor. Goldmark, Overture to "Sakuntala." Humperdinck, Dream and pantomime from "Haensel and Gretel." Massenet, Ballet music from "Le Cid." Verdi, Aria, Eri tu from "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Camille Girouard). Mendelssohn, Symphony ("Scotch") A minor No. 3.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M., Loretta Laureuti, soprano; Dolores Rodriguez, accompanist.

Monday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Lucille Monaghan, pianist. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in A minor. Zipoli, Suite in B minor. Scarlatti, Sonata, D major. Chopin, Mazurkas, op. 41 No. 4, op. 56 No. 1; Etudes op. 10 No. 8; op. 25 No. 10; Ballade, F minor. Medtner, Fairy Tale. Griffes, The Fountain of the Aqua Paola. Chasins, Etude in G sharp minor. Debussy, Bruyeres. L'Isle joyeuse.

Friday—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Saturday—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"On the Spot," a play by Edgar Wallace, will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre next Saturday night. The play was produced at Wyndham's, London, on April 2, 1930. It was transferred to the Cambridge Theatre on Nov. 18.

The opening paragraph of Mr. James Agate's review in the Sunday Times is good reading. "The question is simply: Do we enjoy it, in the sense that nothing on earth could persuade us to leave the table till the banquet is over? Should we, sitting at this play, shake off interruption, protest that wives should have died and houses burned to the ground hereafter and re-focus attention on the stage? I suggest that we should. In the last resort two things matter in the theatre, and two only: Do we want to go on looking and listening? Mr. Wallace's excellent wit answers the second half of the question patly enough. It might be objected that in a play where everybody is murdered, murder loses its interest. Not for me. For one spectator at least interest in Mr. Wallace's characters increased with the deep damnation of each bumping off. This in short was a craftsman's play."

And so Mr. W. A. Darlington of the Daily Telegraph wrote that in one important respect "On the Spot" is the best play Mr. Wallace has written: "In no other play of his that I have seen has Mr. Wallace made any serious attempt to draw character. Hitherto he has relied for his effects almost entirely on plot, situation, and dialogue. . . . But Tony Perelli in "On the Spot" is a real person. Once this play is over it is the plot that you forget and Perelli that you remember and will continue to remember."

The story is of Chicago's underworld—gangsters and racketeers. Perelli is the head of one gang; Mike Feeney the head of another. Giving peaceful, timid citizens a rest for a moment, the gangs prey on each other. A man belonging to Feeney's has been bumped off. Feeney orders that the two murderers be put "on the spot"; sent treacherously by their own chief to be ambushed by Feeney's men. Perelli promises to do this. His Chinese wife loves him, yet he is treacherous towards her. She kills herself, having been thrown aside for another girl. The detective, Kelly, knowing that Perelli has committed at least 17 murders for which he cannot be brought to justice, burns the wife's letter of confession and arrests Perelli for a murder which he did not commit. For as Kelly says: Even if Chicago juries are yellow, they are sentimental and will condemn even a powerful racketeer to death if he kills a woman. From which it will be seen that Kelly is an optimist.

In London Perelli was played by Charles Laughton, who made him an "oily, smirking, dangerous animal." (Perelli's gang is shown as practising "a series of murderous burglarious, jewel-stealing, brothel-running, white slavery villainies.") Feeney was played by Dennis Wyndham; Kelly by W. Cronin-Wilson; Minn Lee by Gillian Lind.

Let us add that Perelli, fond of music, plays the organ in his house between his devilish deeds; that the Chinese beauty is a graduate of Columbia University. Mr. Ivor Brown wrote that Mr. Laughton's portrayal of Perelli was a terrific essay in the macabre. "The mass effect of this leering, twitching and occasionally ecstatic monster is like something that might have happened in a play of Webster's, and makes Grand Guignol seem by comparison like a nursery trifle by Mr. A. A. Milne."

Mr. Wallace spent two weeks in Chicago. He says he derived most of his material for "On the Spot" from newspapers and from books "explaining" Scarface Al.

"On the Spot" was seen in New York at the Forrest Theatre on Oct. 30, 1930. Perelli, Crane Wilbur; Feeney, Arthur R. Vinton; Kelly, John M. Kline; Minn Lee, Anna May Wong.

Mr. Sydney W. Carroll has discussed the question, "Can Plays Be Nursed?" His answer is "Yes." The manager must have the courage of his opinions. If he believes in a play sufficiently to put it on, he should continue to believe in it for a certain length of time, so as to give an opportunity for his beliefs to be fairly and thoroughly tested." He cites the case of "Romance" with Doris Keane, which was almost a complete failure for its first few weeks and was kept on the stage by the insistence and courage of the actress; "The Farmer's Wife," which had one of the longest runs known in London; "The Scarlet Pimpernel" in its early days; "The Sign of the Cross," one of the greatest money-makers the stage has known, was utterly damned by the press on its first appearance, and its early death was foretold by experts; "Bird in Hand" gave no signs of its long life.

"A play may fail not because it is a bad play, but for a score of other reasons unconnected with the author. It may have been wrongly cast. It may have been wrongly produced. The author may have refused to allow a word of it to be cut or altered. It may have failed because it was produced at the wrong theatre or because it appealed to a certain class of audience, and could have found its special public only after a certain lapse of time. . . .

"I am aware that in America plays receive short shrift. The financial risks are so great and the market so bursting with products of one sort and another that the moment anything like a failure pops up its head, it receives a crushing whack and has to disappear after the manner of one of Mr. Punch's victims. . . .

"I am convinced that the general public misses a great deal of interesting material in the theatre by accepting the unfavorable verdicts of critics and previous visitors. By all means let us accept the favorable views that reach us, but when it comes to the reverse side of the medal we should ask ourselves whether we have no individual opinions of our own."

Miss Vera Beringer of London thinks that the Stage is no "soft job and there is no dole for actors." Some of them are near starving, even though they are well known. The "enormous sums" paid to some actors makes it hard for the smaller ones to exist. And there may be such a thing as fatty degeneration of the art. The theatre has acquired too much of the "my dear fellow, it's simply not done" idea. The theatre is the place for the display of emotions, and there's too little vitality in the theatre of today. "This cannot be said of the 'talkies.'" The plays of today are apt to be flimsy and trivial, and if they are spineless, so are some players. "I am opposed to the fetish that English people will not go to the theatre to think—that they resent any appeal to their imagination. The trouble is that so many writers of realistic plays present their subject in such an unpleasant, ugly and repulsive light that the public holds its mental nose and turns aside."

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Concerts

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Bliss Perry in his masterly address concerning Henry Lee Higginson as man and founder of the Boston Symphony orchestra reminded the audience last Wednesday that as in years past there were eminently respectable Bostonians who left the concert hall when music by Wagner was performed; later when music by Brahms was on the program.

Now when Stravinsky is represented some stay away, or, coming, squirm and fidget. But the audience of 1931 is more tolerant towards Stravinsky than when the "Sacre du Printemps" struck terror to their souls. There are contemporaneous composers, favored by Dr. Koussevitzky, who sorely vex the ultra-conservatives; some of these composers annoy even the more receptive; and one or two whose music has been played here this season are manifestly unworthy of seats at the table of the gods or of the smile of an embracing goddess.

The question is asked by everybody. What will be the future of the art?

Philistines and radicals should read Adolf Weissmann's "Music Come to Earth." This little volume of 148 pages published in bold type by E. P. Dutton & Co. of New York, deserves careful reading and re-reading. The German first edition, "Die Engoetterung der Musik," was published in Berlin in 1926. This translation by the accomplished music critic, Eric Blom, is from the second and posthumous edition of 1930. Weissmann, a music critic in Berlin, a scholarly man prominent in the literary circle, wrote other books worthy of consideration. He was known in this country also by his contributions to the Christian Science Monitor. As Mr. Blom says, he was one of the few German critics "who admit that the art of music is not their own country's exclusive concern, as indeed it never was, though it may have threatened to become so in the course of the nineteenth century.". Speaking of "Music Come to Earth," Mr. Blom finds it already a valuable document; "in a hundred years and more musicians will look upon it as one of the most interesting sources of information on what they may perhaps regard as a period of significant upheaval, perhaps — who knows?—only as an age of freakish and barren endeavor."

Weissmann finds that we are in the midst of "fundamental subversions" in the domain of art, "and it is music, perhaps, which plays the greatest part in them. Nothing of the kind has ever happened before. . . . Music's coming down to earth need not be its ruin; but its conformance with this new world of machinery cannot but change its very core." For now the machine fetters and drives the mind. Wagner's romanticism was accepted as the "robust and active expression of German patriotism, and so did not prevent the military spirit from manifesting itself." The natural predilection for the cultivation of music in Germany was greatly fostered by the piano, "the principal means of expression for those who had small intellectual gifts but great love of music." The piano readily yielded its secrets even to the indifferently gifted; it became "the toy of countless women who transferred the chatter of their tongues to the clatter of the keys"; but it also brought the desire to create by its aid. As machinery penetrated into every part of the earth, romanticism died. The musician, seeing how few works of art live, said to himself: "Let us be practical. To be practical is the expression of commerce. Commerce is the expression of the present day. Let us paint or compose in such a manner that our works will be exhibited or performed." The piano "deprived of its soul, converted into an instrument of percussion, proves that music has come to earth." We have given only a faint outline of an important chapter.

"Sport versus music." All the music of the 19th century was nervous music. Verdi was a great exception among composers: nerves did not dominate his will. "Both, will and sensibility, thus celebrated their victory in a development that continued down to the old age of the master who was an exceptional phenomenon of the closing 19th century."

"Sport seeks to desensualize." . . . The contest against eroticism in sport also becomes a contest against art." The new psychic changes, especially those in women, make the artist run the risk of loneliness. The fox trot, jazz tries to set sport to music. Jazz, purged of its primitive nature, corresponds to the tempo of our time. It is easily intelligible; the short cut for the unmusical. And sport, mechanizing the orgy of the dance, begins to influence musical sound through hardness and precision exacted by rhythm. The sensuality of the strings is checked or driven away. There is the decay of "Tristanesque eroticism." "Tristan" is becoming a "petrified miracle." Women now decline "to wrap up the act of love in philosophical circumlocutions, even eroticism grows mechanical. There is no cause for yearning where all is fulfilment. As the occasion for a musical expression of love disappears, its charm vanishes. "Progressions in fourths and clashes of seconds announce sexual indifference." Weissmann in this chapter speaks with the utmost frankness.

A chapter of perhaps even greater contemporaneous interest is entitled "The Victory of the Habitual Radio and Film," with the conclusion: "Superficiality and intellectual laziness have won their victory and robbed music, like the rest, of its divinity. But a road is made for new experiences and a new sort of culture."

A discussion of "the Democratic Principle" is followed by one entitled "The Almighty Conductor." "He above every other musician profits by the triumph of capitalism." Richard Strauss is named as one that dominates mechanims by making capital twice over, "of himself and of his music." The European conductor is eager for an American appointment in "that may make him economically independent." It is to him that the "pretended transplantation of musical atmosphere to America" is due. . . . The almighty conductor," travelling to the Americas, "does his utmost to damage European musical life at its very root."

Weissmann discusses at length "The Decline of the Concert"; there is a chapter about musical festivals and fairs—the consequent formation of cliques and the encroachment of commerce. The chapter on opera as it flourishes in various countries, with the remarks about various singers, is entertaining. Germany suffers from a dearth of tenors. "Eroticism was once wholly bound up with the lyric tenor. Caruso reached the heights; he was at once a man and a tenor, a singer and an artist; but he is gone." It is hard to find in Germany a conductor who has a true "feeling for and understanding of the human voice. One of them is Bruno Walter." The number of successful new operas is small.

In "Between Chaos and Machine" jazz is again considered and at greater length. Stravinsky uses the piano as the "most convincing vehicle for the unemotional."

"The new traffic, by mechanizing art, has on the whole enslaved creative man. The world's music wavers between chaos and machinery." The concluding chapters, are "From the Machine to Humanity"; "Irrepressible Romanticism and the Latest Musician"; "The Critic's Duty—"let him point again and again to man, to life in art, to music that is divine because it is in its essence human."

BACH FESTIVAL

At Symphony hall, last night, occurred the 20th Saturday evening concert of Boston Symphony Orchestra. Its program, differing from the occasion from that of the preceding afternoon's concert, was the fifth program of the current Bach festival. The co-operation of the Bach Cantata Club had once more been enlisted; and the following soloists were heard: Alexander Borovsky, pianist; Amy Evans, soprano; Margaret Matzenauer, contralto; Richard Crooks, tenor, and Frazer Gange, bass. The program comprised the Easter Cantata No. 4, "Christ lag im Todesbanden," Brandenburg Concerto No. 5, in D (solo piano, Alexander Borovsky; violin, Richard Burgin; flute, Georges Laurent), four preludes and fugues from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," book I (No. 16 in G minor, No. 5 in D major, No. 22 in B flat minor, No. 3 in C sharp major), and Cantata No. 80 "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."

The most truly and deeply expressive measures of "Christ lag im Todesbanden" are perhaps those of the short orchestral introduction, the "Sinfonia," with its rich and mournful harmonies, the elegiac nobility and human grief of its melodic contours. It was played with noble beauty of string tone and a fine breadth of phrase. The cantata itself adheres too closely to the chorale tune for any close emotional correspondence to the text. Whether it is sung by the sopranos over a richly contrapuntal choral and instrumental accompaniment, as in the opening chorus, or made the subject of a fugue, or varied rhythmically or slightly embellished with ornaments, the tune preserves its integrity and imposes its mood even upon the Hallelujahs—which are surely among the saddest shouts of jubilation ever heard. But it is a solemn and splendid tune and the unity that it imparts to the cantata is impressive. Its tenderest variant is that of the exquisite duet for soprano and alto, "O'er Death no man could prevail." In general it is the magnificent and complex choruses that are the glory of this cantata. They were sung with admirable precision that had nothing in it of that almost military peremptoriness that so often accompanies choral precision. There was rather a gentle mood and timbre that reminded the hearer that this was after all devotional music and which reconciled him to a lack of brilliance where brilliance became occasionally desirable.

While "Christ lag" was never, so far as is known, intended to employ soloists and can be sung without, "Ein Feste Burg" has elaborate and florid solo parts and expressive recitatives, and occasionally wanders far from its justly famous chorale. It has appropriately virile choruses, some airs a little too elaborate or too vigorously illustrative to be thoroughly musical, but others that are of great beauty and range of expression. The beautiful bass recitative "Consider then" was excellently sung by Mr. Gange—who can be relied upon to sing intelligently always, and expressively, whenever his part is not too low or too fast. The first chorale, sung in unison, was (with the help of an inspired printer's error) translated in the program "If all the world with friends were filled, A host that would devour us . . ."

Miss Evans's voice seemed under better control than hitherto, and Mme. Matzenauer made the most of such opportunities as came her way. Mr. Crooks, a trifle throaty last night, did, however, some vigorous and spirited singing.

In the fifth Brandenburg concerto MM. Burgin and Laurent earned applause by their delightfully clean and sensitive playing of their important parts. Mr. Borovsky, a trifle too heavy at times for the delicate balance of the ensemble, played the extraordinarily elaborate (though musically uninteresting) clavier part with remarkable agility and with notably intelligent and tasteful musicianship. The orchestra as a whole, under Dr. Koussevitzky's alert direction, gave a most pleasing performance of this lively work.

Mr. Borovsky, very enthusiastically applauded for his work in the concerto, again won an extremely cordial demonstration of approval by his playing of a set of preludes and fugues. Always clear in his part playing, he was at his excellent best in the faster and lighter of these pieces—in the G major and C sharp major preludes and fugues—where he had grace and a light touch that was absent from the others, for Mr. Borovsky inclines at times to squareness. In response to the applause he added the C minor prelude and fugue, No. 2 of the First Book.

Today at 4:30 and 8:30 the mass in B minor will be repeated. S. S.

Mch 30

PENSION FUND CONCERT

Bach's masterpiece, the B minor Mass, with which on Wednesday last the Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its Bach Festival, was repeated yesterday at its close in aid of the orchestra's pension fund. The performance was again divided into two portions of convenient length, the Kyrie and Gloria being sung in the afternoon, and the Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei in the evening. The intermission of some two hours and a half avoided overtaxing the voices of those who sing and the attention of those who listen; it insured a performance of more sustained excellence and an audience capable of enjoying it.

The chorus was, of course, again composed of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society (trained respectively by Dr. Davison and Mr. Wallace Woodworth); the soloists were Amy Evans, soprano, Margaret Matzenauer, contralto, Richard Crooks, tenor, and Fraser Gange, bass. Instrumental solos incidental to the score were played by Burgin, concertmaster; Boetcher, horn; M. M. Speyer and Devergie, oboe d'amore; Albert Snow was organist.

Under Dr. Koussevitzky's vivid and inspired direction the performance, by orchestra and singers alike, was one of overwhelming brilliance. From the sombre magnificence of the opening Kyrie Eleison to the exhilarating jubilance of the "Et Resurrexit," the soaring exaltation of the "Sanctus," and the impressive power of the final "Osanna" and "Dona Nobis Pacem," the singing of the Harvard and Radcliffe chorus was of the most stirring quality—fresh, ardent, alive, agile and full of movement. They could achieve a deep expressiveness, too, in the "Qui Tollis," in "Et Incarnatus," in the "Crucifixus," in the adagio section of the "Confiteor."

The soloists also sang excellently though theirs is a relatively small share in the mass. Mme. Matzenauer's expressive and technically admirable singing of her airs, especially the "Agnus Dei," again commanded admiration. Miss Evans's voice, though used with unequal skill, had at its best a very pleasing brightness. Mr. Crooks again used his fine voice with notable intelligence and beauty of tone, particularly in the "Benedictus," while Mr. Gange once more did excellent work in his two airs.

The sensitive work of those members of the orchestra who played the obbligati for violin, flute, horn and oboe d'amore added notably to the beauty of the airs in which they were employed.

The the close of the concert the audience that packed the hall expressed its delight in this great music and in the outstanding brilliance of its performance with an enthusiasm more tempestuous than any other demonstration of the kind within recent memory. Dr. Koussevitzky and the soloists, together with Dr. Davison and Mr. Woodworth, who had so excellently prepared the choruses, were recalled again and again to receive thunderous applause. Dr. Koussevitzky, to whose devotion and enthusiasm the success of the festival just ended was so largely due, was presented with a large wreath by representatives of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, amid a storm of congratulatory noises to which the great throng of singers and players upon the platform added their quota. S. S.

ESTA CANTOR

Esta Cantor, soprano, assisted by a small orchestra of players from the People's Symphony, gave a concert last night at Jordan hall. The program was the following:

Overture to "Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart); Ask if You Damask Rose, from "Susanna" (Handel); As When the Dove, from "Acis and Galatea" (Handel); So Shall the Lute and Harp Awake, from "Judas Maccabaeus" (Handel). Miss Cantor and orchestra.

Scena from "The Cricket on the Hearth." Ah, They Are Love'y (Goldmark). Miss Cantor.

Songs with piano—A Song of Four Seasons (Foote); A Dream Within a Dream (Loefler); the Lament (Chadwick); the Lute Still Whispers in the Wind (Ballantine); Charm (the composer at the piano) (Gebhard). Miss Cantor.

Dove Sono from "Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart); In Uomini, from "Cosi Fan Tutte" (Mozart). Miss Cantor and orchestra.

Petite suite—En Bateau, Cortege, Minuet, Ballet (Debussy). Orchestra.

Closing scena from "Lucrezia Borgia" (Donizetti). Miss Cantor and orchestra.

Miss Cantor, in this first public concert of hers, displayed many unusual gifts. Hers is a light, fresh, clear voice; she has been well schooled—knows how to turn a phrase in the proper style of the composer she is singing; she is sensitive not only to the line and color of music, but to poetry as well, and her enunciation is accurate, unforced, and clear. To her singing she brings responsiveness and charm.

When she has gained further security in the use of her voice, and has added greater variety to her abilities, she will be a valuable addition to Boston's group of concert artists.

The three Handel airs with which Miss Cantor opened her share of the program, she sang with grace and a certain pleasing ingenuousness (which in these days of self-conscious artistry is a rare charm). Nervousness no doubt accounted for a certain lack of breadth that made itself manifest in thin tone and uncertain breath control—these faults were not so evident later in the concert. "Ah, They are Lovely"—a pretty scene from Goldmark's operetta, "The Cricket on the Hearth," Miss Cantor sang so well as to engender the thought that she might well give attention to operetta and light opera—perhaps also musical comedy, unless she is too innately musical for that!

Her group of five songs with piano revealed that she attempts, generally successfully, to color her voice when the text of the song and the musical phrase demand it, and that she commands a rather widely varied sense of atmosphere and of musical emotion. Her singing of Heinrich Gebhardt's exuberant song, "Charm" (the composer provided the brilliant piano accompaniment) won hearty applause for both pianist and singer.

Miss Cantor's sense of style, so evident in the two Mozart arias, stood her well in stead when she came to the difficult and taxing air from "Lucrezia Borgia." Her excellent pitch was especially noticed here.

A tendency to let her high tones retreat into the head, a too pronounced portamento, and less volume than she could command (though she is to be commended for keeping the voice light enough to float clearly) are faults that further study and experience will doubtless dissipate.

The orchestra, under the capable baton of Thompson Stone, accompanied Miss Cantor, and also played, very charmingly, some short pieces of Debussy.

The large audience was bountiful with applause and there were many gifts of flowers for Miss Cantor. E. B.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Bad Sister"

An all talking screen comedy drama adapted from the story by Booth Tarkington entitled "The Flirt," directed by Hobart Henley and presented by Universal with the following cast:

D[illegible] Lindley	Conrad Nagel
Marianne	Sidney Fox
Laura	Bette Davis
Valentine Corliss	Humphrey Bogart
Minnie	Zasu Pitts
Sam	Slim Summerville
Mr. Madison	Charles Winninger
Mrs. Madison	Emma Dunn
Wade Trumbell	Bert Roach
Hedrick Madison	David Durand

A favorite theme of discussion among the great minds of Hollywood is what they like to call the "trend," or the major preference of motion picture audiences for this or that type of picture. "If we only were certain of the trend," these great minds will say, "we could give the public what it wanted and, perhaps, make some money." All of this is very amusing. If the producers would concentrate on the production of good pictures, honestly and expertly constructed and performed, the "trend" would take care of itself; and as likely as not it might be found that this same trend is toward "human nature" pictures, stories of common, every-day folk, with a recognizable plot, plenty of simple humor, and a composite of small-town characterizations.

As evidence of this modest contention, consider the screen adaptation of Booth Tarkington's novel of mid-western provincialism called "The Flirt," and now filmed as "Bad Sister." Mr. Tarkington, as author and playwright, is noted for his amazing knowledge of the inner thoughts of his characters and, particularly, for his unerring portraits of the average small boy. These penetrating powers were evinced in "The Flirt," and to a gratifying degree they are preserved in the picture. The only pity is that for some unknown reason Mr. Henley, the director, was constrained to hasten the latter part of the film, making a single line of dialogue serve explanatorily for a scene withheld. One must guess at too much; whereas an added 10 minutes would have helped immensely in completing the story to the audience's satisfaction.

Marianne Madison, a selfish, shallow girl with many honest suitors, makes one big mistake when she takes up with a stranger in town, one Val Corliss, whose cool audacity and practised hand at love-making intrigues her. She forges her father's name to a paper commending Corliss's wildcat scheme of a money-making factory on the strength of which he collects large sums from Madison's colleagues and skips town, taking Marianne with him. Overnight he abandons her, and she returns home. S[illegible] a now offers to marry young Lindley, [illegible]ctor, but he has decided that her [illegible] Laura, a quiet, timid mouse, [illegible] be a safer helpmeet. So she ac[illegible] Wade Trumbull, fat and prosper[illegible] and he, following her confession as the forgery, takes over Madison's [illegible]ligations to his defrauded friends.

It is in the many details of family life, homely speech, unforced situations, and amusing pranks of the lad Hedrick, that the picture quickly gains favor, so that laughter floats through the theatre contagiously. Miss Fox and Miss Davis make their screen debuts in the roles of the contrasted daughters, the one doing well in a disagreeable part, the other applying that same appealing quality of repression and of humble patience which marked her stage performance as Hedvig in "The Wild Duck." Master Durand is very natural as the impish Hedrick, and the others give praiseworthy bits. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

The Hot Heiress"

An all-talking screen comedy with story by Herbert Fields: music and lyrics by Richards Rodgers and Lorenz Hart; directed by Clarence Badger and presented by First National and Vitaphone with the following cast:

Hap Harrigan	Ben Lyon
Juliette Hunter	Ona Munson
Clay	Walter Pidgeon
Bill Dugan	Tom Dugan
Mr. Hunter	Holmes Herbert
Margie	Inez Courtenay
Lola	Thelma Todd
Mrs. Hunter	Nella Walker

Some remarks have been passed of late to the effect that there were to be no more musical comedies on the screen, but you'll never believe them after seeing "The Hot Heiress" now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres. One sequence in particular is typical of musical picture technique: Ben Lyon and Tom Dugan are perceived tossing redhot rivets around on the top of a tall steel framework, when all at once an orchestra tunes up and Mr. Lyon begins to sing something about: "Nobody loves a riveter but his mother." Maybe so, but no one took the trouble to explain what that orchestra was doing 30 stories up in the air. The film is mildly entertaining and very well acted by a likable cast. Ben Lyon in particular, proves that he is better in a part that calls definitely for characterization rather than in straight romantic roles.

"The Hot Heiress" was contrived for the screen by the celebrated Fields, Rodgers and Hart musical comedy triumvirate. What they have contrived may be something less than startling but it is genuinely entertaining, the sort of picture that you think of afterwards with reminiscent smiles. Juliette Hunter, society heiress, falls in love with Hap Harrigan, a riveter who tosses one of his red-hot playthings through her window by mistake. Her efforts to make him marry her are thwarted by Hap's unwillingness to live on the money of the girl he loves. Worse than that, she invites him and his friends, Bill and Margie, to a houseparty, telling her parents that Hap is an architect. The truth is blurted out by Bill, while slightly exhilarated, and Hap, believing that Juliette is ashamed of his companion, walks out.

Several weeks later, Juliette learns where Hap is working, rents a room across from his place of occupation, sticks a board out the window and crawls across. They then decide to marry on condition that they live on Hap's wages and not on Juliette's bank account. Ben Lyon does nicely as the tough and self-respecting riveter, while Ona Munson makes a charming Juliette. The comedy relief is ably handled by Inez Courtenay and Tom Dugan, the latter of whom bears a striking resemblance to Warren Hymer. In all honesty, it must be admitted that the interpolated songs aren't particularly interesting and the jokes are old, but the situations and the acting are entertaining enough to make an amusing film.—E. L. H.

PARK

"The Last Dance"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jack Townley from his own scenario; directed by Scott Pembroke and presented by Audible Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Sally Kelly	Vera Reynolds
Tom Malloy	Jason Robards
Sam Wise	George Chandler
Sybil Kelly	Gertrude Short
"Pa" Kelly	Harry Todd
"Ma" Kelly	Lillian Leighton
"Babe" LaMarr	Mimi Alvarez
Jones	Lynton Brent
Edgar	James Hertz
Lucien Abbott	Henry Roquemore
Weber	Fred Walton

Talking pictures supplant silent films, new technique replaces old, but there is one variety of plot that will never lose its popularity. Like Tennyson's brook, the Cinderalla romance goes on forever, and people still come back for more. If you don't believe, go to the Park Theatre and see "The Last Dance." Brought up to date, set in a cheap dance hall, the protagonists remain the same: the poor little girl with her dreams of something above her drab life and the rich, handsome youth whom fate sends to be her prince charming. With so familiar a foundation, it would be foolish to expect anything very novel, but the film holds frequently amusing sequences along with some that are so badly acted as to be unintentionally laughable.

Sally Kelly, supporting her family by working in a cheap dance hall, decides that it would be fun to be engaged to a wealthy and handsome young man who could take her away from poverty and family quarrels. She buys an engagement ring on the instalment plan and tells her friends that her fiance is Tom Malloy, a millionaire bachelor. The news gets into the papers and presently Tom, hearing of his fictitious engagement, comes to have a look at Sally. He takes to her at once, to the indignation of "Babe" La Marr, a sporty young lady with designs on him herself. For a time Tom keeps his identity under cover, while Sally's parents buy all sorts of expensive furniture in the expectation of coming affluence. Presently Sally finds out who Tom really is and then, believing that he takes their affair as a joke, refuses to see him.

"Babe" La Marr hasn't yet given up the fight, however, and throws another wrench into the works by getting Sally to sign what she thinks is a renunciation of all claim to Tom but is instead an action for breach of promise. This starts a lot more trouble which is cleared up in the end by Sally's unlucky suitor, Sam Wise. Cinderella marries her prince and all is well. Barbara Reynolds makes an appealing little Sally, acting frequently with genuine feeling. Jason Robards is quite satisfactory as the likable son of wealth, and George Cooper offers some amusing moments as Sam Wise, the disappointed orchestra leader. E. L. H.

LUCILLE MONAGHAN

Lucille Monaghan, pianist, gave a recital last night at Jordan hall. She played the following program: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in A minor; Zipoli, Suite in B minor (Preludio, Corrente, Aria, Finale); Scarlatti, Sonata in D major; Chopin, Two Mazurkas (Op. 41, No. 4, and Op. 56, No. 1), Two Etudes (Op. 10, No. 8, and Op. 25, No. 10), Ballade in F minor; Griffes, The Fountain of the Acqua Paola; Medtner, Fairy Tale; Debussy, Bruyeres, L'Isle joyeuse. The unfamiliar name of Zipoli is probably that of Domenico Zipoli, a Neapolitan by birth, who was appointed organist at the Church of the Gesu in Rome in 1696 and who later published a good deal of music for the organ and the harpsichord. His suite played by Miss Monagnan is pleasantly graceful music quite as worthy of performance as many of the sonatas of the more celebrated Alessandro Scarlatti. Minor composers in the late 17th and 18th centuries, an age of formal, objective and decorative music, are less humiliatingly inferior to the great ones than are the second and third-raters of the romantic 19th.

Miss Monaghan is endowed as regards technique, with a natural and exceptional fluency, accuracy and ease. She displays in general also a light grace of style and a musical taste that seem no less innate and unforced. The praise must be qualified. In the Bach fugue which stood at the head of her program, her part-playing was indistinguishably blurred by being played far too rapidly and softly and with too much use of the sustaining pedal. Here and there in other parts of the program were sudden intrusions of an arbitrary and excessive rubato; but these moments were rare, Miss Monaghan's rhythm being usually admirably alive and onward moving.

Both Zipoli and Scarlatti received graceful treatment at Miss Monaghan's hands—though the latter, with a slightly less subdued and restrained tone-production might have sparkled more characteristically. Two of the less hackneyed mazurkas of Chopin were played with a poetic insight free from exaggeration and pose, but with no hint of the vigorous dance that always lies more or less concealed within these little tone-poems and whose strong rhythm should be constantly perceptible beneath their surface. The F major Etude was a delightfully played arabesque; the B minor had in its rushing chromatic octoves a barbaric strength, an element in Chopin's music that is too often overlooked, in its poetic middle section a suave beauty. Miss Monaghan played the great F minor Ballade most musically, sensitively, and with understanding. Thankful for this fact, one might easily forgive a temperamental inability to penetrate its emotional depths. At least she made no bungling attempt to feign a romantic despair, struck no sentimental pose.

She was perhaps most successful of all in Griffes' "Fountain of the Acqua Paola," painting an utterly enchanting tone picture that did honor both to the composer's delightful piece of imaginative impressionism and to the pianist's own sympathetic imagination and technical skill. In Debussy's "Bruyeres," and especially in "L'Isle joyeuse," she was hardly less successful in translating into sound and rhythm the composer's intention, and pleasing her audience.

Miss Monaghan, whose concert had proved her to be a young pianist of unusual gifts, despite her present limitations, was very warmly applauded. She responded with encores. S. S.

LOST VESSEL [illegible]

April 1 1931

SETH PARKER

That part of Washington county, Me., comprising Jonesport, Machias, Surrey, Ellsworth and Steuben, seemed to be pretty well represented at Seth Parker's "gathering" in Symphony hall last evening. Other sections of Maine probably figured in it as well, for the hall, with the exception of the last three distant rows on the floor, was packed. One could tell that these men and women, most of them of that comfortable age which is capable of recognizing and appreciating old-fashioned ways and speech and character, knew precisely why they were there. They had heard Seth Parker and his Jonesport neighbors many a Sunday night over the radio, and they were eager to see Seth in the flesh: Seth Parker, the man who in a few brief months has spread his simple non-sectarian homilies and hymns across the land through a network of broadcasting stations, the man whose quavery voice and kindly chuckle they had learned to love.

Perhaps they hoped also to see Lizzie and Cefus, Laith and Jane, "Ma" Parker, of course, and Capt. Bangs. The captain was present, as one knew the moment Raymond Hunter exclaimed, "Bless my rudder." So was Polly Robertson, the accompanist for the singers, both at organ and piano. The others, it was announced, will visit Boston about a month hence, when they will present a two-act play prepared and directed by Seth, who, it might as well be said here as later, is Phillips H. Lord, a Bowdoin graduate, now in his 29th year, and a very active and busy young man.

The stage was set simply. Black drapes at the back, crimson drapes at the sides; a tall fireplace back centre, set off by an imitation brick mantel on which rested a clock which actually ticked off the seconds, two candlesticks, an old-fashioned vase and a tin dipper, probably the same dipper which Laith uses for his Sunday night collections. At the left a grand piano, at the right the organ console, and elsewhere two rocking chairs, a small table and Seth's guitar.

The captain opened the "githering" with a brief description of the origin and development of Mr. Lord's idea of presenting down east folks as they really are and not in caricature, sang several bass solos, and led an audience which needed scant urging in the singing of hymns from Seth Parker's Hymnal, 2000 copies of which had been distributed through the hall. On departing, more were purchased than surrendered at the door. In time Seth appeared, a short, stocky figure in a nondescript suit, including what looked like a home-knitted vest. A wig of white hair and false whiskers to match surrounded his face. A high collar and black string tie completed the make-up. He walked with a peculiar little shuffle; he used his hands expressively. But it was the voice which caught the audience, that friendly voice which has brought comfort to thousands, whatever their religious tenets.

Seth told a number of stories, mostly elaborations of his radio talks. He read amusing items from the latest issue of the Jonesport Star. He twanged his guitar, kept time with one foot and led the congregation in "You Go to Your Church and I'll Go to Mine" and several other now familiar hymns. And, to employ a low expression, the folks out front "just ate it up!" If they could have sat down to an old-fashioned baked bean supper after that "sing" they would have been ecstatically happy.

After a brief interlude with the captain as spokesman, Mr. Lord reappeared minus make-up, to tell some more stories, to lead in one more hymn. Probably, if Billy Sunday had been there he would have called hoarsely for converts. Seth Parker doesn't have to call for them. He has them. W. E. G.

April 3 1931

METROPOLITAN

"A Connecticut Yankee"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by William Conselman from the novel entitled "A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," by Mark Twain; directed by David Butler and presented by Fox Films, with the following cast:

Hank (Sir Boss)	Will Rogers
King Arthur	William Farnum
Alisande	Maureen O'Sullivan
Clarence	Frank Albertson
Queen Morgan Le Fay	Myrna Loy
Sir Sagramor	Mitchell Harris
Merlin	Brandon Hurst

We have nothing but sympathy for any one who cannot enjoy Will Rogers in "A Connecticut Yankee," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, for it is one of the most genuinely amusing pictures that have been shown in this neighborhood in many months. Mark Twain's idea of putting a representative of the 19th century back in the 6th was nothing short of inspired at the time he wrote it, and it is just as funny now. What if King Arthur and the boss are rescued from Queen Morgan le Fay's little hanging party by knights in full dress armor, carrying machine guns and riding in Fords instead of on motorcycles? Certainly yesterday's audience hailed the sight with howls of glee. Will himself has a perfectly wonderful time, substituting his own wisecracks for those of Mark Twain and making an excellent job of it into the bargain. You don't know what it is to laugh until you see Will, all dressed up in a suit of mail, being hoisted on board an elaborately caparisoned steed. If you don't think that's the right word, go and see for yourself.

There is a brief prologue in which Hank, later the boss, goes to repair the radio of an eccentric gentleman who believes that he can tune in on the past. A suit of armor falls on his head and he wakes up back in the sixth century to find Sir Sagramor prodding him with his lance. Sentenced to be burned for a magician, Hank saves himself by pretending to be the cause of an eclipse of the sun. Installed as prime minister, he soon has the court of Camelot running on the basis of an efficient factory, with pages on roller skates and armored knights riding around with advertising placards. He even has a refuelling and oiling station for knights with creaky suits of mail. Presently there comes a tournament in which Hank, dressed as a cowboy, ropes Sir Sagramor and pulls him around the tourney field.

Morgan le Fay, King Arthur's sister, kidnaps his daughter Alisande, with whom Clarence, Hank's right-hand man and future ancestor, is in love. Hank and the King ride to the rescue, are captured and about to be hanged when Clarence leads up the knights in the aforesaid automobiles. Hank goes to the dungeons to rescue the prisoners, the castle is blown up and he wakes up, still pinned under the suit of armor.

The two periods are linked together by the appearance of the same characters in different guises. It is all excellent fooling, handsomely mounted and

admirably acted. The medieval costumes, the tournament and the pageantry formed an amusing contrast to the mechanical inventions of the resourceful Yankee. Will Rogers is right in his element, and while not quite Mark Twain's Yankee, is most satisfactory. William Farnum makes a regal King Arthur, Myrna Loy a beautiful and wicked Morgan le Fay. The others are excellent and appear to enjoy themselves to the full. E. L. H.

A MEDICAL OPINION

By PHILIP HALE

The temperate have for years found happiness in the thought that, abstaining from firewater, they would not be carried off by cirrhosis of the liver. Now comes Dr. Albert M. Snell, who says that excessive drinking of alcohol does not commonly cause the disease in spite of the fact that it has long been known as "gin-drinker's liver," "hob-nall liver" being a more complimentary term; in spite of the verse in J. C. Squire's poem "If Gray had written his Elegy in The Spoon River Cemetery":

There are two hundred only, yet of these
Some thirty died of drowning in the river,
Sixteen went mad, ten others had D. T.'s,
And twenty-eight cirrhosis of the liver.

No, cirrhosis occurs in only about 5 per cent. of cases of alcoholism. There are other causes, as disease of the bile ducts, spleen, infectious fevers. So says the reassuring Dr. Snell associated with the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minn. What to him is the pompous definition of the disease?—"A name given by Lannec to a disease of the liver, occurring most frequently in spirit-drinkers, and consisting in chronic interstitial hepatitis, with atrophy of the cells and increase of connective tissue."

One terrifying feature of this disease is its name, which has been a stumbling block to many in a spelling-match, not only to ambitious, bright-eyed boys and girls; to men in years who have enjoyed what was once known as "the advantage of a collegiate education." The scene was a courtroom in Albany, N. Y. Judge Westbrook was on the bench. There was evidence to show that the plaintiff, asking for damages in a railway accident, was suffering from cirrhosis of the liver. The opposing counsel were widely known; one of them was afterward an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. The judge, taking notes, asked sheepishly: "How do you spell cirrhosis?" There was dead silence for some minutes; then there was timid and erroneous spelling by one or two. At last the court stenographer, P. Deming, who had contributed stories of Adirondack life to the Atlantic Monthly—he looked like Tom Pinch as portrayed in illustrated editions of Dickens — modestly gave the correct spelling. The judge and the lawyers breathed a sigh of relief. Another witness took the stand.

"Cirrhosis—a terrible name indeed, as terrible as that of Maginn's wild, tremendous Irishman:

Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.

For Timothy Thady had no fear of cirrhosis of the liver.

APPLE-LOZENGES

By PHILIP HALE

The people of Berlin have found it rather difficult to eat apples in the subway, but a young German scientist has invented a process by which apples can be ground into powder and pressed into lozenges, without loss of flavor or health-giving salts. The sender of this dispatch does not state why it is not easy to eat an apple in the subway; whether the Berliner is ashamed to be seen biting and munching; whether, fearing the police and not wishing to swallow the skin and core, he feels obliged to put them in his pocket instead of gaily tossing them on the floor as a free and independent American citizen would do.

Now the Berliner believes in the old saw about the apple and the doctor, although the ancients gave this reason for preferring pears as the more digestible: "Though we may eat fewer apples, we digest them less easily, whereas we may eat a larger quantity of pears and digest them better." (Would the logician Todhunter have called this close reasoning?) To the Berliner the apple-lozenge seems "practical"; but to the American pie-eater of the apple pie of commerce, or the deep-apple-pie without a bottom crust, the lozenge is anathema.

For centuries the apple has been a symbol of love, cherished by Venus. Galatea in the Eclogue, the frolicsome Galatea, threw an apple at Damoetas before she fled to the willows, wishing to be seen before she hid herself. How far would a lozenge thrown by even an athletic fraulein carry an amorous message? The American boy of the little red school-house—they are still to be found in New England—no doubt continues to bestow at the noon recess a ripe, red, juicy apple on the blushing girl he squires. A lozenge, even if it bore a motto, would not be so lasting a pledge of affection, or so satisfactory an addition to her luncheon.

Will these lozenges if introduced into the United States be named? The nomenclature gives additional flavor to the apple: Pomme royale, Spitzenberg, Northern Spy (but why "Spy"?) Greening, Baldwin, Jonathan, Mackintosh, Seek-no-further, Russet, Pippin (though to anti-tobacconists this word is now debassed)—there's a long list. Sir Hugh Evans dismissed Simple with the words: "I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come." Would Sir Hugh have been so impatient if lozenges awaited him with the cheese?

"Comfort me with apples," cried the singer of the Song of Songs. What comfort would he have found in lozenges? Yet fifty years from now another reviser and improver and modernizer of the King James version may make the substitution.

April 4 1931

"SWING YOUR PARTNER"

Henry Ford should take an old-time fiddler with him to Paris; they are attempting there under the august patronage of the Countess of Dampierre to revive quadrilles. New England in the sixties and the seventies stepped gayly in the "lancers." Boys and girls in small towns were taught this dance, also the schottische, even a mild form of the polka.

The waltz was for a long time frowned on as immoral, even by those who had not read Byron's poetic diatribe, the dancing master with his little fiddle—was it then called a "kit"?—scraped the strings and "called off" in an imperious manner: "First couple forward and back," "Ladies chain," "Grand right and left," "Swing your partner." Young faces were flushed with happiness. How different the faces of those revolving, pivoting, crawling, shuffling in the foolish dances now in favor; faces like that of Bob Hely performing the Cavalier seul in a quadrille pictured by Thackeray in "Mrs. Perkins's Ball": "Has he a secret grief? Has he a pain anywhere? No, dear Miss Jones, he is dancing like a true Briton, and with all the charming gaiety and abandon of our race. . . . If he were advancing to a dentist, his face would not be more cheerful."

The old quadrilles consisted of five distinct parts: Le Pantalon, L'Ete, La Poule, La Trenise with La Pastourelle, and Finale. They were really "contre danses," but in Hampshire county in the sixties parents would have thought the introduction of French titles immoral, making the dance fit only for the no-doubt maligned inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. The quadrilles were conducted soberly. Even if the girls had powdered their faces in those days, the coats of their partners would not have shown a trace of undue proximity.

The lancers' quadrille was most in vogue. Was it invented by one Duval, a dancing master in Dublin, or by Joseph Hart of London "with entirely new figures as danced by the nobility and gentry at Tenby in the summer of 1819"? He gave French titles to the figures: La Rose, La Lodoiska, La Dorset, Les Lanciers and L'Etoile, but if the insular English resented this use of French, they were reassured when they read on Hart's title-page: published for the author in St. Paul's Churchyard. So these dances had a sacred association and reminded one that dancing in early days was a religious rite; that King David danced before the ark a memorable pas seul; that on certain feast days there was and still is, dancing in the Cathedral at Seville. Perhaps the thought of music coming from St. Paul's churchyard contributed to the gloom of Thackeray's friend Hely.

April 4 1931

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 21st concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Rimsky-Korsakov, "The Russian Easter"; Wagner, Prelude to "Parsifal"; Hindemith, Konzertmusik for string and brass instruments; Brahms, Symphony No. 1, C minor.

There have of late been many "explanations" of Hindemith: why he is what he is. Some apologize for him by saying that as he has journeyed much as a viola virtuoso and a member of a string quartet, observing the rhythm of railway trains, he, as a composer, is interested chiefly in rhythmic combinations and invention. The conservative have, justly or unjustly, classed him with contemporaneous composers who, though they have talent, are nevertheless to be avoided; the conservatives have put Hindemith on the list of those who never would be missed; but he has the fertility of a rabbit: one work breathlessly follows another. But he is a composer not to be carelessly put aside.

He often disappoints those who would give him more than respect for his technical acquirements. Take the composition for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony orchestra, performed yesterday for the first time. Hindemith likes to experiment with groups of instruments. In this Konzertmusik the brass choir, in the first section punctuates what the strings have to say in a dry manner with growls and snorts. The opening of a long cantilena for strings, at first alone, gives the hope of melodic beauty. But the music of Hindemith is not sensuous. Did the Muses endow him with the melodic gift? We doubt it. Nor can one justly characterize his musical nature as emotional. Writing for a festival occasion, one would have anticipated sonorous pomp, stately declamation, or at least tumultuous rejoicing; but this music was not even laboriously ugly. There can be ugliness that at the same time may be impressive; but the "Konzertmusik" is for the most part worse than ugly—it is dull, nor does the display of technical ingenuity save it.

Perhaps the fairest criticism of the new work was heard in the corridor: "Not so bad as I expected."

Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter," aside from the use made of Russian ecclesiastical themes, is noteworthy for its gorgeous instrumentation. It is picturesque music, suggestive of the crowded cathedral, the chanting priests, the devout worshippers of old Russia.

One might have gladly heard the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" instead of the Prelude to that opera, as more appropriate to the season and the more beautiful music. The Prelude is best heard in the theatre where the opera was first produced. There with the hidden orchestra—the brass section not so boisterous—the faithful in the audience—say rather the congregation — this prelude seems at the time a mystical preparation for the unfolding of the mystery to come. (We are speaking of the old Bayreuth with Wagner in the theatre; not of the commercialized show-place that draws to it the curious, and all tourists under the protecting wing of good Thomas Cook and Company.) In the ordinary concert hall the Prelude has little or no significance. It is merely music by Wagner; by Wagner not at his best.

Dr. Koussevitzky gave an unusually eloquent interpretation of the symphony; surpassing even former performances conducted by this admirer of Brahms, who has been singularly fortunate in revealing the poetic and dramatic side of a composer whose music led by other conductors, otherwise worthy men, has often seemed only pedantic, dry, oppressively respectable. Even at the risk of being called a blasphemer, one wishes that Brahms had lived up to the magnificent introduction to the Finale of the symphony. After the exposition of the chief theme of the Allegro, Johannes is seen as one condemned to hard labor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will give concerts in New York and Brooklyn next week. The program of April 17, 18 will comprise Schumann's overture to "Manfred"; his 'cello concerto (Gregor Piatigorsky), and his symphony in B flat major No. 1. No other composer need apply.

UPTOWN, OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

"Dishonored"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Daniel N. Rubin from a story by Josef von Sternberg; directed by Josef von Sternberg and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

X27 ..... Marlene Dietrich
Lt. Kranau ..... Victor McLaglen
Col. Kovrin ..... Lew Cody
Secret Service Head ..... Gustav von Seyffertitz
Gen. von Hindau ..... Warner Oland
Young Lieutenant ..... Barry Norton
Court Officer ..... Davison Clark
Gen. Dymov ..... Wilfred Lucas
Manager ..... Bill Powell

Josef von Sternberg, who at present
ems to be one of the celebrities of
ollywood, has been quoted as saying
iat Marlene Dietrich "has everything,"
iat he "is planning her pictures to
ow her various phases." He has
rected this German actress now in
ree pictures, "Morocco," "The Blue
ngel" and "Dishonored." If she pos-
sses other phases than he has trans-
itted through the screen it would seem
me that they were disclosed. There
no doubt that she has an extraordi-
ary personality; that her soft, excel-
nt English drips fascinatingly from
ace; that her eyes, calm, appraising,
scrutable, cynical, remain in one's
emory long after a picture is ended;
d that her legs are so artfully ex-
bited as to confound the most search-
g censorship. How much of this al-
rement is genuine, and how much of
is due to hypnosis practised by the
afty and artistic Von Sternberg, be-
mes a grave question. Trilby could
ng only when Svengali waved his bony
ands and glared with his mesmeric
es. Convinced now that Miss Diet-
ch can not only sing, but play the
ano, and act, we would like to see what
iew phases" another director, less self-
nscious, less consumed with a passion
r pictorial pilgrimages and more con-
rned with the telling of a sound story,
ight discover. Must she always play
e feminine reprobate?

"Dishonored" is the narrative, tersely
pressed in dialogue, of a heroine al-
ost as fictional as Mata Hari herself;
young woman who has lost her hus-
nd in the world war and with him her
terest in life, her illusions. Yet she
fuses to accept suicide as a way out.
ne head of the Austrian secret service
kes her out of the street, tests her
yalty, entrusts her with important
sks. This is in the year 1915. She
aps a traitorous Austrian general, Von
ndau, who stoically munches a few
apes and shoots himself. Her next
signment is more difficult, a Russian
y calling himself Lt. Kranau. His
aving is for excitement and love, and
his dealings with X-27, as we know
arlene, he has plenty of each. At the
d when, captured, he faces a spy's
ath, he calls her a liar and a cheat,
cepts the weapon which she practic-
ly forces on him, and escapes, alone,
airplane. A peculiar code, which
aves X-27 to face a firing squad for
ding a prisoner to escape. She dies
avely, as we saw her in the picture's
st scene, restoring a lip stick to its
ding place in her stocking's top, a
pical Von Sternberg touch.

So brilliantly does this master tech-
cian embroider his scenes that we
erlook the incongruities of this ancient
eme. We see only the work of artist
id camera, creating a semblance of
spenseful drama in settings rich or
mely as situation warrants. Von
ernberg uses mirrors and piano tops
r effective reflections to betray a char-
ter's mood or thought. He utilizes
in, and a pet black cat of remarkable
auty and superb stage presence. He
ssolves one scene into another, hold-
g the first in the background often
painful duration. By a highly culti-
ted sense of indirection he indicates
what would be stage "asides" much
hich needs no spoken word. Like
avid Belasco, he loves cumulative de-
il, atmosphere.

Through trying situations Marlene
etrich moves deliberately or remains
most static, yet holds the audience in
e hollow of that "soft hand" which
on Hindau so eloquently admired and
ressed. She is radiant in silken black
the masquerade ball, fetching in
odern street dress. Even when she
nds her tresses tightly and dons the
arse raiment of a scrub woman she is
ot unprepossessing. There always are

se eyes to enthrall one, to kindle the
rk of romanticism in the most pro-
breast. Mr. McLaglen, trim in
form and sparse of speech, is ad-
able as the Russian secret service
nt. Mr. Oland and Mr. von Seyffer-
, contribute fine character bits. The
k cat, Von Sternberg's symbolic
tent of luck and disaster, must go
eless.

W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

racula"

n all-talking screen drama adapted by
Browning and Garrett Fort from the
el of the same name by Bram Stoker and
play devised from the novel by Hamilton
ne and John L. Balderston; directed by
Browning and presented by Universal
h the following cast:

nt Dracula	Bela Lugosi
n Harker	David Manners
a Seward	Helen Chandler
field	Dwight Frye
Van Helsing	Edward Van Sloan
Seward	Herbert Bunston
y Weston	Frances Dade
tin	Charles Gerrard
ggs	Joan Standing
d	Moon Carroll
lish Nurse	Josephine Velez

Not precisely a cheerful tale is
racula," now showing at the New B.
Keith's Theatre. Anything that deals
h such subjects as an undead corpse
t wanders about by night for hun-
eds of years, subsisting on the blood
human victims, is not for the
eamish, nor, be it said immediately,
the very young. Expertly handled
that master of sinister and terrifying
ics, Tod Browning, and ably acted
by a cast headed by Bela Lugosi, the original Count Dracula of the stage play, it provides an amplitude of shivers and shudders. If you like the sort of pocture that will make you afraid to turn off the lights at night or scream at the merest suggestion of a bat, "Dracula" will please you mightily.

The vampire legend is one of thousands of years duration and is said to persist even to this day in certain portions of central Europe, particularly of Transylvania. This evil creature, powerless in daylight, lives at night, during which it may take any form, that of a wolf, a bat or a human being—man or woman. In human form it possesses hypnotic powers, and there are only three things that it fears—wolfsbane, garlic or the cross. It may be killed only during the daytime, by a stake driven through the heart of the body which it inhabits. The victims, which it kills by devouring their blood, become vampires also, doomed to lead an unspeakable existence for hundreds of years.

All these matters are more or less carefully explained in the current screen play, which, however, on account of time, is somewhat limited as to lucid exposition. Count Dracula, a Transylvanian nobleman once and now an "undead," comes to England, bringing with him Renfield, a young Englishman whom he has hypnotized and forced to commit murder under the guise of madness. Dracula takes a half-ruined abbey next to Dr. Seward's sanatarium, where Renfield is confined as a lunatic, and begins his evil work by making a vampire out of the doctor's niece, Lucy Weston. Next he turns his attentions to Mina Seward, betrothed to John Harker, and is only thwarted in his horrible designs by Dr. Van Helsing, who recognizes Dracula's nature by his failure to cast a reflection in a mirror and by his very evident fear of wolfsbane and a small crucifix. Finally Van Helsing and Harker, following Renfield, track Dracula to his lair in the cellars of Carfax Abbey, where he is about to put Mina to death. The coming of daylight saves her, for Dracula is forced to return to his coffin and Van Helsing drives a stake through his heart.

Bela Lugosi plays Dracula in the most creepy fashion imaginable, his strange luminous eyes and ghastly make-up almost convincing one that such a creature could exist. Edward Van Sloan is an excellent Van Helsing, playing smoothly, earnestly and believably. Helen Chandler, as Mina, and David Manners, as John Harker, are both excellent, while the mad Renfield of Dwight Frye shows what a good actor can do with an impossible part.

E. L. H.

WILBUR THEATRE

"On the Spot"

"On the Spot," a melodrama in 3 acts by Edgar Wallace; produced at the Wyndham Theatre, London, April 4, 1930, with Charles Laughton as Tony Perelli, Gillian Lind as Minn Lee; presented by the Messrs. Shubert at Edgar Wallace's Forrest Theatre, New York, Oct. 29, 1930, with Crane Wilbur as Perrelli, Anna May Wong as Minn Lee; at the Wilbur last evening with the following cast:

A Priest	John Wheeler
Interne	John Adair
Shaun O'Donnell	Mike Sullivan
Officer Ryan	George Spelvin
Capt. Harrigan	Stanley Wood
A Nurse	Jeanne Winters
Tony Perrelli	Crane Wilbur
Minn Lee	Anna May Wong
Keriki	Suezo Tokoro
Angelo	John Butler
Con O'Hara	Clay Clement
Marie Pouliski	Glenda Farrell
Jimmy McGrath	Alan Ward
Detective Commissioner Kelly	John W. Kline
Mike Feeney	Arthur R. Vinton

It took Edgar Wallace, a visiting English playwright, exactly two days and two nights to write the best gangster melodrama of the times, a play to which any of our most expert American dramatists would have been proud to sign his name. They do say that Mr. Wallace also designed the setting for the three acts which follow a very brief prologue, a setting of impressive beauty. "An ecclesiastical brothel," Detective Commissioner Kelly called it. But it was more than that, as we shall perceive later. For the moment the play is the thing,—the play and its performance.

The curtain rises slowly to a darkened stage. In the center overhead lights illumine a cot in a Chicago hospital on which Shaun O'Donnell, a gunman, lies dying. He refuses to tell priest or police who shot him. Then the first act curtain, on a full stage, walls of beautiful carved woods, painted murals, mostly of nude ladies, stained glass windows, doors at right and left, an organ console also at the left, a balcony from which one may look out upon the stars and the city spires. This is the home of Tony Perrelli, the wiliest, most cruel, most unctuous gangster and killer in Chicago, with a record of 20 unproved deaths at his door and an income of two million a year, gross. Sharing this palatial retreat are Angelo, his first lieutenant, who hates him, and Minn Lee, Tony's Chinese paramour whom he stole from an artist. Comes Mike Feeney, who demands two lives for the death of O'Donnell at the hands of Perrelli's agents. Jimmy McGrath, a young ex-collegian, and Con O'Hara, a New York racketeer who talks too much and too noisily, must go on the spot. Jimmy, who loves Minn Lee, knows he is doomed, goes gladly; but Con is cautious, and ducks. Tony, already covetous of Con's girl, Marie Pouliski, a hard, ignorant creature, beats Con to the draw, and in a twinkling the big Irishman's body is wrapped in a rug, tossed into a hollowed couch and wheeled out, to be dumped on a far-away beach before dawn. When Minn Lee learns that Tony intends to send her to his "first house" in Cicero and to set Marie up in the palace, she prefers to leave in her own quaint Oriental way, by a little dagger. And, ironically enough, Detective Commissioner Kelly enters as Tony, dagger in blood-stained hand, stands over the crumpled little form. He snaps the bracelets on Tony's unsuspecting wrists, burns the note which Minn Lee had left, and informs him that he is going to hang for a crime which he didn't commit, as Tony, on his knees, appeals hysterically to the saints for protection.

The play is packed full of meaty speech, grisly, sardonic. Its humors are biting, and so terse and pointed as to be truly epigrammatic. There is grim irony in the two conferences of Perrelli and Feeney, when they deposit their guns on a Bible for which Tony had paid $100, and they face each other in chairs set edge to edge. Tony is grieved when Mike produces a second gun when needlessly alarmed. Mike is throwing 'a boithday party next week" and he wants to be there, he says. There are stinging observations by the imperturbable Kelly, saucy and defiant rejoinders by those at whom he directs them. Above all, there are scenes embodying such menacing suspense and such explosively dramatic action as only a practiced playwright could devise.

Performance matches material faultlessly. Mr. Wilbur shows us a sinister creation of contradictory qualities; a killer who can play the Meditation from "Thais" one moment after he has searched for tell-tale bloodstains on the carpet where Con O'Hara had fallen; who buys rings worth thousands for his women and strips them from them when he is through with them; who sends for his victim's funerals floral pieces so expensive that Angelo thinks they should grow their own flowers; who talks shrewdly of human foibles one minute, and the next reveals in himself some human weakness. A remarkable characterization by author and actor. The others are likewise fascinating types. Minn Lee, stoical, wise, loyal to her tragic end, played superbly by Anna May Wong; Miss Farrell's Marie, so dumb that one pities her even in her cheap duplicities; Mr. Vinton's Feeney, a stolid soul, but rather likable because of his brogue and his candor; Mr. Kline's Kelly, calm, keen as a razor, patiently bidding his time; and Mr. Clement, as the blatant New Yorker, with his petty jealousies and his too-ready tongue. All are good. They make the play, even as the play makes them. A gorgeous entertainment for any evening during the next four weeks at least,

W. E. G.

PLYMOUTH

"Death Takes a Holiday"

"Death Takes a Holiday," a play in three acts adapted by Walter Ferris from the Italian of Alberto Casella; presented by the Professional Players at the Plymouth Theatre on Oct. 6, 1930; revived last night by the Professional Players at the Plymouth Theatre with the following cast:

A Maid	Frances Amherst Johnson
Fedele	Thomas Bate
Duke Lambert	Ralph Locke
Alda	Eleanor Stuart
Duchess Stephanie	Olga Birkbeck
Princess of San Luca	Viva Birkett
Baron Cesarea	Wallace Erskine
Rhoda Fenton	Charlotte Andrews
Eric Fenton	Roland Bottomley
Carrado	Alan Willey
Grazia	Helen Vinson
Prince Sirki	Philip Merivale
Major Whitread	Frank Greene

Last evening at the Plymouth Theatre, a capacity audience welcomed the return of the serious drama to Boston, the occasion being the second visit of "Death Takes a Holiday" under the auspices of the Professional Players. This time the engagement will be of limited duration, lasting only through the present week. The present cast is virtually the same as for the previous visit, the substitutions being Ralph Locke for Julian Royce in the role of Duke Lambert, and Viva Birkett for Irby Marshall in the role of the Princess of San Luca.

This provocative play, a comedy according to the intention of the author, Alberto Casella, and a romantic drama as seen by the adaptor, Walter Ferris, treats what might so easily be a gruesome subject with sentiment rather than realism. What irony there is must rest chiefly in the playing—and indeed, Mr. Merivale chose to emphasize this aspect to great effect last evening—for the text is not of much assistance. Everyone takes themselves so seriously, everyone, that is, save Death, and even he loses his detachment after the first act.

This story is familiar by now to many, but it still has power to hold an audience as the response of last night's gathering proved. Mr. Merivale, wearing the face of Death or the more agreeable presence of Prince Sirki, is equally at home, and on his shoulders rests the main interest of the drama. His acting is forceful, his speech biting and admirably clear: Death becomes in his hands a creature of caustic irony, yet possessed of the power to suffer almost beyond endurance.

E. L. H.

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

Will the following paragraph from the Manchester Guardian comfort those who are disturbed by contemporaneous foreign composers finding themselves at home this season in Symphony hall?

"Music is so entirely an affair of expression that it is controlled more than the arts of poetry and literature by a sort of law of diminishing returns whereby the revelations of yesterday become the platitudes of tomorrow. That is why some of the modern composers are trying to find new dissonances, or a language of music not yet steeped in familiar and approachable poetic associations."

Mr. Ernest Newman has been talking about conductors and what they do to music whether "the famous X or the infamous Y, or the notorious Z" holds the stick. "The last time I heard a notorious virtuoso conduct a Beethoven symphony without a baton (it was not Sir Thomas Beecham, by the way), I was moved to the mournful comment that I should have enjoyed the work much more if he had conducted it without an orchestra."

There are festivals not only in honor of composers. Chopin is to have one May 16-June 1 at Majorca. Pablo Casals will take a leading part, transporting his orchestra from Barcelona.

Consider for a moment the program of the 29th Biennial Cincinnati May Musical Festival (May 5-9). Note the choral works: Brahms, German Requiem; Mendelssohn, Hymn of Praise; Bach, Phoebus and Pan; Pierne, The Children's Crusade; Kaminski, Magnificat; Delius, Sea Drift; Honegger, King David. On one afternoon the second act of "The Marriage of Figaro" and the first act of "Tannhauser" will be performed.

The orchestral works will be as follows: Mahler, Symphony No. 8. Beethoven, Overture to Leonore No. 3—this overture pops up on all occasions; Debussy, The Afternoon of a Faun; Sowerby, A Mediaeval Poem: Scriabin, Prometheus; Brahms, Academic Festival Overture. There will be the May Festival Chorus, the Orpheus Club, Chorus from Conservatory of Music, Chorus from College of Music, Chorus of 800 children from the Public Schools—'count them"—Chorus of 250 children from St. Lawrence School, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. Eugene Goessens will be the musical director. A trip to Cincinnati would be worth while if only to hear "Sea Drift," a cantata by Delius who is shamefully neglected in Boston. One would like to hear Kaminski's "Magnificat" if only to know whether a second hearing could gladly be ignored.

And all this in Cincinnati, where an irreverent jester once wrote: Theodore Thomas was obliged to give up his musical activities because he was unwilling to beat time with a ham.

We have received a letter from Rose Ella Cunningham. We quote in part from it:

"I have, for some years, been instructing parents and teachers, adults who have contact with young children; instructing them in the value of music in child development from infancy; in ways and means of giving little children the nearest approach to a musical inheritance; a natural, slowly and steadily developed aptitude for musical expression; a feeling for rhythm, a sensitive ear, a memory for tone and pitch, response to the mood; all in painless, happy play-ways.

"Results: children supposed to be ungifted, perhaps like a parent who could not carry a tune, are found grouped with the best singers in their class; selected for a glee club, carrying a second soprano part; getting credit

for a" work in school music; early interest in the piano; voluntary selection of some orchestral instrument; overcoming diffidence, and undesirable traits of disposition, building character, lovable character.

"The naturally gifted, and those less fortunate get all the chance there is possible for them if we only begin young enough. The short lecture course used in instructing classes has been evolved slowly through much study and experience. The slogan given is: 'Simplify the beginnings, multiply the opportunities of learning, and encourage the effort.'

"In 1923, Charles W. Eliot closed an encouraging letter with: 'It will take many years to make the American common people as musical as the Russians and the Italians are, but you are taking hold of that good work at the right end.'

"A course just completed at St. Paul's Cathedral, under the direction of the state department of education, division of university extension included in its members, mothers, students in normal kindergarten, religious education and child psychology, teachers in the same, and in the grades 1, 2 and 3. This course has been given in the suburbs under the state department some years past, but the course at St. Paul's was the first given in Boston. Members came from Cambridge, Arlington, Watertown, Newtonville, West Newton, Auburndale, Winchester, Somerville, Revere, Charlestown and Boston.

"Examination for credit was optional, as usual, but was taken by mothers as well as by teachers. Credit will be given by one public school, and one department of religious education."

Revivals of operettas may be disappointing to those who knew them when they were young in years, when there were certain traditions. Suppose "La Belle Helene," "La Grande Duchesse" or any one of Offenbach's better opera-bouffes were to be revived? Those who saw the visiting French companies who introduced them here would shake their heads deploring the horse-play, the buffoonery that would be thought necessary for popular success. When Mr. Winthrop Ames revived Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" there was lamentable stage-business of a nature to make Gilbert turn in his grave.

In London last month some one had the courage to revive "The chimes of Normandy." The reviewer for the Daily Telegraph admitted that some of the operetta "dates." He wished that the orchestration had been "amplified" without detriment to the "naive simplicity of Planquette's melodies." This would have been a grievous error. Simplicity in the accompaniment of the tunes is absolutely necessary. "Whether or not an attempt should have been made to modernize the old book, with its asides, antiquated puns, and the rest, is at least debatable." "Asides," "puns"—the reviewer is speaking, surely, of the English version, not of the French original libretto.

Sheridan Russell, violoncellist, giving a recital in London recently, was praised. Many of us remember him as a little boy playing in a children's concert at the Boston Opera House. He was a serious-minded little fellow, who in his later years continued to take his art seriously.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY: Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M.—Handel and Haydn Society, Thompson Stone, conductor. "Exultate Deo," by Mabel Daniels and "Hora Novissima" by Horatio Parker. Jeannette Vreeland, soprano; Kathryn Meisle, contralto; Dan Gridley, tenor; Nelson Eddy, baritone; orchestra of 60 players.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M.—Joseph Pulvino, violin player.

Ford Hall, 7:30 P. M.—Ford Hall Forum Orchestra, Russell A. Cook, director.

MONDAY: Symphony Hall 4 P. M.—Boston Symphony Orchestra. Young People's concert. Messrs. Koussevitzky and Burgin, conductors. See special notice.

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M.—The Musical Guild of Boston presenting Martha Whittemore, violoncellist, and Arthur Landers, pianist. Cello pieces: Bach, Chorale, Gavotte in D Major; Couperin, Pieces en Concert: Plainte, Prelude; Sicilienne, La Tromba; Air de Diable; Reger, Air; Tcherepnin, Ode; Ravel, Piece en Forme de Habenera; Granados, Intermezzo from "Goyescas"; Dunkler, La Fileuse. Piano pieces: Mozart, Adagio; Bach, Prelude and Fugue in C minor; Louise Souther, Nocturne; Debussy, Minstrels La Cathedrale Engloutie; Prokofieff, Visions Fugitives (Nos. 1, 3, 16, 10); Brahms, Ballade G minor; Intermezzo, A major; Intermezzo, C major; Rhapsodie, E flat major.

TUESDAY: Symphony hall, 4 P. M.—Repetition of Monday's concert for young people.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Lewis Emery baritone; Stuart Ross, accompanist. Folk song arr. by Vuillermoz, Jardin d'Amour; Hahn, Trois Jours de Vendange; Fourdrain, Promenade a mule; Brun, Avril en Fleurs; Strauss, Befreit, Die Verschwiegenen, Breit Uber mein Haupt; Marx, Der Ton; Warren Smith, Faith; O'Conner-Morris, Alleluia; Bax, I heard a piper piping; Louise Snodgrass, You are the Tide; Hatton, To Anthea; Rachmaninoff, How Fair This Spot; Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Apemantus's Grace; Cyril Scott, Love's Quarrel; Henry Sachs, The Three Riders.

WEDNESDAY: Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M.—Katherine Follett Mann, soprano; Nicolas Slonimsky, accompanist. Mozart, Voi che sapete; Cesti, Tu mancavi a tormentarmi; Fesch, Tu fai la superbetta; Marx, Marienlied; Straub, Unter den Linden; Schumann, Mondnacht; Korngold, Marietta's Lied from "The Dead City"; Pierne, Le Moulin; Ravel, Air de l'Enfant; Dupont, Chanson des noisettes; Luzzatti, Au Paradis; L'Echelle d'amour; Carmichael, Come and Trip It; Zeckwer, Reflections; Mabel Daniels, Cherry Flowers.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

When the last curtain falls on a play, the audience is often curious about the characters—what becomes of them after marriage; after the mystery is solved; after the crook's naughtiness is exposed. Mr. St. John Ervine wrote a sequel to "The Merchant of Venice." In February, additional scenes were written for some of Shakespeare's plays to be performed by the Beckenham Players and Shakespeare Society in England. One of these scenes is the morning after the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. The Nurse and the Friar are seen mourning at the tomb of the lovers. Friar Laurence has been dismissed from the church. The Nurse persuades him to marry her. She says she's a good cook. While they are talking the lovers awake. The supposedly fatal cup was only a sleeping draught; the mortal stab of the dagger was only a blow that stunned Romeo for a time. Other characters in the play come in and all trip it in a folk dance.

But when Davenant was producing Shakespeare's plays in the London of the 1660's the Hon. Edward Howard wrote an "emendation" of "Romeo and Juliet." There was a choice for the playgoer between the tragedy "as wrote by Mr. Shakespeare" and Howard's version in which the lovers did not die. The play was acted "alternately tragical one day and tragi-comical another."

For the "Taming of the Shrew" an additional scene tells of the day after the last in the comedy; another scene informs the audience of what happened five years later. Then for "Othello" there is a scene entitled "Faithful Desdemona." It is just outside the Gates of Heaven. Beatrice ("Much Ado About Nothing") and Hamlet appear. Desdemona goes through the Gates. Othello wishes to follow her, but the way is barred, whereupon Desdemona comes back to keep him company.

It will be a pleasure to see Mr. Arthur Sinclair and Miss Marie O'Neill tomorrow night at the Colonial. Mr. Sinclair first came here as a member of the Abbey Theatre Co. of Dublin; What good plays and how well acted! What a silly fuss was made over Synge's great comedy "The Playboy of the Western World" by those who would have only the sentimental, romantic or farcical view of Irish life as portrayed by Dion Boucicault and others. When Irish Players came here in after years bringing Lenox Robinson's "White Headed Boy," Mr. Sinclair gave a memorable performance, as John Duffy. According to the books Mr. Sinclair was born at Dublin in 1883, and his name was McDonnell. He first went on the stage in 1904, his first appearance in London was in 1905; in New York in 1911. Miss O'Neill, a sister of Sara Allgood, who is well remembered, also made her first appearance at Dublin, where she was born, playing in London for the first time in 1907. After she left the Irish company she was seen at Liverpool and London in various plays, "Turandot," "Hannele," "Candida" among them. She first came to the United States in 1913.

There is an interesting article, "Where Censorship Has Been Tried," by Robert F. Sisk, in the April number of the Theatre Guild Magazine. Mr. Sisk quotes some advertisements for films that were passed by the Hays board:

"'The Truth About Youth.' How far must a Girl Go to Hold the Man She Loves—When She Sees Him Stolen by a Sex-Flaunting Siren? Should She Fight Fire with Fire?

"'The Lottery Bride.' She was Made for Love—Young—Beautiful—Loved by the Man She Loved—His Kisses On Her Lips—She Gambled Away Her Beauty to a Stranger," etc.

Mr. Sisk tells how the titles of certain plays were changed for the screen "under the most intense censorship the world has ever known: "The Queen's Husband" to "The Royal Bed"; "Children of the Street" to "Ladies for Hire"; "Olympia" to "His Glorious Night."

The whole article should be read. Mr. Sisk finds in conclusion that "censorship has robbed the movies of everything 'except sex, sex, sex.'"

The annual report of the British board of film censors has been published. Exception was taken to these subjects: Blackmail associated with immorality; cruelty to animals; reference to illegal operations and birth control; the Salvation Army shown in an unfavorable light; companionate marriage; unrelievedly sordid themes; stories in which the criminal element is predominant; themes portraying the hereafter; man and woman in bed together; brutal fighting. Films submitted in 1930 embraced 2275 subjects 308 full length feature talking films and 182 feature silent pictures were passed for "universal" exhibition; 366 were passed for "public" exhibition with a restriction regarding children; 12 films were totally rejected.

"The classification of films suitable for young persons bristles with difficulties, for it is not easy to know where to draw the line. It has been found, the report states, that stories by such popular writers as Fenimore Cooper, Manville Fenn, and others, and such well-known pantomime stories as 'Red Riding Hood,' have had a terrifying effect upon some few neurotic children. Parents have also complained that their children have wakened up with fright during the night after seeing a beautiful and educative natural history film. On the other hand, tens of thousands of children have seen these same films with the keenest enjoyment, without being in any way affected. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the board, realizing as it does the importance of this subject, is conscientiously endeavoring to meet the wishes of those who are particularly interested in child welfare and the education of the young."

"In our last reports, attention has been drawn to the tendency to produce incidents of prolonged and gross brutality and sordid themes, which it must be admitted, are unwholesome and repugnant to large sections of the audiences in this country. Such films have required drastic eliminations and modifications before they could receive the board's certificate. Of late, it has been noticed with regret that films are being produced in which the development of the theme necessitates a continuous succssion of grossly brutal and sordid scenes, accompanied, in the case of auditory films, with sounds that accentuate the situations and nauseate the listener. No modification, however drastic, can render such films suitable for public exhibition. In consequence, the board takes this opportunity of notifying the industry that in future no film will receive the board's certificate in which the theme, without any redeeming characteristic, depends on the intense brutality or unrelieved sordidness of the scenes depicted."

april 6. 1931

MODERN AND BEACON

"June Moon"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by Keane Thompson and Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the play of the same name by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman; directed by A. Edward Sutherland and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Frederick Martin Stevens	Jack Oakie
Edna Baker	Frances Dee
Eileen Fletcher	June MacCloy
Paul Sears	Ernest Wood
Lucille Sears	Wynne Gibson
Maxie Schwartz	Harry Akst
Sam Hart	Sam Hardy
Goldie	Ethel Sutherland
Window Cleaner	Frank Darien
Young Goebel	Harold Waldridge
Miss Rixey	Jean Bary

Whether from Syracuse or Schenectady, Jack Oakie is still a sap—that is when his directors want him to be one. As Fred Stevens, the dumb writer of "just the words, not the music part," in the screen version of "June Moon," he is as goofy as they make them. As Maxie, the cynical arranger remarks, "He's not a fellow who can think for himself. They left that out." He misplaces or invents words when he talks, he is gullible, conceited, big-hearted, sentimental in a puppy dog way. And he is funny beyond the mere telling of it, as he tarries in New York, hangs about a song-publisher's offices, tries to sing his first and only great opus, "June Moon" to the publisher under most discouraging conditions; and as he falls for the coldly calculated blandishments of a gold-digger whose interest in him is divided between his $1200 traveller's checks and a wish to provoke to a show of jealousy this same song publisher, whose eyes had turned to the contours of a new "girl friend." It takes some time to convince the sap that he has treated very shabbily the nice little girl he had met on the train to New York and who loved him despite his vacuity, but the patient and sapient Maxie finally turns the trick. In the play Fred and Edna plan to go abroad on his advance check for royalties, and he is rhyming two and coo for his next "hit." In the film Edna is leading him back to Schenectady, where she hopes to develop him into a practical bread-winner with at least a semblance of brains.

Many of the caustic jibes at Tin Pan Alley balladists have been retained. A few have been added. The camera enlarges the stage too. It takes Fred and Edna out of their parlor car seats to the observation platform, and later to the Aquarium. They missed Grant's tomb. This same camera shows the scope of a song-publisher's plant, with its many pianos, its succession of cubicles wherein the song pluggers and composers work. The performance is satisfying throughout. One missed the lazily brilliant piano interludes by Harry Rosenthal, the original Maxie, but Harry Akst, his proxy, does very well. Miss Dee was sweet and unaffected as the ingenuous Edna, and Miss MacCloy and Miss Gibson were acceptable as the two sisters, Eileen and Lucille, wise New Yorkers both.

A companion feature picture is "The Hate Ship," a melodrama of murder and mystery on the high seas, played by an English cast. W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Le Petit Cafe"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Tristan Bernard; directed by Ludwig Berger and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Albert	Maurice Chevalier
Yvonne	Yvonne Vallee
Philibert	Emil Chautard
Paul	George Davis
Pierre	Andre Berley
Berengere	Tania Fedor
Cadeaux	Jacques Jou-Jerville
Mlle. Edwige	Francoise Rosay

A few months ago Maurice Chevalier made a film called "Playboy of Paris" for American audiences, the French version of which is new showing at the Fine Arts Theatre under the title of "Le Petit Cafe." This was the original title of the play by Tristan Bernard from which the picture was originally derived, and seems more appropriate to the subject matter. Chevalier is assisted this time by his vivacious and charming wife, Yvonne Vallee, who plays the part of the cafe owner's daughter with animation and truly Gallic volubility. She is a spirited little actress, not beautiful, according to American motion picture standards, but full of personality and a mistress of comedy. The byplay between her and her famous husband is a delight to watch.

The subject of the picture is well known by now and does not need an extensive summary. Albert Loriflan, waiter in a small cafe in Paris, inherits a large sum of money but is forced, by means of a contract extracted from him by his employer, Philibert, to remain at work or forfeit a large sum. Albert tries to get discharged by insulting the patrons and breaking the china, until Philibert decides to get even with him by telling Albert's rich society friends just who he is. This brings about a duel, farcical in the extreme, which is finally prevented at the last moment by Yvonne, Philibert's daughter, who has been in love with Albert for months.

April 6

HANDEL AND HAYDN

By PHILIP HALE

Handel and Haydn Society, pson Stone, conductor, gave a con- esterday afternoon in Symphony The program comprised Exul- eo by Mabel Daniels and Hora- Parker's Hora Novissima. The ingers were Jeannette Vreeland, io; Kathryn Meisle, contralto; ridley, tenor; Nelson Eddy, bari- The Society was also assisted by eople's Symphony Orchestra and m Burbank, organist.

Daniels's cantata was composed 50th anniversary of the founding dcliffe College. There was a pe- propriety in the performance by landel and Haydn Society: her was for many years closely asso- with it, as an officer and a mem- eply interested in its welfare. But Xultate Deo deserved a perfor- on its merits alone. The music aithful expression of the text in ilation and in its entreaty. Saint- once said apropos of a work by ta Holmes that women writing iorus or orchestra were inclined noisier than men, in the desire w virility of musical thought. Miss is is jubilant in exultation, in ation of the Deity, but she is boisterous. The cantata is broad- nned; well written for the voices ie accompaniment; with the nec- contrasting section which is de- vithout sentimentalism. The per- nce was effective. The cantata d the audience to such a degree he composer was obliged to rise from her seat in acknowledgment applause.

atio Parker wrote his music for rd of Cluny's famous hymn at a vhen he knew application and had lization of spiritual consolation. pert contrapuntist, he was also a —at times too facile melodist. In vork the choruses are more effec- s a rule than the solos; when the are most pleasing they are quasi- ic in form and in the orchestral ng. There is dramatic force to ass solo, Spe modo Vivitur, im- vely sung by Mr. Eddy. There is uous charm to O Bont Patria for prano, a sensuousness that is not patible with St. Bernard's long- Parker's technical skill in writing ie chorus is perhaps best revealed e unaccompanied chorus, "Urba Unica, a chorus of which any ser might well be proud.

performance of the oratorio d the marked improvement made e chorus of the society under Mr. 's direction. There is no longer a tonous roaring; there is regard for al and rhetorical expression. The of each part was yesterday clearly d; the attack and the release of entences were spontaneous and e.

audience showed its appreciation work, the chorus and the soloists unmistakable manner. The sym- ic orchestral accompaniment was reeable relief from the indifferent, od playing that characterized too performances in years past.

KEITH-BOSTON

Lash"

all-talking screen drama adapted from vel entitled, "Adios," by Lanier and a Bartlett; directed by Frank Lloyd resented by First National with the ing cast:

sco Delfino.....Richard Barthelmess
Garcia .....Mary Astor
Howard .....James Rennie
Delfino .....Marian Nixon
Harkness .....Fred Kohler
.....Barbara Bedford
o Delfino .....Robert Edeson
.....Arthur Stone
.....Mathilde Comont
Travers .....Erville Alderson

of the most attractive features "The Lash," now showing at the -Boston Theatre, is the beautiful background. Since the story is n California and the picture was in California, the plains and tains are undoubtedly genuine. are wide vistas of trees and hills, resquely rugged ranges and attrac- interiors of Spanish houses. The devised and most exciting episode e stampeding of a herd of cattle igh a flimsy town. The animals their white faces and dark bodies ng through the narrow street in an stible and destructive tide, stir- up such clouds of dust that they selves are only dimly seen, forms iking and memorable picture.

e story, based on the novel, "Adios," with the difficulties, tragedies and nderstandings that arose when ornia became a part of the Unit- tates. The Spanish residents found iselves at odds with American laws the titles to their ancestral estates loned by American interlopers. cisco Delfino, a young Spaniard of blood, returns to his estate after years in Mexico to find everything nged. The vanguard of the Ameri- settlers are insulting, overbearing dishonest. One of them in par- ar, Peter Harkness, ties him to a and lashes him in the face. Re- d by the intervention of David Howard, the sheriff, Francisco stampedes the cattle he had brought to deliver to Harkness through the town, forces Harkness to pay him for them and then takes to the hills to become El Puma, a bandit with a price on his head.

Seeking to gain control of the Delfino ranch, Harkness endeavors to steal the land grant, and when Francisco's uncle, Don Mariano, discovers him, shoots him dead and escapes. In the end, Francisco kills Harkness and rides across the border to safety, where he is rejoined by Rosita Garcia, the girl he loves, while his sister, Dolores, is left free to marry Howard. The story unfolds slowly, but it has its interesting, even exciting moments, and is always pleasant to watch. Richard Barthelmess, earnest, straightforward, possibly a bit too serious, gives a plausible characterization of Francisco, both as lover and as avenger. Mary Astor has a few delicately played scenes, but the part of Rosita gives her less opportunity than she deserves. The late Robert Edeson makes a dignified and polished Don Mariano, Fred Kohler is about as usual as the incredibly wicked Harkness, and Marian Nixon presents a charming figure as Dolores.

E. L. H.

OUR NATIONAL ANTHEM

April 8 By PHILIP HALE 1934

For many years "The Star Spangled Banner" was unofficially the national anthem of the United States. Foreign bands played it in honor of our visiting representatives. It accompanied the chat and drinking of Pinkerton and the American consul in Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." During the world war it prefaced theatrical entertainments and solemn symphonic concerts.

Yet objections were raised against the tune and the words. The tune was English; the original words were as the abomination of desolation to prohibitionist and the otherwise straitlaced:

"And long may the sons of Anacreon intwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

And this refrain was the least objectionable of the verses by Ralph Tomlinson, Esq. There was still another objection: the tune was unsingable even if the words were easily memorized. The compass of the tune was too great: voices would crack on the high notes or, faltering, be dumb until there was a vocal descent.

The substitutes that were offered were many. There should be no allusion to England's army as "the foe's haughty host"; no party feeling, no chauvinism. Some of the hymns proposed had little poetic merit; one that had supporters fanatically insistent was mushily sentimental. Nor were the tunes to be sung of a nature to inspire a patriotic glow. The senator in "the Dodge Club" describing "Yankee Doodle" and "The Star Spangled Banner" saw in the former the reckless, adventurous devil-may-care spirit of the American; in the latter, the proud flight of the American eagle, soaring triumphantly to the empyrean. If this characterization was hifalutin' it should be remembered that it was a senator who in a foreign land asserted his nationality and found "The Star Spangled Banner" the one full expression of it.

In 1836 Oliver Wendell Holmes, reading a "metrical essay" before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard, referred to the national hymns of four nations:

When crowned with joy, the camps of England ring,
A thousand voices shout, God save the King!
When victory follows with our eagle's glance,
Our nation's anthem pipes a country dance.

So in Dr. Holmes's mind our national anthem was "Yankee Doodle."

As far back as 1861 a prize of $500 was offered in this country for a truly national hymn. Twelve hundred were sent to the committee; not one was found worthy; there was no award, but Richard Grant White's "National Hymns: How they are written and how they are not written" containing an instructive account of this competition is still worth reading and "Orpheus C. Kerr" wrote poems purporting to have been sent in by leading American poets, those by Whittier and Bryant being especially amusing.

And now "The Star Spangled Banner" is by decree of Congress our national anthem. In 1907 the librarian of Congress instructed the late Oscar G. T. Sonneck to prepare a report on various texts and various versions of music with notes as to the evolution of "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "America," and "Yankee Doodle." The report was issued in 1909. Mr. Sonneck's volume on "The Star Spangled Banner" alone, a monumental work, was published in 1914. He ended his preface with these words: "We took the air and we kept it. Transplanted on American soil it thrived. As to Anacreon in Heaven of European origin the air is obsolete and extinct; as the air of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' it stirs the blood of every American, regardless of his origin or the origin of the air."

THE VEIL OF HAPPINESS

April 5, 1931

A young man, twenty-two years old, had been blind from birth. A few days ago an oculist in Philadelphia gave him sight. His joy is pathetic. Everything to him is wonderful: the way bricks are set in a building and shining trolley tracks run straight beside each other; the color of flowers; everybody is better looking than his mind pictured; he would like to be a travelling salesman so that he could see "lots of the country." Fortunate, thrice fortunate young man! Now that he sees, he is not disappointed in man, woman, nature, or the works of man.

Thirty years ago a play entitled "Voile du Bonheur" was produced at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris. The author was Georges Clemenceau. The hero of the play is a rich Chinese mandarin. Though he lost his sight two years after marriage he is happy: his wife cares for him tenderly; Li-Kiang, who cares for the mandarin's little boy, is devoted to him, and reads to him the official newspaper from which it appears that all is for the best in the best of countries; no one has a more loyal friend than Tou-Fou; and the Emperor at the mandarin's request has pardoned one condemned to exile for life. Who could be happier than this mandarin Tchang-I?

A stranger comes along and gives the mandarin an eyewash. Three drops of it restored his sight. He then learned that Li-Kiang had impudently given himself out as the co-author of a book which the mandarin had written; that his little boy had been taught to mock him irreverently; that the condemned man, freed by him, had taken advantage of his liberty to rob him; worst of all, his wife had taken his bosom friend Tou-Fou for a lover. Shocked, disgusted, the mandarin asks to be blind again; then perhaps he would know happiness.

Four years after the production of the "Tiger's" play, a bitter comedy by Synge was brought out at Dublin. (It was performed in Boston by the Abbey Theatre Company.) In "The Well of the Saints" Martin Doul and his ugly wife, blind beggars, have their sight restored by the Saint, a wandering friar. The husband has thought his wife the fairest of women. She, with her sightless eyes, has seen him strong and handsome. After the water has touched their eyes the truth comes upon them. She rails and storms; he courts Molly Byrne, a fine-looking girl with fair hair, and shirks work in the forge of the blacksmith. The two rejoice when they find that their sight is lost. The Saint would wet their eyes again. "We're not asking our sight, holy father . . . leave us here in our peace, at the crossing of the roads, for it's best we are this way, and we're not asking to see."

She faints on the dueling ground and Albert forgets all about his honor in his efforts to revive her.

Slight material, perhaps, but very delightfully acted. Chevalier, a shade more at home in his native tongue than when speaking English, romps gaily through his role, tossing off his various amusing songs with a nonchalant air as he drops the dishes. Mlle. Vallee is in every way worthy partner and she, too, sings very pleasingly when the occasion offers. Emile Chautard is admirable as the covetous Philibert, and excellent work is done by George Davis and Andre Berley, as dishwasher and cook, respectively. The entire film is in French and the dialogue is rattled off at such a speed that unless you took pains to be born in France you will not understand all of it. This is of small importance, however, for the pantomime tells the whole story.

E. L. H.

PARK

"Should the Doctor Tell"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by G. B. Samuelson: dialogue by Edgar Wallace: directed by Manning Haynes and Herbert Smith and presented by British Lion Productions with the following cast:

Mrs. Norman .....Gladys Jennings
The Judge .....A. G. Poulton
Counsel for the Defence.....C. Woode
Counsel for the Prosecution..Harvey Braban
Dr. Bruce-Smith .....Basil Gill
Roger Smith .....Maurice Evans
Joan Murray .....Norah Baring
Muriel Ashton .....Anna Neagle
John Carson .....Walter Sondes
Emma .....Claire Greet

"A doctor's consulting room is as sacred as a priest's confessional." Such is the dictum laid down by Dr. Bruce Smith as a witness in the divorce sessions of a British court, when he refused to tell what ailed his patient, Mrs. Norman, who ostensibly had suffered a nervous breakdown and had to go to Brussels to recuperate. Mrs. Norman was defendant in the divorce case, and there was a co-respondent. Dr. Smith was found in contempt and fined heavily. Then he went back to his practice in the country. In time his son, Roger, fell in love with an apprentice nurse at the hospital where he served. Her name was Joan Murray, and she was the same girl who had visited his father a few months before. A married man had deceived her and presumably there was or might have been a child, though the film is careful not to commit itself on that point. At any rate, Dr. Bruce Smith is taken aback when Roger introduced his fiancee. Had she told Roger? No. Did she intend to tell him? Not at present; she lacked the courage and she loved him so. Very well, his father would tell him. But he didn't have to, because Joan told him herself, in fact told everybody when Muriel Ashton, Roger's flirtatious cousin, announced that she was to marry John Carson. It seems that Carson was the same cad who had betrayed Joan, so she just had to tell. Roger chased Carson out of the house, and returned to clasp Joan in his arms and to receive a paternal blessing.

The amazing thing about this picture is that Edgar Wallace, who writes plays overnight, and novels between meals, found time or inclination to supply the dialogue for it. Not that it is bad; actually it is judiciously phrased, and it moves with a certain dignity. But it is obvious that speech and situations are devised solely to point the truth or the fallacy of the tenet advanced by Dr. Bruce Smith in the courtroom. It really proves nothing, is not even mildly controversial. As for the performance, the father and son roles are well acted by Mr. Gill and Mr. Evans. The women are stagey and unconvincing. The photography, of English highways and hedges, and of well-appointed interiors, is excellent.

W. E. G.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Cherries Are Ripe," a new comedy with Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque. 8:20.

COPLEY—"The Last Hour," melodrama, fourth week. 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"Death Takes a Holiday," with Philip Merivale; return engagement. 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Simple Simon," musical comedy, with Ed Wynn, Harriet Hoctor. 8:30.

WILBUR—"On the Spot," melodrama by Edgar Wallace, with Crane Wilbur and May Wong. 8:30.

NOTE—The Majestic Theatre is showing "Trader Horn," a motion picture. The Tremont remains dark until April 13.

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"Cherries Are Ripe"

By PHILIP HALE

First performance in Boston of "Cherries Are Ripe," a comedy in three acts by John Emerson and Anita Loos with "the central idea of the play taken from a story by Gyula Somogyi, translated from the Hungarian by I. S. Richter." Stage settings designed by Stephen Golding. The play, directed by Constance Collier, is presented by Arch Selwyn in association with Erlanger Productions, Inc. The cast:

Sybil Stereny ..... Vilma Banky
Count Sandor Bathany ..... Rod La Rocque
Baron Peter Stereny, Sybil's husband. Richie Ling
Janos, his secretary ..... Gavin Muir
Gisi ..... Jeanette Fox Lee
Bela ..... Bert Wittly
Margit ..... Katharine Vleet
Gypsy ..... Juan Varro

Peter thinks he is a predestined cuckold. In his dreams he sees horns sprouting on his head. He is rich; he has a fine estate; he enjoys farm life and the quiet of the country; but he has a beautiful wife. She has never given him cause for suspicion. He is tortured by the thought that she might, for he realizes that she must be bored; that she misses the gay life enjoyed by city women. And so his nerves are in a shocking condition.

Sybil, his wife, asks him vainly what ails him. He will not, cannot tell her. While he is moping, and she is wondering a friend of Peter's and an early playmate of Sybil's comes along, Count Sandor, a young man of many fleeting love affairs. He never is serious; love is to him a sport like the chase. He wishes to conquer even the prudes. Sybil asks him to find out the reason for her husband's shattered nerves. Peter confides in him. After much talk, ironical on the Count's part, pathetically foolish on Peter's, it is arranged that Peter will go away on pretended business; that Sandor will stay to put Sybil to the test. "What," says the Count, "seduce the wife of my dear friend? Never," but he welcomes the opportunity; he hopes, he is sure to improve it.

There is a conniving moon; there is the music of gypsies, accompanying the count, who dreaded the loneliness of the country. Sybil reproaches him for his fast life; unworthy of him. They recall their early friendship. He uses all his verbal formulas in seduction; she is not at last indifferent to his protestations, though she edges away when he would embrace her passionately. What would have happened if her friend Gisi had not warned her; had not let her know that she and the count were in a pavilion till 3 A. M. immediately after he had been endeavoring to win Sybil? Then Sybil revenges herself: she tells the count that she is the only woman that understands him: he is a poet, he is a genius, who has deliberately let the world gain a false impression of him; he could love and be faithful, if he found the woman worthy of him etc., etc. Sandor swallows it all, and is puffed up. Yes, he says to himself, I am a fine fellow, capable of worthy deeds.

But as he is pluming himself in the dark, he hears some one knocking at Sybil's chamber door, and announcing himself tenderly. Aha! Sybil has a lover. So Sandor sends to Peter the telegram agreed upon in case he succeeded: "Cherries are ripe."

Who was the favored one? It would not be right to inform those who will visit the Colonial theatre. It is enough to say that Peter promises his wife that he will go to Parliament and take her to Budapest for the session. There's a nice little cottage on their estate. Will not Sandor live there summers? The country air would do him good. Sybil joins in persuading him. No, Sandor would not please her as a husband, but as a lover? And the play is at an end, and poor Peter may yet wear horns.

It is a light, rather flimsy comedy; a harping on one subject; with much "pretty shop-keeping talk," with a few lines of the Palais Royal brand; but it would not be fair to speak of the dialogue for nine-tenths of that allotted to Miss Banky was unintelligible owing to her foreign accent and her faulty enunciation. She is a beautiful woman, graceful, knowing the value of repose; skilful in the pantomime of the part; but what the dramatists gave her to say was for the most part unknown to the audience. Mr. La Rocque may be a favorite cinema actor, but in this comedy he is not romantic; he is often awkward in speech and action in spite of his wish to appear as a lion among quivering, palpitating ladies. Mr. Muir played a small part with humor and aplomb. Mr. Ling is worthy of a much better role. The dramatists were not kind to him. Miss Lee in a flamboyant manner, did her friend of the pavilion a dirty trick, by revealing the count's true character.

The stage was handsomely set; the large audience evidently enjoyed the play and that part of the performance it could hear.

SHUBERT THEATRE

"Simple Simon"

"Simple Simon," a musical comedy in two acts, with book by Ed Wynn and Guy Bolton, lyrics by Lorenz Hart and music by Richard Rodgers; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the Colonial Theatre, Boston, Jan. 27, 1930, and at the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York, Feb. 17, 1930; return engagement, under management of Ed Wynn, at the Shubert Theatre last evening, with the following cast:

Finey ..... Albert Baron
Bert Bine ..... Gil Squires
Olee King ..... William H. White
Gilly Flower ..... Laine Blaire
Jack Horner ..... David Breen
Policeman ..... Paul Butterworth
Simon ..... Ed Wynn
Gladys Dove ..... Frieda Mierse
Jonah ..... George Offerman
Popper ..... James McKay
Elaine King ..... Margaret Breen
Tony Prince ..... Jack Squires
Otto Prince ..... Harry Shannon
Sal ..... Wini Shaw
Premier Danseuse ..... Harriet Hoctor
The Horse ... Joseph Schrode, Pete La Della

Ed Wynn, with his baggy trousers, his zany hat, his horn-rimmed spectacles, his inimitable chuckle and his nonsensical non sequiturs, returned to Boston last evening, this time to the Shubert, to be greeted enthusiastically by a very large audience composed chiefly of members and friends of the Sisterhood of Temple Mishkan Tefila. Many probably had heard and seen him previously, for their laughter in response to his witticisms was of the hair-trigger variety. Those who encountered him for the first time doubtless went home to tell all and sundry that at last they had found a comedian who could make them laugh, not through one act, but through an entire evening. For Ed Wynn has such an inexhaustible fund of quips, his delivery is so disarming, that one cannot truthfully say that he becomes tiresome or repetitious.

That he is never content to follow a routined course through the life of the vehicle which bears him is evinced by his present performance. Last evening he introduced a number of bits which were not there when he appeared here as Simon Eyes 14 months ago. Particularly rich in humor was his specialty on the toy piano which he pedalled on to the stage in the second act, on which he actually played as Miss Shaw, perched atop it in a Helen Morgan pose, sang feelingly a ballad called "I'm Yours." The song was good enough, but it was Mr. Wynn's discovery of a certain note on the keyboard which intrigued him, and which he pursued until able to inform his inquisitors in the orchestra that it came out of "Il Trovatore." His childish delight at this discovery was typical of the methods of this most delightful of stage clowns.

The story of "Simple Simon" is still that of Mother Goose characters who appear to Simon as he dreams in front of his little bookshop on Ferryman street. These characters in everyday life are his neighbors, but in his dreams they become legendary, though each retains the good or evil qualities of mundane existence. Among them wanders Simon, with his naive chatter, his inventions, such as the mousetrap without any entrance, his concoction which transforms a grapefruit into a cocoanut. "I love the woods!" is his ecstatic cry as he spreads a lunch, of which the Giant Head and the contortionistic Frog despoil him. In short, Mr. Wynn is two-thirds of the show. The other third may be credited to Miss Hoctor, still his most valued asset as gossamer dancer in the hunting scene over hurdles, and as ballet dancer in the Kissing Forest; to the Horse, still propelled by those two co-ordinating mimes, Messrs. Schrode and La Della; to Miss Shaw, a strikingly handsome brunette with a pleasing voice, and to the rest of the company in varied proportions.

Of course, there have been substantial changes of cast through the months, but the replacements are adequate enough. Josef Urban's settings are still attractive, and the costumes seemed surprisingly fresh and ornate, considering the age of "Simple Simon." There seems no reason why Mr. Wynn should not remain in Boston quite a while. He dispenses refreshing tonic to elders, and there is nothing harmful to youngsters in all of his wares. Through the years he still has to his credit the fact that his own drolleries and absurdities, and the musical pieces to which he attaches his name, are as clean as a hound's tooth. We doubt if he would ask greater praise than that. W. E. G.

MARTHA WHITTEMORE AND ARTHUR LANDERS

At Steinert hall last evening, Martha Whittemore, 'cellist, and Arthur Landers, pianist—both members of the Musical Guild of Boston—gave a joint recital. Miss Whittemore's accompanist was Carl Lamson. The following was the program: Mr. Landers—Adagio, Mozart; prelude and fugue in C minor, Bach. Miss Whittemore — Chorale, Gavotte in D major, Bach; pieces en concert, prelude, Sicilienne, La Tromba, Plainte, Air de Diable, Couperin. Mr. Landers—Nocturne, Louise Souther; minstrels, La Cathedrale Engloutie, Debussy; Visions Fugitives, I, Lentamente, III, Allegretto, XVI, Dolente, X, Ridicolosemente, Prokofieff. Miss Whittemore—Intermezzo (from "Goyescas"), Granados; ode, Tcherepnine; Piece en forme de Habanera, Ravel; menuet, Debussy; La Fileuse, Dunkler. Mr. Landers—Ballade G minor, intermezzo A major, intermezzo C major, rhapsodie, E flat major, Brahms.

A pleasantly varied program, this, that the two musicians offered between them—one that narrowly escaped being too long. Many such functions, however, materialize as a pair of full-length recitals packed into a single evening—an economical and infinitely wearisome device. Nothing of great weight or impressive dimensions—no sonata, no concerto—was here to impose too great a burden on an audience's attention; Miss Whittemore and Mr. Landers had chosen wisely.

The 'cellist proved herself a well-schooled if not superlatively subtle technician, producing tone of notable warmth and breadth but subjecting it seldom to suave, delicate, or caressing modulation. A musical intelligence revealed itself in her work, however, with the rhythmic dignity of a Bach chorale, the well-varied styles coupled with vivacity and grace that she brought to the pleasant set of short movements by Couperin. She showed, moreover, a warm sympathy for the languorous Iberian melancholy of the familiar Intermezzo from the "Goyescas" of Granados; attained with equal success the stately pomp of Tcherepnine's impressive Ode.

Mr. Landers performed his share of the program with a good deal of poetic imagination and musical sensibility, not always free from a tendency to exaggerate emotional and dynamic contrasts. He played very musically, with beautiful tone and well-turned phrasing, an exceedingly expressive Adagio of Mozart's—one of those movements in which the composer threw overboard that naively limpid and impersonal grace with which he is most associated and plunged into a deeply emotional chromaticism. The very familiar, not to say hackneyed, C minor Prelude and Fugue from Book 1 of the Well-Tempered Clavier, shed no lustre upon Mr. Landers's talents. The Prelude was choppy and technically insecure; the fugue was clear but unimpressive. He gave a pleasantly liquid beauty, however, to Louise Souther's charming if somewhat derivative Nocturne, and conveyed with great skill the contrasted moods of Prokofieff's Visions Fugitives—an ingenious little set of pieces.

His impetuous vigor in Brahms's G minor Ballade, as elsewhere, somewhat overreached itself, so that the excellent spirit displayed was a little marred by chords that were suggested rather than played and by others that would have surprised the composer. The beautiful A major Intermezzo, however, was played poetically enough to compensate for many faults perpetrated elsewhere. A prodigiously muscular, but far from impeccably accurate, rendering of the massive E flat Rhapsodie completed Mr. Landers's part in the concert.

Both artists were warmly applauded. Both played additional pieces. S. S.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT

The second of the Young People's concerts by the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the first movement of Haydn's Symphony in D major (B. & H. No. 10) and the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Incidental music for Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Mr. Richard Burgin conducted the Handel-Casadesus Andante from concerto (viola solo: Jean Lafranc), Honegger's Pacific 231, and Rimsky-Korsakov's Caprice on Spanish Themes.

The children were well pleased with the choice of music. The pert rhythm of the Allegro from Haydn's Symphony aroused their interest. Their delight increased as the nimble-footed movement advanced. So it was with the Mendelssohn Scherzo; what Mr. Meyer couldn't explain to them in words—such as what the fairies pictured on one of the slides were discussing—the instruments told them quite plainly.

Instead of simply showing the children a picture of the viola Mr. Meyer produced the instrument itself, held it up with the violin that the children might see the differences between the two instruments. That the ear might know to distinguish between them Mr. Theodorowicz and Mr. Lefranc played phrases on their respective instruments —first on the strings the violin and viola possess in common, then on those peculiar to each instrument—thus graphically bringing to the hearers the difference in timbre of each. This was duly appreciated, as was Mr. Lefranc's beautiful playing of the Andante that followed.

The knowledge Mr. Meyer shows of locomotives would almost vie with that of Mr. Honegger himself. However, the young people seemed much more engrossed with the information he gave them than the music which portrays Pacific 231 so vividly. If their attention lapsed a bit during the Honegger, the Caprice on Spanish Themes captivated and intrigued them. The brilliant piece excited curiosity and admiration. Enthusiastic applause followed it.

A fair-sized audience greeted Mr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Burgin.

The concert will be repeated this afternoon. L. B. D.

George W. Chadwick

Funeral services for George W. Chadwick, the composer, were held in Trinity Church yesterday afternoon. Bishop Lawrence, Bishop Sherrill and the Rev. Arthur Lee Kinsolving, rector, officiated. The pallbearers included a group from the New England Conservatory of Music, of which he was director for many years. Burial was at Mt. Auburn cemetery. Mr. Kinsolving conducted the committal service.

The pallbearers were George B. Cortelyou of New York, Wallace Goodrich, Ralph L. Flanders and Arthur Foote, Frederick S. Converse, who represented the American Institute of Arts and Letters; Timothee Adamowski, Alfred De-Voto, Henry Goodrich, William L. Whitney; Henry Hadley of New York of the American Academey of Arts and Letters, Edward Burlingame Hill, chairman of the music division of Harvard University; C. M. Loeffler, Dr. Charles G. Mixter, Frank Benson, the artist, and C. Howard Walker.

The ushers included Clarence B. Shirley, Frank Watson, Roland Reasoner, Carl McKinley and J. M. Sanroma, all of the Conservatory faculty, and Dr. James Lincoln Huntington and Edward R. Warren of the Tavern Club.

April 8 1931

LEWIS EMERY

Lewis Emery, baritone, sang in Jordon hall last night, making his Boston debut before an appreciative audience of generous size. His program was as follows:

Jardin d'Amour (Chanson Populaire Arranged by Vuillermoz); Trois Jours D Vandange (Reynaldo Hahn); Promenade a Mule (Felix Fourdrain); Avril en Fleur (Georges Brun); Befreit, Die Verschweigen en, Breit Uber Mein Haupt (Richard Strauss); Der Ton (Joseph Marx); Fair (Warren Smith); Alleluia (G. O'Connor Morris); I Heard a Piper Piping (Arnold Bax); You are the Tide (Louise Snodgrass); To Anthea (J. L. Hatton); How Fair This Spot (S. Rachmaninoff); Apemantus Grace (M. Castelnuovo-Tedesco); Love Quarrel (Cyril Scott); The Three Riders (Henry Sachs).

Mr. Emery is said to be a retired business man turned singer for the love of singing. The case is unusual though another situation—that of solid disant baritones who have bloomed uncertainly in this hall and, being frigidly received, have abandoned an ungrateful art to devote themselves to business—is perhaps less rare. This convert to the concert stage demonstrated rapidly last night that he has more to recommend him than the mere desire to sing. His voice, not unnaturally, is past its prime, but he uses it with a skill that carries it easily and effectively over a wide range (it is a "high baritone") and with an expressive instinct that caused it to fall very pleasingly upon the ear despite its surface imperfections. His enunciation of the text and his treatment of the musical phrase were alike animated by an unusual intensity of meaning. His voice responded very eloquently to changing nuances of emotion.

There was a genuinely Gallic feeling in his manner of singing his pleasant French group, from the pretty folk song a shade too enterprisingly "arranged" by Vuillermoz to the lugubrious song of Hahn, the vivacious Promenade a Mule of Fourdrain and Georges Brun's ecstatic outburst. His German group found him hardly less successful, most of all in the luxuriantly romantic Befreit and the ingenious conceit, cleverly sung, Die Verchwiegenen—both by Strauss. In the first of his two English groups, the joyous energy of the magnificently virile Alleluia, arranged by O'Connor Morris (Holst has disposed the same tune for chorus), the hauntingly Celtic nostalgia of Bax's I Heard a Piper Piping were conveyed with equally admirable skill and interpretive imagination. His final group—of which the most interesting member was Castelnuovo's song—called forth also a variety of contrasting styles, to which Mr. Emery once more proved himself equal. The taste, intelligence and expressive power of his singing brought Mr. Emery cordial applause. There were encores. S. S.

April 8 1931

ANGER IN THE PARLOR

By PHILIP HALE

ding a column that might be headed: o Behave: Answers to the Anxious"; it for self-improvement, we learned l à host or hostess should say to an ar- guest is "How do you do?" "Howdy?" onger used by our "best people." If the remembering past years, exclaims rogu- 'Ah, there!" the hostess, if she is quick- should answer, "Stay there," and thus rself en rapport, to use the language of ench, described in old geographies as a us people fond of light wines, laces and g.

go back to the dictator of the social ele- s: if a guest brings a stranger, the hostess "murmur some reassuring phrase that ow him he is welcome." This is her duty unexpected guest, like Mr. Cheggs, is ul in the presence of ladies."

fortunately there are no directions for nner guest who undergoes the painful g, severe on the sturdiest legs, before the of cocktails and caviar are brought in, he appalling silence, the gloom not light- by any forced, inconsequential chatter, is ed and there is alcoholic gaiety.

behavior during the desolating waiting, ust consult the wisdom of the ancients. one reads in Prof. Gulick's vivid transla- of "The Deipnosophists": "The one who s first at another's house for dinner must ish forthwith to the symposium to fill his but he should previously accord some- to the aesthetic sense, and take notice of host's house." Athenaeus quotes the ad- le conduct of a principal in "The Wasps," urges his father to praise some of the n vessels, survey the roof, admire the tap- s in the hall.

id so Mr. Ferguson, to show that he is at acquainted with the usages of society, d walk leisurely about, trying this or that opening an expensively bound book that lie on a table, yawning now and then with air of one having seen much finer furni- and objets d'art. The family photograph n, unfortunately, is not now in fashion, so guest cannot make facetious remarks about whiskerage of a gallant uncle in his uni- of the civil war.

departing guest, who has been introduced, is a man, should say, "I am very glad to met you." "Pleased to have made your aintance" is considered low-bred. Perhaps stranger is not pleased. "A woman should r say that she 'is glad to have met him' to an." Her eyes may say it; she might even eze his hand. May she not be permitted hisper: "I'm always at home for tea"?

April 9 1931

SHUCHARI—KERR

By PHILIP HALE

Sadah Shuchari, violinist, and Muriel Kerr, pianist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon under the auspices of the Schubert Memorial Inc., at the Women's Republican Club. The program was as follows: Violin pieces, Saint-Saens, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Lalo, Andante. Mozart-Kreisler, Rondo. Nin-Kochanski, Chants d'Espagne. De Falla, Ritual Dance. Piano pieces: Scarlatti, Sonata. Bach-Hess, Choral, Jesus, Joy of Man's Destiny. Rameau-Godowsky, Tambourin. Schumann, Etudes symphoniques. Debussy, La Fille aux Cheveux de lin; Jardins sous la pluie. Medtner, Two Fairy Tales—E minor, B minor. Alice Decevee was Miss Shuchari's accompanist.

This was the first concert given by the Boston committee of the Schubert Memorial. (Why "Schubert" and why "Memorial"?) The purpose of this committee is praiseworthy. It is to give young musicians who have been approved by competent judges the opportunity of securing engagements.

Miss Schuchari and Miss Kerr are not amateurs; Miss Kerr has been before the public since 1928; she has played from Toronto to Dallas; from New York to Los Angeles. On her first tour she had 30 engagements. Miss Shuchari made her debut in 1927-'28 and has played from California to Maine; from Michigan to Georgia, as well as in Scranton, Pa., and the District of Columbia. The pianist and the violinist are under the protecting care of professional managers in New York city.

Miss Shuchari has indisputable talent; also a most attractive appearance on the stage. She has more than technical proficiency. She is sensitive, romantic in her interpretations and when the music demands it she reveals a passionate nature, which leads her occasionally to undue exuberance of expression, especially when she has to do with the G string. This, however, promises well for her when she has her emotional nature under firmer control. In future she will no doubt give to Saint-Saens's Rondo the peculiar elegance that the music by this master demands, and play Mozart's Rondo with a little more delicacy, and in a more playful vein. In Kochanski's transcription of Nin's "Chants d'Espagne," the first and third songs with muted strings were intrinsically more effective, than the wilder songs and the Ritual Dance of De Falla that followed. But this must be said of Miss Shuchari: it was a pleasure to hear her and to see her. She plays with gusto, but gives herself no airs and graces.

Miss Kerr has a fluent technic. In the first group her performance of Scarlatti's Sonata and of Miss Hess's demure arrangement of Bach's Choral was musical and agreeable. There was little 18th century charm to Rameau's Tambourin, which Godowsky did his best to spoil. Her rendering of the "Etudes Symphoniques" was disappointing. No doubt when she played this music to her teacher, he paraphrased the remark of the ring-master after the bare-back rider had been applauded: "She plays well, Mr. Merryman, for one so young. What will the young lady have next?" In the stormier pages of Schumann, there was noise rather than power; the chords were harsh; they lacked full body and true sonority; the gentler, more poetic passages were mannered in the interpretation.

A small audience applauded the two musicians heartily.

KATHERINE FOLLETT MANN

A song recital was given at Jordan hall last evening by Katherine Follett Mann, soprano. Nicolas Slonimsky was the tactful accompanist and a friendly audience of fair size was in attendance. The program was as follows: Voi che sapete (Mozart); Tu mancavi a tormentarmi (Cesti); Tu fai la superbetta (Fesch); Maricnlied (Marx); Unter den Linden (Otto Straub); Mondnacht (Schumann); Marietta's song from "Die Todte Stadt" (Korngold); Le Moulin (Pierne); Air de l'Enfant (Ravel); Chanson des Noisettes (Dupont); Au Paradis, L'Echelle d'amour (Luzatti); Come and Trip It (Carmichael); The Room (Smith); Reflections (Zeckwer); Cherry Flowers (Mabel W. Daniels).

Mrs. Mann's voice is one of notable beauty—not of great volume, but suave and sweet, with a reserve of light brilliance that is an added charm. It would have been still pleasanter to have been able to record also that the singer's technique was of a kind to do fullest justice to the voice with which a kindly nature has endowed her, but the regrettable truth is that inadequate breath support robs it of solidity and often of resonance, causes it to drop away from true pitch, particularly at the ends of phrases, and contributes largely to her tendency to force her moderately high tones into stridency. A more pointed and energetic enunciation of the words of her songs—particularly of the foreign songs—would have given both greater intensity to her vocal performance and greater conviction to her interpretations.

"Voi che sapete" is the kind of aria that Mrs. Mann's charming voice will adorn elegantly once she has acquired a surer technique and has learned to give living movement and rhythm even to music that is not fast. Lively songs, such as Fesch's "Tu fai la superbetta," Pierne's "Le Moulin," or Carmichael's "Come and Trip It," she sings with a pleasant vivacity.

The perfumed, romantic devotionalism of Marx's "Marienlied" contrasted sharply with the clean, vernal grace and freshness and the healthily diatonic scheme of Otto Straub's "Unter den Linden"—which does not sing the praises of the Berlin boulevard of that name, but is a setting of a lyric by the mediaeval German Minnesaenger Walther von der Vogelweide. Korngold's song from his opera, "The Dead City," is not inspired music and Mrs. Mann's performance did not make it sound less dull. Her voice flowed with an apt and limpid simplicity through the exquisite little "Air de l'Enfant" from Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortileges," and she was at her best in Luzzatti's pleasing son, "Au Paradis."

Her final group of songs in English was sung clearly and intelligently, with more evident comprehension than had always been evident in her preceding groups, and with greater conviction and more confidently varied style. Her audience evinced its pleasure and exacted encores.

S. S.

CONCERT NOTES

Nicolas Slonimsky will lecture at 5 P. M. today in the lecture hall of the Boston Public Library on Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky (1835-1881).

Special attention will be given to Moussorgsky as a song writer, and particularly to the songs to be sung by Maxim Karolik in Symphony hall next Tuesday, in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Moussorgsky's death.

The Harvard University orchestra (Pierian Sodality of 1808), G. Wallace Woodworth conductor, will give a concert in Paine hall, Cambridge, tonight at 8:15 o'clock. Mozart, overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"; Serenade No. 9, D major (K. 320). Beethoven, piano concerto No. 4, G major (Edward Ballantine, pianist). Schubert, overture to "Rosamunde."

There will be no concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. The orchestra is giving concerts in New York and Brooklyn.

Concerts of next Sunday: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M., John Charles Thomas, baritone. Jordan hall, 3:15, Peoples Symphony Orchestra, Thompson Stone conductor; Ellsworth Blanchard, tenor Boston Public Library, 8;15 P. M., chamber compositions of Joseph F. Wagner

Mechanics hall, 8 P. M., Gilmore memorial festival concert, under the auspices of the American Bandmasters' Association, for the benefit of the Boston musicians' relief fund. Ford hall, 7:30 P. M., Paderson quartet.

April 10 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Skippy"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Joseph L. Mankiewicz from the story and comic strip by Percy Crosby and Sam Mintz; dialogue by Don Marquis; directed by Norman Taurog and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Skippy Skinner ..... Jackie Cooper
Sooky Wayne ..... Robert Coogan
Eloise ..... Mitzi Green
Sidney ..... Jackie Searl
Dr. Herbert Skinner ..... Willard Robertson
Mrs. Ellen Skinner ..... Enid Bennett
Harley Nubbins ..... Donald Haines
Mrs. Wayne ..... Helen Jerome Eddy
Dog-Catcher Nubbins ..... Jack Clifford

Skippy, child of the comic strips, beloved by thousands of children and grown-ups of all ages, has entered motion pictures and entered them so naturally, so perfectly, that he becomes the living embodiment of Percy Crosby's understanding pencil and the most lovable youngster to walk the screen since Tom Sawyer. For those who contributed to the making of "Skippy," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre before appreciative throngs, there can be only the highest praise. Norman Taurog, the director, has accomplished marvels with a cast that is remarkable in itself, from Jackie Cooper in the title role, to the nameless mongrels inhabiting Shantytown. The lack of false notes, of staginess or self-consciousness in the young players is astonishing: no once do these infants, many of whom cannot be more than 6 years old, manifest the slightest interest in camera or director. They are their natural selves—real boys acting like real boys.

The plot is a rambling matter, somewhat like that of Paramount's first great child picture, "Tom Sawyer," but it serves splendidly to contain the humorous, serious and tragi-comic adventures of Skippy and his friends. Skippy, son of Dr. Herbert Skinner, head of the town board of health, has a fondness for playing in Shanty Town, the disreputable quarter of the town lying across the railroad tracks. Here he encounters a pathetic but staunch little mite, Sooky Wayne, whose most prized possession is his mongrel dog, Penny. Penny is taken by the dog-catcher—quite an ogreish person named Nubbins, who is possessed of a most unpleasant son—and the money that Skippy and Sooky get together to pay for his license is taken by the dog-catcher to pay for his windshield which he accuses them of breaking. When they get enough for the license, they find that Penny has been put to death.

The world looks black for Skippy: his own father had signed the ordinance through which Penny had met his fate, and Sooky, sobbing in his mother's arms, wishes he were dead. Dr. Skinner discovers what is in the wind, buys Skippy a bicycle—which he trades with a pestiferous child named Eloise for her mongrel puppy to give Sooky—and buys Sooky a real dog with a license and a pedigree. In the end, he completely vindicates himself in Skippy's eyes by punching the disagreeable dog-catcher in the nose while Skippy pummels his boy. The film closes with Skippy, Sooky and Dr. Skinner parading triumphantly down the street blowing willow whistles and accompanied by two dogs.

The acting in "Skippy" is beyond praise. Just how little Jackie Cooper ever managed to look, talk and act like the Skippy one knows from Mr. Crosby's drawings, remains a mystery, but his performance is a masterly piece of work—touching and humorous at the same time. Almost equally fine is Robert Coogan—the exact image of his brother, Jackie, a few years ago—in the role of the valiant mite, Sooky. Jackie Searl offers another of his uncannily disagreeable, whining small boys and Mitzi Green, though pretty well subordinated, is as obnoxious as one could ask. Taken all in all, "Skippy" is something that every one ought to see—you don't need to be a child to enjoy it.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Strangers May Kiss"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John Meehan from the novel of the same name by Ursula Parrott directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Lisbeth ..... Norma Shearer
Alan ..... Neil Hamilton
Steve ..... Robert Montgomery
Geneva ..... Marjorie Rambeau
Celia ..... Irene Rich
Andrew ..... Hale Hamilton
Spanish Dancer ..... Conchita Montenegro
Harry ..... Jed Prouty
De Bazan ..... Albert Conti
Waiter ..... Henry Armetta
Waiter ..... George Davis

It begins to look as though Robert Montgomery gives better performances when he does not need to take himself seriously or do any emotional acting. Norma Shearer is the star of "Strangers May Kiss," the current feature film at Loew's State Theatre, but it is Mr. Montgomery who takes the acting honors. His part is that of a rich, amiable, rather hard drinking young man from Boston, who pursues the heroine for reels and reels trying to persuade her to marry him, and losses, somewhat surprisingly, in the end. His role calls for considerable humor, intelligence and more emotion to be expressed in brief looks and gestures than in actual words. He is the only character in the film who does not talk at least 10 times too much, and therefore becomes the only one in whom you can believe.

"Strangers May Kiss" is another of Ursula Parrott's modern masterpieces of contemporary love and marriage. She was the author, you may recall, of "The Divorcee" and "Gentleman's Fate." In view of the tremendous public approval of her work it may be futile to criticise it adversely. Yet it is not a pleasing sight to see the attractive Norma Shearer, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery—able and likable players—cast for roles in a story that is essentially shoddy. Sympathy is asked for the heroine, Lisbeth, who travels around for several months in the company of Alan, a wandering journalist, and then, when he leaves her, goes off to Europe on a reckless expedition that appears to include all the unattached men in several countries. In the end, of course, after having refused proposal after proposal from Steve, a nice boy from Boston—whom she describes as wanting to tie her up in moth balls—she and Alan come together, renouncing all their doctrines of freedom in love, and are no doubt married.

Aside from the fact that this conclusion rings absolutely false in regard to what has gone before, it cannot be classed as a happy ending. Lisbeth and Alan may be in love, but the life that they have been leading—Alan is quite as "free" as Lisbeth—was no preparation for happy matrimony. It strikes one as a pity that so much handsome scenery, so many gorgeous costumes and such a lot of good acting should be wasted on a story that is empty alike of honesty and sympathetic quality. The production is elaborate in the extreme but the decorations cover up some very illogical patches. One can't help wondering how Lisbeth could wander about over the continent in the most expensive attire, run an apartment in Paris and not worry about finances for two years.

Norma Shearer presents a beautiful spectacle in her numberless changes of costume, contributing as well a performance that is entirely too good for the picture. She should, however, be cautioned about her laughter; she laughs continually and not once does she sound as though she meant it. Her low mirth is distressing in the extreme. Neil Hamilton, more mature than we are accustomed to see him, does some excellent acting in the ungrateful role of Alan, who is so peculiar a mixture of cad, prig and hero. Marjorie Rambeau does well in a small part and the rest of the cast fills in satisfactorily.

E. L. H.

The Theatre

April 12 1931

By PHILIP HALE

"Cherries Are Ripe," playing at the Colonial Theatre, might be called a Hungarian Rhapsody, or Hungarian Fantasia, with the virtuoso Count as soloist, playing his native tunes. One would like to see a continuation of the play; the Count Sandor in the cottage; the visits of Sybil; for she gave him the broadest of hints, just after poor Peter almost surprised the couple. If Sandor had not pretended he had something in his eye, to account for his position, would Peter have urged him to occupy the cottage? What is to be said of Sybil? Was she bored by her husband? Did the success of Sandor with other women make her envious? She showed jealousy by her constantly reminding him of his deplorable conduct in Budapest. And his ready yielding to the embraces of her friend Gisi, who met him more than half way, and in his company did not dread the night air, angered her, upset her.

It's an amusing little comedy. Perhaps the lines given to Sybil would reveal more of her character if they were more clearly spoken.

The audience roared when Mr. Muir as the secretary remarked on the indecision of an actress's dog when let out nights—a jest that had a scatalogical flavor. There was another hilarious outburst when the Count compared the love of an hour he would offer Sybil with the complacent affection of her husband. We have paraphrased the comparison; "pruned it of its most inherent qualities," to quote the remark of a man in Chelsea, Vermont, returning years ago from a political convention when he was questioned about the platform and its final convention.

Did the Count bring his Hungarian musicians to aid him in his wooing? St. Jerome knew the effect of music on a sensitive woman: a young fellow "will come with a company of compliments . . . one drinks to you, another embraceth, a third kisseth, and all this while the Fiddler plays or sings a lascivious song."

Arthur Sinclair, who will be seen with Maire O'Neill in Patrick Kearney's new play, "The Patch," tomorrow night at the Plymouth Theatre, remembers stormy years. (This is his eighth professional visit to the United States.)

"Life runs so peacefully nowadays," he says. "Audiences are kinder than ever, enthusiastic in the proper places. Why, I haven't played against a rioting audience for five years, anyhow. I've completed a series of tours of America and England and Ireland with nary a hiss to enliven life. No potatoes were thrown, no knives. I can't get accustomed to the quiet; I miss the shell fire. And so does Maire O'Neill, my wife, who's been trouping with me since Abbey days.

"The same plays that we've toured with in recent years, 'Playboy of the Western World' and the O'Casey plays, the plays that used to set the crowd bellowing with rage, don't get a rumble now. Why, I remember when 'The Playboy' opened at the Abbey in Dublin. I stood there shouting my lines while the crowd booed and potatoes beat a tattoo on my chest. Some of them hit so hard that my breath was pretty near knocked away. But we kept right on. There was real sporting blood there at the Abbey. Cordons of police massed around the stage every night. There was always a chance of a pot shot that would reach the heart. It made life interesting, though. "The outbursts came from ignorance, of course. Synge never wrote anything to ridicule the Irish people. He was just trying to glorify them. We went on playing, no matter how much hullabaloo there was. It became a matter of pride.

"Now the people have seen the old plays so frequently, I suppose they're used to them. That's why it's more exciting now to do a new play. One of these days a new writer like Synge or O'Casey is going to come along across the water. You can count on Ireland to have a new genius to strike fire. It's just a matter of waiting.

"The best battle of them all occurred in New York." And a grand time we all had, too. It was in 1911 and we were opening at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in 'The Playboy of the Western World.' As soon as I stepped on the stage I could feel the poison in the air. But they didn't start the war for 10 minutes. Then it broke like a thunderclap. The whole two balconies were bought up by the Irish, who thought they were being insulted by us.

"Tomatoes, potatoes, knives and even alarm clocks began to fly like hailstones. We were cut and bruised. Several of the cast were knocked unconscious. But every one of the troupe stuck by his cue. The rowdies didn't stop the show, not for a minute. Somehow we finished Act 1 against a booing that must have sounded up and down Broadway. The stage was smeared and so were we.

"At the end of the act the riot call was sent and the hoodlums were cleared out. Not without a lot of nightstick swinging, either, for they were tough babies. After they were headed for the station house, I went out in front to apologize to the balance of the audience. Then we started the play all over again. We were mobbed in nearly every town we played that season; and for the rest of the run the theatre would be packed by folks who wanted to see what caused the shooting. The joke was on them, because there wasn't a legitimate cause. I used to have a guard of three or four policemen all the time.

"Yes, sir, those were exciting days People don't fight so foolishly any more. But just the same I like remembering the old Abbey Theatre days and the potato barrage."

St. John Ervine speaking of a new theatre in an English provincial theatre, warned its promoters: "They must be on their guard against two enemies of the intelligent theatre; the extremely high-browed and the extremely low-browed. The former are more dangerous than the latter. If a theatre is to be the theatre of a community, and not the theatre of a clique, it must be conducted in the interests of the middle-brows; intelligent people who like intelligent entertainment and are neither absorbed in whimsical theories of theatre craft nor in legs, legs, legs. Heaven knows that I am as fond of looking at a pretty leg as anybody, but I do not wish to spend the entire evening in looking at it. Legs pall upon one after a minute or two. So do odd productions in which the endeavor of the producer seems to be to display his ingenuity with shadows to enforce his opinions on the subject of pulmonary diseases. What the majority of us wish is a play that will not bore us with its banality or depress us with its sentimental cynicism."

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

The Macdowell Club orchestra will play next Wednesday night a symphony by "Boyce," presumably William Boyce, known in Boston chiefly, if at all, as a composer and an editor of church music and an organist in London of the 18th century, but he wrote eight symphonies, chamber music and for the theatre. One of his songs, "Softly Rise, O Southern Breeze," for a tenor, was popular for over a century. It called for a bassoon obligato. Boyce grew deaf, suffered for many years from gout, which "terminated the blameless life of this most amiable man and excellent musician. He was buried with uncommon marks of respect, in the vault under the centre of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral."

And Mr. Fiedler puts on the program a waltz by Joseph Strauss, the "Sphaerenkiaenge" waltz. Joseph has been more or less forgotten, eclipsed in popular favor by his older brother Johann, but Joseph is by no means to be neglected. His "Village Swallows" waltz is charming; thirty-six years after his death in 1870 this waltz and other music by him were introduced in an operetta produced at Vienna, "The Swallows in the Viennese Woods." There was a romantic story about Joseph, how conducting his orchestra in some city he angered drunken military officers and was beaten so violently that his health was impaired. Joseph, unlike his brothers Johann and Eduard, never visited this country. The three brothers were all voluminous composers. The Johann now living is a son of Eduard, who had the least talent of the three brothers.

Gregor Piatigorsky, the violoncellist, who will play Schumann's concerto at the concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra this week, is a young Russian, who for some time made his home in Berlin after life was intolerable in his own country. He won renown as the first violoncellist of a Berlin orchestra and as a virtuoso. He was in the United States for a short sojourn in the season 1929-30. He played with the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, Dvorak's concerto on Dec. 29, 1929, and was warmly praised. For some weeks this year he was confined by a serious sickness to a friend's house in Boston and was not able to fulfil engagements. Recovering, he played with orchestras in the middle West—Cleveland, St. Louis and elsewhere. He is said to be about 30 years old.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Rossiter Cole of Chicago with reference to "Merrymount," an opera to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House next season. The music is by Howard Hansen; the libretto by Richard Stokes, a music critic in New York:

"It is a rather remarkable coincidence, as Mr. Carty Ranck gave me the libretto of his "Merrymount" to look over in 1918 (he had already copyrighted it), while I was at the MacDowell Colony, of which both of us have been members for many years (he wrote the entire libretto there and I composed the music of two acts there). We have felt no necessity for announcing our opera till now, as I have only just finished the orchestration, though the compositional work on it was completed in 1927."

Mr. Cole inclosed an article by Edward Moore, the music critic of the Chicago Tribune. It seems that Mr. Cole's opera is under consideration by the Chicago Civic Opera company.

"The two librettists would seem to have made use of the same historical incident as a basis. Merrymount, whether or one or two words, was a New England settlement on the site of what is now Quincy, Mass., but its inhabitants were English cavaliers, and consequently in opposition of manners and customs with the Puritans of Plymouth. The historical incident refers to an invasion of the place by the soldiers of Plymouth and the destruction of the Merrymount maypole.

"Upon this the two librettists have constructed similar stories, though with different psychological slants. Mr. Ranck's tale is of a love affair between a man of Plymouth and a girl of Merrymount, entirely, straightforward and with a happy ending. Mr. Stokes's story has grown somewhat Freudian, putting the dramatic conflict between a Plymouth clergyman and a woman of the other settlement, with a dream scene called "The Hellish Rendezvous," and the final immolation of the two in a fire as a punishment for witchcraft. This last is probably dramatic license.

"There is, of course, no possibility that the scores of Mr. Cole and Mr. Hanson bear any resemblance to each other."

The younger generation of concertgoers in Boston has little or no idea of the musical versatility and fertility of George Chadwick, the composer. He is better known to it as an admirable teacher under whose wise direction the New England Conservatory gained its reputation throughout the land.

He was first known to the Boston public as a composer of orchestral music early in 1880, when his overture to "Rip Van Winkle" was performed at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association. (It had been played at an examination concert of the Leipsic Conservatory in the year before.)

Only a few weeks ago Chadwick's latest composition for orchestra was performed at a concert at the New England Conservatory.

Fifty years of unceasing musical activity. The long list of his compositions includes symphonic works, cantatas, his beautiful "Phoenix Expirans" (first heard at Springfield in 1892; later at a Handel and Haydn concert when Mmes. Nordica and Poole; Italo Campanini and Emil Fischer were the soloists (famous singers were engaged by the society in those days); chamber music; choruses, songs, piano pieces, music for the church.

Some no doubt remember his burlesque opera, "Tabasco," first performed by the First Corps Cadets in 1894; later in that year at the Boston Museum, when Messrs. Seabrooke, Allen, Sheehan, Harlan, and Elvia Crox, Catherine Linyard and Rosa Cooke were the leading singers. Then there was his lyric drama, "Judith," performed in concert at the Worcester Festival of 1901, when Chadwick was the conductor of the festival; and in Symphony Hall the next year.

Whatever he wrote was well and carefully written from the technical point of view; there was solidity, proportion, a surety in expression. He did not strive to be ultra-"American" in his music; his wish was to write good music that would be accepted and liked in any country. Still there are pages of his that only an American could have written: the Scherzo in his symphony in F major; his "Vagrom Ballad," the fourth movement of his "Symphonic Sketches"; a movement written in 1896, bearing the motto:

"A tale of tramps and railway ties,
Of old clay pipes and rum,
Of broken heads and blackened eyes
And the 'thirty days' to come."

(Was Oliver Herford the author of this quatrain?) And in this delightfully reckless yet imaginative ballad, what did Chadwick do but introduce slyly the subject of Bach's great G minor fugue and give it to the xylophone. In the same humor for a situation in "Tabasco," "Where did you get that hat?" was heard from the orchestra.

Composer, organist, conductor—and yet while as a musician he gave pleasure to many and won an honorable name here and in Europe, as a teacher he exerted a wider influence and one that will be more enduring; a beneficent influence that, exerted by his pupils, is felt throughout this country.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday: Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. John Charles Thomas, baritone. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:15 P. M. People's Symphony Orchestra. Thompson Stone, conductor. Tchaikovsky, "Pathetic" Symphony. Wagner, "In Distant Land," from "Lohengrin" (Ellsworth Blanchard, tenor); Prelude to "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."

Mechanics hall, 8 P. M. Gilmore Memorial Festival. Concert under the auspices of the American Bandmasters' Association for the benefit of the Boston Musicians' Relief Fund.

Boston Public Library, 8:15 P. M. Chamber music compositions of Joseph F. Wagner, assisted by Minot Beale, violin; Virginia Stickney Snow, violoncello; Charles Mazzec, clarinet, Margaret McClair, Susan Williams and Harold Schwab, pianist, and players from the Boston Civic Symphony orchestra. Lyric Sonatina for violin and piano. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (a moving picture in 10 parts) for two pianos; Medieval Processions, a symphonic poem for two pianos. Suite, "Four Snapshots" for 'cello and piano (first time); Rhapsody for clarinet, piano and strings. Sinfonietta American for chamber orchestra (first time).

Ford Hall, 7:30 P. M. Paderson quartet. Robert Brunton, violin; Morris G. Paderson, violin; Attilio Di Scipoi, violoncello; Rosa Fruitman, piano.

Monday: Women's Republican Club, 3:30 P. M.—Concert by Prince Irakli Orbeliani and Paul Fedorovsky in aid of the South Boston Neighborhood House.

Tuesday: Symphony Hall, 8:15 P.M.—Maxim Karolik, tenor, Nicolas Slonimsky, accompanist, in an "All-Moussorgsky program" in commemoration of the semi-centennial of Moussorgsky's death. Little Star, O'er the Don River, The Revery of a Young Villager (from "The Fair at Sorochintsi") Punch and Judy (first time in Boston) Trepak Hopak, The Idiot's Love Song King Saul, I Am a Classic, The Seminarist, With the Doll, The Magpie.

Wednesday: Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M.—MacDowell Club Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler conductor. Tchaikovsky, overture-fantasia "Romeo and Juliet." Boyce, Fifth Symphony. Beethoven, piano concerto, No. (Paul Bregor, pianist); songs from "Egmont" music (Louise Bernhardt). Jose Strauss, Sphaerenklaenge waltzes.

At the home of Mrs. L. Carteret Fenno 238 Beacon street, at 8:15, song recital by Gladys de Almeida, soprano, for the benefit of the Calhoun colored school; program includes songs by Handel, Mozart, Strauss Faure, Georges, Messager, Ballantine Hood, Carpenter, and Portuguese and Spanish songs. Carl Lamson, accompanist.

Friday: Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky conductor. See special notice.

Saturday: Symphony Hall, 8:15 P. M.—Repetition of Friday's symphony concert Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

MISS WINSLOW

By ELIZABETH BORTON

Miss Miriam Winslow, whose pupils will present a dance review next Tuesday evening in Jordan hall, does not admit many current notions about the dance as propounded by invading foreigners. "Dancing to me is a real art," she says, "and all art should be beautiful. I do not like the tortured, the grotesque, or the neurotic in dancing except very occasionally, and then only to deepen a tragic or a humorous theme. Much of the modern German dance dislikes me as forced and unlovely. It is the reaction of a people to 28 years of hardships, a hysterical reaction. America, with its peoples of many moods, its constantly growing interests and contacts, is less introspective artistically. This shows in a more varied dance expression, and in color, activity, and a certain lyric quality."

Miss Winslow, who has appeared professionally with the Denishawn dancers and with the Braggiottis, has always been deeply interested in oriental dancing. "It has subtlety, color, and a quality of agelessness that I feel very strongly. And I like the suggestion of ritual in dancing; the conventionalization of movements; the definite meanings attached to every motion."

Miss Winslow finds that her pupils react in various ways, according to something that goes deeper than race or character, to dancing. Some turn instinctively to the subtleties of oriental expression; some to the fire and buoyancy of the Gypsy dances; some to the "Greek-frieze" style, or to lyrical dances. One cannot calculate how or why their growing dance responsiveness will manifest itself as they study.

"In creating my own dances, I can't say that I work any special way. I create when the mood comes on me, and I use whatever of music, color of costume, texture of draperies, or technical steps and figures I need to work out my idea. In my creation "The Bat," which will be danced on Tuesday evening, a symbolic dance idea came to me from a statuette which I saw in Palm Beach. From that idea I built up my whole conception of a symbolic dance tale. Later I selected the music, worked out the costumes, and did the actual choreography. Another of my new dances, "The Flame," came to me through a curious association. I heard a piece of music which moved me very much. A flame-colored scarf of mine the next day, in some way I don't know how, recalled the music to my mind. From that association I worked out a scarf dance to the music, using the flame-colored scarf.

"In composing dances for groups of my pupils, I find it necessary to exercise the utmost ingenuity. I enjoy this very much indeed. The restrictions imposed on me through the necessity of using certain definite numerical groups, in dances that the students will enjoy and that will bring out their best qualities, while remaining well within their technical range, narrow me down, and yet I find this work fascinating. How to make the utmost artistic use of my materials, so to speak, is hard work, but great fun."

Miss Winslow, feeling that the dancer should know her resources in the other arts, has planned lecture courses on costuming, music suitable for dancing, lighting, stage decor, fabrics, color emphasis, how to compose dances, and similar subjects.

"This is the first full year of my school, so I have been too busy to institute these courses," she says; "but I have much of my material organized, and intend to begin them as soon as the pupils are ready for them."

June 13 1931

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

John Charles Thomas, baritone, gave a song recital at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The presence of a very large audience attested the singer's steadily increasing popularity. His program was as follows: An die Leier (Schubert); Heimweh (Hugo Wolf); Ruhe, meine Seele (Strauss); Staendchen, and O liebliche Wangen (Brahms); Soir, and Fleur jete (Gabriel Faure); Priere du Soir and Chanson de la Puce (Moussorgsky); I Heard a Soldier (Arnold Bax); Theodore, the Pirate King (Lord Berners); Gwinne to Hebb'n (Jacques Wolfe); Home on the Range (David Guion); When I Think Upon the Maidens (Michael Head). Lester Hodges, Mr. Thomas's excellent accompanist, played with neatness and grace the following group of pieces: Au Couvent (Boredine); Viennese Dance (Ignaz Friedman); Malaguenas (Lecuona).

Consistent good taste had guided Mr. Thomas's choice of songs. Even the traditional final group of songs sung in English had—in defiance of custom—no trash in it, though it was lively enough in all conscience. Only in certain of his encores—and we do not refer to "Old Man River"—did he lower his standard. And he was surely ill-advised to sing the "Evening Prayer" of Moussorgsky. This little song out of the composer's "Enfantines" was never intended to be lisped by a baritone of Mr. Thomas's bulk. Nor was the child's nurse—who interpolates a few words—meant to sound like the largest and gruffest member of the czar's imperial bodyguard. Fortunately, no translations of foreign songs had been provided, and the majority of the audience, blissfully unaware of the revolting incongruity, realized only that the intent was humorous, and laughed politely. Elsewhere the lack of translations was a matter of regret. For example, Mr. Thomas sang "The Song of the Flea" exceedingly well; but, for no imaginable reason, he sang it in French. Even had the title alone been rendered into English the audience would have been given a clue as to the reason for Mr. Thomas's abundant and leering laughter, but most of those present must have been mystified and tantalized. Singers unwilling to print translations of the complete texts of their foreign songs for the benefit of their audiences have occasionally resorted to the equally valuable and less expensive device of printing, after the title of each song, a single sentence summarizing its purport. Audiences have the right to expect at least that assistance to their enjoyment of a song recital.

In general, Mr. Thomas showed that he has made a definite advance in technical skill since he was last heard here in a public recital. He manages his large and deeply resonant voice with better judgment than formerly. He no longer adds excessive weight to the lowest register, with the result that his highest notes are now more pleasing and secure. Yet a certain throatiness is sometimes apparent that detracts from the natural beauty of his fine voice. Mr. Thomas showed care in placing each song in its proper emotional setting; he was perhaps most successful in Strauss's "Ruhe, meine Seele" in thus establishing and maintaining a mood and in tempering to infinite quietness so powerful a voice as his. Schubert's "Leir" and Wolf's "Heimweh" were—each in its own way—as carefully thought out and well sung. In the two songs of Brahms he achieved the lightness of touch that is their due. But throughout this German group Mr. Thomas had not memorized the texts (except that of "Ruhe, meine Seele") but read them from his hand with something of the air of a clergyman announcing forthcoming meetings of the mothers' sewing circle, and hence with a certain deficiency in passionate spontaneity. Nor was his enunciation as clear as might have been desired.

There was an enjoyable virility in the way in which Mr. Thomas sang his English group. The humorous "Theodore, the Pirate King"—who was always courteous to the ladies—of the inveterate satirist Lord Berners, Wolfe's synthetic but characteristic Negro spiritual "Gwinne to Hebb'n"—sung with admirable spirit, and the unpretentious and melodious song by Guion, "Home on the Range," with its naive nostalgia of the open spaces, were among the songs best sung and most enjoyed. The applause was cordial, prolonged and evidently sincere. S. S.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The People's symphony orchestra gave its concluding concert of this season yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. To Thompson Stone, the conductor, a demonstration of esteem and affection was tendered; he was presented with two large baskets of flowers, and orchestra and audience rose to their feet as he bowed his thanks.

The program yesterday was well-chosen to bring the season to a brilliant close. The ever-popular "Pathetic" symphony (for the American audience may want its movies with happy endings, but likes its music sad), Lohengrin's "In Distant Land," from the opera, and the stirring Meistersinger Prelude pleased the audience, and proved the orchestra's developed capabilities.

The "Pathetic" Symphony was given a straightforward reading by Mr. Stone. He let the beauty of the themes speak for themselves, never forcing pathos into bathos, devoting himself to the work in hand, and letting the imagination of the audience, rather than the imagination of the conductor, play around the themes and extract from them whatever of human sorrow and striving they might. The occasional roughness of performance by the orchestra paradoxically seemed to do the music good by revealing it in an impetuosity and sincerity that do not shine through polished performances so often. Too clean and careful a performance of this symphony seems to make it stagey—like a lady who weeps without reddened eyelids or swollen nose. The tempi taken were good, and the players achieved a fine warmth and brightness of tone.

Ellsworth Blanchard, who sang the air from Lohengrin, has a robust tenor voice, very clear and expressive. A regrettable weakness of breath control made many of his tones shaky; this may have been due to a cold. But Mr. Blanchard's clear enunciation, his phrasing, and splendid sense of musical line and climax made his singing enjoyable.

The Meistersinger Prelude, demanding utmost skill from every section of the orchestra, was played very creditably—excitingly, with fine contrast in the lyrical moments that gleam through the waves of brilliant and stately march music.

It was good to see the names of the players. They deserve much credit for hard and successful work in the face of a public support that is as discouragingly undependable as inexplicable. It is to be hoped that next season the audiences will be of as good size and as loyal as this fine musical organization deserves. E. B.

FINE ARTS

"Comrades of 1918"

An all-talking screen drama based on the novel by Ernest Johannsen, entitled, "The Four from the Infantry"; directed by G. W. Pabst and presented by Radio Pictures, with the following cast:

The Bavarian	Fritz Kampers
Karl	Gustav Diessel
The Student	Hans Joachim Moebis
The Lieutenant	Claus Clausen
One from Hamburg	Gustav Fröhlich
Yvette	Jackie Monnier
Karl's Wife	Hanna Hoessrich
Karl's Mother	Else Heller
The Butcher-Journeyman	Carl Fellhaus

"Comrades of 1918," the German talking picture, now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, is the German answer to "All Quiet on the Western Front." By that we mean, not only is the picture itself a masterly piece of work, it is also a fair, almost unbearably tragic exposition of war as seen through German eyes, not as seen through the eyes of a Russian director working with a mixed American and English cast in Hollywood. In Germany, "Comrades of 1918," which is taken from Ernest Johannsen's novel, "Vier von der Infantrie," has received official commendation and public approval. Truth to tell, it seems to us a more honest and straightforward picture than "All Quiet," for there is no taint of theatricalism, no hysteria against war, until the very end, when the tension is relieved by a wild and pitiful outburst.

There is little plot: the whole film is devoted to a brief period in the last months of the war, when Germany at home was suffering the bitter pangs of starvation and German soldiers fought a grim and steadily-losing battle at the front. There are four men in whom the spectator is most interested: Karl, the Bavarian, the Student and the Lieutenant, only the first of whom is ever called by name. They are representative men from varying walks in life. Karl is a fine, serious man in his middle thirties: brave, dependable, deeply affectionate. In contrast to him, the Bavarian is big, boisterous, good natured and friendly. The Student is a clever, intelligent boy with dreamy eyes and the capacity for sudden fits of wild heroism. Lastly, the Lieutenant is a gaunt, haggard youth, worn to the bone by responsibility and the lack of hope, until his face takes on the look of a skull.

The Student dies in combat with a Senegalese soldier; then Karl, after his tragic leave in which he finds that his young wife has been unfaithful to him, is killed with the Bavarian in the great French attack, and the Lieutenant, at the end of his endurance, goes mad and is carried into a field hospital, screaming aloud in helplessness and despair. It is not a cheerful picture, as you may have guessed, but for the manner in which it is acted, directed and filmed there can only be only the highest praise.

For sheer realism, the war scenes have yet to be surpassed by any picture, American or German. There are no wild bombardments, save at the very end. There is just the monotous whine of bullets, the shells that burst irregularly, each taking their toll of lives. Mercifully the alien language spares us diatribes and philosophical dissertations and shows us how the men lived and died, without bitterness, without hatred, finding some compensation in comradeship for the hardships of their brief existence. Of many memorable sequences the one that we recall most vividly is the parting of Karl and his wife: two persons who loved each other, but between whom the knowledge of her faithlessness stood like an insurpassable barrier. All in the cast deserve praise, particularly Gustav Diesel, Hans Moebis, Claus Clausen and Hanna Hoessrich. "Comrades of 1918" will not amuse you, but it will teach you many things.

E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Misbehaving Ladies"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Julian Josephson from a story by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; directed by William Beaudine and presented by First National with the following cast:

Ellen	Lila Lee
Phil	Ben Lyon
Aunt Kate Boyd	Louise Fazenda
Uncle Joe Boyd	Lucien Littlefield
The Old Princess	Julia Swayne Gordon
Meta Oliver	Emily Fitzroy
Mayor's wife	Martha Mattox
Hazel Boyd	Virginia Gray
Mayor Twitchell	Oscar Apfel

Unjustly handicapped by a misleading title, an old silent film known as "Heart to Heart" now comes to the screen enriched by dialogue. Now, as then, it proves to be a harmless little fairytale about a small-town girl who ran away with an Italian prince, who squandered his own patrimony and such funds as the girl possessed, and in time died, leaving her to subsist as best she might in a profitless castle abroad. The girl, born Ellen Baker, decides to return to Milldale. She has her title, her beauty and her wits, and that is about all. Her uncle, Joe Boyd, and her school-days lover, Phil Hunt, the town's ne'er-do-well, who is to become a great inventor, recognize her, minus her regal robes; but Aunt Kate, near-sighted and of simple, housewifely mind, does not know her. Ellen, arriving quietly and entering by the back door because Joe has just finished painting the front piazza, is mistaken for Mrs. Arden, a dressmaker. When Meta Oliver, a gaunt neighbor with a slanderer's tongue, sees Ellen and Uncle Joe in fond embrace, and catches Ellen entering Phil's chamber back of his shop, she poisons Aunt Kate's mind, causing that good soul much mental anguish.

Meantime the mayor and the citizenry have made elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the princess. So, conspiring with Uncle Joe and Phil, Ellen leaves town abruptly, to return in state, with hired lackeys and in a white satin gown with a long train. At the public reception many amusing incidents occur, as when Jiggs, the Boyds's mongrel dog, hides under Aunt Kate's skirt, scratches for fleas and sets Aunt Kate to itching; or when Uncle Joe makes an incoherent speech in his stockinged feet. Incidentally, Ellen talks the townsfolk into forming a company to manufacture Phil's patented dish-washing machine. And of course, she marries him.

The characters are supposed to be village types, with simple, human qualities. They are interpreted in that vein for the most part, though at times Miss Fazenda overplays some farcical incident, coming close to travesty. Mr. Littlefield maintains his reputation as a comedian of natural methods. Miss Lee and Mr. Lyon are not compelled to exert themselves histrionically. This makes it easier for everybody.

W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Woman Hungry"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the play by William Vaughan Moody, entitled, "The Great Divide," directed by Clarence Badger and presented by First National and Vitaphone with the following cast:

Geoffrey Brand	Sidney Blackmer
Judith Temple	Lila Lee
Joao	Raymond Hatton
Kampen	Fred Kohler
Leonard Temple	Kenneth Thompson
Betty Temple	Olive Tell
Dr. Neil Cramford	David Newell
Buzzard	J. Farrell MacDonald
Sam Beeman	Tom Dugan
Mrs. Temple	Blanche Frederici

William Vaughan Moody's famous play, "The Great Divide," has a way of cropping up every so often. To the best of our knowledge, "Woman Hungry," now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres, is the third version to reach the screen. Half a dozen years ago it was made as a silent film with Conway Tearle and Alice Terry in the leading roles, and in 1929 Ian Keith and Dorothy Mackaill played in an almost unrecognizable adaptation. Years ago it served Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin to tremendous advantage in the theatre. Now on the screen once again, with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee in the central parts, it brings back memories and regrets. The reasons for the incomprehensible change in the title and the alteration in the names of the characters, are not easy to understand, nor does the technicolor photography add much to the interest of the resulting picture.

Judith Temple—Mr. Moody called her Ruth Jordan—is left alone in her brother's ranch over night and has a most unpleasant encounter with three half-drunken bad men: Joao, Kampen and Geoffrey Brand—Mr. Moody's Stephen Ghent—who decide to shoot dice for her person. She begs Brand, as the least objectionable of the outfit, to save her, promising to go with him if he succeeds. Brand disposes of his companions, takes Judith first to a justice of the peace and then to his mine up in the mountains. There they build a house and Judith insists on doing her share of the work, although she still feels only hatred and aversion for her husband. Her brother and sister-in-law discover where she is living and beg her to leave Brand, but pride forbids her to go back on her bargain. Finally her brother learns that she is to have a child and obtains Brand's permission for her to go East to see her mother.

Her child is born, but Judith is so upset mentally that her mother sends for Brand, who has, by the way, been supporting the Temple family since the failure of the ranch. At first Judith refuses to see him and tells her family of the true circumstances of her marriage, but when her brother threatens to shoot Brand, she decides that she loves him after all. Much of the outline of Mr. Moody's play remains, but

the drama and the poetry are gone, banished perhaps by the singularly uninspired acting of the entire cast. Lila Lee, too prettified for her role, is sincere but unconvincing, while Sidney Blackmer makes a stolid Brand. The other suffice.—E. L. H.

SCOLLAY SQUARE

"Ten Nights in a Bar-room"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Norman S. Parker from the play of the same name directed by William O'Connor and presented by Roadshows Productions with the following cast:

Joe Morgan ..... William Farnum
Simon Slade ..... Thomas Santschi
Mary Morgan ..... Patty Lou Lynd
Dr. Romaine ..... Robert Frazer
Ann Slade ..... Phyllis Barrington
Sarah Morgan ..... Rosemary Theby
Frank Slade ..... John Darrow
Bill ..... Lionel Belmore
Silent Sam ..... Thomas Jefferson
Grandma Morgan ..... Kathryn Clare Ward
June Manners ..... Sheila Manners
Fanny ..... Fern Emmett
Sample ..... Harry Todd

Dipsomaniacs of the old school will find in this film version of a morality tract, which in years long gone was immensely popular in the ten-twenty-and thirty cent houses of the country, a certain amount of bitter satisfaction. As they observe Joe Morgan, the industrious miller, in his precipitous descent to perdition through the machinations of Simon Slade and his chief ally, the demon rum, they will not fail to note compensating factors. For instance, they will tell you that the whiskey of those days when the saloon flourished and men drank openly over a bar must have been better stuff than the bootleggers can supply now. Else how could Joe Morgan, only three weeks removed from a bad case of delirium tremens, so regain his lusty strength as to be able to throw the stalwart Slade all over his bar-room at the Sickle and Sheaf, wreck the cheap furnishings of that sinful resort, and finally drag the body to the street, safely removed from the raging flames started when the two men knock over a stove within. They will declare that if Joe had been drinking post-war liquor he would have been in his grave one week after starting his debauch!

There is no apparent spirit of travesty in this picture. It has been presented seriously enough, but its crudities are so elemental and obvious that it serves little purpose as propaganda. It opens with a prologue in which Dr. Romaine is heard refusing to give a prescription for liquor to a group of travelling salesmen to tide them over a week-end in the modernized Sickle and Sheaf. He then tells them about conditions of years ago, when Joe Morgan, who came from a family of drunkards, abruptly deserted the paths of sobriety and industry, neglected his wife and daughter, Mary, lost his mill, and became a town sot in an incredibly brief time. The picture then flashes back, and we have "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," in all its sordid detail. But the ending has been changed. Little Mary, who made frequent trips to the saloon to persuade Joe to go home, does not die, either from her cough or from the blow on the head from the beer stein thrown by Slade. Moreover, Joe quits drinking, gets his mill back, and lives down his disgraceful past. And Slade, a decent citizen, owns the wholesome hostelry which houses the thirsty travelling salesmen.

In direction and performance the picture is without lustre. Mr. Farnum, perhaps wilfully, overacts as Joe Morgan. The most convincing bit is by Tom Santschi as the scheming Boniface. It is noteworthy that this actor, who gained his early fame through the terrific fist-fight he staged with this same Farnum in "The Spoilers," should have engaged in his last one in such a filmsy piece as "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." He died suddenly on Thursday last.

PARK

"The Middle Watch"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Ian Hay and Comdr. Stephen King-Hall; directed by Norman Walker and presented by British International Productions with the following cast:

Capt. Maitland, R. N. ..... Owen Nares
Mary Carlton ..... Jacqueline Logan
Comdr. Baddeley, R. N. ..... Jack Raine
Fay Eaton ..... Dodo Watts
Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt, K. C. B. ..... Frederick Volpe
Lady Hewitt ..... Margaret Halston
Nancy Hewitt ..... Phillis Lorinz
Marine Ogg ..... Henry Wenman
Corp. Duckett ..... Reginald Purdell
Charlotte Hopkinson ..... Muriel Arked
Capt. Randall, R. N. ..... Hamilton Keene
Ah Fong ..... George Carr

There is a leisurely and amusing little comedy at the Park Theatre entitled "The Middle Watch." Theatregoers will recall that a play of this name enjoyed a comfortable run at the Copley Theatre not long ago, and the picture is taken quite literally from this same play, written by Ian Hay with the assistance of Comdr. Stephen King-Hall. No doubt Ian Hay supplied the comedy and Comdr. King-Hall the nautical details. The entire action takes place aboard a British battleship on which two girls are left, owing to the premature departure of the last picket-boat. The situations are simple, often entertaining if not precisely hilarious, and the acting, the pleasant but meandering sort contributed by all-British casts, carries things along at an amiable pace. There are several pretty girls, quite a handful of upstanding officers, to whom the naval uniforms are most becoming, and some cockney underlings to provide the necessary laughter.

Mary Carlton, a lively American girl, Fay Eaton, engaged to Comdr. Baddeley, and their spinster chaperone, Charlotte Hopkinson, are accidentally left aboard the battle-cruiser, "Falcon," after a party. Charlotte is locked into the compass room, while Mary and Fay are established by the gallant and retiring Capt. Maitland in his own spare cabin, with a stalwart marine sentry, Private Ogg, on guard in the corridor. Matters are promptly thrown into confusion when Admiral Sir Hercules Hewitt, K. C. B., decides to spend the night on the "Falcon" also, his yacht having met with an accident. There is much dodging to and fro between cabins, for the admiral is very fussy where he sleeps, and in a moment of disaster he encounters Mary in the passageway.

The next morning brings even worse complications, for hardly has Mary, assisted by Capt. Maitland and Comdr. Baddeley, soothed the admiral into quiescence, when Lady Hewitt and her daughter come aboard. The outlook is very bad when Charlotte, unearthed from the compass room, recognizes Lady Hewitt and recalls to her mind a certain night spent aboard a battleship quite unchaperoned. The acting is satisfactory, with special mention for Owen Nares, as the handsome Maitland, Henry Wenman, as Priv. Ogg, and Jacqueline Logan as the vivacious Mary.

E. L. H.

April 14 1931

ORBELIANI—FEDOROVSKY

Prince Irakli Orbeliani, pianist, and Paul Fedorovsky, violinist, gave a concert yesterday afternoon for the benefit of the South Boston Neighborhood House of the Women's Republican Club. The program was as follows—Piano pieces: Mozart, Pastorale Variee, Schumann, Romance in F sharp minor, Brahms, Rhapsody in G minor, Chopin, Nocturne in E flat major and Ballade in F minor, Lizst, Liebestraum and Polonaise in E major. Scriabinus, Three Preludes, Op. 11. Rachmaninoff, Three Preludes, E flat major, G major and G minor. Violin pieces: Chausson, Poem. Gluck, Melody. Rameau, Gavotte. Schubert, The Bee. For Mozart's Pastorale Variee Prince Orbeliani substituted Rameau's Gavotte Variee; for Rachmaninoff's Preludes in G major and G minor he substituted Rachmaninoff's Elegy. Mr. Leon Vartanian played Mr. Fedorovsky's accompaniments.

Mr. Orbeliani plays with vigor and a spontaneity that gives an air of improvisation to what he does, but his forces are not controlled; they are not held in check. This defect of his qualities defeats him. A large and what might be a beautiful tone is strident and harsh. When a melody should be beautifully sung it is made, rather, obtrusively predominant. Instead of skilfully turning a phrase he distorts it by too rough handling. His agile fingers are not accurate, consequently more wrong notes are played than the law will allow. He has no feeling for the difference in style of composers—Rameau is handled in the same manner as Liszt—nor does he have any conception of what the word pianissimo means; everything was played too loud and without regard for the limitations of the pianoforte. Delicacy and finesse were not found in his interpretations; impetuosity abounded there and with it a certain power, gained by his brusque attacks, as in the Brahms Rhapsody, that arrested attention.

Mr. Fedorovsky wrought his phrases with care, colored his playing with regard for the niceties of light and shade. His tone was always beautiful and warm. He is not only a skilled technician, but one who feels and understands what he is doing. Into the lovely melody from Gluck's Orpheus he read all the poignancy that is inherent in it, yet his violin buzzed as merrily as could be wished to the tune of "The Bee." His range of dynamics is wide and he realizes the effectiveness of sharp contrasts. An innate sense of rhythm prevents him from stretching a rubato to the breaking point. He was ably accompanied by Mr. Vartanian.

A large audience was enthusiastic in its applause for the afternoon's music.

L. B. D.

By PHILIP HALE

Plymouth Theatre: First performance of "The Patch," a comedy in three acts and five scenes by Patrick Kearney. Directed by John D. Williams and presented by Robert V. Newman.

The cast:

Dudley Weatherbee ..... Robert W. Crozier
Elmore Murfree ..... Peggy Conklin
Margaret Murfree ..... Gertrude Fowler
Hopkins (the butler) ..... John M. Troughton
Mike Donovan ..... Roy Roberts
Charles Murfree ..... Henry O'Neill
Henry Stonehill ..... William E. Stone
Patrick Murphy ..... Arthur Sinclair
Widow Donovan ..... Maire O'Neill
Larry Hefternan ..... Lawrence Sullivan
Mrs. Weatherbee ..... Marie R. Burke
Two Truckmen, etc., etc.

Charles Murphy to oblige his wife, who wished to gain social position, changed his surname to Murfree. He grew rich and entered into politics. His wife boasts of her ancestors, and tells everybody that Charles is of a prominent Kentucky family, the daughter is of different stuff; she is not a bit of a snob; she fears that young Weatherbee is as snobbish as her mother, and she begins to regret that they are betrothed. Charles is running for office. Stonehill tells him that the Irish vote will be against him because he changed his name. They regard him as a renegrade. Now there are about 5000 Irish votes in "The Patch," the district across the railway tracks. To aid Charles young Donovan has been engaged as a sub-manager. He thinks the election lost if the Patch dwellers cannot be persuaded that Charles is one of them at heart.

The father of Charles arrives unexpectedly from Ireland. Charles welcomes him; Mrs. Murfree is taken aback, shocked when Patrick Murphy enters, hat on his head, pipe in his mouth. What will her friends say? The daughter, who is already attracted to Donovan loves her grandfather at first sight. Patrick is a great talker, proud of his nation, his race, his family. He is also proud of his oratorical gift, which he displays on all occasions. He takes a liking to young Donovan; sizes up Weatherbee as not a fit mate for his grand-daughter.

When he learns that his son will probably be defeated, he makes every effort to win over the Irish vote; makes wild promises to Heffernan, the contractor, of what Charles will do for the Irish. Everything promises well until Mrs. Murfree, fearing that she will lose her social position which she has gained by flattery, sycophancy and lying, knowing that Patrick's disclosures about Charles's origin—Mrs. Murfree, in fact, was a child of the Patch—brutally orders him out of the house. Poor, weak Charles, though ashamed, stands by consenting. Patrick goes to the humble house of the Donovans. He swears revenge. If he could win votes for Charles, he could also turn the voters against him.

Up to this point the play is interesting and amusing, but with Patrick at the Donovans, it is only too plain that the dramatist was at his wits end and was obliged to rely on farcical business, as the discussion of pyjamas against the night gowns in which Donovan senior died, some good lines, and a song sung prettily by Miss O'Neill. Patrick is entertaining because he is portrayed by Mr. Sinclair, whose criticism of Shakespeare, Shaw and Eugene O'Neill is delightful, as is Mrs. Donovan's behavior on hearing of the death of a neighbor, her desire to attend the wake, her denunciation of Mrs. Murfree, her account of King Edward VII drinking tea at her cottage. Of course everything is righted at the end, which is not shrewdly brought about by Mr. Kearney.

The comedy as a whole is amazingly simple, ingenuous, not to be considered critically if it were not for Miss O'Neill and Mr. Sinclair, though Mr. Crozier and Mr. O'Sullivan are good in conventional parts, and Miss Conklin makes the most of a still more conventional part, really giving the appearance of life to a lay-figure. Without Mr. Sinclair and Miss O'Neill the comedy would be classed with a long run of mildly interesting plays showing little originality and introducing too familiar Irish characters. One could not help wishing after the first act and half of the second that Mr. Sinclair and Miss O'Neill could be seen in a revival of any one of the plays in which they had won renown, when they were associated with the Abbey Theatre. But there were a few scenes in last night's performance that will be recalled with pleasure—as the opening of the huge parcel that contained Patrick's present to the Murfrees; as Mrs. Donovan's characterization of the dead neighbor and the living snob.

TREMONT

Thurston, the master magician, he who "would not deceive you for anything," opened a fortnight's engagement at the Tremont Theatre, an engagement which should attract all youngsters and their elders. Many of both groups were present last evening, and all had the time of their lives. For Thurston, aided by his very pretty and capable daughter Jane, gives a show which is packed with thrills, bafflement, feats of skill, tricks devoted to the comic muse, the penultimate in prestidigitation. Never, in all the years of Hermann or Keller, has an audience been privileged to witness so many instances of wizardry as were set before them last evening.

For two and one-half hours beautiful young women disappear before one's eyes, either from cabinets raised only a few inches from the floor or from a praying cage with only a rimmed bottom suspended in air almost over the footlights, where all may watch, and still not see how it is done. In this last instance even the learned Thurston does not know. He admits it, with all the gravity and all the humility of a pundit of the East; yet many suspected that he was not telling all he knew, especially the delighted yet bewildered youngsters. There are countless other illusions, such as the levitation of the Princess Karnac, who not only rises and lies suspended in mid-air, but disappears like a cloud; or the escape trunk, or the mystery of the blue boxes, a girl being transported from one to the other in two seconds; or the impressive feat of sawing through a woman's body as she lies imprisoned in a chest, her feet extending through one end, her head through the other; or the passage of a five-foot box into another only 18 inches square, and its withdrawal and opening, disclosing a girl within.

There are card tricks, such as Thurston performed in the old days when B. F. Keith had just opened his then new and beautiful vaudeville theatre; tricks with a magic crystal which followed Thurston even down into the aisles; the good old tricks with rabbits and guinea pigs and geese and eggs which multiplied while you waited; and the fantastic finale, a thing of beauty in itself, in which Thurston willed tiny fountains of water to spout from most unexpected sources. All done with rapidity and precision and perfection impossible of attainment save through months and months of patience and persistent practice. It seems as if this man works harder in one of these performances than any three actors in a difficult play.

Miss Jane Thurston deserves a paragraph which shall be all her own. Here is a very charming young woman, of attractive and sensitive features, graceful in the dance or in ambitious bits of legerdemain, swift and sure of hand, deft beyond belief in achievement. Many of her offerings were novel, and one, called Black Magic, was a gem of artistry. With a male companion, working on a stage made doubly dark by use of black side and rear drapes, she mimed for 10 minutes in fascinating sorceries. Another neat trick was that of producing a pretty girl from nothing but a triangular metal frame and a mask for a head. It is not difficult to foresee that some day, if she so elects and Pater Thurston agrees, Mistress Jane will be hailed as the world's only magician of the gentler sex.

W. E. G.

COPLEY

"Monkey"

"Monkey," a mystery play in three acts by Sam Janney; presented last night by the Copley Players under the direction of F. Cowles Strickland for the first time on any stage at the Copley Theatre with the following cast:

Robert Kenmore ..... Jack Storey
Dr. Howard Hollins ..... Donald Thompson
Bracker ..... James S. Jennison
Greta Kenmore ..... Allison Brooke
Joe Banning ..... Robert Henderson
Murlen ..... Harry A. Hugenot
McSweeney ..... Mark Kent
Opal ..... Barabara Hastings
Betty ..... Cyna Davis
Stokes ..... Douglas McLean
Howard Styrman ..... David Baker
Dr. Nichols ..... William Jeffrey
"Monkey" Henderson ..... Richard Whorf
Medical Examiner ..... Josef Lorenzo
Estelle Fenlay ..... Eunice Browning

Robert Kenmore was a thoroughly disagreeable individual. He bullied his daughter, he drove his wife to take refuge in a sanitarium rather than live with him. To be sure, he loved dogs, but that, according to Inspector "Monkey" Henderson, was a bad sign; men who love dogs are cruel to women, and therefore are not fit to live. "Monkey" was right. Kenmore died, very emphatically, with five bullets in his body and a sixth in the clock, which registered half-past 10 precisely. The murderer confessed at once, and, strange to say, he proved to be telling the truth. Joe Banning killed Robert Kenmore, because Kenmore brutalized his daughter, Greta, who was in love with Joe, a penniless hoofer, and for another reason—a very important reason, which made it of no importance that he should commit murder. What that reason was the audience and "Monkey" had to find out, but they didn't until 5 minutes of 11, and when they did know, the curtain came down at once—as well-behaved curtains should.

"Monkey," by Sam Janney, which was presented at the Copley Theatre last night for the first time on any stage, is half mystery play, half character comedy. It began somewhat inauspiciously with a deal of stilted dialogue and a number of strange and unexplained actions. What, for instance, was Dr. Edward Hollister, chosen by her father to marry Greta, doing in Kenmore's wall-safe, and why did Kenmore waste so much time on unimportant dictaphone messages? Presently, however, this was forgotten, for the play, as it advanced, gained in momentum. Kenmore was killed after a violent scene

with Greta and Joe, and the house detective, Murlen, soon had a signed confession from Joe. Howard Styrman and Dr. Nichols, deeply concerned to protect the reputation of Kenmore's bank, tried to frame Joe into a statement that would prove his insanity. They might have succeeded had it not been for the coming of Inspector "Monkey" Henderson. "Monkey" was a strange little wizened-up elderly man, whose wits were as sharp as his small bright eyes and his caustic tongue, and he it was who brought about the final solution by asking, and then discovering, who wanted Kenmore killed, and how he had persuaded Joe to do the killing. It is very ingenious.

Not until half-way through the second act did "Monkey" appear, but once on the stage he never leaves it, and Richard Whorf took full advantage of the best part that has yet fallen his way. His cracked voice, his slightly hunched back, his strange way of curling up on chairs and his eccentric mannerisms, gave an excellent idea of a bizarre, but fairly plausible character. Outstanding among the others were the slow-witted, suspicious and immensely likeable Irish policeman, McSweeney, of Mark Kent; the distraught Joe of Robert Henderson, and the frightened, desperate Greta of Allison Brooke. "Monkey" holds the attention, cheats but little, and has a satisfactory conclusion. It should have a good run. E. L. H.

TONIGHT IN THE THEATRES

COLONIAL—"Cherries Are Ripe," comedy, with Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque; 8:20.

COPLEY—"Monkey," mystery melodrama by Sam Janney; 8:20.

PLYMOUTH—"Patches," a new play by Patrick Kearney, with Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill; 8:30.

SHUBERT—"Simple Simon," musical comedy, with Ed Wynn, Harriet Hoctor; 8:30.

TREMONT—Thurston, the magician, with his daughter, Jane Thurston, and company; 8:30.

WILBUR—"On the Spot," melodrama by Edgar Wallace, with Crane Wilbur, Anna May Wong; 8:30.

NOTE—The Majestic and Lyric Theatres are dark.

April 13 1931

BENEFIT CONCERT BY 400-PIECE BAND

Leading Conductors of Two Countries Take Part

Mechanics building was crowded last night to hear the foremost bandmasters of America and Canada conduct a 400-piece band for the benefit of the Musicians Mutual Relief Society.

The presentation, which was called the Gilmore memorial concert in honor of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, pioneer of the concert band in this country, was held under the auspices of the American Bandmasters' Association. The association concluded its annual convention in Boston yesterday.

John Philip Sousa, "the march king"; Edwin Franko Goldman, president of the American Bandmasters Association and noted New York band leader; Thomas M. Carter, 90-year-old Boston bandmaster; Herbert L. Clarke of Long Beach, Cal., who was cornet soloist with Gilmore and later with Sousa; Percy A. Grainger, distinguished American composer, and Walter M. Smith, Boston cornetist, received ovations from the huge audience.

The Musicians' Relief Society has been conducting annual band concerts since 1905, but the crowd that attended the affair last night was the greatest that ever was present.

Part of the concert was broadcast over the WBZ radio stations. Richard A. Kurth of the relief society was chairman of the concert committee; William J. Maloney, secretary, and Joseph F. Tobin, treasurer. Other members were Morris Galbern, Walter M. Smith, Anthony Cannata, George A. L. Weir and Herbert R. Nickerson. James T. Kenney is president of the society.

April 15 1931

MAXIM KAROLIK

Modest Moussorgsky died in March, 1881. The 50th anniversary of the death of this original genius, still imperfectly recognized, would have passed almost unnoticed in this city had not Maxim Karolik, Russian tenor resident in Washington and several times heard from Boston platforms, resolved to devote to Moussorgsky's memory a program of his songs. It was a happy thought, for Moussorgsky's songs are perhaps his most characteristic work. With wise generosity the singer had provided his audience with a printed program containing a brilliant and informative introduction, illuminating notes upon particular songs, and admirable translations of the songs themselves—all from the versatile hand of Nicolas Slonimsky, who also played the crucially important piano accompaniments. The cover was adorned, in Moussorgsky's honor, with a portrait of Mr. Karolik. The list of songs performed was as follows: Little Star; O'er the Don River; The Revery of a Young Villager (from the opera "The Fair at Sorochintsi"); Punch and Judy (first time in Boston); Trepak; Hopak; The Idiot's Love Song; King Saul; I Am a Classic; The Seminarist; With the Doll; The Magpie.

The scattered but fairly numerous listeners at this miniature festival were given a view of Moussorgsky's musical personality in which its several aspects were clearly enough displayed. It is strongly national yet essentially individual in flavor, its balance of minute characterizations, formal beauty, and almost rhapsodic spontaneity, its addiction to satire directed against persons and doctrines, all these traits were well and abundantly illustrated. Above all it is freedom from any trace—save in his satirical songs—of the sentimental cliches of Italian and German music that incessantly debase the work of his famous contemporaries.

Mr. Karolik sang his songs, as usual, with full comprehension of their meaning—though not always with thorough appreciation of their style, and with an expressiveness that was conveyed less by his voice than by his gestures and poses. His voice has pleasing qualities but very little expressive variation, and lacks the ringing, resonant freedom that would add the touch of splendor to "King Saul" or of rowdy vigor to the "Hopak." There is something, too, about his tone production that makes it occasionally a matter for dispute which of two tones he is singing and whether or not he is in tune. And while the carping mood is on us, it may be suggested that in "I Am a Classic," the point of the satire was blunted by Mr. Karolik's inability to simulate the Mozartean style—which presupposes the power to sing flowing phrases gracefully and connectedly, and not in short declamatory outbursts. The elaborate satire entitled "Punch and Judy," in which Moussorgsky more or less good-humoredly attacked various incompetent critics and pompous composers of his acquaintance, was sung extremely well, however. It is an amusing and clever piece of work, but requires altogether too much explanation and commentary to be easily enjoyed by those unfamiliar with the unimportant goings-on, small jealousies and minor scandals which it commemorates.

"The Idiot's Love Song"—pathetic and strange to non-Russian minds, the richly poignant "Trepak"—a magnificently humane song of death, and a vividly suggestive tone-poem, "The Magpie," delightfully descriptive, were the things that Mr. Karolik sang most worthily and in which he most deserved the abundant applause given him. Mr. Slonimsky's excellent playing of the accompaniments did not go unrewarded, either. S. S.

DANCE REVIEW

A dance review was given last night at Jordan hall by the Miriam Winslow School of the Dance. Miss Winslow herself appeared in seven numbers, with groups, and solo. The program was as follows:

1—Indian Suite
(a) Indian Chief .... Mss
Albert Chiancone
(b) Indian Girls .... Biroulk
Jane Ellis, Estelle Shohet, Lois Aston, Barbara Burston, Esther Etta Blauer, John Stuart, Jane Conquest, Nancy Higgins.
(c) Osage-Pawnee Dance of Greeting .... Grunn
Miriam Winslow
2—Valse Nobles .... Schubert
Cynthia Sortwell, Elise Sortwell
3—Jockeys .... Von Blon
Frances Jenkins, Mary Ellis, Eileen Madden, Mercedes Madden, Rhoda Weiss, Frances Stout, Roberta Childs, Virginia Hinch, Suzanne Santry, Dorthy Levenson, Sidney Lockwood, Grace Lockwood.
4—Waltz .... Schubert
Eleanor Doe
5—Senorita Marita .... Moskowsky
Mary Perkins
6—The Bat .... Ornstein
The Bat (Created by Miss Winslow)
Miriam Winslow
The Spirit
Christine Perry
7—Tarantella .... Lack
Emily Nelson, Trudy Nelson, Warrene Bulkeley, Betty Jane Farley, Lydia Chiancone, Julia Billings, Mary Helen Brown, Liza Minevitch.
8—Marie Marie .... Di Capua
Charlotte Orlov
9—Viennese Waltz .... Strauss
Anna Austin
10—Tunnisienne .... Lack
Harriette Blake
11—The Flame .... Debussy
(Created by Miss Winslow)
Miriam Winslow
12—Pas Quenade .... Gottschalk
Donna Howland
13—Garland .... Eilenberg
Dorothy Chase
14—Spring .... Ziehrer
Elinor Ruth Solomon
15—Sonata Pathetique .... Beethoven
Lydia Moses, Margaret Littell, Ruth Johnston, Polly Godfrey, Charlotte Orlov, Rosamond Pierce, Miriam Hurwitt.
16—Plastique .... Max Reger
Arlene Scott (centre), Martha Boyden, Jaqueline McGrath, Laura Lee Horne, Nathalie Stein.
17—Scarf Dance .... Karganoff
Rosamond Gethro, Virginia Davis, Liza Minevitch.
18—La Perl .... Mildenberg
Aida Perillo
19—Chopin Waltz .... Chopin
Miriam Winslow, Anna Austin.
20—La Danse De La Demoiselle .... Friml
Nancy Lund
21—Apsarrasses .... Crist
Patricia Pierce, Charlotte Orlov
22—Humoreske .... Max Reger
Rosamond Pierce
23—Japanese Dance .... Mss.
Judith Ewing, Jane Ewing
24—Siamese .... Berge
Miriam Winslow
25—Schubert Waltz .... Schubert
Margaret Littell, Lydia Moses
Eleanor Cummings
26—Temple Bells .... Woodforde-Finden
Marian Rice
27—Nadia .... Wachs
Polly Godfrey, Ruth Johnston,
Miriam Hurwitt
28—Diana .... Chaminade
Margaret Littell
29—Oriental Suite
a. East Indian Hands. Rimsky-Korsakof
Lydia Moses
b. Nautch Girls .... Strickland
Marian Rice, Arlene Scott, Eleanor Daley, Mary Hughes, Marjorie Jones, Patricia Pierce
c. White and Gold Sari .... Stoughton
Anna Austin
d. Nautch .... Mss.
Miriam Winslow
30—Hispanic Suite
a. Spanish Girls .... Gasticon
Rosamond Pierce, Patricia Pierce, Karin Stetson, Aida Perillo
(Entirely directed by Anna Austin)
b. Viva Faron .... Mss.
Anna Austin
c. Andalouse (created by Miriam Winslow) .... Rubenstein
Miriam Winslow

Last night's dance program was enjoyable, and not merely for the naive charm of the infant dancers, who moved through the mazes of the dance with staring solemn eyes and much seriousness of purpose. Miss Winslow herself is a dancer of skill and imagination, and a teacher and director of ability and resourcefulness. All the students who danced shared one splendid virtue . . . a strong and lively rhythm.

Of the ensemble groups, that danced to the first movement of the sonata "Pathetique" of Beethoven was most interesting. This composition, very musically planned, was danced splendidly; it ranked high among the best ensemble dancing seen here this season.

Miss Winslow's dances showed many facets of her varied abilities. Perhaps most interesting of her soli was the Siamese dance, in which she achieved sharpness of line, sureness of effect, and a quaint suggestion of Oriental grotesquerie. Her flame dance was all grace and fire,—a very clever manipulation of a long scarf. The striking creation, "The Bat," proved her a choreographer of imagination and power. It would be pleasant to see her in an evening of soli. E B.

April 17 1931

METROPOLITAN

"City Streets"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Max Marcin from the story by Dashiell Hammett; directed by Rouben Mamoulian, photographed by Lee Garmes and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

The Kid	Gary Cooper
Nan	Sylvia Sidney
Big Boy Maskal	Paul Lukas
McCoy	William Boyd
Pop Cooley	Guy Kibbee
Blackie	Stanley Fields
Agnes	Wynne Gibson
Pansy	Betty Sinclair

A veritable galaxy—we almost said a plethora—of talent went into the making of "City Streets," current feature film at the Metropolitan Theatre. In the leading roles are the ever popular Gary Cooper, now very up-to-date, although he does mention ranches occasionally, and Sylvia Sidney, charming young actress from the stage. Heading the supporting cast are Paul Lukas—you know what that means—William Boyd, Wynne Gibson, Guy Kibbee and Stanley Fields. Furthermore, the direction is in the hands of Rouben Mamoulian.

There's a good story, rather hidden from view by the scintillating stars, and some beautiful photography by that master of his craft, Lee Garmes. By this time you may be wondering what more any one could ask. That little, that infinitesimal bit more, is an intangible thing called pace. Mr. Mamoulian had too much to work with instead of the usual too little, and in an effort to be scrupulously fair to every one, he let the suspense sag. If this were not admittedly an underworld drama, it would not matter, but stories of this kind, now that they are so much a matter of course, must move quickly in order to make an impression. We particularly like the neat, swift fashion in which Mamoulian handles his conclusion.

If it seems that we have been speaking over much of the director and too little of the actors it is because "City Streets" is more a director's picture than a star's. There are so many characters of almost equal importance that one looks for the guiding hand in preference to selecting any one player for especial notice. The plot covers the careers of two young people, Nan and the Kid, who are drawn into the beer racket and escape, somewhat surprisingly, with their lives and their health. Nan is in it first, working with her step-father, Pop Cooley, and she urges the Kid, who works as marksman in a carnival shooting gallery, to come in with them and make big money. She is framed and sent to prison, and the Kid joins the gang in order to get her out. Upon her release, Nan has the misfortune to attract the attention of Big Boy Maska, leader of the organization, who dismisses Agnes, his former sweetheart, to take her on.

To save the Kid's life, Nan goes to Maska's apartment. He is shot by Agnes, who puts the blame on Nan. The Kid saves her and himself by driving the car, which was to take them to their deaths, at such a rate of speed that the gangsters are only too glad to throw their guns out the window and then get out themselves—and walk home. Gary Cooper enjoys himself greatly as the quiet, humorous, resourceful Kid, and while his may not have been a great performance, we liked it very much indeed. Sylvia Sidney, making herewith her first bid for stardom, gives a vivid, intelligent, interesting performance. Not particularly pretty, she has very pleasing features and she acts with something besides her face. In the ungrateful and ugly role of Maska, Paul Lukas gives his usual finished performance, but is wasted on anything so unimportant. William Boyd and Stanley Fields are excellent as two of the subsidiary gangsters, and Guy Kibbee does good work as a bland and fatherly looking murderer. Wynne Gibson is a hard, loud-voiced moll. E. L. H.

"MONKEY" TITLE CHANGED

The first performances of Sam Janney's new detective comedy at the Copley Theatre suggested to the management an apt change of title. Originally titled "Monkey," from the nickname of the central character, a wiry and wizened-up little fellow who solves the murder about which the play concerns itself, it was suggested that "Apartment 33," the scene of the crime, would be more appropriate and significant. Henceforth "Apartment 33" will be the name of the new production.

April 18 1931

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The 22d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program, composed of works by Schumann, was as follows: Overture to Byron's "Manfred," concerto for violoncello in A minor, op. 129 (Gregor Piatigorsky, soloist) and Symphony No. 1 in B flat major, op. 38.

Yesterday afternoon's music served to dispel two platitudes: One, that the violoncello is inclined to be monotonous, to lack variety in tonal color; the other, that Schumann employs the idiom of the piano, when writing for other instruments, to such a degree that his compositions for orchestra are not effective. Mr. Piatigorsky quickly disproved the first. In his hands the violoncello vies with the violin in versatility. The depth and richness of its tone combined with its remarkable range make sharper contrasts possible, give it a character, while predominantly a melodic instrument, of being more than that. As for the second—if Schumann's orchestration is not of the best, what does it matter! Despite the fact, he composed music overflowing with exquisite melody, spiced with varied rhythms and touches of humor.

Mr. Piatigorsky is light and agile in his bowing; his intonation is fine. He is a virtuoso in the highest sense of the word for he is interested in his technical skill only as the docile servant of music. The music commands and he obeys; he lets himself go with it. Taste that is flawless saves him from becoming sentimental. His instrument sings, richly sonorous, nicely turned phrases. Not only as soloist Mr. Piatigorsky excels but also in ensemble. His regard for the other players, his ability to dovetail the phrase he is playing with that played by one or other instruments in the orchestra—for there is a constant interplay of themes between the two—proves his fine musicianship perhaps better than any other of his qualities. "Beauty truly blest" was the result, for Dr. Koussevitzky's sensitive accompaniment left nothing to be desired.

The Symphony was brilliantly played. In it the spirit of spring was embodied, then loosened sweeping everything before. It is effervescent as champagne, of changeful mood and varied humor. A definite plot, as it were, does not run through its movements—one theme germinating from another, making a closely knit whole. Rather one episode follows hard upon another, each almost complete in itself, beautiful for its

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April 16 1931

A VANISHED GLORY

By PHILIP HALE

When a once prominent Negro minstrel died in Jersey City a few days ago, the question was raised, if minstrel shows were revived, would they draw large audiences and would these audiences be easily amused, as in years gone by? We fear that the experiment would fail. It has been suggested that if Messrs. Jolson and Cantor could be persuaded to act as end men, a minstrel show might succeed; but where could an interlocutor, the Mr Johnson with courtly manner and amazing vocabulary, be obtained; where could the "specialist" in burlesque, song, orations on topics of the day, the statue-clog dancers be found, versed in the traditions of amusing business? The "giants of minstrelsy" have left no successors.

The earliest group of Negro minstrels appeared in New York, where it was organized on Feb. 6, 1843. It was announced as "The novel, grotesque, original and surpassingly melodious Ethiopian band entitled the Virginia Minstrels. Being an exclusively musical entertainment, comprising the banjo, violin, bone castanets and tambourine; and entirely exempt from the vulgarities and other objectionable features which have hitherto characterized Negro extravaganzas." (Dan Emmet played the banjo in this company.) There had been black-face comedians before 1843, in New York as early as 1763; in legitimate drama and in "specialties." "Jim Crow" had been danced. There was even Mr. Pierce, announced in 1842 as the "heelologist." But the first organized company was the Virginia Minstrels, who visited Boston. A little book of their songs was published in this city in 1843 by Charles H. Keith of Court street. As Mr. George C. D. Odell well says in his monumental "Annals of the New York Stage," this company inaugurated "an art that was to endure for as many decades as the artless disposition of our countrymen could permit."

Visiting minstrel companies from Boston and New York, with the circus, the Swiss Bell Ringers, the Bohemian Glass Blowers and the lecturer, John B. Gough, were the chief amusements in New England villages, where the theatre was regarded as the antechamber of Satan's spacious house. The arrival of the minstrels at the "depot"; the procession of the men with their tired, wash-leather faces headed by a sheet-iron band up Main street to the town hall; the concert on the balcony of the hall just before the "Opening Chorus, O, Hail Us, Ye Free," began the entertainment—all this was eagerly anticipated and was the subject of store-conversation after the minstrels had departed.

And it was a good entertainment, the Minstrel Show, in town and village. Men famous in comedy and tragedy were not ashamed in their lean and early years to black their faces and sit in the semi-circle. But would one today be amused by the heroes of bygone years? Would they applaud Add Ryman lecturing cynically on politics; Cool Burgess in "Nicodemus Johnson"; McAndrews as "The Watermelon Man"; Harry Bloodgood in "He's Got to Come"; Birch and Backus in a scene from "Othello"? Would they be moved by the silver-voiced Wambold singing "She gave me a pretty red rose" and "'Twas the flower from any angel-mother's grave"; Milt G. Barlow singing "Old Black Joe" in "his great interpretation of an aged contraband"? Would the clog-dance "Ajax defying the lightning" be stormily applauded? The ghosts arise in troops, memory invokes them. Were they to appear in flesh and blood, would we now be amused? Would not a spectator in 1931, yawning, give voice to the famous remark of Queen Victoria to one laboring to excite her smiles? Our taste for innocent mirth has been debased. Even the good old variety theatre is no more.

intrinsic values more than for its bearing on the whole.

The concert opened with a stirring performance of the dramatic overture to Byron's "Manfred."

A large audience applauded enthusiastically.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will be as follows: Schubert, Symphony in C major, No. 7; Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan" (after the poem of S. T. Coleridge; Stravinsky, Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu ("The Fire-Bird"), a danced legend.

April 5 1931

IN EXILE

By PHILIP HALE

Suppose that Alfonso, instead of a withdrawal for a time from the country where he ruled, abdicates, fearing or hoping that he will not be recalled to the throne. How will he then divert himself? It has been said that as he is interested in the mechanism of automobiles, he may come to the United States, a country he has long wished to visit, and engage in the automobile business, in which case the Hapsburg-Bourbon face may embellish a full-page advertisement of a particular car. As he is a driver after the manner of Jehu, he may enter in a race, with the attempt to lower the record.

Suppose again that he takes his fall philosophically and consoles himself by remembering the words of King Seleucus, that he who foreknew the weight of a sceptre, should he find it lying on the ground, he would not deign to take it up. If he is a reading man, he may be amused by Alphonse Daudet's "Les Rois en Exil"; for he is only one of several who are now deposed.

Candide once supped in Venice with six strangers, Achmet III, Ivan of Russia, Charles Edward of England, two Kings of Poland and Theodore of Corsica. They had all been forced to resign royal rights and privileges, but they were willing to be amused, for they had gone to spend the carnival at Venice. The glory of this carnival is no more; but there are revues in Paris and London, horse racing in France and England, not to mention gaming tables on the European continent.

Alfonso is probably not interested in agriculture and horticulture, or he might follow the example of Diocletian, who, when he was urged to mount again the imperial throne, is reported to have said: "You would never undertake to persuade me to that, had you but seen the goodly ranks of trees which myself have planted in mine orchard, or the fair musk-melons I have in my garden." Others report that with a smile of pity he observed that if he could show Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, "he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power." Perhaps now that the Labor party in England is in power, Alfonso would not be happy there, though at the Old Vic he might take a melancholy pleasure in Richard the Second's moralizing on the fate of kings and telling sad stories of their deaths; while in France there are still incorrigible royalists.

The children of Prussian kings were taught some useful trade. In old days in the east, kings prided themselves on their ability to earn their own living if necessary, as that King of Lydia who was acknowledged to be the best catcher of moles in the country. Lucian and Rabelais made merry with the occupations of mighty rulers in the Shades; Epistemon, the companion of Pantagruel, saw Xerxes crying mustard; Artaxerxes, a rope-maker; Cambyses, a driver of mules; Trajan fishing for frogs; Justinian a pedler; Antiochus, a sweeper of chimneys.

The world is all before Alfonso—with the exception of Spain. Emerson wrote in his "Boston Hymn": "God said, I am tired of kings." The Lord has long been patient with the Hapsburgs and the Bourbons.

April 18 1931

UPTOWN, OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

"The Finger Points"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John Monk Sanders from the story by W. R. Burnett; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by First National and Vitaphone with the following cast:

Breckenridge Lee ..... Richard Barthelmess
Marcia Collins ..... Fay Wray
Charles Russell ..... Regis Toomey
Frank Carter ..... Robert Elliott
Louis Blanco ..... Clark Gable
Managing Editor Wheeler ..... Oscar Apfel
Larry Hays ..... Noel Madison

If the makers of "The Finger Points" had been courageous enough to hold to a fairly literal screen damatization of the Jake Lingle case without allowing sentiment and the fair sex to dilute an otherwise virile concoction, it might have proved a more convincing picture. Or if they had evinced a broader knowledge of the ethics governing newspaper offices, of the essential factors in their operation and their output, they might have been accepted as accurate chroniclers instead of fictionists with Hollywoodian limitations. For this film, of a newspaperman, needs of all things verity to make it live. It is as full of holes as a last year's hornet's nest; and with the introduction of a colorless sob-sister with whom this particular reporter must fall in love at first sight, there intrudes a maudlin note which no end of legitimate dramatic action and characterization can offset.

The grim story of the Chicago police headquarters reporter, Lingle, who was shot down in a public place by a gangster and was hailed as a martyr until it became known that he had betrayed his trust to his newspaper and had prospered through nefarious contacts with gangster groups, was front page tragedy and scandal for several weeks recently. Siezed upon avidly as hot material for a photoplay, facts were forced to yield to theatric flights. Mr. Barthelmess was not a happy choice for the role of the youth who came up from the South to make a name in Chicago. He lacks the hardness, the detached cynicism, the cool audacity of the type he had to portray. In brief, the story tells how Breckenridge Lee, who wrote under his own name a sensational story of a raid on a crooked resort, was beaten by thugs, sent to a hospital, and given cold solace by his city editor on his return to work. Because the paper would not pay his hospital bills Lee allied himself with one Louis Blanco. Between them they shook down racketeers in exchange for suppression of news stories. Lee's bank account fattened; but the night he accepted a bribe of $100,000 from a racketeer something happened. Another reporter dug up the story, the city editor accepted it, and a few hours after it became public Lee was riddled by machine gun fire. He wasn't actually a double-crosser, but he had been careless.

Lee was supposed to be the best reporter in Atlanta, Ga., but he seemed the veriest tyro in Chicago. The city editor's callous attitude toward the hospital bill was unnatural. Where did young Russell, known as 'Breezy,' a lazy reporer, get all his information about the Waverly scandal? Why did he hold his copy until completed instead of turning it in sheet by sheet?

Why didn't the city editor know what it was all about long before the talk of stopping the presses to get it on page one? How did the gangsters know Lee was in the girl's apartment at daybreak, when they telephoned him of approaching death? Why didn't his own office try the girl's number, having knowledge of her romance with Lee; why didn't he send her to the bank vaults instead of venturing out himself for the fortune which was to take them away from Chicago? What became of the money the audience saw him deposit? These and many other queries remain unanswered. "You can't kill a reporter!" was Lee's defiant cry. You can't always make a reporter, or a newspaper story, in Hollywood, it would seem.

W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Ten Cents a Dance"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jo Swerling from his own story entitled "Anybody's Girl"; directed by Lionel Barrymore and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Barbara O'Neill ..... Barbara Stanwyck
Bradley Carlton ..... Ricardo Cortez
Eddie Miller ..... Monroe Owsley
Mrs. Blanchard ..... Blanche Friderici
Molly ..... Sally Blane
Ralph Clark ..... David Newell
Mrs. Crane ..... Aggie Herring
Eunice Clark ..... Phyllis Crane
Smith ..... Victor Potel
Jones ..... Al Hill
Mrs. Carlton ..... Olive Tell

Gilbert and Sullivan fans will recall a snatch of song from "Iolanthe" that begins, "Spurn not the nobly-born with love affected, Nor treat with virtuous scorn the well-connected" and continues to the effect that "Hearts just as pure and fair, May beat in Belgrave square as in the lowly air, Of Seven Dials." At that time, 50 years ago, Mr. Gilbert was engaged in pointing a derisive finger at the conventions of the contemporary theatre, among them the idea that no rich man or one with noble blood could possibly mean the virtuous heroine anything but evil. The stage has largely outgrown that period where it dares to violate the accepted code of generations and show that a man may be wealthy and still remain a gentleman. You will find this comparatively novel twist in "Ten Cents a Dance," now showing at the New B. F. Keith Theatre with a very capable cast.

Barbara O'Neill, hostess in one of those 10-cents-a-dance dance halls where any man with a dime can step on her feet and tear her dress, befriends Eddie Miller, a whining youth who spends his time running away from things instead of facing the music. He asks her to marry him and she accepts, after getting him a job through the kindness of Bradley Carlton, a rich man who is much interested in her and whose intentions she cannot quite fathom. Eddie proves himself pretty useless—he keeps his marriage a secret, complains on account of the sordidness of their apartment and loses heavily playing bridge with rich friends. Eventually he tries to play the stock market with money borrowed from the bank, loses it and is faced with prison. Barbara gets the money from Carlton, who is too much in love with her to ask for

The Theatre

April 19 By PHILIP HALE 1931

The fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of George C. D. Odell's monumental "Annals of the New York Stage" have been published by the Columbia University Press of New York. "Monumental" is not an extravagant adjective, for here are three quarto volumes, handsomely printed, richly illustrated, containing in all 2124 pages, and each volume is provided with an excellent index of titles of plays, proper names, theatres, etc. We understand that Mr. Odell, who is professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University, purposes to add two volumes which will bring the Annals down to 1900. The three of which we now speak cover the years 1843-1865.

An adequate review of these new volumes would take more space in a newspaper than even the N. Y. Sun in the old days allotted its literary editor for a review of only one book. One might as well attempt to write a "snappy" review of the Encyclopaedia Britannica or the great Oxford Dictionary. These volumes are much more than a compilation of titles and dates; they have a personal flavor. One would believe that Mr. Odell has seen the plays he describes: The actors and the actresses from Macready and the elder Booth to Laura Keene; that he had sat in Charley White's "superb and unique establishment," i. e., opera house at 598 Broadway, where, according to the advertisement in the N. Y. Herald, "the refined conduct and lady-like deportment of our numerous beautiful waiter girls have won admiration"; that he saw many plays beneath contempt, so that he could say with Walt Whitman, "I am the man; I suffered, I was there." And these volumes contain records of operas, concerts, circuses, museums, athletes, freaks, panoramas, Negro minstrel shows, whatever was designed for the entertainment of the New Yorkers and the strangers within the gates. What Mr. Odell has to say about music and musicians in New York deserves a separate article.

Let us open these books at random. We come right upon Macready, "an intensely introspective, irritable, morbid soul, who could hardly take a cup of tea without self analysis and inward prayer." When he played Macbeth, Mrs. Sloman as Lady Macbeth wore black velvet, point lace and pearl beads. Helen Faucit is quoted: "I read once in Punch that they supposed Mr. Macready thought Miss Helen Faucit had a very handsome back, for, when on the stage with her, he always managed that the audience should see it and little else." Macready thought that bad as the actors at the Park were, Pelby's actors in Boston were even worse.

In "Putnam or the Iron Son of '76" the hero played by Mr. Milner on his horse, Black Vulture, "swooped down a vast decline to the delight of his friends and the consternation of his enemies. The cast aside from this noble animal was —." The descent was "literally from the top of the theatre," according to the Albion, and was "really a beautiful effort of the scene-painter and the machinist combined."

Macready again: this time entering in his diary after a performance of Hamlet: "Looked at papers—the coarse, vulgar wretches that are the editors! How my inmost soul sickens with loathing at them, the vulgar brutes! An American editor is a creature per se—agh!" To which Mr. Odell adds: "Poor heart-laden, liver-gnawed soul, vulture to his own Prometheus!" But Macready was the first to play in New York "King Lear" from Shakespeare's text with the restoration of the Fool, a part never before played in New York. The Fool was then played by Mrs. J. B. Booth, Jr.

Charlotte Cushman, "the gifted, homely featured woman," was going to England in 1844, "without backing, without help." Burton, the famous comedian and manager, thought her Lady Macbeth would be "hard to beat, and she is undoubtedly the best breeches figure in America."

In those years "Our Mary" was Mary Taylor, thus a forerunner of "Our Mary" Anderson, "Our Mary" Pickford, and as some would say "Our Mary" Garden. And in 1844 one might have consulted a "Petrologist, a lady who, on looking into a rock can foretell future events, tell of past events, etc." Her name was appropriately Miss Rockwell.

One wishes that Mr. Odell had told in full the strange story of Belle West, "The Lady in Black," a famous beauty of fast life who tried to play Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons" when the house was packed with men and women of her kind; but Mr. Odell refers the reader to Col. T. Allston Brown's graphic description. And in 1884, "The Drunkard's Reform, or the Lost Saved," was performed, "A Grand Moral Entertainment; Miss Bruce, an "admired vocalist"; Mr. J. Murphy, "The Comic Singer," and "a professional gentleman presided at the piano." "Boston sent this show as a contribution to our winter delights; dear Boston!" Mons. Blanchard exhibited his Biscenascope, a series of dissolving views, at another theatre; and at still another a moving panorama included views of North Point, city of Baltimore, Fairy Land, Isle of Cyprus, city of Lowell, etc. The Albion in 1851 described minutely Julia Bennett who as Mrs. Barron was well known to Boston's theatregoers: "If we may judge by one sample, she understands the difficult art of dress." This critic did not think her Camilla in "The Old Love and the New" overdone, "considering that coquettes in real life always overact; we may assure our readers that they cannot fail to be pleased with her perfect gentillesse"; but Conway playing Capt. Courtoun "does not belong to a crack regiment. He must be in the 'Heavies,' for a slower cavalry man we never set eyes on." Apropos of Isaac C. Pray's "Poetus Caecinna," Mr. Odell remarks: "A serious American tragedy always bids us pause." Here one comes across McKean Buchanan.

Mary Taylor, marrying, left the stage. Mr. Odell exclaims: "A pen of prose is weary, stale, flat and unprofitable. . . . Nothing quite like Mary Taylor, fresh, free and exuberant, was ever seen on our stage before or since." Her death in 1866 "struck a blow to many a heart." G. L. Fox, "one of the funniest comedians ever seen on any stage—a man with almost the funniest face in the world," made his debut on Nov. 25, 1850, as Christopher Strap, when he was announced as Lafayette Fox. "His initials were as nobile as his face, or, for that matter, as his legs." Some of us no doubt remember him as Humpty Dumpty and in the burlesques of "Hamlet," "Macbeth" and "Richelieu." The world went very well then.

The critics could be severe in the fifties. Dan Rice's circus came to town. The Tribune remarked: "The bills inform the public that 'Mr. Dan Rice will positively perform,' but we can inform the management that if they will promise that Mr. Dan Rice will not perform, and will be no longer, under any circumstances, inflicted on the audiences, it will be an 'extra attraction.'" He is "unfortunately a grammatical assassin, and the King's English nightly dies a hundred deaths under his tender mercies." Mr. Odell adds: "Will Rogers and Al Jolson—America's idols—were far in an ungrammatical future."

Would "The Heart of the World," by Harry Watkins, draw crowds to the theatre today? The bill stated: "In which the author's design has been to vividly portray the evils arising from ingratitude, and to teach the young man just entering into the busy scenes of life that his chief reliance must be upon himself, that this self-reliance, when backed by energy and industry and upheld by the inspiring influence of a true woman, affords the most direct promise of social advancement." Mr. Odell's comment: "All of which though I most heartily believe, I hold it naught but commonplace to set down in a play."

We must now leave for a time Mr. Odell and the New York stage. Few books about the stage in any country—we doubt if there is any one—that are so invaluable to the historian of the drama and so entertaining even to those who may still believe that "The Way to the Pit" should read "The Way to the Infernal Pit."

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anything in return, only to have Eddie turn on her in virtuous wrath. Disgusted by his meanness, Barbara leaves him, and the last we see of her she is headed for Paris and a divorce, accompanied by Carlton.

The picture, whose plot bears a curious resermblance to that of "Honor Among Lovers," shown in Boston a few weeks ago, has been well directed by Lionel Barrymore and admirably acted throughout. Barbara Stanwyck gives a fine, straightforward performance in the leading role. This young actress is destined to go a long way—she is interesting, capable of genuine feeling, attractive and always in earnest. Ricardo Cortez continues his steady climb upward by offering a likeable characterization of the handsome Carlton, while Monroe Owsley handles the disagreeable part of Eddie with considerable skill. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"A Tailor Made Man"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by George Hively and Edgar Allan Woolf from the play of the same name by Harry James Smith, which was taken from the German original, "Der Gutsitzende Frack," by Gabriel Dregely; produced by George M. Cohan and Sam Harris at the Cohan and Harris theatre, New York, on Aug. 27, 1917, with Grant Mitchell in the leading role; the picture is directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

John Paul Bart	William Haines
Tanya Huber	Dorothy Jordan
Huber	Joseph Cawthorn
Kitty DuPuy	Marjorie Rambeau
Jellicott	William Austin
Dr. von Sonntag	Ian Keith
Mrs. Stanlaw	Hedda Hopper
Mr. Stanlaw	Hale Hamilton
Peter	Henry Armetta
Abraham Nathan	Walter Walker
Pomeroy	Forrester Harvey
Bessie	Joan Marsh
Corrine	Martha Sleeper

In the course of this picture the hero, Jean Paul Bart, calls for three cheers from an assembly of his fellow-employes for Abraham Nathan, their department store employer. We feel like calling for three cheers for Mr. Haines, who has been the bad boy of the screen so long that his reformation seemed impossible. It is a pleasure commingled with a sense of justice to record the fact that not once in this thoroughly entertaining and capably acted version of Grant Mitchell's old stage medium does Mr. Haines mug or gag or clown. Whether this abrupt right-about is to be credited to him or to the disciplinary lash of the very competent director, Sam Wood, remains in doubt; but the fact remains that Mr. Haines for the nonce is good, and so deserving of his three cheers and even an extra bravo for encouragement.

The adaptors, taking advantage of the camera's potency over conventional stage settings, have followed the original narrative faithfully to a certain point and then, cleverly introducing the recent industrial depression, have digressed for a fresh but entirely logical series of scenes, returning at the proper time to the stage play's own ending. We meet John Paul Bart first in old Huber's tailoring shop, where, while pressing pants, he entrances Tanya, Huber's daughter, with his flowing phrases about destiny and other profound matters. His speech is less intelligible to old Huber or to Peter, the Italian garment worker; while to Dr. von Sonntag the very sight of the embryonic Napoleon is anathema. Dr. von Sonntag, it seems, has written a dull tome on various "ologies," and sees in a union with Tanya a safe anchorage against stormy weather, or rather bluntly, a steady meal ticket, for Tanya is a good cook and her father likes the old-fashioned German dishes.

John Paul appropriates the evening clothes and fur coat of one Jellicott, a wealthy customer, goes to the ball given by the Stanlaws in honor of the rich Nathan, leaps smoothly and wittily every social hurdle, is pursued by dowagers, matrons and debutantes, and concludes his adventure by talking himself into an important position in Nathan's huge store. When Nathan and his directors seem headed for bankruptcy John Paul harangues the store workers into a co-operative spirit, spreads an optimistic story across the land through the newspapers and then, to forestall Von Sonntag's threat to expose him, confesses that he gained his sudden eminence through fraud, and resigns. Back in Huber's shop, he is again pressing pants when old Nathan comes for him offering a doubled salary. His idealistic scheme has succeeded. Old Huber sneaks out to play just one game of pinochle with a crony while John Paul and Tanya embrace happily.

Mr. Haines plays with an enthusiasm, sincerity and lightness remarkable because these qualities were not expected. Mr. Cawthorne is delightful as the distracted German tailor. Others who deserve praise are Mr. Armetta, Miss Jordan, Mr. Harvey in a cockney bit, Miss Rambeau and Miss Hopper as social rivals, and Mr. Keith as the disagreeable Von Sonntag. W. E. G.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

"Men Call It Love"

An all-talking comedy-drama adapted by Doris Anderson from the play by Vincent Lawrence, entitled, "Among the Married"; directed by Edgar Selwyn and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Bill	Adolphe Menjou
Ethel	Leila Hyams
Jack	Norman Foster
Helen	Mary Duncan
Cally	Hedda Hopper
Joe	Robert Emmett Keane
Brandt	Harry Northrup

Two years ago Vincent Lawrence had a play produced in New York under the title of "Among the Married." It was all about happily married husbands and wives who found out about one another's little affairs under the rose and made scenes. They then decided to try the double-standard and see how it would work out, and the curtain dropped, leaving you with the understanding that the two principal characters would live as they wished henceforth, each one having as many affairs as pleased them. Brought to the screen under the title of "Men Call It Love"—you scarcely need to be told that this title has little to do with the story—it remains substantially the same, save for a very much altered ending, and broad hints that the wife of the delinquent husband never did sin anyway. There are some pleasant actors in it who behave as naturally as possible, and the situations afford amusement and interest.

Ethel Mills, a devoted and charming young wife, discovers that her implicit confidence in her husband, Jack, has been misplaced, for Jack, though really in love with her, has the normal amount of susceptibility and cannot resist a pretty woman indefinitely. Finally, when Ethel catches him in a very compromising situation with Helen Robinson, a dissatisfied wife, she decides to pay him back by having a flirtation with Bill Minot, the abnormally debonair and wealthy golf professional at the local club. Bill is an understanding soul, however, and instead of taking ad-

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

The Herald elsewhere in this issue discusses the fifth, sixth and seventh volumes of Prof. Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage," but that article is concerned only with random notes of theatrical entertainments of every sort, from tragedies to panoramas, from comedies to Negro minstrel shows and circuses. But these "Annals," which now come down to the year 1865, including that year, give a wealth of information about the operatic and concert life in New York during those years. There are also many pictures of once famous singers and instrumentalists.

When Mme. Cinti-Damoureau sang in the New York of 1848—the violinist Artot was with her—the program ended with "The Boarding School." Mr. Odell

remarks: "If Mme. Sembrich and Fritz Kreisler had united in a concert 60 years later it is hardly probable that they would have thought it necessary to place in the bill farces by some of Mr. Belasco's actors."

Ole Bull chose to appear in an equally absurd bill, containing two farces. (These concerts were at the Park Theatre.) Bull played his own Concerto and a Grand Polacca Guerriera. "We have all been reared in the tradition of the greatness of Ole Bull. I had, I suppose, from the practice of much later violinists, conceived of him as playing the finest of violin compositions. The reader observes the offering of his first night; he will find the great man playing even more unworthy stuff before the season wanes. We saw Macready's verdict on American taste; perhaps Ole Bull felt that better music would be unappreciated here. . . . There can be no doubt that Ole Bull created a veritable sensation, not only in New York, but throughout the land. Dramatic stars suffered severely in competition. Perhaps he was the first really great technical expert the country had heard; perhaps, too, it preferred his virtuosity to his musicianship. America was soon to have a great musical awakening; it was passing from the worship of the great vocalist to the adoration of the instrumental expert. Later was to come the appreciation of orchestral and chamber music. There can, however, be no question concerning the success of Ole Bull in 1843-44; critics vied with each other in adjective and simile."

Vieuxtemps, who in 1843 did not make so palpable a hit, played chiefly pieces by De Beriot.

Barnum had not yet brought over Jenny Lind; but Tom Thumb was at the Museum, as were Casper Hauser, "half-man, half-monkey," while Barnum's rival, Peale, was showing Master Barber, "the whiskered child, only 7 years old," who had "a large and bushy pair of natural whiskers"; also "the Mysterious Boy Rajah from Persia, who displayed powers of divination." But there were operas in English, and operatic ballets in the theatres. Famous singers came and there were Italian operas. Rosina Pico in "Chiara di Rosemberg" electrified the audience; applause "threatened to be almost interminable." "It is delightful," says Mr. Odell, "to read of those dear old times."

But the critics were not easily pleased. They found Pico's action awkward, and her walk ungraceful. When she sang in "Semiramide" with Borghese; one "sang sharp, the other flat." Reading the names of the singers and players in New York from 1843 to 1865, recalls a visit to an old graveyard with moss-covered tombstones. Who has even heard of the Orphean family, who sang "We Left New England's Sunny Hills," "The Funeral of Napoleon," "The New York Boat Club"? Or Master Sconcia, the 13-year-old violinist?

One would gladly have heard the performances at the Astor Place Opera House in the Fortics: with audiences that Richard Grant White admired as "socially impressive," but not overdressed; with singers of indisputable reputation, as Teresa Truffi, Benedetti, Mme. Laborde, Beneventano. It was then that Signora Biscaccianti, daughter of the musician Ostinelli, in Boston, made her debut and was not kindly treated by the critics. (We saw her an old woman, still vivacious, a singing teacher in Rome in the early '80s.)

In the forty-nine-fifties there were Mme. Steffanone, Bariali, Salvi, Mme. Tedesco, the great bass Marini, Angiolina Bosio. Of course there is much about Jenny Lind.

"Concert giving in 1850-51 spelled Jenny Lind." Mr. Odell wonders if the moment she first stepped on the stage at Castle Garden (Sept. 11, 1850) was not "the most thrilling in the history of American musical activities. This is not to say, necessarily, that the finest musical experience was vouchsafed; it merely asserts my belief that never before and possibly never since were so many human hearts beating in unison, in almost tragic expectation of the first notes from a human throat or indeed from any other musical instrument. That breathless expectation impresses one almost as a prayer—a religious rite." Yet she sang the opening bars of "Casta Diva" badly. The critics were kind and did not venture on final judgment, but at the second concert they noticed the break in her voice also "Volubility without brilliance, ambition without the effect." Her trill was unrivalled. There was special praise for her singing of the Swedish songs. The Albion would not place her in the first rank: its reviewer was shocked by her "preposterous flights of misplaced and indifferently executed ornament . . . her mission is to dazzle and astonish, but not to delight or soothe."

In 1851 Herr Krausz sang "'The Wild Mountaineer,' with his full compass of voice from double D in the bass to C in the soprano. He also sang "The Confusion of Babel," doing it "in Russian and all conceivable tongues."

Not should one forget the "Musical Prince of the Empire State and Empire City—America's Pride, New York's Triumph—the Infant Drummer, not yet 3 years old." Mr. Odell thinks some of the people who admired Jenny Lind "only because of her extraordinary vocal tricks may have liked the infant drummer."

There was an experiment at Tripler hall on June 5, 1851, "for the purpose of illustrating the recent modification of the notation by which sharps and flats are no longer necessary, and the study of music becomes infinitely simplified." This device was illustrated by Mr. Zunn, solo violin of the opera at Bordeaux, a pianist, solo singers and a chorus of 200 young ladies.

The glorious Henrietta Sontag came. The Herald published an enthusiastic review. She was "magnificently attired in a white satin dress, flowered, and covered with the finest white lace, with pink flowers. To satisfy the curiosity of our lady readers, we may inform them that this splendid dress was made here and cost $1500. Madame's hair was tastefully adorned with carnation pinks, and on her neck glittered a diamond necklace of great value. She also wore a costly diamond of sparkling beauty on her bosom, and displayed magnificent gold armlets on her wrists." Then followed praise of her singing. The writer described the "flashing out" of Mme. Sontag's ascending scale as "ribbons of fire."

The Spirit of the Times said that she sang at one concert "out of time and tune at times when she least thought so," and said that she and Salvi were considerably worse for wear of the vocal organs.

That true artist Adelaide Phillipps took the part of Azucena on March 12, 1856. The Albion commended her acting: "We must take care not to call her plain, for . . . a woman who has character in her face is never plain." And how the Albion roasted Amodio with whom the general public was infatuated!

The early notices of Adelina Patti, singing in public as a child of eight, are interesting. She was thus billed: "Acknowledged to be the greatest musical wonder of the time!" Gottschalk was in New York playing the piano as early as 1853.

A note with reference to Schumann is apropos of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts last week. The overture to "Manfred" was played for "the first time in America" at one of Carl Bergmann's sacred concerts on April 27, 1856.

These notes are only as a few drops from a great reservoir of information, some of it curious as illustrative of musical taste in the last century.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. See special notice. Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. Eulalie Domingo, pianist, assisted by Helen W. Holiday, soprano. Piano pieces: Bach-Busoni, Organ Choral Prelude, Book 1 No. 4. Brahms, Intermezzo, op. 119 No. 3. Rosenthal, Papillons. Beethoven, "Moonlight" Sonata. Liszt, Etude (un Sospiro). Chopin, Nocturne op. 15 No. 2. Ballade No. 3, op. 47. Albeniz, Tango. MacDowell, Polonaise op. 46 No. 12. Songs: Secchi, Lungi Dal Caro bene. Handel, Care Selve. Haydn, My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair. Rhodes, Poor Me. Burleigh, My Way's Cloudy. Hall Johnson, City Called Heaven.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Jewish Music: a lecture. Prof. S. Braslavsky. Part 2. Sacred (Synagogal) music. Soloists. Boston Jewish Choral Society. This is the second part of a lecture, the first part of which was scheduled for delivery Oct. 5, 1930.

TUESDAY—Symphony hall, 3 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Museum of Fine Arts, 8 P. M. Orchestral concert conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

THURSDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Roland Hayes, tenor. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Hall of the College of Music, 29 Exeter street, 8:15 P. M. Boston University orchestra. Augusto Vannini, conductor. Bach, Suite in E for string orchestra. Toch, Five Pieces for chamber orchestra (first time in Boston). Beethoven, Overture to "Egmont" (Robert Cohen, conductor). Ravel, Pavane pour une Infante Defunte. De Falla, First Spanish Dance in "La Vie Breve."

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor.

BENEFIT SHOW HELD FOR CUSHMAN CLUB

Stage Stars Now Playing in Boston Give Services at Colonial Performance

Harriet Hoctor, premier dancer of Ed Wynn's show, "Simple Simon," danced her way right into the hearts of a capacity Colonial Theatre audience yesterday afternoon at the fourth annual benefit performance of the Charlotte Cushman Club. Another big favorite was Thurston, the magician, and his company. Both Miss Hoctor and Thurston had to do something more before the fashionable audience would be satisfied.

Other striking hits were Pat Rooney, 3d, and Pat Rooney, Jr., who resurrected their famous "sand dance," and Crane Wilbur of "On the Spot" company, who, with Arthur R. Vinton, Clay Clement and Viola Munro, appeared in a specialty, "The Littlest Rebel," directed by John A. Adair. Others also generously applauded were Leonard Sprague and Mary Penfold in a novelty dance; a piano sketch by Sam Liner, Metropolitan pianist; Anna May Wong, Chinese star of "On the Spot" company; Gus Edwards's Proteges of 1931 from Loew's Orpheum; the Taylor trio from "Simple Simon"; Ada Brown, exponent of southern syncopation; Karyl Norman, female impersonator from Cocoanut Grove; Jack Brown and his Chauve Souris orchestra, and Jacques Renard and his Mayfair orchestra. In addition there were other specialty acts from the Metropolitan, RKO Keith Boston, Copley Theatre, Scollay Square Olympia and Loew's Orpheum. Oscar Grogan of Cocoanut Grove, Charles Forsyth of the Club Mayfair, Richard Whorf of the Copley Players and "Doc" Spaulding from Loew's Orpheum spelled each other as master of ceremonies.

There was a large representation of society present. Mrs. Charles Hiller Innes was chairman of the benefit; Mrs. Malcolm Bradley French, club president, executive chairman; Miss Madeleine Barrett, chairman of the program committee, and Mrs. Adolf Leeds, chairman of the flower committee. A bevy of this season debutantes, all Junior League girls, acted as flower girls.

April 20 1931

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

A piano recital by Vladimir Horowitz, the only one with which he is favoring Boston this season, took place yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. An audience of good but far from remarkable size was in attendance; it applauded Mr. Horowitz with enthusiastic cordiality, though without any of the perhaps excessive demonstrations of excitement that marked this young pianist's first appearances here. The program was as follows: Sonata in B minor (Liszt), Chorale in G minor (Bach-Busoni), Rondo in E flat major (Hummel), Toccato (Prokofieff), Mazurkas in C sharp minor, Etudes in F major, Op. 10, and B minor, Op. 25, Polonaise in A flat major (Chopin).

Mr. Horowitz has played Liszt's B minor sonata here before. In that occasion the effect was impressive but lacking in spontaneity and genuine fervor, studied and a little pompous. Yesterday's performance seemed the better of the two, the more impetuous, the more coherent. And yet it would be too much to say that Mr. Horowitz succeeded in synthesizing the sonata into a thoroughly organic whole or in transfusing it with the glow of an epic idea. It is chiefly his delicious playing of certain episodes—the D major theme, or the calm, ethereal coda, for instance, that is remembered; his clear and powerful playing of the fugato, the sombre enunciaation of the introductory phrases, the kettle-drum-like staccato of the two notes that precede them, the brilliance and security of his technical mastery throughout, these things linger in the mind rather than any feeling that the sonata as a whole was transfigured.

A choral prelude of Bach, one of the several that Busoni arranged for the piano, formed abrupt and striking contrast with Liszt's somewhat theatrical sonata. Mr. Horowitz gave it beauty and warmth of tone and solemnity of gait; he distinguished between corale and accompanying counterpoints clearly yet without harsh overinsistence; he achieved a pervading mood of gentle yet solemn grandeur that has hitherto—as far as his audiences knew—been absent from his musical character. Hummel's pleasantly trivial Rondo—a piece of early 19th century salon music of a kind that rarely reaches concert halls in these days—received simple, graceful, agile, and uncondescending treatment. A Toccata by Prokofieff proved to be one more modernizaation of the ancient harpsichord toccata—like those of Debussy and Ravel—and a lively and amusing piece in its own right, especially when played as crisply and dryly as it was yesterday.

The Chopin group of Mazurkas, Etudes, and the popular A flat Polonaise proved once more beyond a shadow of doubt that it is as a superlative player of Chopin that Mr. Horowitz most authentically excels. The delightful grace of the little Polish dance-movements, the arabesque delicacy of the F minor study and the impetuous force of the B minor, the extraordinary brilliance of the Polonaise—all this showed again where the player's real talent lies.

There were many encores, including Mr. Horowitz's own remarkable paraphrase of "Carmen." S. S.

Eulalie Domingo And Helen W. Holiday

Eulalie Domingo, pianist, and Helen W. Holiday, soprano, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Their program was the following:

Bach-Busoni ..... Organ Choral Prelude
Brahms ..... Intermezzo
Rosenthal ..... Papillons

EULALIE DOMINGO

Secchi ..... Lungi Dal Caro Bene
Handel ..... Care Selve
Hayden
My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair

HELEN HOLIDAY

Beethoven
Sonata Quasi Una Fantasia ("Moonlight")

EULALIE DOMINGO

William A. Rhodes ..... Poor Me
Edward Boatner ..... Wade in De Water
Hall Johnson ..... City Called Heaven

HELEN HOLIDAY

Liszt ..... Etude
Chopin ..... Nocturne; Ballade
Albeniz ..... Tango
MacDowell ..... Polonaise

EULALIE DOMINGO

Miss Domingo, who is from the British West Indies, is now resident in New York. This was her first appearance in Boston. Nervousness made specially noticeable some technical and interpretative deficiencies that mar her playing, but she should be able to give much pleasure to audiences after some further study to strengthen her tone, especially in passage work, and to rid herself of the habit of distorting rhythm in an attempt to bring out melodic beauties in the music. This latter fault spoiled an otherwise good performance of the opening movement of the Moonlight Sonata, and made the Chopin Ballade self-conscious.

However, in such things as Rosenthal's "Butterflies," and the Albeniz Tango, and in some encores, Miss Domingo showed that she can play light, imaginative music with dainty charm, and that she can, when she will, command excellent rhythm.

Miss Holiday revealed herself as the possessor of an unusually beautiful voice—a clear soprano of wide range, that adds to girlish freshness and flexibility, much warmth and richness. When she uses her voice easily its natural expressiveness and sensitiveness to musical phrasing make her singing a rare pleasure. But as yet, Miss Holiday is not entirely in command of her breath; she tends to force on high notes and on very low ones, and to develop a tremolo toward the ends of phrases. But it is to be hoped that she overcomes this technical lack, and enlarges her repertoire, for such a fine voice and evidences of genuine musical intelligence are not often mated. Of her songs, most enjoyably sung were "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," which was sung with beautifully fresh, clear tone and good phrasing, and the touching "Poor Me."

A large audience applauded enthusiastically and sent gifts of flowers to both performers. E. B.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Beyond Victory"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by James Gleason and James Seymour from the story by Horace Jackson, Lynn Riggs, Thomas Lennon, Mauri Grashin and Garrett Fort; directed by John Robertson, produced by E. B. Derr, and presented by RKO-Pathe with the following cast:

Bill ..... Bill Boyd
Fritzie ..... Zasu Pitts
Lew ..... Lew Cody
Ina ..... Marion Shilling
Jim ..... James Gleason
Katherina ..... Lissi Arna
Major Sparks ..... Theodore von Eltz
Mother ..... Mary Carr
Russell ..... Russell Gleason
Fred Brandon ..... Fred Scott
Commandant ..... Frank Reicher
Sergeant ..... Wade Boteler
Colonel ..... E. H. Calvert
Reginald ..... Charles Coleman
German surgeon ..... Max Barwin
Head nurse ..... Hedwiga Reicher

What varied motives actuated those men of divers types and environment who enlisted in the world war, scorning to await the draft? This film, in a noisy and awkward fashion, attempts to answer this question from the American viewpoint at least. At heart it is a mild and probably quite ineffectual bit of pacifist preachment. At the present time men's thoughts are far removed from the horrors of war; they are more intent on what is just around the corner industrially. Ten years ago such a film might have made a definite imprint on the public mind. Too many realistic war pictures, however, have preceded it, each with a lesson told more forcefully.

The action of "Beyond Victory" takes place chiefly in the French town of Nevremont, where it seems to be the task of a small American force to hold a bridge entering the town. Out of a detail of five men three are killed and two wounded. In four out of five of these cases Director Robertson uses flashbacks in which the men tell their stories—how they got there, what message they wish sent home. Russell, a youngster, one of those mortally hurt, believes he was selfish in leaving his mother alone on the farm while he joined with other youths of his village to take up arms. Lew, a wealthy bachelor, had been shamed into enlisting by one of the many women who visited him in his apartment, dedicated to amorous dalliance. Dying, he would send a letter to this girl who had seen in him, not the cynic or the philanderer,

out a man. Jim, wounded, had crawled through the dumbwaiter in his metropolitan flat to enlist and thus to escape kitchen drudgery forced on him by his mate, Mlle. Fritzi, "the world's premiere knife thrower." She had emphasized her arguments against war by dextrous passes about his ears with her trusty knives. Bill, also wounded, had abandoned his German bride in New Orleans even while she awaited him in her bridal finery. Her arguments had been feministic and fairly sound, but he stood by his affirmation that his grandfather and his father had fought in wars, and thus it was his duty to go.

The first half of the picture, leading up to these interludes, devotes itself to a vast amount of battlefield noises, with such militant manoeuvring as only Hollywood could produce. It would be a pretty dull affair without the low comedy of James Gleason, whose speech as a member of the kitchen police and as a pal of Bill the sergeant is rich in slangy humor and philosophy. He has one funny scene with Sasu Pitts, but his funniest is in the German hospital, when he yelps his defiance of his German nurse and her compatriots in the sick bay. Lissi Arna, another recently discovered German actress, fits acceptably into the picture as Katherina, speaking both in her native tongue and in very good English. Her pallid make-up against her robust physique is disconcerting. It adds one more "Why?" to "Beyond Victory." W. F. G.

PARK

"The Lightning Flyer"

An all-talking screen drama with adaptation and dialogue by Barry Barringer; directed by William Nigh and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Jim Nelson ..... James Hall
Rose ..... Dorothy Sebastian
Tom Ryan ..... Walter Merrill
Mr. Nelson ..... Robert Homans
Durkin ..... Albert J. Smith
Mr. Rogers ..... Ethan Allen
Slats ..... Eddie Boland
Pudge ..... George Meadows

From a producer's box office view the intent in this particular picture was to stress the collision of an express train with a section of freight train which had broken away. Oddly enough this is the least impressive factor in it. Two others are far more important, and more honest. One is the terrific fight staged in the little train despatcher's office on top of Summit mountain, somewhere in the West, in which James Hall and Albert J. Smith batter each other's features and wreck the interior. The other is the terse, natural dialogue which serves not only to point characters effectively but to speed the action of the picture, of which there is an abundance. The net result is satisfying, specially to those who have affection for railroad stories, heroes and heroines.

Young Jim Nelson, thrown out by his father, president of the C. G. & F. railroad, because of his dissolute ways, burns a parting sop of a $1000 check and goes to work under an assumed name in the same railroad yard where his father made his start. He falls in love with the yardmaster's daughter, Rose Rogers, and is promoted to fireman and engineer. When his best friend, Tom Ryan, is killed by his own engine through the machinations of a crooked freight car boss who has been looting, Jim loses his nerve and takes a mountain post as train despatcher. Durkin, serving time for murder, escapes, corners Jim in the office, and tries to kill him. Jim bests him finally, and reaches the switch just in time to send the freight cars down an embankment and to save the flying express. It was just as well, for his father and Rose were on that train. We leave them bending over Jim, exhausted but pleased, and we know that thereafter they are going to be a happy trio.

The scenes showing the railroad yards, and the racing trains as they speed on to impact are rather conventional. The domestic scenes in the Rogers home, where Jim courts Rose, and that glimpse of old Nelson, dining alone in his mansion, and peeling off his dinner coat to be comfortable when a messenger arrives to give cheering news of his son's progress, are much more enjoyable, and genuine. Mr. Homans as the elder Nelson gives a very good characterization. In fact his work stands out in relief against the routine efforts of the other players.

W. E. G.

"Napoli Che Canta"

An all-talking Italian screen drama with music by Tagliaferria and Sassoli; photography by Ubaldo Arata and Massimo Terzano; a Cines-Pittaluga production presented by Transcontinental Pictures Corporation, under direction of Mario Almirante, with the following cast:

Alice ..... Lillian Lilli
Carme ..... Anna Mari
Gennarino ..... Malcolm Todd
Raffaele ..... Giorgio Curti
Vincenzo ..... Carlo Tedesco

All those who have been fortunate enough to visit Naples will find much to please them in "Napoli Che Canta" ("When Naples Sings"), the current screen attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre. The views in and around the beautiful city, showing the ancient palaces and fountains, the white houses climbing up the steep hillsides, the lovely curve of the shore-line and Vesuvius brooding ominously in the background, were taken by a man with an artist's eye and are enough in themselves to repay a visit to the film. What there is of dialogue—and that is but little—is in Italian, but the sub-titles are written in English and Italian, so that anyone unfamiliar with the Italian tongue will have no difficulty in understanding the action. To inspire the proper feeling of patriotism, there are some very striking pictures of military aeroplanes manoeuvring in the most impressively regular formation.

The story is more of a peg on which to hang the handsome Neapolitan scenes—all taken in Italy, by the way—than of any particular importance in itself. It opens in New York with the bethrothal of Gennarino, son of a wealthy Italian paper manufacturer, to Alice, daughter of an American newspaper owner. The young people are not at all in love, merely agreeing to the arrangement for the sake of their parents. Gennarino goes to Italy to take his year of military training, and Alice travels on the same boat. Their agreement, however, leaves them both free to have all the flirtations they want, and once arrived in Naples, they lose no time in finding themselves partners. Gennarino takes up with a very diminutive and vivacious damsel named Carme, while Alice discovers Raffaele, handsome and unattached youth with a convenient sailboat. They enjoy themselves greatly for a time. Then Gennarino enters on his period of service, which is abruptly terminated when an aeroplane propeller breaks his arm.

Before long he finds himself tiring of Carme and Alice feels that perhaps Raffaele is growing too passionate. The hitherto indifferent young people find themselves becoming more and more friendly and presently fall in love, leaving their former partners in the lurch. As frequently happens in foreign films—"Napoli Che Canta" was made entirely in Italy—the acting and direction are too explicit. The best performance is given by Malcolm Todd as the fickle Gennarino. Throughout the picture there is synchronized music and singing.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Three Girls Lost"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bradley King from the novel of the same name by Robert D. Andrews; directed by Sidney Lanfield and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Noreen McMann ..... Loretta Young
Gordon Wales ..... John Wayne
William Marriott ..... Lew Cody
Edna Best ..... Joyce Compton
Marcia Tallant ..... Joan Marsh
Mrs. McGee ..... Kathrin Clare Ward
Tony ..... Paul Fix

There is a mild little story at the Modern and Beacon theatres this week called "Three Girls Lost." Taken from the novel by Robert D. Andrews, it tells of certain aspects of life in a big city, Chicago, this time, as seen by three girls who come thither from small country towns. It is reported that Fox Films has such confidence in the abilities of Mr. Andrews that they bought the rights to his book even before it was off the presses. There are no sensational revelations in the development of the plot, which travels safely along in familiar grooves.

The three girls in question are Noreen McMann, a quiet, honest and possibly self-righteous young woman, Marcia Tallant, a cold-blooded childish looking blonde with a fondness for men's bankrolls, and Edna Best, whose character is never fully developed nor satisfactorily explained. Marcia makes a play for Gordon Wales, a rising young architect, only to dismiss him when she finds a wealthier man, William Marriott, interested in her. Gordon turns to Noreen for consolation and she is soon in love with him, despite a fiance, Tony, in her home town. Marriott, a big-time gangster, is killed one evening by rivals and Marcia's bag is found in his car. In her efforts to get out of the mess, she mentions Gordon's name and hints that he was jealous. Noreen, in desperate straits for money, telegraphs Tony for money to get Gordon a lawyer. Marcia, meantime, amuses herself cutting her pictures out of the newspaper.

Matters are satisfactorily concluded when Gordon is released, gives Marcia a talking-to and saves Noreen from marrying the self-righteous Tony. Not much opportunity was afforded by the story for good acting, there being too many characters involved in the story. Lew Cody made the part of Marriott stand out, and John Wayne was an agreeable Gordon. Loretta Young, badly photographed, did what she could with the virtuous Noreen. Joan Marsh's blonde Marcia was a hard and mercenary minx, who bore a striking resemblance to Jean Harlow. Joyce Compton was wasted in the ill-defined character of Edna.

E. L. H.

OUT OF THE WHALE

Phila. 2 1931

By PHILIP HALE

Henry Martin, strolling on the beach at Aberdeen, Washington, found a large chunk of a substance which he thought would serve as boot-grease. Whether the stuff gave his boots a Sunday-dress-parade appearance; whether it made them waterproof, is not stated. A retired whaling captain told Henry that his boot-grease was ambergris; that the chunk of 50 pounds was worth about $30,000. Unfortunately for Henry, some comrade of the beach has robbed him of his treasure.

Stubb, digging into a dead and pestilential whale, drew out handfuls of "something that looked like ripe Windsor soap, or rich mottled old cheese, very unctuous and savory withal. You might easily dent it with your thumb; it is of a hue between yellow and ash color. And this, good friends, is ambergris, worth a gold guinea an ounce to any druggist." But Stubb did not reach land to sell his find.

The dictionaries say that ambergris is a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm whale; Herman Melville, who had summered and wintered with whales and literally seen through them with a dark-lantern, contented himself with saying that some thought ambergris the cause, others the effect, of the dyspepsia in the whale. He denied emphatically the statement that all whales always smell bad. The whale takes abundant exercise; "always out of doors; though, it is true, seldom in the open air. I say that the motion of a sperm whale's flukes above water dispenses a perfume, as when a musk-scented lady rustles her dress in a warm parlor."

If Henry Martin had improved his time in early years, he might have seasoned his pork and beans with ambergris after he had greased his boots. Admirable ambergris, reminding one of an advertisement in a London paper forty years ago, of something that was "an excellent substitute for family butter; removes superfluous hair; none genuine unless stamped on the blade." Ambergris and musk were classed in the 17th century as "spicery." When Satan tempted our Saviour's appetite in Milton's poem, among the savory dishes were

beasts of chase, or fowl of game
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd
Gris-amber steam'd.

Charles the Second thought highly of eggs and ambergris. A whole pie "being composed of amber-grece, magisterial of pearl, musk" was reckoned to James I at £10. A character in one of the graceless Sedley's plays speaks of breakfast upon "new laid eggs, ambergrease and gravy."

There was no uniformity in the spelling of the word. We have given three forms; there are half a dozen more, from "imbergres" to "ambragresia." Henry Martin may or may not be illiterate. The suspected robber is a beachcomber, not a "beachcomer," as the special dispatch had it. What to robber and to robbed is the spelling of ambergris as long as it is good boot-grease and might give piquancy to the coarse fare that would have been rejected in earlier and happier years?

Phila. 2 1931

MUSIC AT THE MUSEUM

A contingent of 45 men from the Boston Symphony orchestra, under the leadership of Arthur Fiedler, gave a concert last night at the Museum of Fine Arts. Seated in the Rotunda, it played for a vast audience disposed in various galleries and rooms throughout the adjacent portions of the museum, amid pictures, statuary, tapestries, oriental screens and so forth. It was an audience of which probably the greater part could neither see the orchestra nor be seen by it, but heard the music filtering through corridors and down stairways and echoing in distant arches. The reviewer listened in a room tenanted largely by plaster casts of Greek statues. A dancing satyr, the discus-thrower, the small boy eternally extracting a thorn from his foot, Apollo and Minerva, a host of their companions stood or crouched or sat frozen into absorbed attention. They rustled no programs, neither did they cough or sneeze or chatter.

The program that Mr. Fiedler had compiled for this concert comprised Mendelssohn's overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mozart's G minor symphony, the March to the Scaffold from Berlioz' "Fantastic Symphony," Wagner's prelude to "Lohengrin," two of Brahms's Hungarian dances and Johann Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz. The shimmering fairy music of Mendelssohn's overture took on a new glamor and a new mystery, diffused through marble balustrades and gently veiled in faintly echoing dis-

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Apr 22, 1931

"HI THERE, BUB!"

By PHILIP HALE

The Smith County Pioneer publishes an ably-edited obituary column. "Just heard of the death of the man who incurred our long-continued dislike by calling us 'Bub' when we were a kid. It is only fair to say that we cultivated his acquaintance after we were 40 and found him a pretty good fellow. We never call a boy 'Bub.' It is a name he resents."

"Bub," as a mode of address, is apparently an Americanism. The Great Oxford Dictionary and Wright's monumental dictionary of English dialects do not know the word in this sense. John S. Farmer, who often goes ludicrously astray in his explanation of "Americanisms" defines "Bub" as "a term of affection applied to a little boy; likewise used figuratively as a familiar mode of address," and he adds: "Said to have originated in Pennsylvania from the German 'Bube.'"

Boys are sensitive animals. No doubt the pride of many is wounded when they are addressed as "Bub," especially as the speaker's tone is usually slighting. What should one call a boy, not knowing the name given to him in baptism? Some call all boys "Willy"—but no self-respecting urchin likes to be known as a "Willy boy." He would prefer even "Claude," or "Percy." "Johnny" would not anger him; he might be flattered by "Reginald," or would he suspect the man of uncalled-for jesting at his expense?

How should a stranger in the street be addressed? "I say, Mister" is offensive. If you address him as "Mr. Jones" or "Mr. Ferguson," it would be natural for him to take you for a confidence man. Pullman car Negroes sometimes object openly to the "George" by which they are summoned. What would they say to the names given by the ingenious Mr. Cohen to the heroes and villains of Birmingham whose adventures he relates in a delightful manner? Men are fussy about their Christian names. Arnold Bennett dropped "Enoch" as soon as he became known as an author. And so there are some who substitute the initial and parade the more sonorous middle name: "Azariah" becomes A., and the world has to do with A. Wellington Boody. Few are as good-natured or indifferent as the passenger who boarding the vessel in the pursuit of the Snark, had wholly forgotten his name.

"He would answer to 'Hi!' or to any loud cry,
Such as 'Fryme!' or 'Fritter my wig!'
To 'What-you-may-call-um!' or 'What-was-his-name!'
But especially 'Thing-um-a-jig!'"

It took years for the editor of the Smith County Pioneer to forget the injury done him. "Bub!" Did he ever remind the unconscious insulter of the insult? Even if they laughed over the incident, the deadly arrow still stuck. It was not pulled out even when the obituary notice was to be written.

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tance. The silver sheen of the prelude to "Lohengrin" was also rendered still more enchanting by the circumstances of its setting and the accoustic properties of the place. The imperishable charm of the "Blue Danube" was felt yet more strongly than in the concert hall.

Of Mozart's G minor symphony it was the slower portions, particularly the lovely andante, that reached the ear most gratefully in this place. The faster movements—though Mr. Fiedler was discreet in his avoidance of excesses of speed—suffered from the blending and blurring induced by the museum's echoing halls; fine details, the softly curved ends of phrases, were often lost to those hearers who were not in the immediate vicinity of the players. The March to the Scaffold—so lugubriously effective when heard in its due place in Berlioz' symphony, seemed here ineffectual, somehow deprived of its characteristic dry grotesquerie. Brahms's Hungarian dances, played vivaciously, were as enjoyable as ever.

The abundant applause made the scattered audience's reaction to the concert unmistakeable. Next year's concert—for this appears to be an annual occurrence that is becoming as indispensable as the Pops themselves—will be anticipated with pleasure.

It is announced that a free concert

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The sixth and last concert of the Tuesday afternoon series, given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: George W. Chadwick, "Noel," from the Symphonic Sketches. Schumann, Symphony in B flat major, op. 38. Stravinsky, Capriccio for piano and orchestra. Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," after the old-fashioned, roguish manner, in rondo form, Op. 28.

"Noel," from the Symphonic Sketches, was played in memory of the composer. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading of it left none of its loveliness wanting. The exquisite pianissimo with which it opened grew by a sequence of delicate gradation into the tranquil climax, then was hushed—a marvel in tonal balance. The calm tempo was singularly appropriate.

Pehhaps because it came right after this serene nocturne the Schumann Symphony seemed even more delightful than usual in its exuberance and the freshness and variety of its many themes.

Mr. Sanroma played Stravinsky's Capriccio with fine understanding of the content. No touch of humor escaped him; no sardonic thrust missed the mark. Clear cut phrases, snapped out in tones that were never harsh. Dr. Koussevitzky's accompaniment was brilliant repartee to the pianist's inclusive and rhythmic playing.

If he had not already got it in Stravinsky's Capriccio, the devil was certainly given his due. Till Eulenspiegel's marked resemblance cannot be gainsaid—in Strauss's tone-poem. The gorgeousness of Strauss's orchestration—that glitters no less in wit than in heroic outpourings—Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation made no less than dazzling bringing out in sharp relief the quirks and curious turns of Till's character portrayed so graphically in the score.

Though too inert to follow the orchestra's example in rising to pay tribute to the memory of Mr. Chadwick, the large audience applauded enthusiastically both Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Sanroma.

L. B. D.

April 24, 1931

ROLAND HAYES

Roland Hayes gave a song recital at Symphony Hall last evening. The distinguished Negro tenor's concert was for the benefit of the Robert Gould Shaw House, Roxbury, the Boston Urban League, Roxbury, and Resthaven (120 Fisher avenue, Parker Hill, Boston)—institutions whose work lies among the Negroes of Boston. The following was his program: Dolcimente in tuon leggiadro and Pack Clouds Away (Handel); Sei nur still (J. W. Franck); Die Nebensonnen, and Wohin (Schubert); Die Nachtigal, Sonntag, and Dein blaues Auge (Brahms); Nocturne (Cesar Franck); J'ai presque peur (Faure); Le Perroquet rouge (Blair Fairchild); Le The (Koechlin); Negro Spirituals—Go Down, Moses; By and By; Made my Vow; Good News. Percival Parham was the accompanist.

Mr. Hayes delighted his hearers as usual by the never failing charm and instinctive appropriateness of his musical style. As ever, he inspired their respect by the intense sincerity, the simple dignity, and the entire absence of applause-seeking tricks by which this singer rises so far above the herd. No over-ready abandonment of the mood induced by a song, just ended, in order to smirk in anticipation or enjoyment of applause; no obsequious or self-complacent bowing and scraping; his attitude toward his audience is gently courteous, gently aloof.

Each of the two beautiful airs of Handel—the first in the suave, gracious Italian style, the second redolent of the clear, joyous freshness of the English country song—was sung in the manner most befitting its character; both gracefully, the one expressively but without undue weight, the other lightheartedly and with effortless, airy fluency. There was a calm, sustained, almost devotional beauty in the Bach-like "Sei nur Still" of J. W. Franck.

Of Mr. Hayes's Schubert-Brahms group, it was the more meditative and unhurried members that gave most pleasure, for it was in them—in "Die Nebensonnen," "Nachtigal," and "Dein blaues Auge"—that the beauty of the singer's voice could be most enjoyed and in which tone and mood could most truly be said to blend. In the French group of songs, Koechlin's ever-delightful "Le The" scored easily over the others—despite the fact that two of them were signed with the eminent names of Cesar Franck and Gabriel Faure, and sung with equally subtle skill. Mr. Fairchild's was a pointless setting of an epigrammatic Chinese poem.

Mr. Hayes sang his spirituals with his usual inimitable combination of spiritual earnestness and musical zest. His list contained some of the best known and most welcome of the genre. But it was surprising that he should have permitted the use of arrangements—notably that of "By and By"—that occasionally went to such lengths to avoid the commonplace, natural harmonies that they became farfetched and distracting. These are folk songs and should not be made to sound like the less inspired songs of Roger Quilter (some of whose procedures seemed to be imitated in "By and By"), or like the overstuffed arrangements of the "Londonderry Air" perpetrated by more than one eminent violinist.

Mr. Hayes was, of course, indueed by enthusiastic and deserved applause to add to his program.

S. S.

METROPOLITAN

"The Millionaire"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted from the story by Earl Derr Biggers entitled, "Idle Hands," with additional dialogue by Booth Tarkington; directed by John Adolfi and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

James Alden ..... George Arliss
Mrs. Alden ..... Florence Arliss
Barbara Alden ..... Evelyn Knapp
Bill Merrick ..... David Manners
Peterson ..... Noah Berry
Jim ..... J. Farrell MacDonald
Andrews ..... Bramwell Fletcher
Schofield ..... James Cagney
Briggs ..... Tully Marshall
Davis ..... Ivan Simpson
Dr. Harvey ..... J. C. Nugent
McCoy ..... Sam Hardy

The ever increasing popularity of George Arliss in talking pictures means that at least once during the season the serious-minded occasional motion picture goers will find a film that will please them in every way. For the rest of us, such a picture as "The Millionaire," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, comes as a most welcome, peaceful interlude in a multitude of breathless crime dramas. Mr. Arliss does not believe in exciting plots, active suspense or ardent love-making, yet his pictures are always interesting, and his acting is so smooth, so finished, so knowing and so generally delightful that he could make the dullest subject entertaining. Not, however, that "The Millionaire" is dull—far from it; it is the quiet, gently humorous story of an American business man—suggesting a combination of Henry Ford and John D. Rockerfeller—who is forced to take a vacation and finds himself desperate with nothing to do. Mr. Arliss made the same story in silent form half a dozen years ago under the title of "The Conquering Power."

Earl Derr Biggers wrote the story, "Idle Hands," from which "The Millionaire" was adapted for the screen, and Frank Stockton once handled the same subject in a book of short stories. Both authors had the same idea, that while a busy rich man may require a rest, the real way to cure him is to change his occupation and get his mind busy on some other form of activity. James Alden, multi-millionaire automobile manufacturer, leaves his business and goes West to regain his strength. For six months he does nothing but obey the doctor's orders. Then, at the suggestion of a hustling insurance agent, he decides to buy a half interest in a gasoline filling station. The purchaser of the other half is a good looking boy, Bill Merrick. They soon find that Peterson, the man who sold the station to them, had cheated, for their station is made useless as soon as the new state highway opens.

Alden, angry and amused at having been taken in, gets Bill to borrow money from his aunt to start a new station of their own. Bill, ignorant of Alden's identity—he had called himself Charles Miller—suggests that they borrow from Alden. Of course, "Miller" won't hear of it. The aunt loans the money, the station is erected and soon does a thriving business, so thriving, in fact, that Peterson is obliged to buy it out at

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a high price in order to keep going. Meantime, a romance has sprung up between Bill and Alden's daughter, and everything ends in the pleasantest way possible.

George Arliss, venturing to play an American on the screen for the first time, is his usual delightful self, and his English accent is as pronounced as ever. None the less, he makes you accept Alden, not only as an American but also as a thoroughly good sort. The

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role is chiefly humorous, filled with opportunities for revealing bits of by-play and amusing twists of which the actor takes the fullest advantage. The supporting cast is excellent. Mrs. Arliss plays delightfully as Mrs. Alden, and Evelyn Knapp is a charming Barbara. David Manners is a good-looking, manly Bill Merrick, while good work in minor roles is contributed by James Cagney, Ivan Simpson and Noah Beery.

E. L. H.

April 25 1931

LOEW'S STATE

"The Front Page"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bartlett Cormack from the play of the same name by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, originally produced by Jed Harris at the Times Square Theatre, New York, on Aug. 14, 1928, with Lee Tracy and Osgood Perkins in the leading roles; screen production directed by Lewis Milestone and presented by Howard Hughes, in connection with United Artists, with the following cast:

Walter Burns ..... Adolphe Menjou
Hildy Johnson ..... Pat O'Brien
Peggy ..... Mary Brian
Bensinger ..... Edward Everett Horton
Murphy ..... Walter Catlett
Earl Williams ..... George E. Stone
Molly ..... Mae Clark
Pincus ..... Slim Summerville
Kruger ..... Matt Moore
McCue ..... Frank McHugh
Sheriff Hartman ..... Clarence H. Wilson
Schwartz ..... Fred Howard
Wilson ..... Phil Tead
Endicott ..... Eugene Strong
Woodenshoes ..... Spencer Charters
Diamond Louie ..... Maurice Black
Mrs. Grant ..... Effie Ellsler
Jenny ..... Dorothea Wolbert
The Mayor ..... James Gordon
Jacobi ..... Dick Alexander

Denied the privilege of viewing the stage play, either in unabridged or censored form, Boston theatre-goers will find a satisfying substitute in the screen version submitted by Mr. Milestone as director, Mr. Cormack as adapter, and the 20 odd players who participate in this rowdiest of newspaper plays. Jed Harris, who produced "The Front Page," in New York nearly three years ago contributes several pungent paragraphs as introduction to the printed text. One of these paragraphs seems worth quoting here, "In an age when the theatre seems imprisoned in a vise if literary and superficial realism, a paradise for the journeymen and hacks who infest the Authors League of America, and in a day when the successful portrayal of a newspaper reporter is accomplished by attaching to the person of the actor a hip-flask and a copy of the American Mercury, it is soothing and reassuring to stumble on a stage reporter who begins an interview in this innocent fashion: 'Is it true, Madame, that you were the victim of a Peeping Tom?'"

That, incidentally, is one of the many rich lines which have been retained in this screen version of a play which has had no parallel as a two-fisted, insolent and unfettered narrative of a type of newsmen now presumably obsolete in the East but quite likely to exist still in what the film slyly calls "a mythical kingdom," but which the Messrs. Hecht and McArthur knew to be Chicago. Its central figures are Hildy Johnson, described by the author as "a happy-go-lucky Swede with a pants-kicking sense of humor," a reporter on the eve of a hanging, that of one Williams for shooting a Negro policeman, who has become callous through 15 years of police work and, about to depart for New York for his wedding to the pretty niece of the owner of a prosperous advertising agency. Hildy's managing editor, cunning, resourceful, wholly without principles or conscience, is determined to keep Hildy in the game. The dramatic incidents which develop during the progress of this unequal combat, the parade of characters representing the occupants of the press room of the criminal court building and the officials and crooks who invade that room at divers times, and above all the candor of speech which leaves the more timorous audiors gasping, make the play.

Mr. Milestone has done more than present a photographic replica. Rightly enough, confines most of the action to that mad reporters' room, he does the play; but he frequently goes afield to indicate what is happening off-stage. He shows the testing of the gallows, the home of Peggy Grant, Hildy's sweetheart, the escape of the condemned Williams through the stupidity of the sheriff, the kidnapping of Mrs. Grant, and other incidents. These excursions in no degree slow up the play. They do give the story broader line and a neater balance. The astounding frankness of dialogue, as the printed text disclosed it, has been modified deftly, yet has been noticeably weakened. Even the famous tag, delivered by Walter Burns, has been retained in a cunning ruse. As he telephones instructions for the arrest at LaPorte, Ind., of his runaway reporter after presenting him with a gold timepiece, he employs a low epithet as he accuses Johnson of stealing his watch. The noise which cannot be traced covers one syllable of that epithet as he follows it into the telephone; but there is no mistaking what he meant to say.

Mr. Menjou, smartly tailored, gives an adroit performance as Walter Burns, the more commendable that it emancipates him from a dull round of romantic roles. Mr. O'Brien seemed several degrees removed from the roughneck Hildy, bounced about by fate. He was too polite to be true; his hysterics were lacking in heartiness. Mr. Horton was comic as the fastidious reporter, and Mr. Wilson was good as the inconstant sheriff. The four female roles were discreetly played, and Mr. Stone deserves praise for another finely designed bit as the fugitive murderer who was pathetically ready but was not allowed to die.

W. E. C.

UPTOWN, OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

Ladies Man"

An all talking screen drama adapted by man J. Mankiewicz from the novel of same name by Rupert Hughes; directed Lothar Mendes and presented by Paramount with the following cast.

nes Darricott .....William Powell
rma Page .....Kay Francis
chel Fendley.....Carole Lombard
race Fendley.....Gilbert Emery
s. Fendley.....Olive Tell
thony Fendley.....Martin Burton
yton Weldon.....John Holland
let .....Frank Atkinson
erese Blanton.....Maude Turner Gordon

"Ladies' Man," current screen attraction at the Uptown, Olympia and Fenway Theatres, was on the books at the Paramount studios long before it was finally made into a picture. Originally intended for William Powell, it was lifted to Paul Lukas—when Mr. Powell decided that the leading role would not show him in a favorable light—and finally came back to Mr. Powell. Whether Paramount wished to give Mr. Powell a bad send-off—he has now left them for Warner Brothers—we cannot say for sure, but it is the second unsympathetic part in succession that he has been called on to play. Mr. Powell professes not to enjoy playing heroes, but one can imagine that he would still less enjoy playing roles like the one he has in "Ladies' Man." The story is unpleasant, the treatment ornate and melodramatic, and there is no actor alive who could make the central figure, James Darricott, anything but unattractive. He is a despicable person, this man who lives by selling the jewelry given him by wealthy women; too lazy to earn a living, yet given to preaching about a civilization that allows thousands of young men and women—not to mention their parents—to get drunk every night.

James Darricott, man about town, idler and opportunist, accepts the gifts and the attention lavished on him by the wealthy Mrs. Horace Fendley, giving sparingly of his company in return. Mrs. Fendley, to make things worse, has a very attractive daughter, Rachel, who is also infatuated with the irresistible James. Mother and daughter are violently jealous, while Anthony Fendley, son of the former and brother of the latter, disapproves with vehemence. Only Mr. Fendley remains apparently oblivious. Mrs. Fendley's diamond and emerald bracelets, sold by Darricott to an obliging jeweler, supply him with all the comforts and luxuries that his taste could demand. All is comparatively well, for him, at least, until he meets Norma Page.

She is a calm, handsome, strikingly good-looking young woman, who, while attracted to Darricott, disapproves so violently of his manner of living that she takes him to task for it when he ventures to tell her that he loves her. Her behavior seems a bit unlikely, after the scenes that she witnesses in Darricottt's apartment, when Rachel, having had too much to drink, threatens to kill him if he doesn't marry her. None the less, Norma agrees to marry him if he will reform. Fate intervenes—and it was about time—and Horace Fendley, by no means as uninterested as he has appeared, hurls Darricott to his death from the 37th floor of the hotel in which a great historical ball was about to take place. Fendley then takes Darricott's place at the head of the grand march, with Mrs. Fendley on his arm, while the police watch him sardonically from the doorway.

Not all William Powell's finished acting, careful nonchalance and well tailored clothes could make Darricott anything but a contemptible cad, and the spectator was often conscious of his profound distaste for the role. The best acting in the film was done by the always intelligent and attractive Kay Francis, as Norma Page, and by Carole Lombard—now rapidly increasing her reputation as a dramatic actress—in the role of Rachel Fendley. Olive Tell's Mrs. Fendley was plausible, handsome and desperate, while Gilbert Emery, a quiet, gentlemanly actor, if ever there was one, was successful as Fendley until the incredible melodrama of the final sequence. The production is handsomely mounted and smoothly directed.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Cracked Nuts"

An all-talking screen comedy by Douglas MacLean and Al Boasberg; directed by Edward Cline and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Zander Ulysses Parkhurst ..Robert Woolsey
Wendell Graham .....Bert Wheeler
Betty Harrington .....Dorothy Lee
Aunt Minnie .....Edna May Oliver
Carlotta .....Leni Stengel
Gen. Bozardus .....Stanley Fields
King Oscar .....Harvey Clark
Revolutionists .....Boris Karloff

What to some is the height of hilarious fun may be to others merely a series of ancient jokes strung together. Probably a good deal depends on the mood in which one attends a picture like "Cracked Nuts," current screen feature at the New B. F. Keith Theatre. Certainly yesterday's quota of spectators seemed to have a perfectly wonderful time listening to Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey mispronounce words and string together jest after jest that the most lenient observer could scarcely call fresh. These two comedians have a fascination for the public; they make people laugh loudly and heartily and in this respect baffle criticism of any sort completely. Either you like them or you don't.

This time Bert Wheeler plays a rich and excessively meek young man, Wendell Graham, who is in love with Betty Harrington. Betty's Aunt Minnie disapproves of him thoroughly on the ground that he never has amounted to anything and never will. To prove his importance Wendell buys a revolution in the Balkan state of El Dorania—the idea is that he will become king on the death or deposition of the reigning monarch. Arriving in El Dorania, however, he discovers that the reigning monarch aforesaid is none other than and old friend, Zander Ulysses Parkhurst, who won the crown from the previous incumbent by shooting dice. Of course, Wendell can't exterminate Zander, and what with Aunt Minnie disapproving of him every other moment and Betty beseeching him to do something, life becomes rather hectic.

Further annoyed by the insistence of the agents—who had sold him the revolution for $100,000—that Zander be killed, Wendell finds his difficulties at an end when a large bomb, supposed to be dropped on Zander, lands in the public square and starts an oil-gusher. The assassination is called off, Wendell and Zander declare a republic, and Aunt Minnie withdraws her objections to the wedding bells. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are about as usual, and with the fresher material and funnier jokes, might be better than that. Dorothy Lee makes a charmingly vivacious Betty, and Edna May Oliver is often genuinely amusing as the forbidding militant Aunt Minnie. In conclusion, wouldn't it be nice if Mr. Woolsey gave that long-suffering cigar of his a rest the next time he makes a picture?

E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 23d concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, Symphony, C major, No. 7. Griffes, "The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan." Lambert, "The Rio Grande," for chorus, orchestra and solo pianoforte (Mr. Sanroma, pianist; first time in Boston). Stravinsky, suite from the ballet "The Fire-Bird." The Japanese visitors sat in an improvised box in the first balcony on the right-hand side, facing the stage. As they entered the orchestra and audience rose in respectful greeting.

Dr. Koussevitzky is to be thanked heartily for introducing Lambert's "Rio Grande," and with the assistance of the valiant Cecilia Society that had been thoroughly trained by Mr. Fiedler, and with the brilliant Mr. Sanroma, giving a performance that must be reckoned as one of this season's chief events. Not that "The Rio Grande" is "a chef d'oeuvre for the highest"; not that it is "epoch-making," a term that is applied to almost every new and unusual composition that excites the rhetorical flow of our young friends writing for the New York newspapers; but this music is first of all joyous and exhilarating. We all have been taught to take music too seriously. We have listened this season to some composers who "sitting in doleful dumps, have wailed lugubriously and discordantly; to others who have endeavored to give rhythmical expression to the inexpressible, or sought the perfect flower of beauty on the muck-heap of atonality. It is so easy to be "original" in saying nothing. Too many heathen have furiously raged; too many of the people, makers of music and hearers of the younger generation, have imagined a vain thing.

But here comes young Mr. Lambert who, taking a charming poem by Sacheverell Sitwell as a source of inspiration, does not attempt to give an interlinear translation into tones. The words, the scenes evoked by the poet feed the composer's fancy, quicken his imagination, which is not sluggish, much less, lacking. Mr. Lambert has both fancy and imagination to which he gives free rein for his orchestra and for the pianist's cadenza. It is true there are words for the chorus to sing, and the singers are neither ignored nor slighted, but the effect of the whole, the one constant impact—that's the thing. Mr. Lambert is delightfully extravagant, but not as Thomas Heywood's madman beating a drum. He is an appreciator and a utilizer of the finer qualities of jazz, but not a slave to it—not finding it a strength and refuge in time of doubt and trouble. His extravagance and recklessness are more to be applauded than the smug, academic conservatism of the timid, the sticklers for approved form, the writing for safety and the approbation of any owlish professor.

Mr. Lambert's "Rio Grande" is not only full of life that is contagious, it brings near far-off scenes, and this without the borrowing of real or spurious "folk-songs". No one knows what "isle joyeuse" Debussy had in mind when he wrote his piano piece. This "Rio Grande" flows through a country as undefined, and empties into a harbor unsounded, unknown to any pilot. Therefore the audacity of Mr. Lambert's fancy makes captive the hearer. Seldom in Symphony hall has there been so instant, spontaneous, so prolonged, so tumultuous recognition of an unfamiliar composition signed with an unfamiliar name.

The interpretation of the symphony was eloquently musical. It would be interesting to know just what that excellent musician, Mr. Stock, did to the orchestration of "Kubla Kahn"—the impression made yesterday was not so vivid as that made by the first performance a dozen years ago. Are the wings of the "Fire-Bird" drooping? Are its feathers no longer of dazzling gold? Is there too much of Rimsky-Korsakov in the suite and not enough of the Stravinsky of "Patrouchka" and other later works? The Princesses still disport themselves in a charming manner, but Katschei's subjects are only "infernal" in their dance by courtesy of the composer.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of the concerts next week, the last of the 50th season, will be as follows: Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers;" Debussy prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun;" Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks;" Beethoven symphony C minor, No. 5.

SPATS AND COLLARS

By PHILIP HALE

It was said at the time of Nicholas Longworth's death that when he first came to Washington as a congressman his ability was underrated because he wore spats. In other words, he did not submit to the prevalent standardization in dress. The American travelling abroad is known by his boots; if he should sport spats and be reticent, he might pass for an Englishman.

Perhaps the prejudice entertained by the crowd against spats is partly due to the word itself. If a "gent" wears "pants" he might easily be accused of donning "spats"; the word like the thing itself is an abbreviation of "spatterdashes"; which are a kind of long gaiter or legging to keep trousers or stockings from being spattered, especially in riding. Let us admit that the prejudice is unreasonable; that an elderly gentleman with shoes shining and protruding from neat brown spats is a cheering sight; a reproach to the careless if not slovenly beholder; nor is a young fellow, spruce, natty, with spats of white and black checks, an invitation to Jove's thunderbolt. But in either case there is a flouting of the standardization dear to the American who must wear the "correct" hat, the cravat that is "the thing" and so on, from collar to hose. Alas, if spats were commonly known as "gaiters," the prejudice would be the same!

If uniformity is to be approved, there should be appropriate, identifying dress for each profession, trade, calling; or there might be at least insignia. A poet is no longer expected to look like the village idiot with eyes wildly rolling and lips tremulous with song; but he surely should not be mistaken for a banker. Pianists, except perhaps in small German towns, do not let their hair float over their shoulders a la Liszt. Mr. Gieseking, for example, might be a prosperous stockbroker or a renowned gynecologist. No one, looking at Messrs. Horowitz and Iturbi would at once say: "Pianist"; nor would Messrs. Heifetz and Spalding, taking their walk abroad, be known at once as fiddlers.

Clergymen of certain denominations are recognized by their collars, staunchly and starchly orthodox, defying Satan and all his works. We regret to learn that English clergymen are more and more giving up the clerical collar because "they feel that it may cause embarrassment to people with whom they come in contact and interfere with the establishment of those friendly relations which are essential to effective work." With the traditional collar they fear that they are often killjoys, suppressing light conversation, smoking-room anecdotes, warrantable profanity in times of need. Cannot bishops and archbishops enforce the wearing of the collar? Awkward mistakes may follow the putting of it aside. If an English clergyman really wishes to present a worldly appearance he might put on a flowered or sunset waistcoat; even a cravat of fiery red.

Con

By PHIL

A collection of essays, lectures and reviews by Carl Engel is published with the title "Discords Mingled," by Alfred A. Knopf of New York. It is a handsomely printed volume of 232 pages with—mirabile dictu; eleven pages of index. These essays—and the word "essay" might cover the other articles—were contributions to various periodicals. The book is dedicated to the memory of Oscar G. Sonneck, Mr. Engel's predecessor at the Congressional Library department of music at Washington and as the editor of the Musical Quarterly, New York, and the active head of the Schirmer publishing house. Mr. Engel pays Sonneck an affectionate tribute in his short preface and adds as a whimsical apology for the reprinting of his essays: "If any one knows that too much music, and certainly far too much about music, is being written nowadays, it should be the grave-digging librarian. In spite of such knowledge, to fling prudence to the winds and deliberately add to the glut by unearthing what already reposed in the burial ground of newspaper and magazine seems doubly and unpardonably rash. Yet even a grave-digger, in sanguine moments, is liable to beget offspring. And concerning it he is apt to have the same illusions and maintain the same pretensions that animate a less macabre parent. It rests with the children whether or not the father shall be forgiven."

"Schubert's Fame" and "The Beethoven Week in Vienna" might come under the head of memorial or anniversary essays, but they are not too biographical, not perfunctorily, not exuberantly laudatory. Mr. Engel's acknowledged erudition does not deaden his style nor strangle his humor. He writes sympathetically about Schubert's love of good fellowship of the "reading circle" that died of too much beer-drinking and sausage eating. What if Schubert had lived to take lessons in counterpoint of Sechter, in the hope of obtaining some office with a fixed income? He was not a famous personage when he died. "The dead have a way, sometimes, of taking from Death the last trick with the joker of posthumous fame."

Hearing the performance in Vienna of a cantata by Beethoven Mr. Engel noted that youthful faces were in the minority among the ladies of the chorus. "Long-handled lorgnettes help the eyesight, but not the voice. . . . It is not a concert in the ordinary sense; it is not quite so good, and yet better." In the cemetery Mascagni "stands before the heap of ribbons and wreaths, with the tragic mask of grief, while from every angle photographers 'snap' him and the tombstone. A cemetery is dangerous ground. As a stage it must be reverently used."

There is one other article about Beethoven. It may be remembered that Mr. Ernest Newman in his interesting book, "The Unconscious Beethoven," attributed the cause of Beethoven's deafness to what has been euphemistically called the Neapolitan disease. (Walt Whitman called it "The bad disorder"). Now Mr. Newman was not the first. Mr. Engal, knowing that Beethoven was no Joseph, nor Sir Galahad; that a "large dose of sensuality" is "a natural attribute of the creative vigor and the artistic temperament," combats valiantly the methods by which Mr. Newman arrives at his conclusion and dismisses him with the statement that according to our present knowledge Beethoven's deafness was "not caused by syphilis either congenital or contracted." Not that Beethoven needs shielding. "We must be reconciled to the whims of nature, which dooms the spirit who conceives the music of a 'Credo in Unum Deum' to pursue indifferently pretty Grabennymphen or unkempt servant wenches, to become flesh in their embrace." Mr. Engel also has much to say about Mr. Newman's discovery of Beethoven's musical "finger prints" the figures of "three ascending notes that come in about the same place relatively to the melodic design as a whole, and are unconsciously used to perform the same expressive function."

There are interesting pages about Payne and "Home, Sweet Home"; "The Mozart Couple" in which Constance finds an amused apologist. "She was a child of her day, almost as light and giddy a day as our own. She committed the modish sin of having permitted a 'chapeau'—a duoe—to measure the calf of her leg with a colored ribbon, in the sight of other people. Knee-long skirts now make unnecessary such investigation. One hundred and fifty years ago it formed a sort of parlor game." There is an admirable chapter

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The Theatre

April 2. By PHILIP HALE 1931

"The Truth Game," a comedy by Ivor Novello, will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night. The first performance in New York was on December 27, 1930, at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. (There had been performances in Newark.) The chief parts were takn by Phoebe Foster—Rosine Browne, who will lose her fortune if she remarries; Billie Burke—Evelyn Brandson, who sending her friends to certain shops gains commissions; Viola Tree, as Lady John Culver, a big, awkward, self-conscious girl; Ivor Novello, Max Clement in love with Phoebe, audacious in wooing; A. G. Andrews as Sir Joshua Grimshaw. They and the other characters of course live, move and have their being in the Mayfair of polite comedies. The title of the play is derived from the scene in which the characters are obliged to give their opinions of the others without thought of idle compliment and sparing of feelings.

"The Truth Game" was produced in London at the Globe Theatre on October 5, 1928. The playbill then named H. E. S. Davidson as the author. Rosina was played by Lily Elsie; Evelyn by Lilian Braithwaite; Lady Joan Culver by Viola Tree; Sir Joshua Grimshaw by Frederick Volpe.

Mr. James Agate was interested in Miss Tree's Lady Joan, dowdy, gawky, gauche, and thirty-four.

"Whenever she embraces people she gathers them to her a shade too roughly; when she sits down next to anybody she sits a little too closely. She has no ease of manner, and contact with her means readjustment; she makes a room untidy merely by entering it. The poor wretch is, in fact, Caddy Jellaby all over again." But one of her good points is that she eats apples before breakfast. Evelyn says to her in the play: "My dear, you look charming. But why dress like a giraffe?" While Mr. Novello's Max describes himself: "I am a novelette, and a penny novelette at that." The play was revived in London at Daly's Theatre on June 25, 1929, when Mr. Ervine declared that the hero comes perilously near to being a bounder. The performance of June 25 was the 285th.

It is said that Miss Tree's first experience with the stage was when she was 5 years old. Oscar Wilde came to read "A Woman of No Importance" to Sir Herbert, her father. When Wilde left Viola crawled from under the table and gave an imitation of Wilde reading. She repeated this performance to the amusement of later visitors, among them George du Maurier and Aubrey Beardsley. George Bernard Shaw once called her "the young lady with too many advantages," and when Sir Herbert died he encouraged her as an actress by saying, "Don't be an orphan."

Her mother has much to say about her in "Herbert and I," the leading chapter in Max Beerbohm's "Herbert Beerbohm Tree." Miss Viola's contribution, "My Father," to that volume is noteworthy for the description of the man in private and in the playhouse.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Your editorial, "Vanished Glory," in The Herald of Thursday, was most interesting but with all due respect to your long experience in matters theatrical, I fear that you overlook the importance of the loss of "The road" as the biggest reason why a minstrel show would likely fail. Never in all the history of minstrelsy did a road show make any money in the big cities, nor was there ever one that played over a two week stand in the biggest of them, not even Jack Haverly's "40—Count 'em—40" show, nor Primrose & West's "40 whites and 30 blacks" of 1893-4 and 1894-5, nor the last of the big shows, Cohan & Harris, later George Evans Honey Boys. Minstrel shows depended for their success on the one night stand and in the heydey of their popularity there were enough of such towns and small cities, to get a season of 40 to 50 weeks in New England and New York state alone. True, some of the cities, notably Philadelphia, had permanent minstrel companies, but they were stock shows that changed their bills weekly. It was a pretty poor stand that did not turn out a house of $1000, and considering salaries and expenses of those days would be the equal of $2000 now. $12,000 a week. Not bad even now.

Now as to end men, whoever suggested Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor had a scant knowledge of Negro comedy, the prime requisite of an end man, and still less of those available. Coupled with that they would eat up the receipts with salaries of two ends. Neither Jolson nor Cantor have a Negro dialect and Jolson was a flat flop as an end with Lew Dockstader back in 1911. Of competent ends, I can think at the moment of Neil O'Brien, McIntyre & Heath, Johnny King, John Gorman, all living and available, though McIntyre & Heath would probably demand too much money to make their engagement practical. Competent and experienced interlocutors that I can call to mind and living are Dan Quinlan and Vaughn Comfort and there are no doubt others. Another end I think of is Jimmy Wall. At any rate there are plenty of men with the personality and presence required of an interlocutor, to make good with their lines written for them. Men who are now acting as masters of ceremonies in night clubs and vaudeville shows. Then for the first part about six good ballad singers, and one or two soft shoe dancers and a tap dancer. All easily obtained at moderate salaries, and for the olio there are plenty of acts double and single that could be rounded up, and a man like Dan Quinlan could take his company, black them up and costume them, and put on one of the old masterpieces of the "Fun on the Levee" type and round out an out-time minstrel entertainment. But would they do business in any of the theatres available to them, and are there enough of those theatres to make a season? I think not, though I could wish there were. It is extremely doubtful if such a show would play in Boston for one profitable week.

You remember The Lambs Minstrels of 1897 or thereabout and the names they had, and they were wise enough to make all the cities save New York and Chicago one night stands. I believe they did only a matinee in Boston with the night in Springfield. Chicago and New York, if I remember, got two nights and one matinee. Sincerely,

FRANK E. HATCH.

April 17, 1931.

Mr. Hatch calls our attention to the radio report of WENR minstrels in Chicago, published in Variety of April 15:

"Minstrels in show business are buried along with 'Uncle Tom.' Nothing is more thoroughly passe. It might be fairly argued that radio carries entertainment to unsophisticated audiences, but this argument is offset by the fact that it was in the sticks and among the unsophisticates that minstrels were best known and stand most severe repetition as a form of amusement.

"'Do you know what a knight of the bath is?' asks Gene Arnold. And the bright answer comes back, 'Mine is Saturday.' Or again, 'Is your wife dangerously ill?' With the excruciating rejoiner, 'She's too weak to be dangerous.'

"It's all question and answer, a primitive comedy technique discredited years ago on the small time vaudeville circuits. Quips are self-consciously unfunny with an invited audience in the broadcasting studio laughing on signal, good or bad, to the artificial lustiness of Buddy Stopt, the minstrel who acts as laugh leader."

Edward Knobloch is writing the English version of "Grand Hotel" for the production in London. It has no connection with the American version. Note the remark of the Daily Telegraph about the one in New York. "That is, I gather, a somewhat rough-and ready affair, and is, naturally, decorated with American phrases, which would not do on our stage." Mr. Knobloch says he adheres more closely to the novel than did Vicki Baum herself; his version will be shorter than the German. "The chief difficulty in casting will be to find an actress for the character of the ageing dancer with a still beautiful body, Grusinskava. Having suggested both to Mr. Miller and Mr. Knobloch that Pavlova, if she had lived, might have played the part, I was interested to hear that in the stage directions of the German play she is specifically named as a kind of model for it."

"arrested," "retarded" and "advanced hearing."

But Mr. Engel reveals himself completely in "Why Do We Dance?" "Poet as Prophet," "Indecency in Music," "De Gustibus," "Music, Melodious and Odious," "Harking Back and Looking Forward" and "Jazz," which is "a more typical, a more comprehensive expression of the modern American spirit than all our coon-songs, our pseudo Indian wails, the regional songs of a hundred years ago, the tenth rate imitations of stale English ballads, the imperfect echoes of French impressionism." Not that he sympathizes with these "perpetrators of infernal din, who are giving a poor imitation of the admirable savage, with his highly perfected and astonishingly diversified art of sounding pulsatile instruments. The savage stands far above the clownish tricks of rubbing sandpaper, blowing shrieky sirens, or hitting at random a battery of gongs. The savage is immeasurably more cultured than the person who belabors a piano with his whole body and, thrumming two or three ill-assorted chords, frantically fumbled together in endless and stale repetition, tries to tell you that he is playing jazz. As a matter of fact, he is doing nothing of the kind. . . You cannot pass blindly over the unspeakable riffraff of our male and female balladists; the 'Smile' songs; 'Bubble' songs; 'Mother,' 'Mither,' and 'Mammy' songs; the sloppy 'Sweetheart' drivel; above all the unpardonable maltreatment of the classics by the multitude of amateurs—offerings infinitely worse than good jazz."

In "Music We Shall Never Hear" is a delightful picture of Frederick the Great playing the flute to Quantz's accompaniment, a translation of Menzel's picture into words. Mr. Engel wonders if King David used his little finger on the harp; he would gladly have heard St. Cecilia, who some say did not know one note from another, extemporizing on the organ; Cecilia, to whom painters gave "as much posthumous advertising as some of our living and constantly photographed organists attain only by the ruthless dissemination of their innumerable poses." And Mr. Engel remembers Krommer's more than 60 string quartets, songs Regnault sang, instrumental music that Napoleon tolerated. He lingers in the musical graveyard, with "its long tiers of urns, of table-tombs, of weeping angels, shaded by willow trees and yews." He stands there, but does not shed the tear of sensibility.

"Discords Mingled" is a book of wisdom and wit, to be placed on the shelf in company with Berlioz and the operagoer Chorley. And the shelf should be within easy reach.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Benefit concert by the Boston Fire Department Band, Inc. (140 musicians). F. Sordillo, conductor. Band music with organ. The proceeds will be given to the families of Firemen Corcoran, Carmody and Riley, who lost their lives while in the performance of duty.

MONDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor. Beethoven, Nature's Praise of God. Bach, Jesus, Joy of Man's Desiring. Parry, Jerusalem. D. Taylor, The Well Beloved (with tenor solo by Ernest Speth). Dvorak, Heart-Ache. Burleigh, Were You There? Brockway, Frog Went a-Courting. Duparc, Dreamwold. Gretchaninov, Nunc Dimittis. Henschel, Morning Hymn. Sullivan, Finale. Protheroe, Laudamus. Songs, Roy Patch, tenor: Gries, I Love Thee. Robinson, Water Boy. Manna-Zucca, I Love Life. Songs: Ralph Tailby, baritone: Korneman, When the King Went Forth to War. d'Hardelot, My Message. Leoncavallo, Mattinata. Earl Weidner, pianist. Leland Arnold, organist.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M. Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M. Repetition of Friday's Symphony concert, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. Last concert of the orchestra's 50th season.

April 27, 1931

BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT BAND

The Boston Fire Department band, Inc., organized less than a year ago at the initiative of Fire Commissioner Edward F. McLaughlin, and directed by Fortunato Sordillo, gave a concert last night at Symphony hall. The purpose of the concert was to assist the families of three firemen—George J. Corcoran, John J. Carmody, and Michael A. Riley—killed in the performance of duty since the band's incorporation. James A. Ecker assisted at the organ.

In a short but eloquent address, Mayor Curley congratulated the band and those who had sponsored it for their addition to the cultural life of the city. Commissioner McLaughlin spoke in high terms of Mayor Curley's successful efforts to improve the fireman's lot, and praised the able work of the band's director, Mr. Sordillo. Russell Codman, Jr., chairman of the board of governors, expressed the hope that Boston might eventually be able to pride itself on possessing one of the finest military bands. Cardinal O'Connell and many other notables were in the audience.

It was difficult to believe that this was a newly founded band, in existence less than a year and composed largely of men who had never previously played an instrument. Theirs was a performance full of gusto and vigor, with a commendable degree of accuracy and precision in ensemble. In general the music played was of the lusty, breezy type best exemplified by the marches of Sousa, but gentler sonorities and subtler tone colors were not beyond the powers of this new organization, as in the "Wayside Chapel" by Brockton.

Among the things that the listeners most enjoyed were Mr. Sordillo's own "Spirit of Youth" march, in the course of which the entire trombone section marched down to the front of the platform to add its tones more forcibly to the overwhelming climax; and the encore "There's a Long, Long Trail," in which one of the members of the band came forward and sang the famous war-time song so pleasantly that the audience insisted on a repetition. There was much applause. S. S.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Gun Smoke"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from an original story by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt; directed by Edward Sloman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Brad Farley	Richard Arlen
Sue Vancey	Mary Brian
Kedge Darvas	William Boyd
Stub-Wallack	Eugene Pallette
Tack Gillup	Charles Winninger
Hampsey Dell	Louise Fazenda
Spot Skee	Brooks Benedict
Muzzs Maranso	William Arnold
Mink Gordon	Carroll Nash
Jassy Quinn	Stanley Mack
Posey Meed	Guy Oliver
J. K. Horton	James Durkin
Strike Jackson	William V. Mong
Horton's daughter	Dawn O'Day
Chinese cook	Willie Fung

Being a gangster in the great open spaces is even less pleasant than in the big cities, according to "Gun Smoke," feature film at the Modern and Beacon theatres. This thoroughly entertaining, bloodthirsty and frequently exciting yarn undertakes to show what might happen if a bunch of big-time crooks and gunmen attempted to carry their pleasant little parlor tricks of shooting and terrorism into the cowboy realms. To the best of our knowledge, this is the first time that the screen has attempted to mingle the underworld and the western dramas, and while the results are not always up to the freshness of the idea, it is a novel and lively picture that results. There is much hard riding, beautiful rugged scenery and, to climax the story, a splendid free-for-all fight between William Boyd and Richard Arlen on the edge of a cliff.

Kedge Darvas and his gang are forced to leave town in a hurry owing

o the killing of an important competitor. They take up their abode at he town of Bunsen, a peaceable Idaho illage, and pretend to be gentlemen. Hospitably entertained by Sue Vancey, owner of a large ranch, they repay the kindness shown them in typical fashion. An aged prospector, Strike Jackon, finds gold on Sue's ranch. Promptly, Darvas shoots him dead, illis another law-abiding citizen who ries to interfere, and takes possession f the ranch-house, holding Sue and er housekeeper, Hampsey Dell, prisonrs. Tack Gillup, the foreman, whom hey have locked in the cellar, is assisted to escape by Sue's Chinese cook, nd he rides off to tell the news to the ocal broncho busters and cowboys. One f them, Brad Farley, Sue's sweetheart, akes command of the retaliation party.

Hearing that Darvas's gang has taken ssession of Bunsen and is terrorizing he citizens, Brad and his friends begin operations there, riding into town unnoticed in a load of hay. There is brief and bloody shooting affray, ending with the death or capture of the unmen. Kedge, meantime, learning of Tack's escape, kills the philosophic ook, and clears out, taking along Sue nd Hampsey as hostages. Unaccusomed to the hills, the city-bred men re soon bewildered and all comparatively easy prey to Bra and his men. The former throws Darvas over a cliff, er a violent struggle, and finds Sue ite ready to apologize for having ought him crude.

There was much good acting contributed to the picture, notably by Willn Boyd, Richard Arlen, Eugene Palte and Willie Fung. Mr. Boyd continues to prove himself a player of ce and authority; to whatever sort role he takes, he lends the illusion reality, and his well-trained voice a pleasure to hear. Richard Arlen, able and persuasive as always, makes excellent Brad. Mr. Pallette gives amusing characterization of the cowd, Stub Wallack, who finds the ngsters better shots than himself. Willie Fung deserves much praise for s Chinese cook, and Louise Fazenda less objectionable than usual. Mary ian makes a pretty if rather colorless e.

E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"he Road to Paradise"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from stage play by Dodson Mitchell entitled ornered"; directed by William Baudine and sented by First National with the following cast:

rgaret Waring	Loretta Young
ry Brennan	Loretta Young
orge Wells	Jack Mulhall
k	Raymond Hatton
ry "The Gent"	George Barraud
s Wells	Kathlyn Williams
sey	Fred Kelsey
dike	Purnell Pratt
nagan	Ben Hendricks, Jr.
la	Dot Farley
ewster	Winter Hall
onne	Georgette Rhodes

When Fred Kelsey appears on the reen as a garrulous, bone-headed poeman it is safe to assume that the companying picture will take on farcid or burlesque properties before it is ished. It is difficult to find the right signation for "The Road to Paradise," r it is a puzzling patchwork of crook elodrama, mind-reading, dual identis, very mild romance and a dash of bored comedy. Whatever Mr. Baudine, e director, had in mind when he rted the film, he must have become couraged half-way through, abanning the players to play it out according to their own inclinations in a far ore serious matter.

A girl who calls herself Mary Brenn is associated in various criminal enavors with two crooks, Jerry the ent," so-called because he wears good othes well, and Nick, of Apache type, o quick with a gun. Because of her iking resemblance to Margaret Warg, a rich girl who lives alone with r servants, Mary enters the Waring nsion and deceives the butler and the ench maid, even George Wells, Marret's friend from childhood. They cept her as Margaret. The efforts of rry and Nick to rob the wall safe ntaining priceless gems is frustrated the unexpected return of the real argaret, whom Nick promptly shoots. e men flee, but Mary, strangely atcted to the stricken Margaret, reains, nurses her, passes easily through ficial inquisition, and learns that she d Margaret are twins, separated years o when their parents were divorced. ch had a gold identifying locket, but ary, for some unexplained reason, ever had opened hers. Young Wells, eantime, had decided that he prerred Mary to Margaret, so that was at.

Miss Young, who generally finds it fficult to portray one role convincgly, here undertakes to play two parts, the aid of mirrors, contrasted coiffres and camera subterfuges. It is ther pitiful. The others utter the ane lines allotted them, walk through eposterous situations and all in all ince courage which must be conceded not applauded. And Mr. Kelsey? It rned out just as we suspected—he as a comedy cop, just as he used to be the days of silence and sanity.

W. E. G.

Sept. 1931

on "Die Wagnerdaemmerung." "The permanency of the master work remains secure. And Wagner, though receding into the background of time, still looms above his successors as a full-sized master. Wagner's personality, under the scalpel of the blographer, has suffered the disfigurement of a thoroughgoing autopsy. The post-mortem of the man's character reads like the report of a psychiatrist on a criminal or a degenerate." "Schoenberg Lunaire" shows the writer's critical acumen with his remarks of noise in music and

April 27, 1931

PARK

"Women Men Marry"

An all-talking screen drama, with the following cast:

Rose Bradley	Sally Blane
Tom Bradley	Randolph Scott
Frank	Kenneth Thompson
Dolly	Natalie Moorhead
John Graham	Crauford Kent
Pierre	James Aubrey

The moral of "Women Men Marry," current screen feature at the Park Theatre, seems to be that if you are young, newly married and unduly innocent, New York is a good place from which to stay away. Assuredly, the mix-up in which the central characters find themselves is enough to scare off any but the most hardy. There are shootings galore, gay parties, infidelity in such quantities that it ceases to become a novelty, and one of the most amazing happy endings on record. One is asked to believe that a man could fire first at the man he believes to be his wife's lover, and then at his wife herself—all at a range of about five feet—and miss them both. The explanation given was that he was a bad shot.

Tom Bradley and his pretty wife, Rose, come to live in New York, where the former has a job in the office of the wealthy middle-aged rounder, John Graham. Next door to their apartment live a warring couple, Frank and Dolly. The latter is a casual sort of person who flirts violently with an unexciting philanderer, Pierre, and persuades the innocent Rose to go to parties with her and pretend that she is unmarried. As luck will have it, Rose meets Graham who falls violently in love with her, only to discover, on extremely short notice—when Tom asks him home to dinner, to be exact—that she is already married. In all good faith, so he says, Graham had sent Rose a valuable bracelet watch. The affectionate card sent with it is unfortunately picked up by the detective sent by Dolly's jealous husband, Frank, to get evidence for divorce. Frank promptly shoots Graham, leaves him for dead, and comes home to administer similar treatment to the faithless Dolly. It so happens he had picked on the wrong man, Pierre being Dolly's lover, and to make things worse, Rose, who had come to Graham's house to return the bracelet, thought it was Tom who had done the shooting. As we said before, it turns out that no one was seriously hurt, and Tom and Rose sail to London with comfortable future prospects.

There was practically no semblance of logic in the film, but the players went through with their roles as though they believed in every word. Sally Blane made a pretty and quite unbelievable Rose, Natalie Moorhead a hard and strikingly handsome Dolly. Randolph Scott, Kenneth Thompson and Crauford Kent handled the men's roles as well as any one could ask.

E. L. H.

"THE TRUTH GAME"
By PHILIP HALE

Wilbur Theatre

First performance in Boston of "The Truth Game," a comedy in three acts and four scenes by Ivor Novello. Produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on October 5, 1928. Rosine, Lily Elsie; Max, Ivor Novello; Evelyn, Lillian Braithwaite; the Lady Joan, Viola Tree; Sir Joshua, Frederick Volpe. New York, Ethel Barrymore Theatre, Dec. 27, 1930: Rosine, Phoebe Foster; Max, Ivor Novello; Evelyn, Billie Burke; the Lady Joan, Viola Tree; Sir Joshua, A. G. Andrews. Presented by Lee Shubert; staged by G. Hamilton Gay; settings by Rollo Wayne. Produced in Boston by the Professional Players.

The cast last night was as follows:

Rosine Browne	Katherine Warren
Max Clement	Ivor Novello
Sir George Kelvin	Gerald McCarthy
Harris	Gwen Day Burroughs
Evelyn Brandon	Billie Burke
James Hubbard	Burton McEvilly
Atkins	Ethel Borden
The Lady Joan Culver	Viola Tree
Sir Joshua Grimshaw	A. G. Andrews
Lord Straffield	Forbes Dawson
Vera Crombie	Dorothie Bigelow

This is a light, a fluffy comedy that would be still more entertaining if there were less padding, and if the part of Evelyn Brandon were played more intelligently. Rosine Browne is an attractive young widow whose husband left her a handsome property which she will lose if she weds again. She likes what money can buy; she will not allow herself to think of happiness that comes from love. But one night she meets Max. He sees her home and woos her passionately on the doorstep of her house. She makes only a feeble resistance when he kisses her. This happens in the Mayfair of English comedies, a region in which, if dramatists and novelists are to be believed, conversation is a succession of epigrams, where high-born ladies disport themselves in an amazing manner, where gentlemen and bounders are welcomed in society.

There is method in Max's madness. He pursues her, appears unexpectedly as from a vampire trap or from an aeroplane. He deliberately plays the buffoon. He assures her that she will marry him. He is resourceful, untiring. And for two acts he is amusing, especially when, pretending to be a Frenchman he appears to her astonishment in Evelyn's country house. The dialogue is brisk, not too flippant. There are other characters who contribute to the gay tone. There is Evelyn who earns her living by recommending certain shops to her friends; a would-be matchmaker in hope of commissions. This character was misconceived by Miss Burke, whose giggling, nervous twisting, jumping up and down, excited chattering—much of it unintelligible—became tiresome before the fall of the last curtain. The role itself does not call for these mannerisms, nor should it be played in the ginger-pop manner.

Of course, Max finally wins Rosine; their life will not be one of poverty, thanks to a provision in Browne's will, which accounts for Max's masquerading, pursuit, and the final surrender of Evelyn. Though as a dramatist, Mr. Novello was hard put to give a plausible reason for the demanded happy ending. It may, also, be said that Mr. Novello is more fortunate in the invention of comedy—situations and dialogue—than when he writes in sentimental vein.

As a comedian, he was constantly entertaining in a light, graceful manner, not forcing the comic note; as a lover he was at ease, especially when he was confiding his passion to the cat in the first scene. The cat, by the way, should have been named in the cast, for she (or he), was a good listener, and to listen well is a gift not possessed by every actress or actor.

Miss Warren gave an excellent portrayal of Rosine; a lovable woman, ready to love, but unwilling to do without the material luxuries for which Max reproached her. Her self-examination was shrewdly conducted. Now annoyed, incensed by Max's persistence; now pleased, flattered, yet perplexed by his behavior; offended when he revealed the truth; then eager to forgive.

Miss Tree was amusing, and not only by her assumed awkwardness, her bluntness, her lack of polish, her eagerness to be married; her shocking taste in dress. She was humorous in her reading of her lines; giving them point when delivered by another they might have fallen flat. If one should say the role is a caricature, it might also be said in praise of Miss Tree that she turned caricature into a portrayal of a not impossible woman. The other members of the company contributed to the smoothness and the spirit of the performance. The play itself might well be shortened to its advantage. The audience was greatly entertained during the greater part of the performance. The last act in which Miss Burke brought the Lady Joan and son Joshua together dragged.

COPLEY

"Compromising Anne"

"Compromising Anne," a farce comedy in three acts and five scenes by Anthony Armstrong; presented by the Copley Players for the first time in America at the Copley Theatre last evening with the following cast:

Peter Winthrop	Robert Henderson
June Winthrop	Carolyn Humphreys
Anne Constantine	Barbara Hastings
Derek Massingham	Richard Whorf
Ruby Gimble	Gyna Davis
Sir Julius Constantine, K.C.	Mark Kent

Getting Anne compromised was not as simple as it sounds. Anne herself, a very decided young woman, thought it would be rather amusing to be compromised in order to show Derek how easily a clever young woman could get herself into a position to be remedied only by an engagement. Derek, you see, was a very shy youth who talked continually about his principles and doing the decent thing. He fell victim to an apparently innocent village maiden who disconnected the switch of his car when they were out riding, so that they never reached home until half past eight in the morning. The girl's mother forced Derek into an engagement, which left Anne, whom Derek really loved, to make the best of a bad bargain. Her problem, therefore, was to show up the designing damsel and at the same time force Derek to compromise her and marry her. It may seem a desperate manner of showing affection, but that's how it all started.

Opportunity knocked loudly at Anne's door when she was invited to spend the night with Peter and June Winthrop, a young couple passing the week-end in a seaside cottage boasting only one bedroom and a camp bed. Unbeknownst to Peter, June managed, quite accidentally, to invite Anne Constantine and Derek Massingham to spend the same night. It was raining hard, and there was only one car, which happened to belong to Derek. With that out of commission, there was nothing for it but to make shift with the very limited facilities. Ann and June pretended to quarrel and refused to sleep together, leaving Derek and Anne to make the best of the living room, which contained one bed and a mattress. It was a wild night, followed by an even wilder morning, when Sir Julian Constantine turned up to fetch Anne and demanded to know what was happening. In desperation, after all sorts of futile explanations, Derek picks up Anne and carries her off, declaring very sensibly that he should have done so long before.

This comedy of errors and absurd complications, presented at the Copley Theatre, last evening, for the first time in America, is the work of Anthony Armstrong, one of the best known contributors to "Punch." It bears but little trace of his usually subtle and distinctly English humor. The comedy is very broad, inclining in places to the slapstick, and the last act seems to have been added chiefly for the purpose of giving some actor the chance to draw a burlesque portrait of a pompous K. C. For the most part, the acting was in key with the play and met with the heartiest approval from a well pleased audience. Robert Henderson and Carol Humphreys were likable and attractive as the young married couple who found the weather getting on their nerves. Barbara Hastings, a poised and handsome young woman, made so pleasing a figure as Anne, that the frantic side-steppings of Derek—Richard Whorf pitched the part continually on a note of bewilderment and comic dismay—were hard to understand. Mark Kent, as the irascible Sir Julius, shouted and bullied in the authoritative manner called for by his lines. The single setting was suitable and pleasing.

E. L. H.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The sixth and last concert of the Monday concert series of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place last evening. Dr. Koussevitzky had finally settled upon the following program, one which evidently pleased his audience well: J. S. Bach, Suite for Orchestra, No. 3, in D major (in place of the originally promised "Ballett Borodine," for orchestra and chorus, by N. Tcherepnin); Lambert, "The Rio Grande," for chorus, orchestra, and solo pianoforte (poem by Sacheverell Sitwell); Brahms, Symphony No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68. The chorus of the Cecilia Society, trained by Arthur Fiedler, assisted in the performance of Constant Lambert's work, whose pianoforte part was played by Jesus Maria Sanroma.

The Bach suite, one of those performed at the recent Bach festival, is among the most delightful of the composer's orchestral works. Not only for the beautiful and justly familiar air—often played by violinists as a solo transcribed or the G string—is the suite memorial; it has spontaneity, a melodic charm of the highest order, a complete freedom from the mechanical repetition of conventional formulas in which Bach was accustomed to take refuge when ideas were lacking. The prelude with which it opened, the gigue with which it closed, were full of living and varied beauty.

Constant Lambert's setting for chorus and orchestra of a poem by Sacheverell Sitwell—member of a well-known family of English modernist poets—was first introduced to symphony audiences during the past week-end. Last night it again created a vivid impression by the boldness and brilliance of its orchestration, the skill with which it illustrated the changing moods of the poem and pictured the scenes there described. The almost hysterical irregularity and violence of its rhythms and the percussive brilliance of the long and difficult interludes for piano solo — superlatively played by Mr. Sanroma—seemed to owe as much to jazz as to the dances of Brazil and the tones of the marimba, yet there were suggestions of blazing sunlight and color and movement, hints of more typically Latin-American dance-rhythm and melodic idiom, the langorous closing measures of the contralto—traits that belonged authentically to the setting and gave the music its claim to be regarded as not solely a riotous tour-de-force of technique.

An excellent performance of Brahms's C minor symphony closed the concert (and the series). Dr. Koussevitzky's readings of Brahms seem constantly to gain in measure and balance, while they lose nothing in dramatic and emotional force. There are now fewer exaggerated extremes of tempo. The introduction to the first movement had last night no excessive breadth, neither was the exquisite andante transformed into a slow adagio. Yet there was no lack of majesty and exaltation in the one, nor of repose and calm loveliness in the

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other. The flowing grace of the allegretto, the overwhelming jubilation of the final pages of the last movement were alike to be remembered.

Enthusiastic applause wa accorded to the players and singers of the evening and to Dr. Koussevitzky. S. S.

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT

COPLEY—"Compromising Anne," farce; 8:20.

WILBUR—"The Truth Game," comedy, with Ivor Novello and Billie Burke; 8:30.

NOTE—The Colonial, Majestic, Plymouth, Shubert, Tremont and Lyric Theatres are dark.

June 29 1931

SYMPHONY HALL

"An Evening with Seth Parker"

Why was Symphony hall, a spacious auditorium, crowded to the walls last evening, with scarcely a vacant seat visible? Not in response to the call of a nationally famous symphonic choirm of some golden-voiced tenor or soprano, or of some glittering spectacle. None of these could have attracted an audience of this particular type and temperament. Here were men and women, hundreds on hundreds of them, who perhaps do not see the inside of a concert hall or a theatre twice or even once a year, drawn by one common eagerness, to behold in the flesh a half-score of radio singers and players who for countless Sunday evenings have brought over the wires a comforting hymn or message or anecdote; who quietly and artlessly have founded and developed a new religious form, without specific dogma, without criticism implied or expressed of any other form of religion. Just a homely, genuine "sitting-room githering" of a Sunday evening in a little home in Jonesport, Me., domicile of Seth and Ma Parker, conceived solely for common weal, and open to all creeds, with stress on none.

A month ago Phillips H. Lord, who created the radio character of Seth Parker, with the aid of Raymond Hunter as Capt. Bang and of Polly Robertson as accompanist, delighted a large audience in this same Symphony hall. Last evening he returned, bringing all those neighbors familiar and dear to radio listeners: Ma Parker, played by Effie Palmer; Lizzie, by Mrs. Lord; Cefus, by Bennett Kilpack; Laith, by Justin Laurle, the Captain again; John, by Norman Price; Jane, by Mary Merker; Mrs. Hooper, by Gertrude Foster, and Miss Robertson. As before, the stage was set with a fireplace in the centre, but this time with windows at its right and left. There was a table with a lamp, to be lowered for more intimate or sentimental moments. There were chairs for all, and the melodeon, on which Ma Parker must sound the note, play the rugged or tender hymns. An intermission split the entertainment, which ran its placid course, to the warming encouragement of laughter, of applause and, as when Seth related that pathetic story of the lad who never got to the "father and son" banquet, of an unmistakable fluttering of the breath which must have been sobs, from those who were reminded of loss of some "junior" of their own.

There is nothing of the professional polish to an evening with Seth Parker. Such make-up as is enlisted in obviously crude. The stage management is as inept as that in any town hall when the folks put on a show. The costumes are plain. Lizzie, in vivid green, with white stockings and high black shoes and hair bound tightly, sits primly erect, recites the books of the Bible in 16 seconds, scolds poor Cefus, he of the gaping mouth and guttural speech. Old Mrs. Hooper, in regal purple, rocks incessantly. The captain, in his blue suit with a bit of gold braid on it, blesses his rudder and sings a rich baritone. John and Jane hold hands, sing solos or duets, join in the choruses. Ma Parker, in matronly black, beams and caresses the keys of the melodeon. And Seth, having the time of his benevolent life, leads the choristers, twangs on his beloved guitar and mouth organ, reads amusing items from the Jonesport Star, helps Cefus in his brave effort to recite "Abou Ben Adem"; in short serves as a pastoral master of ceremonies.

Simple stuff, this, but somehow it reaches the hearts of these listeners, evoking honest emotions which no end of fist-pounding sermons could conjure forth. Somehow, too, it suggests what has been lacking in the theatre these many years, in which sophistication and sex and sinister texts have been fed to surfeited playgoers. If last evening's audience hungered for such unaffected entertainment as Seth Parker and his neighbors could bring them, how many thousands would welcome a restoration to the stage of such humble, honest offerings as "The Old Homestead," or "Shore Acres," or "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," or "Sag Harbor," or others of like simplicity and verity?

W. E. G.

APOLLO CLUB

At Jordan hall, last evening, the Apollo Club gave the fourth and last concert of its 60th season—the 290th concert since the foundation of this singing club. Thompson Stone conducted and the assisting soloists were Roy Patch and Ernest Speth, tenors, and Ralph Tailby, baritone. Earl Weidner, pianist, and Leland Arnold, organist, provided the instrumental accompaniments to the work of chorus and soloists. The program was as follows:

The chorus—Nature's Praise of God (Beethoven); Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring (Bach); Jerusalem (C. Hubert H. Parry); The Well-Belover, with tenor solo by Mr. Speth (Deems Taylor); Heart-ache (Dvorak).

Roy Patch—I Love Thee (Grieg); Water Boy (Robinson); I Love Life (Manna-Zucca).

The chorus—Were You There (Burleigh); Frog Went a-Courting (Brockway); Dreamworld (Duparc; Nunc Dimittis (Gretchaninot); Morning Hymn (Henschel).

Ralph Tailby—When the King Went Forth to War (Koeneman); My Message (d'Hardelot); Mattinata (Leoncavallo).

The chorus — Finale (Sullivan); Laudamus (Protheroe).

An atmosphere of equal enjoyment on both sides of the hypothetical footlights, musical standards neither so high as to be inaccessible to the happy Philistine nor so low as to cause intolerable things that characterize the work of the Apollo Club. This body of hearty and dignified gentlemen sings with a spirit and a precision that many another chorus might envy, and with an eager and intelligent readiness of response to its conductor's directions. It contains many excellent voices, both high and low. Last night these singers gave pleasure to their hearers and did justice to the occasion in music of several kinds. There was majesty and dramatic force in their singing of Beethoven's Nature's Praise of God and a fine fervor of religious exaltation in their performance of the final Laudamus (a Welsh hymn arranged by Protheroe) that contrasted markedly with the extreme delicacy with which they sang Bach's chorale Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring and the jovial, rollicking humor of the Kentucky folk song (found and cleverly arranged by Howard Brockway) Frog Went a'Courting. The beautiful Armenian folk song The Well-Beloved—to which Mr. Speth contributed a mellifluous and well-controlled tenor—aSlavic folk song by Dvorak also exhibited the admirable qualities of the chorus in music pleasing to hear. Duparc's Invitation au Voyage was not, however, heard to best advantage in choral guise (under the title Ddeamworld) despite the best efforts of the singers.

Mr. Patch's charming light tenor voice and the ringing and beautiful baritone of Mr. Tailby were heard and warmly applauded in two groups of songs. There were encores for both soloists, for the chorus, which repeated several of its song, and for its conductors. S. S.

"S. S." (Stephen Somerville) in his review of the Apollo Club concert published in The Herald last Wednesday morning was made to say "nor so low as to cause intolerable things that characterize the work of the Apollo Club."

What "S. S." wrote was as follows: "nor so low as to cause intolerable discomfort to any highbrow who may wander in. These are some of the things that characterize the work of the Apollo Club."

And so the dropping of a few lines in the "making-up" in the composing-room turned the critic's blessing into a curse.

may 1 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Tarnished Lady"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Donald Ogden Stewart from his own story; directed by George Cukor, photographed by Larry Williams and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Nancy Courtney.....Tallulah Bankhead
Norman Cravath.....Clive Brook
Germaine Prentiss.....Phoebe Foster
DeWitt Taylor.....Alexander Kirkland
Ben Sterner.....Osgood Perkins
Mrs. Courtney.....Elizabeth Patterson

The majority of those who go to "Tarnished Lady," current screen feature at the Metropolitan Theatre, probably will go to see the screen debut of Paramount's latest star, Tallulah Bankhead, the American girl who has been for the past few years one of the most popular actresses on the London stage. All those who go for this purpose will not be disappointed. Tallulah proves herself an attractive, capable and interesting player, possessed of that illusive quality which makes one reluctant to look away so long as she is before the camera. She is not strictly pretty all the time, but on occasion she can be almost beautiful, and without question, she has real dramatic ability. It is hard not to feel, however, that all these assets are sacrificed in an illogical and meandering story, which, although credited to Donald Ogden Stewart, bears little resemblance to his better known works. The situations are unvaryingly emotional, usually tearful, and we found it hard to stifle the suspicion that Paramount was trying to make Tallulah into a second Ruth Chatterton. This would be unfair to Tallulah and unwise on the part of the studio: the two actresses are not alike and should not be forced arbitrarily into the same mould.

Nancy Courtney, spoiled and formerly wealthy society girl, marries the rich Norman Cravath in order to pay her bills and keep her mother in comfort. None the less, she loves an aspiring young writer, DeWitt Taylor, and once her mother is provided for, through the bequest of a wealthy relative, she leaves Norman to go to DeWitt. She chooses a bad time: Norman has just sustained heavy losses on the stock market and believes that she is deliberately deserting him when he is in trouble. To add to this, Nancy finds, on going to DeWitt, that he is heavily involved with Germaine Prentiss, a rich and handsome young woman, who had been in love with Norman. Despite the fact that she is carrying Norman's child, Nancy refuses to ask his help and borrows money from Ben Sterner, a miraculously understanding friend, and later takes a job in his big department store. Believing that Germaine is trying to marry Norman and realizing now that she really loves him, Nancy finally pockets her pride, goes to him and asks to be taken back. The story ends with a happy and united family.

A notable cast was assembled for the picture. Clive Brook, more pliable and earnest than usual, does an excellent job with Norman, though the author helped him but little with indications of the man's character. Alexander Kirkland, in the ungrateful role of DeWitt, photographs well and presents an attractive appearance. As yet, however, he is totally unused to the camera. Osgood Perkins, as the innocent and helpful bystander, Sterner, is excellent: quiet, natural, clear of speech and showing an aptitude for characterization that one would expect from a player of his reputation in the theatre. Phoebe Foster is beautiful and a bit stiff as the disappointed Germaine, and Elizabeth Patterson caricatures the impossible Mrs. Courtney. E. L. H.

may 2 1931

CRUISE OF THE LIVELY LADY

When the Men of Arundel Helped to Humble Great Britain on the Sea

THE LIVELY LADY; A Chronicle of Certain Men of Arundel in Maine, of Privateering During the War of Impressments, and of the Circular Prison on Dartmoor, by Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. 376 pp. $2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

No one should be deterred from reading this lively story by glancing at the formidable list of "authorities" published at the end of the book. Who listening to Nason relating his adventures, his romance, his hardships, would interrupt him by asking: "Is that possible?" or by exclaiming, "No, I can't believe that." A good many years ago the novels of Louisa Muhlbach, in which the court life at Berlin under the reign of Frederick the Great was portrayed, were widely read. She was a stickler for accuracy. In one of her stories this line, "The King was playing on his flute," was accompanied by a footnote: "This is a historical fact." Mr. Roberts's description of that English hell, Dartmoor prison, is not enhanced by references to a dozen authors from Abell to Waterhouse. Who would take the trouble to doubt and question? If the attitude of New Englanders, coast dwellers, merchants, seamen, toward the embargo and the war of 1812 was not as Mr. Roberts describes it, the reader accepts the description gladly and swears it must be true. He does not ask for corroboration.

When "The Lively Lady" first appeared as a serial, each instalment from the opening chapter in which Nason with his small white dog, having come ashore from the Neutrality, took the road from Portland to Arundel, was eagerly anticipated. Jeddy walked with Nason, who knew that Jeddy had been drinking from the way he placed his hand against his lips; "for although this attitude gave him an air of thoughtfulness, I could see that it was adopted to divert the smell of liquor from my nose." No one will complain of Nason's side remarks or of Mr. Roberts's love of detail. It is pleasant to know that mariners from Halifax, looking for loads of potatoes for the British armies would play piquet. The scene of Nason's first meeting with the green-clad lady—their talk—her exasperating brute of a husband, Sir Arthur, his surprise at hearing that Talleyrand had stopped in Arundel at an inn and was so taken with the chocolate custards that Nason's Aunt Cynthia was obliged to tell him how to make them—how Nason's father taught Louis Philippe to shoot partridges out of a tree, one by one, without frightening the others away—how there was daily cursing of Thomas Jefferson, who would never have believed that all people are equal, "if he had spent less time examining the manners and customs of vegetables and more time on a deep-water brig"—who, having read these breezy opening pages, could put the book aside?

Is Sir Arthur a too melodramatic figure? Who would have him otherwise? Nason's mother said to Jeddy: "Just because you set out to be a mariner, don't forget the manner of speech of those who cannot understand sea terms." Mr. Roberts heeds this advice. When he puts Nason on his ship; when he is impressed and is on the captor's vessel; in all his adventures by sea, there is no annoying insistence on maritime technic, no attempt to show how familiar the author is with the practices of those who go down to the sea in ships; how well versed he is in the speech of those in cabin and fo'castle.

There are gallant deeds; there is good fighting; there are thrilling escapes; there is such vivid portraiture that men and women are seen in flesh and blood, as personally known to the reader. There is the gigantic Negro at Dartmoor. "His face was a soft, sooty black, like the black on the bottom of a kettle, and his head seemed to me to be too small for his enormous body, rather like a melon balanced on the top of an upended long gun. Yet his mouth and eyes made up in size for the smallness of his head; for his mouth stretched all the way across his face, as though it had been slashed with a knife; while his eyes, possibly because of their whiteness against the sooty black of his skin, had the appearance of china door-knobs set on swivels." The reader not only sees him; he hears him asking in "a plaintive, light voice," "Wha's goin' on heah? Who stirred up all 'is whuppus?" And so it is with the cruel, tyrannical Shortland; the gentlest of all dare-devils, Captain Boyle of Baltimore; Jeddy, who was once a schoolmaster; nor is Pinky merely an imaginary dog. The reader himself is in the foul prison; he suffers; is choked by the awful stench.

As Mr. Roberts in "Arundel" told the story of Arnold's leading an expedition against Quebec in the days of the revolution, so in "The Lively Lady" the reader lives in the years of American privateering, dissension at home, horrors of a British prison. When King Dick, the huge Negro, remarked as he smiled: "'Ey's close to 'leven hund'ed men in 'is Number Foh prison, an' room foh 'bout th'ee hund'ed; so you do like Ah tell you, else you won't fin' no place to hang yo' hammicks, not a-tall. Ah' King in 'is Number Foh, an' Ah like good white folks; but bad white folks Ah takes an' bends 'eir jaws roun' int eahs!" Mr. Roberts in one of his incarnations must have heard him.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The 24th and last Friday afternoon concert of the 50th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, took place yesterday in Symphony hall. The program

as as follows: Wagner, Prelude to The Mastersingers of Nuremburg"; Debussy, Prelude to Mallarme's "Afternoon f a Faun"; Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's "Merry Pranks"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C Minor.

The concert will be repeated tonight. he 51st season, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, will open on Oct. 9.

There is little to be said of the works hosen for this concert; little that ould be pertinent, for Dr. Koussevitz-, unlike some other conductors, does t pride himself on discovering or inting "hidden" pasages of beauty or andeur that have escaped the notice even illustrious predecessors. It is ough for him to give admirable permances of works as they exist; not as ls or that conductor thinks they ould have been written, and is eager supply the deficiencies, the overhts, the carelessness of the composer. . Koussevitzky, having poetic and amatic imagination, also that indeable quality which for lack of a betword is called "magnetism," interts a symphony, suite, symphonic em, with due respect for the composs text. He supplies what the composer ld not indicate: the vivifying spirit. sic does not exist until it is permed. There are the notes, but they e no significance until the conductor s in them so many aids in the rcling the composer's spiritual, dratic, noble, lyrical or passionately senus thoughts as they found musical ression.

t is enough to say of the performance terday that it was of the finest tuoso order in which there was full stic appreciation of the different lities that have given each composi- its commanding place in the literae of music. The audience was ensiastic. It rose in greeting Dr. Koustzky; it saw with unfeigned regret end of the season; it rejoiced in announcement that the conductor ld again direct the superb, incomable orchestra of brilliant musicians; orchestra that he has formed and ped.

t is customary to say a few words ut a season brought to an end. The was of an anniversary nature; conuous also for the Bach Festival. sicians of European countries and he United States were invited to ene the importance of the anniversary their contribution of compositions. iece d'occasion is too often only an ression of good will and honorable ention. Of all the more important tributions to the 50th anniversary ssel's Symphony and Stravinsky's phonie de Psaumes were easily the in rank. It seemed as if Prokohad taken his task too easily, hurly. His symphony was not worthy him. The conductor and the audi- had a right to expect from Rehi something better than his "Metaphoseon"; a theme and variations which variegated instrumentation hed a poorly-nourished body. These the two conspicuous failures to the opportunity.

here has been some ill-considered about the undue prominence given he works of the radical left wing; it the neglect of composers classed rthodox. Bach was represented by ompositions at the regular concerts the season; Beethoven by seven; ms by five; Mozart, Strauss, Wag- each by four; Haydn by three; mann by three; Debussy, Handel, fler, Ravel, Schubert, Sibelius, aikovsky, each by two.

is true that there were a few works unfamiliar composers that were as abomination of desolation; Lourie's nate Liturgique" for example; but okov's "Symphonie Lyrique" was wholly negligible; Kremek's "Little phony" was pleasing, as were Pickngiagalli's transcriptions of Bach; ti's pretty suite, while Lambert's o Grande" was stormily applauded. or were Americans neglected, shab- treated. Griffes, Hadley, Hanson, , Loeffler, McKinley, Steinert.

t was a graceful act to invite Sir rge Henschel to conduct the first cert. Mr. Arbos is always a welne visitor. Mr. Hadley showed routine ity as a conductor and had the asure of presenting two of his own ks. Mr. Burgin gave an engross- highly dramatic interpretation of elius's first symphony.

The list of soloists included two who de their first appearance in Boston; ely not their last if the pleasure of audience has any weight with m: Mr. Milstein, the violinist; Mr. tigorsky, the violoncellist. Among pianists were Messrs. Gieseking and owitz; and although Mr. Sanroma not billed as a soloist, his playing piano part of Stravinsky's Capriccio l of Lambert's "Rio Grande" was a rked feature of the season.

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT

PLEY—"Compromising Anne," farce;

ILBUR—"The Truth Game," comedy, Ivor Novello and Billie Burke; 8:30.

OTE—The Colonial, Majestic, Plymouth, bert, Tremont and Lyric theatres are

CRUEL AND UNUSUAL

By PHILIP HALE

A woman in Evanston, Ill., accused her husband of becoming angry when she suggested—perhaps ordered—him to eat the spinach that she had prepared for him with her own presumably lily-white hands. He waxed so angry that she, fearing for her life, summoned the police. The husband was locked up. When he came into court, the magistrate said to him: "If you will promise to be agreeable to your wife and eat your spinach like a man in the future, I'll let you go free."

It may be reasonably inferred that this magistrate likes spinach. The question arises: will the wife have mercy on her husband, or will she carry out the cruel and unusual punishment until death doth them part?

One may also ask why this prejudice against spinach, as against a passionately red necktie; against Congress gaiters? Even children with a wolfish appetite cry out against the plant, no matter how it is prepared and served. The leaves of the plant were not long in use in England as a vegetable before 1568. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote that spinage—for so he spelled the word—was emollient but not very nourishing; Dr. Saimon before him said it was used in salads and helps inflammation of the stomach. (The French, fond of it, call it the broom of that organ.) According to the Ingoldsby Legends, St. Dunstan ate poached eggs with spinach and toast, and thrived on them.

On Easter Sunday, April 11, 1773, Boswell dined with Dr. Johnson in "the dusky recess" of a court in Fleet street. He was curious, supposing he would scarcely have knives and forks and only some "strange, uncouth, ill-drest dish; . . . but the fact was that we had a very good soup, a boiled leg of lamb and spinach, a veal pie, and a rice pudding." (And there are persons who cannot endure rice pudding even when it is thick with raisins.) As we have said, the French are fond of spinach, which has been described by herbalists as a "Chenopodiaceous polygamous annual." Rabelais tells us that the Gastrolaters offered spinach to their ventripotent god. In Rabelais's time, little pies of spinach, or balls of spinach, were sold in Paris, especially to students, and in the 17th century spinach tarts were recommended by Lavarenne, master of the kitchen in the household of the Marquis d'Uxelles.

The word is found in English slang, to denote straggling, unsightly whiskerage; in French slang for a poultice; also for a thing that is not here quotable; but the French slang derived from the manner in which spinach is prepared, with the surface carefully smoothed. No, to many, spinach, whether it be a soup, or served as a vegetable, is not to be endured. No healthy, normal child bawls for it. And yet in "David Copperfield," we are told that the world is "gammon and spinach." Gammon, yes; but not in the sense that Dickens's character used it.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Secret Six"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Frances Marion from her own story; directed by George Hill, photographed by Harold Wenstrom and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Scorpio	Wallace Beery
Newton	Lewis Stone
Hank	John Mack Brown
Anne	Jean Harlow
Peaches	Marjorie Rambeau
Mizoski the Gouger	Paul Hurst
Carl	Clark Gable
Johnny Franks	Ralph Bellamy
Colimo	John Miljan
Donlin	De Witt Jennings
Metz	Murray Kinnell
Delano	Fletcher Norton
Eddie	Louis Natheaux
Judge	Frank McGlynn
District attorney	Theodore von Eltz

George Hill, director, and Frances Marion, adapter, are in real life man and wife. In their interlocking relationship in the studios they come near to controlling the entire construction of a picture. In "The Secret Six" they indicate emphatically what two talented specialists can accomplish with a mixture of old and new material. For "The Secret Six," a big, vital picture in itself, is under analysis a shrewd dovetailing of ideas suggestive of "The Big House," "The Front Page," and "Little Caesar." There is no open plagiarism, just incidental bits which set the mind off to recollections of this or that preceding photoplay, each in itself good. Two factors stand out—"The Secret Six" boasts a fool-proof cast, and its camera picks up views of more elaborate and more varied interiors than we have ever seen grouped under one title.

Scorpio, well nick-named "Slaughter-House," was earning $35 a week killing steers when Johnny Franks persuaded him to join in a hi-jacking [illegible] That first excursion was not successful but it served as a stepping stone for Scorpio, a cowardly, treacherous, ignorant lout, with a vast self-esteem and a coarse sense of humor. He shot his victims in the back; first Franks, who had tried to betray him, and finally Newton, the attorney who supplied the brains for the gang, obtained releases and acquittals for his careless associates, even gained Scorpio's freedom from a murder charge. Scorpio, of course, went too far. He had Mizoski the Gouger elected mayor of Centro, committed one too many offences against law and order, and ultimately fell into the net spread by the Secret Six, a group of unidentified men of absolute probity, courage and authority, representing the combined power of federal, state and county governments. Scorpio and his crew went to the chair, as most movie gangsters, do.

"The Secret Six" is surcharged with action, suspense, climax. It shows a million-dollar distilling and bottling plant in systematic operation; its night clubs and gangster retreats are the latest word in ornateness and luxury; its prisons reflect ultra-modernity. Its gun fights are sharply staged, its briberies and other corruptions are largely scaled. Of like distinction is the acting, with Mr. Stone and Mr. Beery in staccato contrast as to physical aspect and mental processes, and both splendid. Miss Rambeau is vividly real as Peaches, discarded by the ambitious Scorpio, hysterically happy when she delivers him to the police. Jean Harlow still defies cataloguing, in a part exacting belated honesty of sentiment from a girl who has accepted easy living without conscientious scruples. Mr. Gable and Mr. Brown are passable as a pair of friendly reporters, the first as an under-cover man for the Secret Six, the other as a victim of his lone efforts to bring about Scorpio's destruction. All the other roles are well played. And through it all, one and one half hours in fact, runs the practiced hand of the director, sure of his procedure, sure of his players, and fairly sure of his audience.

W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Born to Love"

An all-talking screen drama based on an original screen drama by Ernest Pascal; directed by Paul L. Stein and presented by RKO-Pathe Productions with the following cast:

Doris Kendall	Constance Bennett
Barry Craig	Joel McCrea
Sir Wilfred Drake	Paul Cavanagh
Lord Ponsonby	Frederick Kerr
Leslie Darrow	Anthony Bushell
Lady Agatha	Louise Closser Hale
Major-General	Claude King
Duchess	Mary Forbes
Evelyn Kent	Elizabeth Forrester
Tom Kent	Edmond Breon
Foppish Gentleman	Reginald Sharland
Tibbetts	Daisy Belmore
Head Nurse	Martha Mattox
Butler	Fred Esmelton

Constance Bennett is suffering again, suffering almost as hard as Ruth Chatterton, and in "Born to Love," current feature at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, she has a truly terrible time. She loves one man, loses him, marries another, has a baby and loses him—first by process of the law and then by death—and finishes her trials and tribulations in the arms of her first lover. At times one suspects that the author may have had some grudge against her, for it is hard to remember such a chapter of misfortunes since the legend of Niobe. Lady Isabel in "East Lynne" had a comparatively easy time compared to Doris Kendall.

The production is one that reflects great credit on the cameramen and the scene designers, who have contributed a plausible and interesting impression of London in war time, of the atmosphere in a big English hospital, of the hysterical Armistice day crowds and of a pleasant English country estate. One hears the bands playing the gallant strains of "Tipperary," varied by "Till We Meet Again" and other familiar war songs. Buses go by with posters advertising "Chu Chin Chow," and every last detail is correct down to the squeaky whistle blown by the guard just as the troop train is about to start for Dover. It does look English, and such dyed-in-the-wool Britishers as Frederick Kerr, Paul Cavanagh and Anthony Bushell help the illusion considerably.

Doris Kendall, an American girl nursing in a big English hospital, meets Barry Craig, also American, on his week's leave in London. She refuses to marry him until the war is over, on the ground that as his wife she would not be allowed to remain in the war zone. They have a few days together, then Barry returns to the front and soon afterward is reported killed. To make things worse, Doris discovers that she is to have a child, and in despair, she accepts the more than generous offer of Sir Wilfred Drake, an English officer whom she had nursed. Desperately in love with her, he begs her to marry him and promises that her baby shall be his heir and bear his name. They have a year of contentment, then Barry reappears, as though from the dead. Doris pays him the briefest of visits and is promptly ejected

by her husband, who keeps the child. Three years later, Sir Wilfred invites her to come home and see her son, but when she arrives he has just died. In the end, Barry finds her once more; presumably they are married and live happily ever afterward.

Constance Bennett looks beautiful and often appealing, but her suffering is so obvious as to be unbelievable. She appears to have forgotten that the screen exaggerates every gesture, and she repeats her anguished expressions an excessive number of times. Paul Cavanagh, badly handicapped by the totally unmotivated degeneration of Sir Wilfred's character two-thirds of the way through the film, gave an intelligent, adult performance, far better than the stodgy, uninteresting work contributed by Joel McCrea. Frederick Kerr offered another of his grouchy English baronets, and Anthony Bushell was excellent in a minor role.

E. L. H.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Hell-Bound"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Julian Josephson from the story entitled "Platinum," by Edward Dean Sullivan and Adele Comandini; directed by Walter Lang and presented by Cruse-Tiffany with the following cast:

Nick Cortelli ..... Len Carillo
Platinum Reed ..... Lola Lane
Dr. Sandford ..... Lloyd Hughes
Dorgan ..... Ralph Ince
Rosie ..... Gertrude Astor
Gilbert ..... Richard Tucker
Gaspipe ..... Harry Strang
Omaha ..... Marty Faust
Ham ..... Babe Lawrence
Ganford's Sister ..... Helen Chadwick
Bat ..... Jack Gray

It is a rare week that does not bring another story of one of the master minds of gangland. "Hell-Bound," an entertaining if more than slightly incredible affair, is now showing at the Uptown and Olympia theatres. In the leading role is Leo Carillo, formerly a popular player of good-natured Italians who invariably spoke broken English and waxed sentimental on no provocation at all. He is still playing an Italian, he speaks broken English as fluently as ever, and he still waxes sentimental. There, however, the resemblance to his former roles ends abruptly, for this Italian is a cruel, merciless gangster, masking his nefarious activities under the guise of an elaborate night club, and quite as willing to kill off an undesirable rival as to buy an armful of flowers for a sick girl. The story in which he acts is simply told and does not bear too close inspection, but unquestionably it holds the interest.

Nick Cortelli, head of a powerful gang, takes into his home a strange girl whom he believes to be a notorious woman killer. She turns out to be a stranded musical comedy actress, Platinum Reed, suffering from a bad case of pneumonia. Nick has Robert Sandford, a young doctor in a nearby sanatorium, kidnapped to take care of her, and not unnaturally the two young people fall in love, while Nick himself is strongly attracted by Platinum's straightforwardness and honest simplicity. Platinum recovers, and finding that she really wants to work, Nick gives her a job singing in his night club. Dorgan, Nick's rival and deadly enemy, sees a chance to get back at him by having Platinum killed at the club. The plan is thwarted, owing to Sandford's sharp eyes, but Nick decides to kill Dorgan himself. His well-planned alibi is destroyed by a perfectly innocent remark of Platinum's. Discovering too late what harm she has done her benefactor, Platinum marries him, because, as his wife, she will not be called on to testify at his trial.

Dorgan's gang, however, has another trick to play. While Nick is passing a few moments with Platinum at the Sandfords' house in the country, one of them calls him on the telephone to inform him that he has been tracked, and if he doesn't come out, they will attack the house and kill Platinum as well as himself. To save her and to make a good finish, Nick agrees to come if they will let him get a block away from the house before firing. He tells Sandford to take care of Platinum and leaves. Presently there comes a sound as of the exhaust from a motor boat. Sandford suggests to Platinum that they start a new game of chess, and the picture ends. Mr. Carillo, too gentle and kindly for his role, does a plausible job, none the less, and dies much regretted. Miss Lane is an attractive Platinum, neither too sophisticated nor too innocent. In supporting gangster roles there are a number of convincingly tough actors.

E. L. H.

May 3 1931

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

"Our American Music: Three Hundred Years of It" by John Tasker Howard. Thomas J. Crowell Company, Publishers, New York. 713 large octave pages. Price $6.

This book contains appendices: I. A list of Published Orchestral and Chamber Music Compositions by American Composers. (Mr. Howard, while he has exercised care, modestly admits that there may be some omissions. Only instrumental works in the large forms are included. Sonatas for piano alone are not listed. There is a list of foreign as well as American publishers.)

II. Prize Winners in Contests for American Composers sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs. (Thus Horatio Parker received $10,000 for his opera "Fairyland"; Paola Gallico, $5000 for the oratorio "The Apocalypse"; Hadley for his "Culprit Fay"; Venth for "Pan in America"; Grimm for his orchestral "Erotic Poem," and Block for "Four Episodes," $1000 each.)

III. Bibliography—General References, Accounts of Our Early Music and Musical Life, Sacred Music, Operas—This section compiled before Moore's "Thirty Years of the Chicago Opera" was published nor is there any reference to Odell's seven volumes of the "Annals of the New York Stage" containing many pages about the concert and operatic life in that city, National Airs and Songs, Indian Music, Negro Music, Miscellaneous Folk Songs, Books and Articles on Individual Composers and Musicians, Memoirs, Books and Articles Pertaining to the Musical Development of Various Sections of the Country, Chapters on American Music in other Books, Jazz, Modernism, Miscellaneous Commentaries on American Music, and Musical Periodicals. So much care has been taken in the compilation of these appendices that it would be ungracious to point out a few omissions. Some books of value as Mr. Goldberg's interesting "Tin Pan Alley" were probably published too late for entrance in the lists. There is an unusually full index. There are over 50 illustrations.

This volume is valuable, indispensable as a record of the work of American composers in this country from the early metrical psalmody "which was New England's only music for over 100 years" to composers of today including Gershwin and Irving Berlin. Bloch and Loeffler are included among American composers. Mr. Howard says of Loeffler: if he, in his musical journeys around the world, has picked something from France, a bit from Russia and maybe a blossom or two from the banks of the Rhine, who shall say that he is any the less American for sampling whatever he found? Especially since he has wrought it all with such exquisite perfection, and has turned everything he has touched to jewels and gold." As for Bloch, "it was America that first acknowledged his genius, and an American publisher, Schirmer, who first published his orchestral works." Yet Bloch will be best known for his works revealing the Jewish spirit; not by his pompous yet futile "America." Then there's Percy Grainger whose music, Mr. Howard thinks, is "American in its idealism, and in the verve with which it translates the Anglo-Saxon, old-English traits of our heritage . . . the reader may choose whether or not not he will call him American. He has many claims to the honor."

One may ask, why this question of "Americanism," whether it is or not to be observed in the works of American composers. The chief, the all-important question is this: Is their music good, mediocre, even bad. There is a formidable list of composers in this country from Billings, the tanner; Hopkinson, the aristocrat; Lyon the clergyman, to men and women now at work. A mass of music has been written. How much of it is worth while? Of how many works can it be said: "This could have been written only by an American?" One might answer at random: Songs by Stephen C. Foster, a Scherzo and "A Vagrom Ballad" by Chadwick, Dan Emmet's "Dixie," a few pages by H. F. Gilbert, and some of the better jazz.

The great majority of the important works signed by Americans might have been written by composers of Germany, France, England or Italy. But Mr. Howard is more optimistic. As Sir Thomas Browne found quincunxes everywhere in Nature, on the earth, in the heavens and in the waters under the earth, so Mr. Howard wishes to find "Americanism" in music signed by many Americans native or adopted.

He defines three periods of our musical growth. The first, 1620-1800, produced little that survives. He names Holden's hymn tune "Coronation," "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia." But is it established beyond dispute that the tunes "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" are of American birth? Was the former of English origin? Was the latter written by the German music teacher Roth of Philadelphia; by Phile, also of that city?

In the second period, 1800-1860, there was Lowell Mason with his hymn tunes—George Kingsley, a more original writer of hymn tunes—is not mentioned—Gottschalk, who is today underrated—and Stephen Foster. "It is only since 1860 that we have had our important serious composers, starting with John K. Paine." There is no mention of Henry Wilson of Hartford, Ct., whose music for the church should by no means be forgotten, for it had a spiritual, even a poetic quality.

Mr. Howard admits, and not grudgingly, that we have produced no world master, no Becthoven or Wagner; "but neither has Europe during the past 50 years." Europe has certainly produced during these 50 years composers who have reshaped and are still reshaping music; found out new harmonic schemes and devices in instrumentation not wholly derived from Berlioz, Wagner and Strauss.

As for many years the leading teachers and instrumentalists in this country were Germans, and, thinking that music was invented in Germany, our young students went to German music schools to perfect themselves, they naturally, inevitably on their return, composed in the German manner. Influenced by Debussy, and the French modernists of later years they attempted to write in the impressionistic way. Nor was Cesar Franck without influence. Their own "modern" compositions were too often without form, and void.

Mr. Howard says: "As long as we hire European conductors to lead our symphony orchestras, European music will have precedence on their programs, even as far as novelties and new music are concerned." This is an old complaint. But are there American conductors appraoching the imported ones in knowledge, discipline, authority, and imagination and magnetism? How many American compositions are worthy of a place on our symphony programs? Should our concerts be devoted chiefly to the boosting of American composers irrespective of their merits? Has Dr. Kouessevitzky, Mr. Stokowski, Mr. Stock ignored the American composers? A glance at their programs would be a sufficient answer. On the contrary, these conductors have taken a lively interest in American composers who have shown native talent.

Mr. Howard asks if operas by Americans have been produced. How many of them have been worth the cost of production? Where now are the operas of the more recent years, those by Walter Damrosch, Horatio Parker, Cadman? Mr. Howard gives a page and a half to "The King's Henchman" by Deems Taylor. Mr. Taylor, a man of indisputable talent, has written some delightful orchestral music; but as an operatic composer?

"Our American Music" is valuable as a historic record, as a storehouse of facts. What Mr. Howard has to say in the way of criticism is pleasantly written, not necessarily in all cases to be accepted. And what criticism is final and authoritative? The swans, admired and fed by some, are to others only geese.

POPS OPEN WEDNESDAY

Next Wednesday night in Symphony Hall, the Pop concerts will open their 46th season following upon the 50th season of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Arthur Fiedler announces programs for this night and the remainder of the week, mingling past favorites with new numbers of interest.

Next Sunday, May 10, will bring the first Sunday night program, which is to be divided between English composers and the music of Tchaikovsky. Lambert's "The Rio Grande," with Sanroma as pianist, and the Cecilia Society chorus assisting, will be a feature of this concert as well as the new "Pomp and Circumstance" march, No. 5, which, just written by Elgar, was recently first performed in his own country. Fiedler will also revive the Fifth Symphony of William Boyce, the 18th century British composer.

The programs of the first week follow:

OPENING NIGHT—WEDNESDAY, MAY 6
Hungarian March, "Rackoczy" ..... Berlioz
Overture to "Oberon" ..... Weber
Minuet (for string orchestra) ..... Bolzoni
Fantasia, "Carmen" ..... Bizet
Tales from Johann Strauss ..... Korngold
Londonderry Air ..... Arranged by Harty
"Les Preludes," Symphonic Poem No. 2 ..... Liszt
"Girl Crazy," selection ..... Gershwin
Czardas from the Opera "Ghost of the Warrior" ..... Grossman
The Ride of the Valkyrie ..... Wagner

THURSDAY
Marche Militaire ..... Schubert
Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Two Pieces in Canon Form ..... Schumann-Dubois
Invitation to the Dance ..... Weber-Berlioz
[illegible] ..... de Falla
"El Amor Brujo," Dance [illegible]
Scherzo (Pizzicato) from the Fourth Symphony ..... Tchaikovsky
Bolero ..... Ray
Waltz from "The Bat" ..... Straus
To a Water Lily ..... MacDowell
Lohengrin, introduction to act III ..... Wagner

FRIDAY
Procession of Bacchus ..... Delibes
Overture to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ..... Nicolai
Rosamunde, Ballet Music ..... Schubert
Cavalleria Rusticana, Fantasia ..... Mascagni
Scheherazade Finale ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Ave Maria ..... Schubert-Wilhelmj
Espana, Rhapsody ..... Chabrier
New Moon, selection ..... Romberg
Waves of the Danube, waltz ..... Ivanovici
Stars and Stripes Forever ..... Sousa

SATURDAY
March, "Schechenyi Indulo" ..... Fahrbach
William Tell, Overture ..... Rossini
Minuet from the "Clock" Symphony ..... Haydn
Aida, Fantasia ..... Verdi
The Sorcerer's Apprentice, Scherzo ..... Dukas
Largo ..... Handel
Ballet of the Hours, from "La Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Nina Rosa, selection ..... Romberg
Music of the Spheres, waltz ..... Josef Strauss
Entrance of the Gladiators ..... Fucik

SUNDAY, MAY 10
March, "Pomp and Circumstance," No. 5 ..... Elgar
Fifth Symphony ..... Boyce
Londonderry Air ..... Harty
"The Rio Grande" ..... Lambert
"Romeo and Juliet," Overture-Fantasia ..... Tchaikovsky
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker" ..... Tchaikovsky
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812" ..... Tchaikovsky

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—South End Municipal building, 65 West Brookline street, 3 P. M.; Public Library, 8 P. M. The Gordon String Quartet (Messrs. Gordon, Ideler, Vieland, Benditzky. Mozart, Quartet, F major (K.590). Carpenter, Quartet, A minor. Beethoven, Quartet, C major op. 59, No. 3. Concerts given by the generosity of Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge.

Thursday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Boston Civic Symphony orchestra, Joseph F. Wagner, conductor. Mendelssohn, Symphony (Scotch) A minor, No. 3. Vaughan Williams, "The Lark Ascending," Romance for violin and orchestra (first time in Boston), Einar Hansen, violinist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Converse, Scarecrow Sketches (Witch Dance, Elegie, Romance). Saint-Saens, Havanaise (Mr. Hansen). Oppolitov-Ivanov, Caucasian Sketches (In the Mountains, In the Village, In the Mosque, Procession of the Sardar).

May 4 1931

KEITH-BOSTON

"Laugh and Get Rich"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Gregory La Cava from a story by Douglas McLean; directed by Gregory La Cava and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Alice Austin ..... Dorothy Lee
Sarah Austin ..... Edna May Oliver
Joe Austin ..... Hugh Herbert
Hepburn ..... John Harron
Larry ..... Russell Gleason
Vincentini ..... George Davis
Miss Teasdale ..... Maude Fealy
Biddle ..... Charles Sellon
Phelps ..... Robert Emmett Keane

It was a festival day for the screen when some one thought out the idea of coupling Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery in slapstick comedy and melodrama, such as "Min and Bill" proved to be. Now comes another inspired affiliation, that of Edna May Oliver and Hugh Herbert, in a boarding house farce so humorously decorated by this comic pair that one overlooks the hokum of many of the incidents lugged in as accessories. Miss Oliver has a unique personality. She is tall and angular; her features are of odd contours; but her voice has the timbre of a tragedienne when she so wills it; her wit is caustic or acidulous, her humorous sense is keen. She is essentially a character comedienne. Mr. Herbert is a writer of vaudeville and screen sketches, a capable studio director, a comedian of nautral methods. He likewise is not physically prepossessing, but with Miss Oliver he shares a magnetic quality which immediately exacts a kindly feeling from an audience. One feels that no matter how weak their story, they will remain likable.

This is a small-town narrative of a couple of middle age, with an attractive and rather pert daughter. Sarah Austin for years has conducted a genteel boarding house, saving what she could for her daughter's social betterment. In this endeavor she has had no aid from her husband, whose efforts to obtain employment have been frustrated by his own lack of enthusiasm for work of any kind. He is soft-hearted, endowed with a knack for flippant speech. He tells folks he has been this and that, that he knows Morgan, Edison—all the big ones. Sarah boasts that she is a Cranston, of the "Fall River Cranstons." She wants Alice to marry well, disapproves of Larry, a youth who has invented an automobile tire which whistles when it needs pumping up. Joe steals Sarah's savings from a lamp base—evidently she had no faith in savings banks, and gives them to Phelps, crooked vendor of bogus oil stock. When Sarah would have Vincentini, a struggling painter and slow-paying lodger arrested, Joe confesses. She slaps his face, then coddles him as a mother would a small boy. In the end Larry's invention finds a remunerative market through Joe's naive salesman-

The Theatre

May 3 1931

By PHILIP HALE

"The Admirable Crichton," which will be seen at the Colonial Theatre tomorrow night, was produced in London on Nov. 4, 1902. H. B. Irving won great popularity by his impersonation of Mr. Crichton. He had formerly been playing stage villains or more or less unpleasant characters. And it was said with a revival of the play: "It is a curious and suggestive fact that few, if any, of Sir James Barrie's characters are ever so well acted as by their original exponents." As a manager Irving wished it were possible for him to revive it. He said to Austin Brereton: "Even if one could get Irene (Vanbrugh), it couldn't be done without 'The Beetle'"—the nickname for Henry Kemble, "who had very heavy eyebrows and at one time wore a large brown cape. His Lord Loam was admirable."

Irving liked to act the part. He said in 1909: "Of all the modern parts I have played, 'Crichton' is undoubtedly my favorite, and though I played it over 300 times, I never grew tired of him. There was a charm about the part and the play which prevented it from becoming wearisome. Perhaps the reason for this was that one felt that, though the setting of the play was fantastic, it was very real, and there was a great inherent truth in the character of Crichton. That curious mixture of fantasy and realism is, if I may say so, part of Mr. Barrie's genius. There were a few people who could not appreciate the humor of the play. On the other hand, it made an undoubted appeal to most. . . . The part was delightful, as every sympathetic part is, and it had the additional charm that it was sympathetic to the audience without being either mawkish or sentimental."

Barrie was not the first to use the title "The Admirable Crichton" for a play. George Galloway so entitled his tragedy, produced at London in 1802, and there was a farce "The Admirable Crichton" at Drury Lane in 1820. Galloway took for his hero the man himself, who at the age of 20, according to Manutius, "understood 12 languages, had read over all the fathers and poets, disputed de omni scibili, and answered extempore in verse. He had a prodigious wit, but was defective in judgment." As is well known, Crichton was at last the tutor of Prince Vincenzo, son of the Duke of Mantua. Assaulted at night in the street by the prince's men, Crichton laid six of them on their backs, when one of the four remaining cried out: "Hold, kill not the prince!" Then Crichton, who had not recognized him, offered him his sword. Vincenzo, half drunk, seized it, and ran Crichton through the heart. His life was written by the fantastical Sir Thomas Urquhart, the incomparable translator of Rabelais. Here is an example of his style in a description of a passionate love-scene:

"The visuriency of either by ushering the tacturiency of both, made the attrectation of either cosequent to the inspection of either; here was it that passion was active, and action passive, they both being overcome by other and each the conqueror." And Urquhart represents one of Vincenzo's men exclaiming as Crichton drew on them: "Do you not see how he dandleth the sword in his hand, as if he were about to braveer us?"

Then there is Harrison Ainsworth's novel "The Admirable Crichton," relating the hero's adventures in Paris, with Henri III, Henri IV, Catherine de Medicis, Marguerite de Valois, Chicot the jester, Ruggieri the astrologer, Esclairmonde; a romance that William Lyon Phelps would undoubtedly describe as "a rattling good story." But does any one read Ainsworth's novels today, even "Rookwood," "Jack Sheppard" or "The Tower of London" with Cruikshank's illustrations?

The Harvard Dramatic Club will perform Commander Stephen King-Hall's play, "B. I. One," at Brattle hall, Cambridge, on May 6, 7, 8, and at Jordan hall on May 9. These performances, it is said, will be the first in the United States. This play was produced at the Globe Theatre, London, on April 9, 1930. There was a large cast. Mr. Ivor Brown found there were too many names for individual praise, but he singled out Henry Hewitt as Lt. Westley, R. N., Douglas Burbidge as Lt. Malheim of the Imperial German navy, Basil Loder as the First Lord of the Admiralty. All the critics praised Reginald Bach for his brilliant production. "B. I. One," being interpreted, means "Station the hands constantly at action stations by day and by night."

The first act begins with a sort of prologue: The British navy is being entertained at Kiel in June 1914. Malheim and Westley drink champagne at a night club, "at a speed suggesting destroyers rather than battleships." Their fathers are in the steel trade. The war seems far away. The scene shifts to inside the admiralty in May, 1916. News of the battle of Jutland come in. The First Lord asks nonchalantly, "Now, what are—er—these operations?"

Act II—The bridge of a light cruiser during the battle of Jutland—"Here the producer and the stage carpenter, the electricians and the manufacturers of noises oft came in for and deserved the wildest compliments." The German fleet signals, "Who are you?"

"Tell him we're German."

"Sorry, sir," says Signals, "the only man on this boat who knows German is unconscious. Wish I had thought about rigging up some German before!"

"But isn't the word for German, 'Deutsch.'"

"Sure."

"Well, then, signal it."

Act III—Westley is now head of a steel works in Sheffield; Malheim ditto in Duesseldorf. They discuss limitations of the steel output in both countries. The phrases "Amalgamated Union of Boilermakers, Tinsmiths and Sheet-Iron Workers" and "Federation of Master-Ironmongers and Penny-in-the-Slot Manufacturers" are lightly used.

Malheim asks: "If the world can only consume 23,000,000 tons of steel, why manufacture 100,000,000?"

"Agreed," says Westley.

"Let's agree to knock the production down to 23,000,000 and get a decent price for the stuff."

"Right-oh!" says Westley.

Compromising Anne." There was Daphne, in "Compromising Daphne," by "Valentine" (London, 1927), a comedy in which the heroine attempts to gain her father's consent to her marriage with George by pretending that George has compromised her. "Valentine's" humor is not subtle. John Deverell as George breaks into the bedroom of the wrong lady and brings down the curtain by falling backwards into a bath; he performs a war dance with a waste paper basket on his head; he sits on the basket, and later on a chair that cannot bear his weight. Twins, suddenly appearing, sit on everybody's knee. Is the dialogue witty? "Even a half-cooked steak has lucid moments." Here is another wheeze: "It's the last camel that breaks the straw's back." Mr. James Agate, reviewing this farce, wrote: "The dialogue tells me one thing I have always wanted to know—what is it that cinema actors say to one another when they are tumbling downstairs and falling into buckets of whitewash."

Then there is Martha in Keble Howard's one-act comedy, "Compromising Martha" (London, 1906).

May 4

ship, the disappointments of the oil dream become the substantial fortune for the future, and Sarah is glad to have as a son-in-law the youth she had shown the door more than once.

One of the most amusing scenes is set in the palatial home of Sarah's sister in the city. Visiting her on borrowed money, the Austins are ridiculed by the guests at a ball, until Sarah, partaking unwittingly of a doctored punch, insists that the orchestra play "Pop Goes the Weasel." She and Joe dance. The guests, at first horrified, begin gradually a rhythmic tapping of feet, join in by pairs. Finally all are dancing, having the time of their bored lives. There are one or two minor themes, such as an attempt by a trio of rascals to kidnap old Pennypacker, the bank president, and of the efforts of one of them to persuade Alice to elope with him. But the most human and the most amusing scenes belong to Sarah and Joe, and to them goes the laughter of the delighted audience. There is no place for synthentic sophistication or emotionalism in "Laugh and Get Rich." W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"The Living Corpse"

A silent screen drama adapted from the play of the same name by Count Leo Tolstoi; produced by Meschrabpom-Film and directed by Fedor Ozep with the follow cast:

Fedja Protassow	Vsevolod Pudovkin
Lisa, his wife	Maria Jacobini
Sascha	Viola Garden
Anna Pawlowa	Julie Serda
Mascha	Natascha Watschrasse
Victor Karenin	Gustav Diessl
The "Lady"	W. Maretzkaja
Artemiew	D. Wedenski
Petusch Kow	S. Wralski

Seekers after gay entertainment need not bother themselves about "The Living Corpse," current screen feature at the Fine Arts Theatre. Tolstoi's famous play is not cheerful, but it is powerful and tragic enough to have attracted the interest of several famous actors and a large number of spectators. Those whose memories are fairly good will recall that "The Living Corpse" was used for the benefit of John Gilbert on the talking screen with unhappy results. On the stage John Barrymore made a very romantic and poetic Fedya—the acting version was called "Redemption"—and in Germany Alexander Moissi, the great tragedian, has made it one of his most celebrated roles. It is a safe guess that none of these players bore much resemblance to Vsevolod Pudovkin, who portrays the unhappy, vacillating Fedya in the grim silent picture now on view. Pudovkin is a man of rugged features, ungraceful physique and amazing dramatic force: his pantomime is remarkable and the intensity of his emotion is enough to overcome the barrier of silence.

By now the story is familiar to most. Briefly, it tells how Fedya Protassov, unable to curb his fondness for drink and bad company, pretends to do away with himself in order that his wife, Lisa, may marry his friend, Victor Karenin. Five years pass: he is discovered and hailed into court, where he sees his former wife and his friend under accusation of bigamy and faced with deportation to Siberia. This time he makes no mistake and, with the aid of a smuggled pistol, kills himself in the empty courtroom while the court is deliberating on his fate. The action moves very slow, although the film, being silent, is forced to dispense with much of the philosophizing found in the stage play. Unlike the American screen version, however, there is no attempt made to prettify the story: it remains sordid, pitiful—alternately ugly and tragic, with moments of savage irony and bitterness.

As is almost always the case in Russian films the camera does far more work than one is accustomed to see in American screen productions. There is, for instance, a great deal of symbolism and a deliberate confusion of images which alternate with one another in a manner calculated to convey the confusion going on in the minds of the characters. Quite as typically Russian is the director's interest in the extra players: he never loses the chance for some revealing bit of action, some grotesque expression, some little gesture telling in its perfect naturalness. Those chosen for these parts are thoroughly Russian, whether they are playing gypsies, thieves, society people or policemen. Hence, there are no false notes—save the bad make-up of the leading lady—and one feels constantly the sense of watching life, not make-believe. The very deliberation which govern the pace of the production increases this impression, though it is at times more than a little wearing. Most of the acting is excellent, particularly that of Gustav Diessl as Victor and Natascha Watschrasse as Mascha. E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"The W Plan"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Victor Saville from the novel of the same name by Graham Seton; directed by Victor Saville and produced by Elstree with the following cast:

Col. Duncan Grant	Brian Aherne
Rosa Hartmann	Madeleine Carroll
Priv. McTavish	Gibb McLaughlin
Priv. Waller	Gordon Harker
Otto Gedern	Cameron Carr
Commander-in-chief	C. M. Hallard
President of court martial	Milton Rosmer
Frau Muller	Mary Jerrold
Ulrich Muller	George Merritt

There are times when one wishes very emphatically that it would be possible to combine the merits of British acting—gentlemanliness, fine speech, leisurely characterization—with the pace which is now an integral portion of American pictures. Most of the British importations, of which "The W Plan," now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres, is an excellent sample, are lacking in rapidity of action. The stories unfold in an unhurried fashion that suggests to American audiences that the English like their films to last all night. In the case of "The W Plan," there is an intensely interesting idea—melodramatic, if you prefer—and in the last two or three reels one may become really excited, but there is so much leisurely description, so much needless delay in getting the hero into the German mine, that one wonders why, with such an abundance of material on hand, the director waited so long before getting the real drama under way.

Col. Duncan Grant, a British intelligence officer, is detailed to go behind the German lines and discover, if possible steal, the plans concerning a gigantic German mining operation, hints of which have been dropped by a dying German officer, Ulrich Muller. Grant dons a German uniform, cuts his hair in the German fashion and is deposited back of the German lines by a British plane. He makes his way to the home of Ulrich Muller, where he discovers his German fiancee, Rosa Hartmann, acting as companion to Muller's mother. Grant passes himself off as Ulrich's friend and is able to steal the precious papers, left lying around in a very casual manner. Unfortunately, the plane in which he was to have escaped is shot down, and he is forced to adopt all kinds of subterfuges to escape capture. Finally, by a ironic stroke of fate, he is arrested as a deserter, sentenced to death and then reprieved on account of his ability to speak English. Sent as interpreter to the very mine workings where the W plan is in operation, he is able to rally the English prisoners, barricade himself with them in one of the shafts and blow up a section of the gigantic W by which the Germans had planned to penetrate beneath and behind the British lines. The English prisoners escape to their own lines, and Grant goes to Switzerland to marry Rosa.

Photographically, the picture is excellently done, particularly the glimpses of the gigantic underground mining operations. The acting, too, is also quite satisfactory, with special mention for Brian Aherne. This young English actor, now playing Robert Browning in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," in New York, is an admirable Duncan—resourceful, handsome and convincing, whether in German or British uniform. Madeleine Carroll does well enough as Rosa, and there was excellent work in minor roles, barring certain occasions when German privates spoke with a strong Cockney accent. E. L. H.

May 5 1931

COLONIAL THEATRE

"The Admirable Crichton"

By PHILIP HALE

"The Admirable Crichton," a comedy in four acts by Sir James M. Barrie. Revived under the direction of George C. Tyler in association with Erlanger Productions, Inc., by arrangement with Charles Frohman, Inc. Staged by William Postance. Settings by Gates and

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Morange. The cast:

The Earl of Loam.....Sydney Greenstreet
Hon. Ernest Woolley....Ernest Glendenning
Rev. John Treheroe.....J. C. Dunn
Lord Brocklehurst.....Gerald Hamer
A naval officer.....Clay Cody
Mr. Crichton.....Walter Hampden
Tompsett.....William Dale
Lady Mary Lasenby.....Fay Bainter
Lady Catherine Lasenby.....Oriel Ross
Lady Agatha Lasenby.....Phyllis Coonard
Countess of Brocklehurst.....Effie Shannon
Fisher.....Vivian MacGill
Tweeny.....Estelle Winwood

Though the pace of the performance was often slow; though the comedy itself is of the old leisurely school, enlivened by Barrie's pawky humor, which is at times so sly that it is as if only for an audience of his countrymen, there was much to enjoy in both play and performance. Mario Borsa, an Italian who wrote an excellent book on the English stage, complained of an element of burlesque in the second and third acts that brings them near to pantomime; but he did not make the mistake of accusing Barrie of seriously endeavoring to prove that all men are equal; or that aristocrats, taken from their milieu, would not be so resourceful and efficient as those of a class socially far beneath them.

Crichton is a butler of the old type, not the butler of the later English comedy who is chiefly conspicuous, not for devotion to a master and ladies of high degree, convinced that there must be ranks and grades even in the servants' hall, but for his cynical observations on life and his ability to coin impromptu epigrams. Crichton has read Henley's poems; they were with him on the island; did Barrie bring them out merely to slam Henley later, when Brocklehurst said he had never heard of him?

This Crichton is not only the perfect butler for the daughters of the eccentric earl, who entertained the wild theory that his servants at certain intervals should be invited to the drawing room and be served there to tea and presumably toast, jam and cake, by his daughters — not realizing that the servants were thus made uncomfortable —Crichton turns out to be a mixture of Robinson Crusoe and the Jonas of the Rollo books. He had read not only Henley; he had read the "Swiss Family Robinson" and remembered the extraordinary abilities of that family all to the advantage of the shipwrecked earl and his companions. Mr. Hampden gave an admirable portrayal of the character, bringing out Crichton's native dignity and majesty. And is there any more majestic creature than the English butler of the old school? The part is not to be played lightly; not to be played humorously. There is a touch of Malvolio in Crichton; his taking himself seriously, though Crichton, unlike Viola's steward, could never have made an ass of himself. Did Mr. Hampden occasionally remind one of his Hamlet? Only involuntarily, and then only by gesture and in countenance.

Barrie's finest stroke in the comedy is in the last act, the changed attitude of the once shipwrecked, now safe in London and so ready to forget; the egotism of Wolley, who has published a book on their adventures, and relegated Crichton to a footnote without even mentioning his name; but did Barrie intend that Lady Mary at the end should gaze sentimentally, and almost despairingly, at the butler as she leaves the room? Crichton and she, if they had not been rescued, would have lived happily. They would have been miserable united in England; and not only on account of her family and friends. No, Tweeny was the mate for the admirable Crichton. Nor do we believe with Mr. Walkley that he would have then deteriorated, grown careless if not slovenly in dress; a babbler. The performance as far as the characterization went was excellent. Perhaps there was a little too much of burlesque when the servants were assembled in the drawing room, but the principal characters were well portrayed. There was real ensemble playing. Mr. Greenstreet did not overact, though the role might tempt it, Mr. Glendenning was amusing, more so than Barrie's lines; the ladies were ladies in London, delightfully natural on the island when they came to their better selves; Miss Winwood showed that Tweeny had a nature finer than her station; and Miss Shannon gave a lesson to younger actresses in poise and the delivery of lines.

The large audience was appreciative.

MAJESTIC

"Dirigible"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jo Swerling from the story by Lt.-Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, U. S. N., directed by Frank Capra and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Bradon.....Jack Holt
Frisky Pierce.....Ralph Graves
Helen Pierce.....Fay Wray
Rondelle.....Hobart Bosworth
Jock McGuire.....Roscoe Karns
Hansen.....Harold Goodwin
Clarence.....Clarence Muse
Admiral Martin.....Emmett Corrigan
Commander of U. S. S. Lexington..Al Roscoe
Lt. Rowland.....Selmer Jackson

With the substantial aid of the bureau of aeronautics, United States navy, Columbia has staged an interesting if not convincing demonstration of the possibilities of use of a lighter-than-air craft in polar exploration. In this instance the goal is the south pole, where it is a matter of record that Rear Admiral Byrd dropped an American flag from an airplane several months ago. In Columbia's picture the first dirigible, the Pensacola, cracks up in a tropical storm over the Caribbean sea, and the U. S. S. Lexington picks its hardy crew from the raging waters. The second dirigible, the Los Angeles, goes to the rescue of those members of an expedition who had left their base in a plane and weer left in precarious straits when their ship crashed and burned after "Frisky" Pierce had guaranteed that he could land them safely, plumb on the pole. That of course was a foolhardy stunt, of no weight in any argument as to the superiority of one type of aerial locomotion over another. However, for melodramatic and pictorial purposes, "Dirigible" has its interesting moments.

Oddly enough, the most sensational incident has no Antarctic setting. It is that of the wreck of the Pensacola, thousands of feet in air. Here Frank Capra, the director who made "Flight" and "Submarine," seems to score his finest achievement, for he has created and maintained that rarest of illusions, a sense of reality. We are shown the interior of the giant dirigible, with its network of girders, its pilot house. We see two big gas tanks cut away to give increased altitude; we see one girder buckle, another snap; we hear grinding and ripping sounds as the balloon breaks in two parts and drops to the sea, the rear section submerging, the forward section, housing the men, floating long enough for rescue. Here was something plausible, dramatic and thrilling.

Like most of the studio yarns in which Messrs. Capra, Holt and Graves figure, logic must yield to spectacle. Holt is here the champion of the dirigible type, cool, resourceful, careful. Graves is the 'grand-stand flier', who must fly through a hangar before making a landing, who must loop the dirigible before sucessfully sooking beneath it, to show that one craft could two the other, in fair weath at least. Graves, as Frisky, has been married two years to Helen, but neglects her for his plane and his stunts. Holt, as Bradon, worships Helen but is loyal to Frisky. The fraternal instincts in the two men are cooled when, at Helen's tearful pleas, Bradon discards Frisky's services after he had engaged him for the South Pole dash. When Bradon lost the Pensacola Frisky went South with the same Rondelle expedition which Bradon had hoped to pilot.

That act so incensed Helen that she wrote Frisky a nasty note, not to be opened until he reached the pole. Then she began scheming for a divorce and a new husband in Bradon. When news of Frisky's plight reached her, however, she cried some more and wanted to go to him, but Director Capra drew the line at that. So Bradon wen, in the new Los Angeles, found Frisky and Hansen, pulled them aboard with ropes, and set them down neatly at Lakehurst. Frisky, snowblind, could not read his letter, and Bradon glibly concocted an endearing message instead of the divorce threat which Helen had indited. and Frisky grinned delightedly. Of his companions, meantime, Rondelle died, and Sock McGuire, after a harrowing and needless scene in which his leg is amputated, crawled out into an Antarctic storm and perished. The main expedition had gone back to civiliza- by boat. That, we believe, accounts for all hands.

The scenes contributed by the baby blimps, airplanes and giant dirigibles are interesting. Several of the polar shots bore close resemblance to some in the Byrd film. Most of the scenes at the South Pole smacked suspiciously of studio snows and winds, though frequent insets of real ice and open waters mitigated a harmles deceit. The dialogue is of the free and easy sort, breezy rather than subtle. The acting is that of any accepted melodrama, lusty and salty, and in Miss Wray's case, extremely lachrymose. W. E. G.

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT

COLONIAL—"The Admirable Crichton," revival of Barrie's comedy, with Walter Hampden, Fay Bainter: 8:15.

COPLEY—"Compromising Anne," farce: 8:20.

WILBUR—"The Truth Game," comedy, with Billie Burke, Ivor Novello.8:30.

Note: The Lyric, Plymouth, Shubert and Tremont theatres are dark this week.

may 7 1931

BRATTLE HALL

"B. J. One"

"B. J. One," a drama in three acts by Comdr. Stephen King-Hall; produced by Maurice Brown at the Globe Theatre, London, on April 12, 1930; presented last evening at Brattle hall by the Harvard Dramatic Club under the direction of E. P. Goodnow for the first time in the United States with the following cast:

Lt. Richard Westley, R. N.....Ian C. Martin '34
Lt. Karl Malheim.....Robert L. C. Rein'l '34
Comdr. Jack Egerton.....Oothout Z. Whitehead '34
Comdr. Stephen Lane.....Robert B. Clement '32
Comdr. Arthur Logge.....DeForest P. Davis '34
Comdr. Henry Holm.....George H. Foley '32
A Messenger.....Owen Tudor '34
Maj. George Westley.....William B. Cudahy '34
Mackwel.....Vernon S. Hodges '34
First Lord of the Admiralty.....James S. Jennison '30
Chief Naval Secretary.....Louis J. Halle, Jr., '32
Deputy Chief Naval Secretary.....Allan W. Adams '32
The Commander.....M. Fred Lowenstein '32
The Sub-Lieutenant.....James H. Beard '34
The Captain.....Robert A. Dunn '32
Quartermaster.....Kenneth DiMenna '34
Mr. Fletcher.....Howard Ulfelder '32
Mr. Hardy.....Charles Sedgwick '34

For the benefit of the uninitiated, the title of the latest production of the Harvard Dramatic Club, given in Brattle hall last evening, needs some translation. "B. J. One" is a naval signal meaning "Station the hands constantly at action stations by day and by night." Commander Stephen King-Hall's play is one that should appeal chiefly to those whose knowledge of naval warfare is something more than superficial. To the casual playgoer, it is more than a little confusing, though the drama of the second act, which shows the bridge of a light cruiser at night during the battle of Jutland, requires no interpretation. Primarily, it is a play for men. The characters are all masculine, and their actions are primarily concerned with ships, shells and warfare. This alone would not debar it from attracting general attention: the fault lies in the author's insistence on continuing his play after it is egally finished. There is one brief scene before the war. There are two in the British admiralty, two on board a cruiser during the battle of Jutland and one 12 years later, when the erstwhile opponents find themselves business allies. This scene weakens the whole preceding action and is essentially unnecessary and undramatic: the audience is worked up to a pitch of excitement during the battle scenes and has little use for a lengthy, sacrimonious discussion of business policies.

Commander King-Hall admits that the play is an experiment. We can say honestly that it is an interesting one, even though it cannot be called entirely successful. The drama begins early in 1914, with Richard Westley and Karl Malheim, of the British and German navies, respectively, toasting one another on shore leave at Kiel. Next comes a sight of the anxious moments in the British admiralty on the day before Jutland, when the news was scanty and the uncertainty desperate. Finally to the British cruiser, sailing the North Sea in a pitch black night, equally on the lookout for friend or foe. We have glimpses of the attack, we see Malheim picked up from the wreckage of his ship, questioned by Westley and refusing to answer. As final ironic touch, we see the cruiser shelled by another British vessel because its signalling system had been destroyed in the preceding battle. With the epilogue, in 1928, Malheim and Westley join hands in a business agreement to insure that the deadly and futile struggle of the past war shall not be continued in industry.

This drama, requiring an enormous cast and one very imposing set, was an ambitious undertaking for the Harvard dramatic club. It deserves great credit for the dramatically simple and effective setting of the second act which gave with surprising vividness the illusion of the ship at sea, the excitement, horror and tragedy of the battle and a sense of cold and a torturing uncertainty. With so many players there was scant room for individuals to stand out, but praise is due to Robert L. C. Rein'l for his clean-cut, persuasive Malheim, to Ian C. Martin for his likable Westley, and to Howard Ulfelder and Charles Sedgwick for their clever sketches of the two business men of the final scene—one hard and domineering, the other futile and indecisive.

E. L. H.

Pops Season Opens

Arthur Fiedler's second term as conductor of the Pops and the 46th season of that Bostonian institution opened joyously last evening in Symphony hall. As evidence that Mr. Fiedler's fame is not ephemeral, every floor table had its quartet of eager listeners and smokers; tht balconies showed no empty spots. There were no polite ceremonials. The concert began promptly on time, and Mr. Fiedler, after an incisive acpnowledgement of noisy greetings plunged into his first number, the "Rakoczy" march by Berlioz. The new season was on.

For a majority of those present the summer decorations of stage and walls and tables, first revealed a year ago, were now familiar; the latticed framework in gray and gold, which served as setting for the musicians; the grass-green tints along the lower side walls of the hall; the gay green tables and the gilded chairs about them. For those viewing these seasonal changes as innovations they were agreable and refreshing. It will be recalled that the color scheme was that of Robert Edmond Joncs, an artist of more than passing renown.

Back to the music. Mr. Fiedler has gained in confidence within the year.

Never afflicted with mannerisms, never guilty of spurious gesticulations, he reads calmly, even cautiously. He is not disdainful of honest applause, would share it with his band invariably. Last evening he added five encores to his program nad thereby bound his audience closer to him; for Pops audiendecs dearly love their encorcs. He ranged from Weber's "Oberon" overture on to Bolzoni's minuet for string orchestra, a fantasia on Bizet's "Carmen," Korngold's "Tales from Johann Strauss" "last year it was Richard Strauss who was honored), Kreisler's "Londonderry Air," arranged by Si Hamilton Harty, for violin solo by the concet master, Julius Theodorowicz, Liszt's "Les Preludes," selections from George Gershwin's "Girl Crazy," the czardas from Grossman's opera, "Ghost of the Warrior," to Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyrics."

Again it was noticeable that Mr. Fiedler has a fine talent for program making. A standard march and overture, a waltz, an operatic pot-pourri, at least one meaty classic like "Les Preludes," played last tvening with full symphonic resonance, a selection from some current musical comedy, and for balance and complement lighter pieces, particularly in the matter of extra numbers. We cherish a modest hope that Mr. Fiedler was impressed by one incident of this enjoyable evening. In response to a conscientious interpretation of excerpts from the Gershwin opus, "Girl Crazy," with its slightly labored melodies, he struck into that glorious waltz movement from "Zwei Herzen in Three-quarter Takt," by Robert Stoltz, from the motion picture of that name. It was over too soon, as the clamor for more indicated. So, after taking his seat, Mr. Fiedler played it again. Gustav Struber, in his day, would have needed no urging. Now, as then, German operetta, if given a chance, might outweigh in popular esteem the jazzed dissonances of contemporaneous scribblers. W. E. G.

may 8 · 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Kick In"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bartlett Cormack from the play of the same name by Willard Mack, directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Molly Hewes.....Clara Bow
Chick Hewes.....Regis Toomey
Benny LaMarr.....James Murray
Myrtle Sylvester.....Wynne Gibson
Piccadilly Bessie.....Juliette Compton
Charlie.....Leslie Fenton
Whip Fogarty.....Paul Hurst
Garvey.....Donald Crisp
Diggs.....Wade Boteler

A really good crime play is apt to remain good, provided it does not depend on some topical twist that ceases to mean anything after the passing of a few months. This is abundantly proved by "Kick In," Willard Mack's famous old play now showing on the screen at the Metropolitan Theatre. The story asks a question which was probably considered daring at the time it was written, but unlike most such questions, it is still pertinent. How can a man with a prison record make a fresh start in life—with the best intentions in the world—when the police are continually watching him and his only friends are those with shady backgrounds? This hasn't been answered satisfactorily yet, perhaps it never will be, but it does make interesting subject matter for a modern screen drama.

Chick Hewes comes out of jail with the firm intention of going straight. For a time, however, he finds it almost impossible to get work owing to his prison record, and he is constantly under surveillance of Whip Fogarty, a particularly unpleasant detective. At last he gets a job, thanks in part to the staunchness of his wife, Molly, and the help extended to him by Benny LaMarr and Benny's girl, Myrtle. With a clear field ahead for Chick and Molly, they are brought into the shadow again when Benny, desperately wounded in a getaway, after stealing the diamond necklace belonging to the district attorney's wife, is brought to their house by Myrtle and hidden in the attic. He dies there, just after discovering that the diamonds have disappeared. The thief, unbeknownst to Chick or Molly, is Molly's weakling of a brother, Charlie, a dope addict.

Chick gets rid of Benny's body, but things are made very bad when Myrtle commits suicide in the attic where Benny died and the police find out about it. Chick and Molly, along with Charlie and Piccadilly Bessie, one of Benny's friends, are mercilessly questioned at headquarters by Garvey, the chief of police. There is a great to do

ver the diamonds, and Whip tries to ouble-cross Chick and Molly by romising them immunity if they will ive him the necklace, extracted by Molly from the nerve-shattered Charlie. n the end, Garvey decides to give hick and Molly another chance and orget all about their involuntary partiipation in the robbery.

A changed, a chastened and a rather athetically subdued Clara Bow plays he role of the loyal Molly; she plays it vell with sincerity and a pleasing lack f shrillness but her opportunities are cant. The real star of the proceedings s Regis Toomey one of the most likeble of all the younger players now beore the camera. His is really the central part and he makes the most of t; his Chick is a thoroughly convincing icture of a normal young man, torn etween his loyalty to his friends and his love for his wife and his freedom. The other important roles are well handled. Leslie Fenton does a striking bit of work as the craven Charlie, Wynne Gibson is excellent as the disraught Myrtle, and Donald Crisp is an entirely believable Garvey. The direction is brisk and the photography interesting. E. L. H.

May 9. 1931

MISTLETOE'S MEMORIES

Glances Backward That Linger Much on Books And Their Makers

JOHN MISTLETOE, by Christopher Morley; Doubleday, Doran & Co. 455 pp. $2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Morley would no doubt object to "an Autobiography" as a sub-title for his delicious book. He writes about Mistletoe but the voice when Mistletoe speaks is singularly like Morley's. They have the same loves, prejudices, especially in favor of "Moby Dick," "Leaves of Grass" and, like Victor Hugo, they kept Shakespeare in bulk. They were college mates, were in the same publishing house. They enjoyed writing for the N. Y. Evening Post when it was an organ of truly civilized and liberal opinion." There was "pride in coming to it . . . there was pride in being fired from it when it changed its quality." They both knew Steve O'Grady; they sauntered in London streets; they hunted second-hand bookshops. They were happy in Lizzie Briers's boarding house while they were hunting jobs in New York which is "alive with the rabbance of the impossible, and will always have the secret inferiority twinge that drives men to fantastic attempts"; New York the city of "wild beauty and tacy."

Now Mistletoe was distressed at always being called "whimsical" when he "blurted any of his suspicions truth"; yet what other adjective would suit his last will and testament which he made a bequest to the constellation Orion, for which he always had a notable regard? Mistletoe, by the way, found life the best of all detective stories.

"John Mistletoe' might be called a gargeous fantasia on myriad themes. One trembles for a writer when he remembers early college days; one fears floppy sentimentalism or affected cynicism; but the opening pages descriptive of life at Haverford are delightful. There is Mistletoe's introduction to the joys of secret reading; his discovery of Mayne Reid; his visits to burlesque theatres in Philadelphia, "a recognized form of philosophical initiation"; ordering claret at Lauber's restaurant. It was meagre and brackish; he secretly disliked it at 35 cents a quart; "but it was claret, which we had read about in Tennyson, and nothing else would do." From Haverford to Lake Champlain and a Lakeside cabin inspiring an Ode rejected with the enclosed slip: "The editor of the Atlantic begs to be excused from the ungracious task of criticism." Nor is "John Mistletoe" a book to criticise, though criticism would here be a gracious task. The trouble is that the pages are so stuffed with wit and wisdom, sly allusions; generous praise of men, the living and the dead; jests, as when lying supine Mr. Morley remembers that Mrs. Lydia Pinkham made a fortune, "trading on fatigues in that tender valley of Eve's back"; descriptions that are not too descriptive; moralizations that Mr. Gradgrind might think "immoralizations"; comments on life and manners that present truths in the form of paradoxes; the praise of good eating and drinking, the attempting of Mistletoe—Morley—to distinguish in English highway and heather in London streets or under the sky in "The smell of air and the voices of people, what might still be identifiable of the essence that created Shakespeare". "What happiness can compare with that of the man who has some maggot in his head about Shakespeare—the ciphers, the theories, all the notionable conjectures, what fun they are." But what are a few quotations among the many that tempt the reader.

His superior officers on the old Evening Post "moaned a little" over his daily column, "but generally they encouraged him to discuss — even at wearisome length — topics from which profitable newspapers cannily avert themselves . . . How bored many readers must have been with his palaver about food and drink, or steamships, or the wild fantasia of Downtown, or De Quincey and Melville and Thomas Fuller and Thoreau and Emily Dickinson and Santayana and Conrad and C. E. Montague." Was De Quincey or the Woolworth Building the more important to him? "In fact he did not know nor does he now." In this book there also is infinite variety in enthusiasm.

Sharing a stateroom with him as he returned from Oxford a retired blacksmith had to have his collar buttoned for him: "If it was a wheelbarrow or a sledge, I could get a holt on it, but these damned little things—." "I sympathize with him as I look back and try with heavy fingers to fasten together a few intricate memories," and on the next page, arriving on an island in Narragansett Bay named Prudence, Mr. Morley "felt America for the first time; the juniper airs, the soft yet savage rhythm of our summer evenings. . . . The strange jocular and terrifying energy of America" was evident to him when the crickets shouted. "Preposterous and damned, no doubt, but he is willing to be damned with it. It appears the tension of delirium and disgust on which art can build, and the greatest imaginable wealth for literature. It is like rye whiskey, the symbolic national elixir . . . a beverage of godlike violence, a microcosm of American climate."

"I am sorry if any one imagines these groping astigmatisms to be an essay in biography. . . . These are only a few paradigms from my Grammar of Astonishment. . . . I only try to sketch a few pictures of a youth who is not even dead, though he is ill of a fatal disease." Mr. Morley's own definition: "The 'best' writing is merely that which is most appropriate to the mood it yearns to convey," is for "John Mistletoe"; for literature is "the sudden expression of the fierce, hilarious lives of human beings." Are not life and literature one and indivisible to Mr. Morley?

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Public Enemy"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harvey Thew from the story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright; directed by William Wellman and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Tom Powers	James Cagney
Gwen	Jean Harlow
Matt Doyle	Edward Woods
Mamie	Joan Blondell
Mrs. Powers	Beryl Mercer
Mike Powers	Donald Cook
Kitty	Mae Clark
Jane	Mia Marvin
Nails Nathan	Leslie Fenton
Paddy Ryan	Robert Emmett O'Connor
Putty Nose	Murray Kinnell
Bugs Healy	Ben Hendricks, Jr.
Molly	Rita Flynn
Dutch	Clark Burroughs
Hack	Snitz Edwards
Mrs. Doyle	Adele Watson
Tom	Junior Coghlan
Matt	Frankie Darrow

A foreword to this picture avers that Tom Powers, the hoodlum whose brief biography is subsequently set forth on the screen, is a product of environment. This is hardly true; for Tom Powers's father was an honest policeman, back in 1909, his mother was a kindly woman, his brother Mike was an industrious, patriotic, law-abiding young citizen. Tom simply was a black sheep. In his juvenile days he was a vicious, treacherous gamin. He developed into a corner tough, a thief, a gunman. There is certain stress, whether wilful or not we do not know, on the existence in those early days of the corner saloon. We see workingmen and their tin buckets, filled with sudsy beer; the old family entrance; the cheap little back room where a creature called "Putty-Nose" puts evil ideas into the minds of youngsters in knee breaches, encourages them to bring their pretty loot to him as a "fence." But it cannot truthfully be maintained that the saloon itself moulded the characters of these hoodlums. Our juries and our courts in this year of 1931 are sending to prison for life boys in their 'teens, who never saw the inside of a saloon of the pre-Volstead type. What more contemporaneous influence is moulding their characters?

Accepting Tom Powers as typical of the thousands of boys born with a crooked kink of the brain, who would have adopted a criminal life regardless of environment or parental neglect or the debasing influences of evil associations, we are confronted in "the Public Enemy" with the most ruthless, desentimentalized portrait of a big-city hoodlum yet painted for the screen. Narrators, adapter and director have agreed to inject no glamor, no mock heroics, in their creation. With two exceptions, the women are as cruel and unlovable as their male consorts. Young Powers himself is just a rat. When his father straps him, he snarls in impotent rage. When his brother knocks him down, he kicks viciously at an open door. When Putty-Nose fails to protect him after his first big attempt at thievery in a fur loft, he waits, corners him in his own apartment, and shoots him in the back. When Nails Nathan, his gangster chief, is thrown from his horse in the park and killed, Powers buys the horse, and shoots it.

With a gun in his pocket, he feels himself a brave fellow; without it, he is just a yellow cur. Tired of a girl, he squeezes half a grapefruit into her eyes. He shows his affection for his mother by putting his knuckles into her cheek, gently, of course. When Matt Doyle, his loyal companion, is riddled with machine gun fire by the enemy, he holds up a pawnbroker who has been kind enough to load a pistol for him; then goes out in a driving rainstorm, bent on vengeance. He shoots up the Bugs Healey gang, is himself seriously wounded, finds himself in a public hospital, from which he is kidnapped by the hostile gangsters. Then comes the climax, grisly, hideous; a climax not to be described here, since some of our readers might take offence at reportorial exactness.

Mr. Cagney leaps to histrionic heights hitherto denied him. He asks no sympathy for Tom Powers. He is always the hardened illiterate, as callous and brutal a hoodlum and gangster as ever cheated the electric chair. Only one other characterization of the genus is comparable with his—that of Edward G. Robinson as Little Caesar, a soft creature by contrast. Mr. Wood likewise is effective as Matt Doyle. Two interesting performances are revealed by Beryl Mercer and Jean Harlow, interesting in that they indicate conclusively the difference between an intelligent actress and a colorless layfigure. W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Iron Man"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Francis Edward Faragoh from the novel of the same name by W. R. Burnett; directed by Tod Browning and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Young Mason	Lew Ayres
Regan	Robert Armstrong
Rose	Jean Harlow
Lewis	John Miljan
McNeil	Mike Donlin
Rattler O'Keefe	Morrie Cohan
The Show Girl	Mary Doran
Gladys DeVere	Mildred vao Dorn
Riley	Ned Sparks
Mandell	Sam Zlum
Trainer	Sammy Gervon

W. R. Burnett's novel, "Little Caesar," provided the framework for one of the best realistic films in many months, and great expectations were raised when it became known that Tod Browning was about to transfer another Burnett novel, "Iron Man," to the screen. This picture, now showing at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is an interesting piece of work, but director and story alike are handicapped by the casting of Lew Ayres in the title role. Mr. Burnett's Young Mason was a big, hulking, unintelligent sulky youth, who fell from power because he was too stupid to see what was under his nose. Mr. Ayres' Young Mason is a nice looking, intelligent boy, whom not all the grease paint and skillful lighting in the world can make to resemble a prize fighter. He tries hard, and you realize that he has the true mental conception of his part, but his physical limiations put him at a hopeless disadvantage.

The prize ring and those who live in and around it are wonderful copy for the screen, and Mr. Browning—famous for his skill in capturing the mood of a background as well as of a person—has seen to it that the photography is consistently interesting and unexpected. The story is episodic but holds interest, owing chiefly to the remarkable work of Robert Armstrong in what was meant as a subsidiary role and turned out to be the lead. He plays George Regan, manager of Young Mason, a rising prize fighter handicapped by a selfish and grasping blonde, Rose, who happens to be his wife. She leaves Mason after he loses a fight, only to come back to him after Regan has built him up to the position of a world's champion. Regan dislikes her and she him, for she realizes that he sees through her every move and knows that she is unfaithful to her husband.

Once champion, Mason loses his head and struts around until a newspaper man inquiries sardonically what size hat he wears. Because Regan catches Rose in a compromising position, she lies to Mason and makes him throw Regan out, while her lover, Lewis, takes Regan's place as Mason's manager. Without Regan, Mason is no good, and loses the championship to Rattler O'Keefe, trained by Regan—just after learning what his wife really is. The ending finds Rose definitely out of the picture and Regan reunited with the robbing Mason in his dressing room after the disastrous fight.

Mr. Armstrong's acting was the real feature of the picture; he gave a truthful, consistent portrayal of the hard-boiled, honest, patient Regan, whose love for Mason could not be killed by the most scurvy treatment. Every gesture, every expression—the way he walked, the way he talked, were exactly right, and one would feel no surprise at encountering him right beside the ring at Madison Square Garden. Jean Harlow played the faithless Rose. She is not much of an actress, but she suits this role to perfection and wins the most cordial dislike of the entire audience, more than a little pleased when a disgusted admirer hits her on the chin. There is good work on the part of the supporting cast and the prize ring scenes are excellent.

E. L. H.

POPS PROGRAMS

Tonight the Pops will begin the second week of their 46th season with the first Sunday evening concert. Arthur Fiedler will then introduce to Boston a new "Pomp and Circumstance" march (No. 5) which Elgar has recently written. He will also perform Lambert's "Rio Grande," the English choral jazz score in which Mr. Sanroma, pianist, the Cecilia Society chorus, and Marie Murray, contralto, will join the orchestra. William Boyce, whose Fifth Symphony will be played, was a foremost English composer of the 18th century.

Excepting tomorrow night, when the house will be taken over as a benefit for the Home for Jewish Children, each night of the week offers programs of interest, as follows:

SUNDAY, MAY 10

March—"Pomp and Circumstance" No. 5 ..... Elgar
Fifth Symphony ..... Boyce
Londonderry Air ..... Harty
"The Rio Grande" ..... Lambert
"Romeo and Juliet," Overture—Fantasia ..... Tchaikovsky
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker" ..... Tchaikovsky
Overture Solennelle, "1812" .. Tchaikovsky

TUESDAY

Polonaise ..... Chopin
"The Barber of Seville"—Overture ... Rossini
Minuet ..... Boccherini
"Madame Butterfly"—Fantasia ..... Puccini
"Peer Gynt"—Suite ..... Grieg
"Valse Triste" ..... Sibelius
"Tannhaeuser"—Overture ..... Wagner
"Girl Crazy"—Selection ..... Gershwin
"Artist's Life"—Waltz ..... Strauss
Hungarian March ..... Berlioz

WEDNESDAY

"Coq d'Or"—Wedding March ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
"The Flying Dutchman"—Overture .. Wagner
Waltz No. 15 ..... Brahms-Gericke
"La Source"—Ballet Suite ..... Delibes
"Danse Macabre"—Symphonic Poem ..... Saint-Saens
"Liebestraum" ..... Liszt-Herbert
Fourth Symphony—Finale ... Tchaikovsky
"Roses of the South"—Waltz ..... Strauss
"Sheep and Goat" ..... Guion
"Carmen"—Prelude ..... Bizet

THURSDAY

"Caractacus"—March from the Cantata ..... Elgar
"Mignon"—Overture ..... Thomas
Andante, from Concerto ..... Handel
"Faust"—Ballet Music ..... Gounod
"Tristan and Isolde"—Prelude and Love-Death ..... Wagner
Scherzo—"The Flight of the Bumble Bee" ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Pathetic Symphony, Third Movement ..... Tchaikovsky
"Mlle. Modiste"—Selection ..... Herbert
"Reconciliation Polka," from "The Millions of Harlequin" ..... Drigo
"Panaderos"—Spanish Dance .... Glazounov

FRIDAY

"On the Mall"—March ..... Goldman
"La Dame Blanche"—Overture ... Boieldieu
Prelude ..... Rachmaninoff
"Samson and Delilah"—Bacchanale ..... Saint-Saens
"Espana"—Waltz ..... Waldteufel
"Tambourin Chinois" ..... Kreisler
"Rienzi"—Overture ..... Wagner
"Nina Rosa"—Selection ..... Romberg
"Country Garden" ..... Grainger
"American Patrol" ..... Meacham

SATURDAY

"Pomp and Circumstance"—March No. 1 ..... Elgar
"Orpheus"—Overture ..... Offenbach
"Kammenoi Ostrow" ..... Rubinstein-Herbert
"Il Travatore"—Fantasia ..... Verdi
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt
"Dubinushka"—Russian Folk Song .. Jacchia
"Marche Slave" ..... Tchaikovsky
Indian War Dance ..... Skilton
"By the Beautiful Blue Danube"—Waltz ..... Strauss
"Turkey in the Straw" ..... Arr. by Guion

CHAMBER CONCERT

A concert of Joseph F. Wagner's chamber music will take place next Wednesday 8 P. M. in Assembly hall, 29 Exeter street. Mr. Wagner, pianist, will be assisted by Minot Beale, violin; Virginia Stickney Snow, 'cello; Rosario Mazzeo, clarinet; Margaret Starr McLain, Harold Schwab, and Susan Williams, pianists, and an orchestra composed of members of the Boston Civic orchestra. Admission free. The program will be as follows: Lyric Sonatina for violin and piano; "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" (a moving picture in 10 parts) for two pianos; Procession Medieval, symphonic poem for two pianos; Suite for 'cello and piano; Rhapsody for clarinet, piano, and strings; American Sinfonietta chamber orchestra.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The costuming of the Earl's snooty daughter in the first act of "The Admirable Crichton," with their pompadour hair, made them look much older than when in the acts on the Island they romped about like Mirth in her gay, fantastic round: "Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound." A delectable vision to the eye.

But with the high dog-collar around her neck and her hair rolled back from her forehead even Miss Bainter was more than aristocratically austere, forbidding.

How and why did the pompadour puff come into fashion? The Oxford Dictionary finds its earliest quotation for the word in 1899. (Barrie's play was produced in 1902.) But that coiffure was known in this country long before that year. We turned to Cooley's "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts." Our copy once belonged to Maud Banks, the actress, who annotated it. There is much about the care of the hair in this invaluable book, but the excellent Cooley has only this to say in answer to our question: "The elaborate and highly artificial styles of dressing and adjusting ladies' hair, often in the most unnatural positions, with pins, combs, pads, etc., etc.—all more or less injurious—do not fall within the range of the present work."

To us the first act of "The Admirable Crichton" was the most entertaining of the four as they were played at the Colonial last Monday night. Next to that the third. Is the comedy too slow for theatre-goers of this day and generation? One hopes not, but here are some who yawn over Jane Austen's novels. Do comedies age quicker than melodramas or tragedies? When a comedy satirizes the manners and customs of the year that gave it birth, it cannot expect a long life. Take Gilbert's "Patience": Sullivan's music for it is delightful, but what audience can readily reconstruct the period of Bunthorne and enjoy allusions to the Grosvenor Gallery, or laugh at stained-glass attitudes?

In the present social conditions in England, Barrie's fantasy, the differing opinions concerning class distinctions and obligations, would seem to be of a by-gone age.

Is it Barrie's fault that his characters are more amusing in the drawing room than on the island? That the spectator can accept Loam's treatment of his servants, but not Crichton's installation of electric lights after the shipwreck?

It is a curious fact that in Barrie's own description of the characters in this play, the longest, most minute is that of Woolley. Had Barrie doubts about the butler? "It would not be good taste to describe Crichton, who is only a servant; if to the scandal of all good houses, he is to stand out as a figure in the play, he must do it on his own, as they say in the pantry and the boudoir. We are not going to help him." In the stage directions Barrie has a better line about the Earl of Loam than any he gives him to speak: "He takes in all the weightiest monthly reviews and prefers those that are uncut, because he perhaps never looks better than when cutting them; but he does not read them, and save for the cutting it would suit him as well merely to take in the covers."

Alfred Savoir's "Lui," produced as "He" in an English translation in Philadelphia by the Theatre Guild on April 27, was played in the original French at the Arts Theatre, London, on March 1, of this year, when Serge de Kazarine took the part of the hero—hero by courtesy—Gerald Cooper, the hotel keeper; Miss John Clement Scott, the princess; Miss Minnie Blagden, a lady from America; and Guy Pelham Boulton, the elevator man who tempts the hero to perform a miracle.

There is a Free Thought Conference at a Swiss hotel. A dignified person enters His visiting card is inscribed with the name of the Deity. He is a professor of theology gone mad. Of course he is laughed at by the unbelievers, but in a quiet way he asserts his omnipotence. Not that he will give any proof, but how about the sudden change in the weather? How about the avalanche? What became of the boxer who challenged him? The stranger at last is asked to put an end to a bolshevik row in the kitchen. Alas for him, he falls in love with a princess. Now he will perform a miracle: he will make her love him. She only laughs. How does M. Savoir dispose of this interesting lunatic and the princess? The audience at the Colonial Theatre tomorrow night will find out.

The critics in Philadelphia praised the performance. Mr. Tom Powers took the part of "He."

That no one is wholly satisfied with his or her lot is shown by the fact that Helen Wills Moody, internationally famous as a tennis player, "wants to appear as a conventional actress in regular dramatic roles." A French play "Lawn Tennis" was published a good many years go in Paris; we doubt if Mrs. Moody would like to take the role of one of the two women even if the censor were to allow the production.

There are some amusing notes about the theatre in Christopher Morley's "John Mistletoe," published recently by Doubleday, Doran and Company. When he was at Haverford College he and his comrades as earnest students of the drama would visit burlesque houses in Philadelphia. "Mistletoe and I were profitable patrons of that rump parliament, but better than any of the ladies of Billy Watson's Beef Trust (not to be confused with William Watson) I remember the bored air of the large paternal man who stood sawing on the bull-fiddle. It amazed us that he could be unimpressed by the elevated proximity of so much haunch of Venus." (Charles McLellan, journalist and dramatist, once gracefully alluded to Pauline Hall and other actresses at the Casino in New York as "famous stockyard beauties.") Mr. Morley remembers a Chinese restaurant in Philadelphia where he and his young companions "in delicious rake hell glamour, sat at table with some jetsam madames" of the burlesque shows. "The zenith of that episode was when one of the ladies saying 'It's a shame to waste it,' tucked an unfinished chicken-leg inside her stocking to take home to her dog.' Such evenings were as good as Maupassant."

It was in the course of an argument about the theatre that Don Marquis exclaimed: "I've got a great idea; I'm going to dramatize some of Bernard Shaw's plays."

Mr. Morley has something to say about his Hoboken adventures with "After Dark," "The Black Crook" and other revivals.

"Perhaps you have never stood in the box-office of a dying show, when there is plenty of time to smoke and meditate between customers, and considered how charmingly pretty the tickets are, piled up in the rack for Advance Sales. White, yellow, fawn, green, pink, red, lilac—such attract' colors and all equally unsalable. A tall, powerful person appeared at the window and I was all ready to assure him that I could give him two in the tenth, yes, and right on the aisle. He hesitated, seemed singularly anxious to speak as intimately and discreetly as possible, and, finally, inserting a large and mobile mouth right into the round aperture, in the glass, remarked, 'I represent the sheriff.'"

This theatre fascinated Mr. Morley. His friends said, when are you going to get back to your writing—"as if sitting in a room and writing were life complete." To him there was in the theatre somethng that "moves deeper than mere writing (which as an exclusive occupation is a lonely and morbid job.) I see that wistful mystery peeping out sometimes in the casual remarks of such champion old showmen as Mr. Belasco—in around the stage is not just an exhilarating gamble but (as the famous collar would seem to imply) a form of naive theology."

Concerts

BY PHILIP HALE

"The Boston Symphony Orchestra—1881-1931 by M. A. De Wolfe Howe; semi-centennial edition, revised and extended in collaboration with John N. Burk," has been published by Houghton Mifflin Company. It is an attractively printed volume of 272 large octavo pages with portraits of Maj. Higginson and the conductors, and pictures of the orchestra under Henschel in the old Music Hall and under Koussevitzky in the season just ended. There are appendices of great value and a sufficient index. It is a pleasure to find Bliss Perry's admirable address "Henry L. Higginson," delivered at the recent Bach Festival, published in full as Appendix A.

The editor acknowledges the extension of three appendices by Miss Elizabeth Thompson of the Symphony Hall staff. Appendix B. The Repertoire. There is a list of all orchestral compositions performed in the Friday and Saturday series from the first concert in 1881 through May 2, 1931. The list also includes works performed only at other concerts. Figures in parentheses indicate the number of times the work has been played at the regular series, thus Beethoven's Fifth Symphony has been performed 37 times; Urack's Symphony only once. Does any one remember Otto Urack, at one time violoncellist of the orchestra, who, consumed by the desire to be a conductor, abandoned the career of a virtuoso?

Appendix C. Conductors and Players. An alphabetical list of all the members with the terms of service from A. Gloescher, trombone, 1891-1898, to Zung, violinist, 1925—The size of the orchestra under the conductors is also given. In 1881-82 the orchestra contained 72 players, including 4 temporary members. Last season there were 113, including the librarian.

Then comes Appendix D, the list of all soloists and assisting musicians who have taken part in the concerts of the orchestra in Boston and elsewhere, with dates of their assistance and the total number of appearances of each soloist: a long list from Joseph Achron to Paul Zimmerman. If one is surprised at finding the name of George Magrath, it is the name not of our distinguished friend Dr. Magrath, but of a pianist (1883). Yet Dr. Magrath has sung at Symphony concerts as a member of the Cecilia.

The Catalogue of the Casadesius Collection of Old Musical Instruments is in Appendix E.

The compilation of these appendices, a task requiring accuracy and what the Germans call Sitzfleisch, is even more than an indispensable addition to the history; it evokes memories, it might even invite discussion, as to why this or that work was thought worthy of performance; why this singer or that instrumentalist was allowed to appear at a Symphony concert.

Mr. Howe in the earlier edition ended his history of the orchestra with a short comparison of Dr. Muck and Mr. Fiedler, Dr. Muck's successor in 1908. This history was published in 1914. He told the story in a pleasing manner. In his preface to the semi-centennial edition he quotes a review of the earlier volume published in the Evening Transcript in which the reviewer noted with commendation that here was "not the work of a musical critic, but of an editor and annalist" and added: "Perhaps, when the 50th anniversary of the establishment of the orchestra befalls in 1931, some historian of aesthetic accomplishments may have his inning." Mr. Howe thinks that this might be possible at the end of another 50 years. "For the present . . . it has seemed well to the trustees of the orchestra to place before the public an extension of the original work of editor and annalist, carrying the story on from 1914 to the present time."

Yet a "Secret History" of the orchestra; a story of players' intrigues, of even scandals, well larded with anecdotes, would be entertaining; trivial historiettes—why Lichtenberg, the excellent violinist, lost favor with Gericke; how Nikisch was taught the game of poker; Mr. Paur's interest in his henyard; why Mme. van Endert, the sleek soprano, was engaged in 1914; all about Mr. Fradkin's behavior; the true reason for Dr. Muck's internment—readers might be amused but the historian would no doubt think it prudent to leave Boston between trains and with false whiskers.

In "Interlude: 1914-1918" Mr. Howe prudently remarks that Dr. Muck's internment was "technically as an alien enemy, though on grounds that were never made public." There were several absurd charges made against Dr. Muck; one with reference to Camp Devens, but the public could not be convinced of the absurdities. That there were alleged grounds for suspicion of his undue interest in the enemy's cause and his efforts to aid that cause were a matter of public and private dicussion. Maj. Higginson was loath to believe any charge brought against the conductor, even when he was shown certain letters in which Dr. Muck wrote about him in a most disrespectful and ungrateful manner. There was talk in 1917 of the United States government not allowing the orchestra to visit other cities. Maj. Higginson wrote to us on Dec. 17, 1917: "I should like to tell you this: that I myself have been to the department of justice in Washington this week and have talked with the officer who has had these particular questions in mind. He was kindly and courteous to a degree, knew all about our affairs, and told me that it was the decission of the department that we should not go to the District of Columbia but that we could go anywhere else; that there was no occasion for suspecting anything about the orchestra, and that they were entirely content . . . I say again that you can tell this to anybody you choose."

In spite of Major Higginson's loyalty to Dr. Muck there were times when his faith in him was shaken. He wrote to us on April 8, 1918, chiefly about a successor to Dr. Muck. Mentioning a man, who is now conductor of a prominent orchestra in this country, he asked: "How are we to know whether he is to be trusted politically? I should have said that Dr. Muck was safe, but apparently he isn't."

We should not bring up the subject at this late day, were it not for the chapter "Interlude," which to those unacquainted with the facts and reading only Mr. Howe's remark "there has never been shown any reason why Mr. Higginson should not have stood behind him, or any reason why he should have been punished as an alien enemy," would be conclusive evidence in Dr. Muck's favor. This statement is probably true; but there were other charges against the conductor which Mr. Howe perhaps necessarily ignores.

Mr. Burk's chapters, "The Post-War Frenchmen" and "New Fires from Russia," are sanely critical as well as historical. He pays due tribute to Charles A. Ellis, to whose shrewd and enlightened management the success of the orchestra at home and abroad was largely due, and to the present management continuing on the lines planned by Mr. Ellis. He sums up Mr. Rabaud's reign: "His conception of the music itself was just, intelligently balanced—ideal. . . . a year pleasantly spent with a delightful visitor from France." The finer qualities of Mr. Monteux, musician and conductor, are pointed out. Dr. Koussevitzky has a chapter to himself. There is discussion about the invasion of contemporary composers of the ultra-radical school. Mr. Burk treats the question without partisanship; as one observing the gradual acceptance by the audience of new and unfamiliar forms and expressions of musical ideas, though some found in certain compositions neither music nor ideas. "Koussevitzky," says Mr. Burk, "is but fulfilling the conductor's duty of using his keener artistic and technical insight to descry and perform what may be outstanding in the music of his day; of leading his audience into new paths, gradually accustoming them to change."

may 9 1931

"ALAS, WHAT BOOTS"

By PHILIP HALE

A guest at a Paris hotel, going to bed (undergoing that "mysterious operation known as 'retiring'") left his boots outside the bedroom door. He looked for them in the morning and did not find them. He sued the proprietor, asking the equivalent of $5 for a pair of new boots, and $7.50, which he lost by missing his train. The defence was that the guest should have handed personally the boots to the cleaner, for a notice in the bedroom said the proprietor would not be responsible for the loss of any objects not given into the charge of the hotel staff. The magistrate awarded the sum for the new boots, but cut down the $7.50 to $1.87. Should the guest have handed his boots to the manager for deposit in the hotel safe?

English novels and diaries, in which the old coaching days are described, speak of the welcome at the inns: a welcome including the drawing off of boots, Wellingtons, Bluchers, Hessian, and encasing the feet of the traveller in slippers, which from long use must have been more or less unsanitary. Thus the guest was able to take his ease in his inn; thus point was given to Shenstone's famous verse which was heartily approved by Dr. Johnson.

There are many books about English inns, some richly illustrated, as the one by Eberlein and Richardson, but where is there even a page about guest-slippers? The boots were presumably cleaned. Were they blacked or polished in the 17th century? Steele in the Tatler of 1712 speaks of the "ingenious authors of blacking for shoes." A Dutch traveller arriving at Harwich shortly after the battle of Waterloo was agreeably surprised to find his boots blackened with a polish. But when were boots left in the corridor of English inns first polished? In the 18th century, shoe-blacks were also called japanners, because, as Johnson's Dictionary sagely defines the word, they made shoes shine. And Pope knew the word when he wrote that the poor

"Change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,"

in their desire to follow the example of the restless rich.

Some think that by observing the rows of shoes in a hotel corridor at night they can tell the character of the possessors, male or female, after their kind; this one is slovenly, that one is a college professor or a rich man careless in dress, that pair by the side of huge "guffins" suggestive of corns and bunions, surely belongs to a coquette probably mismated. Does anyone today in the East sport leg-boots, known to Horace Greeley, who would tuck in his trouser legs to show his interest in farmers who took the Tribune as a revelation from on high? Artemus Ward was told in Salt Lake City that Heber C. Kimball was a "loose and reckless" dancer; "many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cow-hide monitor." Boots of this description often disturbed those in a hotel room beneath the wearer, who, undressing, threw one to the floor. The other shoe did not immediately follow. A nerve-racking delay:

"There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time."

Then there were the mad wags who coming in late at night transferred shoes and boots from one door to another, laughing wildly. The essay of all essays concerning foot-gear, and "Boots" on steamship or in English inn, with his outstretched palm on the discontinuance of personal relations, is yet to be written.

may 11 1931

SWELLING THE DICTIONARY

Compilers of English-American dictionaries are not modest in their claims for surpassing importance. Each one boasts of the number of words. One would gladly have for daily use a dictionary in which only necessary words were to be found, ignoring the yearly coining of terms. Blount in the seventeenth century compiled a "Glossographia: or a Dictionary interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language, now used in our refined English Tongue . . . Very useful for all such as desire to understand what they read." It's a comparatively small volume of 712 words, among them "durable," "code," "hostage," "omelet," "pictorial." Many years later Jenkins's Dictionary of all words but those that are familiar was published.

Sir Halford Mackinder, addressing the Geographical Association last month at Manchester, England, took for his subject bad language in geographies! He objected to "anti-clinorium" and "conurbation" which he recently found; to the "rotundity" of the earth; he would avoid words ending with "ation" and "orium," as he says: "drainageslope," "catchment basin," or simply "divide" for "watershed."

Dr. Seashore of the University of Iowa would have us use the new word "Euphany" to designate "the ability for deliberate and adequate statement of fact." Another learned professor approves "perseveration," a word long obsolete, and would have it revived. The "Institute of Trichologists" met in London, which led a newspaper poet of London to put on his singing robes:

Who is it cuts my scanty hair
Or deftly hides the patches bare
By training side-sprung tresses there?
No Barber—a Trichologist.

The man once bore the crude name of "Barber,"

But now he's at the peak of fame,
Rejoicing in a splendid name;
And yet his gashes are the same
As Barber or Trichologist.

"Tonsorial artist" was bad enough. Should "pegleritis" (the habit of "knocking" or "debunking" the illustrious dead) enter into the dictionary?

There is no longer an undertaker; he is a "mortician." A "coffin," even in respectable newspapers, is a "casket." And so familiar poems should be revised, from Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore":

No useless casket enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him

to Walt Whitman's "Burial Hymn of Lincoln":

Casket that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
. . . . . .
Here, casket that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

Yea, the genteel person is abroad in the land. He is no doubt shocked by the plain language of the King James version, Bunyan, Defoe, Swift, Cobbett, Hazlitt. He should be put tenderly in a casket, by a weeping mortician.

may 12 1931

TABLE FREAKS

By PHILIP HALE

The reader has probably forgotten that Mr. Nirdlinger was shot not long ago by his wife, a former "beauty queen." Each day brings its murder; the one of the last week is driven from the mind by one that is more ingenious or more brutal. A London journalist remembers that Nirdlinger, entertaining friends in Paris at dinner, knowing that his wife would wear a red dress and a red hat, ordered tomato soup, lobster cardinal, chicken with a red sauce, rosy-red apples, red wine.

He was not the first to depart from the series of traditional courses. Des Esseintes, the hero of Huysmans's "A Rebours," arranged a dinner in black. The dining-room was hung in black; the garden walks were powdered with coal dust; a little fountain was inked; the table-cloth was black; there were baskets of violets; a hidden orchestra played funeral marches; the waitresses were negroes undraped. The guests ate from plates bordered with black; turtle soup, Russian ryebread, the ripe olives of Turkey, caviar, mullet, black smoked sausage, game with sauces the color of liquorice and blacking, truffles, chocolate creams, puddings, raisins, blackberries, blackheart cherries, wines of Limague and Roussillon, Tenedos, Val de Penaas and Oporto; after the coffee, kwas, porter and stout.

The journalist commenting on the Riviera millionaire idea of amusement—it was Nirdlinger who later repaid the compliment by "seeing red"—thinks that the ordering of a dinner for its color seems very much like choosing one's pictures by their taste.

Yet we read that "the element of attraction is used in order to stimulate the appetite through the sense of sight. Cochineal transforms a dull blanc-mange into something interesting . . . . . Meals are now planned with a view to suiting the food to the atmosphere conveyed by the decorations."

There have been queer dinners at Newport, especially during the reign of the visiting New York wine merchant who was thought by the idle rich to be a man of infinite jest, but even he would not have specialized in color-dishes.

What would he say, if he were still a director of dining-room amusements, to Miss Rosemary Northcroft's breakfast party in Westminster, London, with almost all the furniture in her flat removed to make room for long trestle tables? Each guest on arrival was to be offered a bath ticket and towel. Some announced their intention of coming in pyjamas and dressing gowns. Any one caught reading a newspaper at breakfast was to be severely punished. What was to be served at breakfast was not stated. Was there for once a shameless defiance of tradition? No porridge? No bacon and eggs? No toast, no bit of fish? What?

MUSEUM CONCERT

On Tuesday next, May 12, the Museum of Fine Arts will again be open throughout the evening from 7 to 11 o'clock. The occasion is the second free spring concert at the museum, by the Harvard Glee Club under Dr. Davison's direction.

My Spirit Be Joyful ..... Bach
Jesu Dulcis ..... Vittori
Spring Returns ..... Marenzio
Inimici Autem ..... di Lasso
April in My Mistress' Face ..... Morley
Turn Ye to Me ..... Scotch folk song
Choruses from "Pinafore" ..... Sullivan
Ave Verum ..... Byrd
Salamaleikum ..... Corneliu
The Hundred Pipers ..... Scotch folk song
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring ..... Bach
The coronation scene from "Boris Godunov" ..... Moussorgsk

The concert will be given at 8 o'clock and is free to all.

GERTRUDE EHRHART

Tomorrow evening, Gertrude Ehrhart, soprano, will be the soloist at the special concert of the Pops at Symphony hall taken over by the Ladies' Helping Hand auxiliary to the Home for Jewish Children. Her program is as follows:

A group of songs by Schubert: Auf dem Wasser zu Singen, Who is Sylvia?, Gretchen am Spinnrade, Staendchen. A second group: Phyllis Has Such Charming Graces, old English; Footsteps in the Sand, Steinert; Oh, that we two were Maying, Nevin; Hebrew Lullaby, Sminsky; Vocalize-Etude, Hue. Howard Goding will be the accompanist.

may 12 1931

COLONIAL THEATRE

"He"

By PHILIP HALE

Colonial Theatre. First performance in Boston of "He," a comedy "Lui" in three acts and four scenes by Alfred Savoir; English adaptation by Chester Erskin, director of the production. Setting by Aline Bernstein. The Theatre Guild's fifth production of the third Boston season.

The cast was as follows:

Bartender ..... Victor Kilian
Elevator man ..... Claude Rains
M. Matard ..... Cecil Yapp
Prof. Coq ..... Pedro de Cordoba
The Invalid ..... Viola Frayne
Miss Scoville ..... Edith Meiser
Comdr. Trafalgar ..... Edward Rigby
He ..... Tom Powers
The Princess ..... Violet Kemble Cooper
Bell Boy ..... Julius Evans
M. Pluy ..... William Gargan
Hotel Doctor ..... Le Roy Brown
First Porter ..... Lawrence Hurdle, Jr.
Second Porter ..... Stanley Van Sax
Doctor ..... Robert Le Sueur

The performance was excellent throughout, except for the fact that Miss Meiser as the free-thinker from Seattle occasionally mumbled her lines and was otherwise inaudible at times. But there was sharply defined characterization of types, some of which were so familiar—as the bluff commander, even the president of the Free-Thinkers Society—that they needed a vivid portrayal. The bar-keeper plotting moves at chess, a silent man, was important; he had so little to say, he had so little to do—yet he did it all so well. What to him was the dispute about the existence of God, the brutality of the prize fighter Ping, the amorous transfers and promotions of the Princess who had run away with the champion of Europe? Avalanches, glaciers, rows in the kitchen, they were not worthy of a serious chess player's attention.

Those who have been in a Swiss hotel of even the recent years were struck last night by the truthfulness of Miss Bernstein's setting. Here was an instance where the stage setting was of more than ordinary importance to the comedians. One would not be surprised to find in any Swiss hotel this summer the men nad women seen last night. The landlord, with his eye on the barometer and his repeated remark that the distressing weather was most unusual, the gentle invalid, the grumbling English army or navy officer, the unhappy mis-mated woman of high degree—who has not seen them at Lausanne, Montreux, Lucerne, or on the high Alps.

To the supposedly sane guests a stranger adds himself and introduces himself as God. He had attended the meetings of the society and voted against its proposed abolition of the Deity. He is self-assured but so gently expressing his supreme knowledge and power, that he finally disarms suspicion. A singular series of natural events convinces guests and landlord that he has a seemingly miraculous power.

One can hardly call "He" a play. There is much talk about the nature of the Deity, his traditional or hypothetical dealings with mankind; perhaps there is a dash of symbolism in the final scene between the princess and the stranger. Play there is none—yet there is fascination in watching the succession of scenes; pondering the dialogue, which, though there is repetition, makes one forget the absence of dramatic purpose. The stranger is a lovable person. The head of the asylum from which he has escaped misses his company; the keepers loved him so that they would not thwart his wish to leave for a vacation. Not all lunatics who

Imagine they are God—and the delusion is not uncommon—are so accomplished in dispute, theological or sociological, as M. Savior's hero. But one suspects Savior of not knowing how to dispose of him or of the princess. Then there's the good little invalid with a weak voice but a strong faith in the stranger's divinity. M. Savoir's former record as a dramatist does not lead one to infer that he now has turned symbolist, even a belated one. He is more, concerned with the dialogue that will both explain and charm. But would Dr. Johnson have said last night: "Sir, we had good talk?" There was too much of it; not enough perhaps of physical action. The elevator boy who modeled his behavior and speech on Napoleon Bonaparte was undoubtedly a relief to many. He was amusing, and plays, when they are called comedies should amuse. An endless discussion about God is certainly not a lively entertainment in the theatre. Mr. Powers held the attention; he excited sympthy; he exerted authority. It is always a delight to see and hear Miss Cooper, whatever her role may be.

The evening was certainly not lost, but had the dramatist any definite aim? Did he not lose control of his theme before the final curtain?

WILBUR THEATRE

"The Third Little Show"

"The Third Little Show," a revue in two acts, presented by Dwight Deer Wiman, in association with Tom Weatherly; settings by Jo Mielziner, costumes by Raymond Sovey, dances staged by Dave Gould; the cast includes Beatrice Lillie, Ernest Truex, Carl Randall, Walter O'Keefe, Constance Carpenter, Jerry Norris, Sandra Gale, William M. Griffith, Gertrude McDonald, Edward Arnold, Dorothy Fitzsibbon.

No longer intimate, but still striving to be smart, gay and unusual, "The Third Little Show" went through its paces last evening after a feverish week of editing, pruning and alteration in New Haven. Here it was greeted by an audience which swarmed into the standee columns, which howled and applauded early and remained to give a parting salvo, some time after 11 o'clock. Most of this explosive greeting was hurled at Miss Lillie, the English comedienne whose grotesqueries in the first "Charlot Revue" will never be forgotten, and probably never be repeated. Mr. Truex, absent from Boston so long that he felt constrained to murmur something about "Very good, Eddie," was received with more restraint. As the evening wore on one was constrained to wonder why opportunity to be amusing had been denied him so repeatedly. An excellent comedian, of the gentility, as it were, Mr. Truex is asked here to cut up capers which smack of buffoonery. These two are featured but it was Miss Lillie who twice "stopped the show," aided less by the cleverness of her material than by the inordinate uproar of her audience.

"The First Little Show," produced in 1929, boasted a trio of gifted entertainers in Fred Allen, Clifton Webb and Libby Holman, she of "Moanin' Low" fame. Mr. Mielziner did the settings, and the Messrs. Schwartz and Dietz wrote most of the words and music. The "Second Little Show" presented Al Trahan and Jay C. Flippen, both out of the varieties, and Ruth Tester, who sang "Sing Something Simple" refreshingly. Mielziner, Schwartz and Dietz again figured in the production. This "Third Little Show" has been decorated scenically for a third time by Mr. Mielziner; but the names of Schwartz and Dietz have given place to those of Noel Coward Max and Nathaniel Lief, and a dozen others which mean little to the average theatre-goer. Mr. Coward has written a couple of skits notable for facility of phrasing and for quiet audacity; but out of the many others, it seemed as if that called "Sang Froid," by Harry Wall, with Miss Lillie and Miss Carpenter as prim English tourists witnessing a murder in a Parisian ghetto, deserved the prize for keen-edged travesty. Candidly, the evening failed to reveal anything quite as steadily hilarious as George Kaufman's "The Still Alarm" or Marc Connelly's "The Guest," of the previous "Little Shows."

Miss Lillie appeared often, in costumes now screaming their clashing colors, now rich in simplicity. Whether as Miss Bleet, of the village grocery, or as an English tourist in white, singing Noel Coward's "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," or as a burlesque Spanish Queen, or imitating Ruth Draper, or disturbing a stage audience in a skit by Peter Spencer called "The Late Comer," she was always incisively humorous, mistress of the art of harmless caricature. Mr. O'Keefe, when not impressed for sketches, serves as master of ceremonies, uttering gibes at the Theatre Guild, at Eugene O'Neill's new play, at the Wickersham commission, at Hollywood, which he likened to "Bridgeport, with palm trees," and even at President Hoover, whose name he suggested as an improvement on that of George Washington for the new bridge out of New York, because it is "dry on top, wet underneath, and points in both directions."

Mr. Randall, always a skilled dancer, has several interludes, both as soloist and as associate with Miss McDonald. His juggling novelty as he wove out tap steps was a high-light. The other principals sing, dance and burlesque in rapid changes. The chorus of six young men and 16 very pretty girls, in countless handsome costumes, is one of the best ever seen here. The Mielziner settings are rich, modern and odd. To attain pictorial beauty it is evident that the producers have spent money lavishly. They have been less fortunate in obtaining high grade material for the sketches. The music, much of it about as 'intimate' as a three-alarm fire, runs less to melody than to blatancy. And what a pity to rig up Mr. Truex like Willie Howard, and not to give him one really funny line!

W. E. G.

May 13 - 93

TREMONT THEATRE

"Friendship"

"Friendship," a play in three acts by George M. Cohan; directed by Sam Forrest; produced at Atlantic City May 4, 1931, and performed at the Tremont Theatre last evening for the first time in Boston, with the following cast:

Joe Townsend ..... George M. Cohan
Jenny ..... Marjorie Dalton
Stephen West ..... Minor Watson
Louise Dale ..... Lee Patrick
Mrs. Steinert ..... Beatrice Moreland
Cecil Steinert ..... Clifford Jones
Sully ..... Howard Hull Gibson
Rudolph ..... Robert C. Fischer
Joan Steinert ..... Helen F. Cohan
Alfred Steinert ..... Thomas Gillen

Whenever Mr. Cohan writes a play, he asks his audience to do a lot of guessing. He likes to play the game that way; it makes it interesting for every one. He names this play "Friendship," and at its conclusion we are wondering at its precise application. Does he refer to the firm bonds of understanding between Joe Townsend and Stephen West, two men of middle age who view the world with shrewd but kindly eyes? Does he imply that in the relations between Joe Townsend and Louise Dale, the young woman whom he had snatched from the defiling environment of a night club and had established comfortably in a home on the east side of New York, happiness was impossible without mutual love and esteem, and a wedding ring? That in such a situation friendship was not enough? One guess is as good as another. In this instance it will make for more play-goers, not only because of the mystifying intent of the author but because of much typical Cohan humor, several amusing or dramatic situations, and at least three splendid characterizations.

The first and third acts are placed in Louise's home, the second in West's bachelor apartment. After three years of luxury and irresponsibility, Louise has decided to quit Townsend, a quiet, decent fellow, prosperous, widowed, with a daughter of Louise's age. We are not told where this daughter is, she never appears. Louise, suddenly convinced that she can write, has met a young chap, Cecil Steinert, who has literary aspirations, is inclined to be selfish, unfilial. His father is proprietor of a group of delicatessen shops, a German of the old school, with definite ideas as to morality, decency, parental duty. There are two other children, Joan, who plays Chopin, and Alfred, who sings. The Steinerts accept Louise, with reservations. She and Cecil must wait a year before thinking of marriage. So Townsend, who has too easily persuaded Cecil to induce Louise to keep the box of 'just a few tiny things' he had given her, goes further, has a publisher accept Louise's first story, unfinished at that, and sends her a check for $500 as advance payment. The girl must live, argues Townsend. Louise is delighted, old Steinert suspicious. In West's apartment, he insults Townsend, accuses him obliquely of trying illicitly to hold Louise, throws wine in his face. "You have a daughter of your own," he says.

In the third act, Cecil, his father and Louise, who has gone back to the night club, enter one at a time, through connivance of West, whose forte is arranging things. Townsend puts Cecil "in short pants," as he expresses it; punctures his conceits and his half-baked ideas of life, rebukes the trend of modern youth. Old Steinert goes further; avers that the whole younger generation should be put in diapers. He forces Cecil to apologize for his rash assertions, takes him home, a chastened lad. Then only does Townsend realize that what the old arrangement lacked was the wedding ring, that he and Louise loved each other all the time.

Mr. Cohan plies familiar devices. He gives himself a confidential friend, as in "Gambling." From the two we are told of situations as the curtain rises. From them we hear dissertations on various topics, invariably witty, often dashed with homely philosophy, always in natural speech frequently made more effective through reiteration of a word or phrase, a favorite Cohan trick. The first act takes on pace when half-way through; the second act is brisker, pitted with surprising turns and a moving climax. The third act droops, seems about to end, then is caught up and pushed forward. Perhaps it could be curtailed to crisper progress; perhaps Mr. Cohan prefers to work in every last agile twist and deviation, holding that suspense prolonged is suspense perfected. We suspect that the audience would favor the first premise.

Apart from Mr. Cohan's tested ability to write entertaining plays is his canny gift for casting roles. Minor Watson as the frank, jovial friend and counselor was perfect. We know of no better actor in such roles. He had a like part in "It's a Wise Child." Mr. Cohan generously has given him the wittiest lines. Mr. Watson returns the compliment by giving a worthy performance. The author himself is content to sit by, to observe the others, to put in a word here and there. Do those in the balconies hear his voice plainly? Mr. Fischer, a versatile, intelligent player, creates a new stage portrait in Rudolph Steinert. His halting speech, his German accent, his sincerity under emotional stress, are a few of the factors in a memorable delineation. Miss Patrick, as the gentle-mannered Louise, groping for happiness, was exeellent. In fact each and everyone, Miss Cohan, Miss Moreland, Miss Dalton, Mr. Jones, Mr. Gillen, in their smaller opportunities, were fully satisfying. "Friendship" should be added to Mr. Cohan's long and laudable list of successful plays for people who like plays which speak their language.

W. E. G.

LADIES NIGHT AT TEMPLE

May 15 - 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Svengali"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by J. Grubb Alexander from the novel entitled, "Trilby," by George Louis Du Maurier; directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Svengali ..... John Barrymore
Trilby ..... Marian Marsh
Little Billee ..... Bramwell Fletcher
Honori ..... Carmel Myers
Taffy ..... Lumsden Hare
The Laird ..... Donald Crisp
Gecko ..... Luis Alberni
Concert Manager ..... Paul Porcasi

It occasioned little surprise when the title of George Du Maurier's novel, "Trilby," was altered—for screen purposes—to "Svengali." The film of that name, now current at the Metropolitan Theatre, offers all the explanation necessary, not only for the change of title but also for the complete alteration of emphasis in the story. John Barrymore plays Svengali; a new young actress, Marian Marsh, is Trilby. With Mr. Barrymore the star, it is obvious that he will have the majority of close-ups and of plot allotted to him. That he gives his best performance in many months, as the sinister hypnotist and thwarted musician, is pleasant to behold, but the relegation of Trilby to second place, the near obliteration of Little Billee, Taffy, the Laird and Gecko, and the complete elimination of such characters as Dodor and Zouzou, is another story altogether and not nearly so agreeable.

The entire production is handsome, imaginative and elaborate; in the earlier scenes especially, the director, Archie Mayo, and the unknown cameraman and scene designer, have caught to a remarkable extent the shabby, whimsical and picturesque atmosphere of the Latin Quarter in the last third of the 19th century. We see the Three Musketeers: Little Billee, the handsome English boy artist and his devoted friends, Taffy and the Laird. We hear Trilby's deep-voiced hail of "Milk Below!" and we see her dressed in the shabby old army coat and striped petticoat, sitting on a table and proudly exhibiting the loveliest feet in Paris. The four become friends at once, and soon friendship ripens into love between Little Billee and Trilby. Enters then the evil genius—Svengali, cynical, evil, dirty, but filled with a divine passion for music and possessed of disconcerting hypnotic powers. In the quality of Trilby's untrained voice he sees the makings of a great instrument and before long he has her entirely in his power. Subject to his strangely compelling gaze, she becomes the articulate voice of his love for music; she forgets all her past life and friends, even Little Billee. In answer to Svengali's will, she loves him passively, with a reflection of his own passion for her, but her real love is still for the English boy.

Madly in love with her and conscious that the period of his sway is limited, Svengali begins to cancel her concert engagements, which have made her the idol of Europe, and tries to keep her away from Little Billee. Svengali's heart is failing and his death is imminent when he brings Trilby to sing in a low cafe and finds Little Billee waiting. Her eyes on Svengali, Trilby starts to sing; suddenly he collapses, and the notes die away in her throat in a discordant blur. The last sound Svengali hears is her faint murmur of his name as she lies half-conscious in the arms of Little Billee.

Mr. Barrymore, figuring conspicuously in the title role, gives an intelligent, vivid, constantly interesting performance. His make-up is a triumph of self-sacrifice, for it makes him weird and frequently repulsive, but always convincing. His quotations and misquotations from "Hamlet" and "Richelieu" lend a curious flavor to his macabre characterization. Marian Marsh, debarred by her diminutive physique from suggesting the Trilby of the novel, gives an interesting but subdued performance, which is aided materially by the odd but pleasing quality of her voice. Bramwell Fletcher's Little Billee is satisfactory, though he hardly has a fair chance in his needlessly subordinated role. We liked greatly the work of Lumsden Hare, as Taffy, Donald Crisp, as the Laird, and Luis Alberni, as the downtrodden Gecko.

E. L. H.

May 11 1931

KEITH-BOSTON

"A Virtuous Husband"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Dale Van Every and C. Jerome Horwin from the play, "Apron Strings," by Dorrance Davis; directed by Vin Moore and presented by Universal Pictures with the following cast:

Daniel Curtis ..... Elliott Nugent
Inez Wakefield ..... Betty Compson
Barbara Olwell ..... Jean Arthur
Mr. Olwell ..... J. C. Nugent
Mrs. Olwell ..... Alison Skipworth
Ezra Hunniwell ..... Tully Marshall
Hester ..... Eva McKenzie
Peters ..... Willie Best

Directors and adapters spring up over night in Hollywood, and often the unknown of yesterday is the fair-haired lad of today. In the case of "A Virtuous Husband," however, we can see no halo accruing to Mr. Vin Moore, whoever he may be or might have been before young Carl Laemmle entrusted him with the making of what on the stage was a briskly moving and frequently hilarious farce. These in fact are the essential qualities of any farce. A funereal pace is fatal, yet that is precisely the tempo chosen by Mr. Moore, and five minutes after the film has started it finds itself defeated by just this defective treatment. Not until Tully Marshall as the shrewd and unscrupulous old lawyer appears does the action take on impetus, and by that time the mischief has been done.

When "Apron Strings" was performed here at the Plymouth Theatre several months ago Jefferson DeAngelis was the lawyer who solved the peculiar problem which threatened the happiness of Daniel Curtis and Barbara Olwell. There was more subtlety in his characterization than Mr. Marshall is permitted to display. In fact the stage performance in every detail was vastly superior to that of the screen. The action then was confined to the living room in the Olwell home. Now the camera takes us to Niagara Falls, to sylvan glades, to the many-roomed mansion bequeathed to Daniel by his mother, who had made her money as Pansy Pomeroy, writing syndicated columns of advice to the love-lorn. She had gone further, and left a trunkful of letters, to be opened and read by her dear son at various important stages in his life. He had become obsessed by a sense of obligation to follow minutely every counsel contained in those letters, the result being that he was an unhappy victim of repressions. He loved Barbara Olwell and she loved him, but those letters were always between them. On their wedding day he balked at a church wedding, as a profane exhibition. For their honeymoon he insisted on Niagara Falls, and the same bridal suite in the same moth-eaten hostelry where his mother had spent her honeymoon. Worst of all, he declined to behave as any normal bridegroom would, to the discomfiture and humiliation of the puzzled bride. In two weeks she left him, and processes of reconcillation and emancipation from the thrall of those awful letters are detailed in the film's subsequent scenes.

To the credit of the adapters, the text of the play is followed consistently, only to lose mich of its sparkle and punch through lethargic delivery and excessive manoeuvring by the players to get in camera range. The hotel episode is amusing; but only efforts at padding are discernible in the introduction of footage showing not only old Hunnewell but Mrs. Olwell and her maid, and Mr. Olwell and Mrs. Wakefield, a family friend, indulging in slap-stick burlesque as they purloin three trunks, each supposed to contain the pestiferous letters, from Daniel's home, and topple them into the river. Young Mr. Nugent plays Daniel with amazingly straight face; Miss Arthur makes an attractive and spirited Barbara; Mr. Nugent the elder and Miss Skipworth are subdued prototypes of the original Olwells; Miss Compson does

May 14 1931

MELVILLE AND HAWTHORNE

By PHILIP HALE

Herman Melville's letter to Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne "explaining 'Moby Dick'" was sold at auction in New York for $3100. At the same sale the first edition of Melville's "Pierre," with an autograph inscription to Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne, brought $575. Would Melville or the Hawthornes be the more surprised?

The relationship between the Hawthornes and the Melvilles when they were neighbors in the Berkshire hills was peculiar; Mr. Weaver calls it "an ironical intimacy." Melville's admiration for Hawthorne's writings was unbounded. He had expressed it in magazines; he expressed it in his letters to Hawthorne; he dedicated "Moby Dick" to him "in admiration of his genius." Melville longed for friendship, spiritual sympathy. What was Hawthorne's attitude towards him?

They talked together, probably compared their illusions; but Hawthorne was as reserved, self-centred—old acquaintances of his in Salem said "selfish"—as Melville was expansive in his wish to be understood, in his desire to find a footing for an unshakable faith. Did Melville bore Hawthorne? Did he disconcert him? Or did he merely compare him with the hero of "Ethan Brand"?

Julian Hawthorne, then a boy, has only pleasant recollections of "the man who had lived among cannibals" as the author of "Typee" and "Omoo" was chiefly known to staid New Englanders. Mrs. Hawthorne was apparently afraid of him at first. For her there was only one man in the world, one writer, her husband; she might have seen in Melville a possible rival in authorship; but to her we owe a vivid characterization, also a tribute to Melville's worth: "I am not quite sure that I do not think him a very great man . . . A man with a true, warm heart, and a soul and an intellect—with life to his finger-tips; earnest, sincere, reverent; very tender and modest."

What did Hawthorne really think of "Moby Dick"? He acknowledged the dedication in a letter that Melville answered with effusive gratitude, but Hawthorne's letters to Melville were, according to Julian, "unfortunately destroyed by fire." Only once did Hawthorne in his published works allude to "Moby Dick"; it was in the "Wonder Book": "On the hither side of Pittsfield sits Herman Melville, shaping out the gigantic conception of his white whale, while the gigantic shape of Greylock looms upon him from his study window." Mr. Lewis Mumford counts Melville's relation with Hawthorne as one of the tragedies of his life.

Did Melville's "lofty pride and his extreme spiritual quests" inspire Hawthorne's story of the charcoal burner who left his home to discover the Unpardonable Sin? (Mr. Forsythe finds this improbable; if not impossible.) Did Melville feel that Hawthorne had committed the unpardonable sin of friendship? Or was Ethan Brand only another Captain Ahab? When Hawthorne was American consul at Liverpool, Melville called on him, stayed with the family. Hawthorne wrote in his diary: "Melville, as he always does, began to reason of Providence and futurity, and of everything else that lies beyond human ken . . . He has a very high and noble nature, and is better worth immortality than the most of us." There is no record of their ever meeting again.

Would Hawthorne have relished this close association of their names in the auction-room? Would he have believed it possible that Melville's name, after years of neglect, would be added to his own and those of Poe, Whitman, Thoreau and Emily Dickinson as glories of American literature?

May 16 1931

DAVID BELASCO

By PHILIP HALE

A dinner in honor of David Belasco was given in New York ten years ago, at which he described in the course of his speech his varied experience in the theatre: "Supernumerary, actor, company-manager, agent, publicity-man, hack, playwright, stage-manager, director, producer, instructor of acting—yes, and scene painter, stage hand, call boy and bill-sticker—I have been them all." He might have added, a youthful bareback rider, clown, dancer, banjo player, reciter.

As an actor he left no enduring mark. In western states he played many parts, from the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet" to Hamlet, from Louis the Eleventh to Uncle Sam. His association there with famous actors and actresses served him later as a producer and a coach.

When he chose six of his plays for publication in Boston three years ago, the volume included "Madame Butterfly," "Du Barry," "The Darling of the Gods," "Adrea," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Return of Peter Grimm." In his preface he wished that the reader would keep in mind the purpose with which they were written; would "visualize the thousand and one details of action, investiture, dress and light; in a word, see them through the mind's eye, and, by the power of imagination, view them in movement."

It has been said that of all his plays, "The Return of Peter Grimm" was his favorite, for he was keenly interested in psychical research and had a strange experience at the time of his mother's death. Three at least of these plays met with great success. How much the manner of production, the sumptuousness, the "realism," the novel effects of lighting, had to do with this success is a matter for discussion. When there was thought of producing "Du Barry," he bought in Paris yards of old Du Barry velvets, antique silks and furniture of the period, before a line of the play was written. He took twenty-five electricians with him to Boston for the opening of "The Rose of the Rancho." A wheelbarrow in that play creaked as it passed in the background. This was regarded as a triumph of realism.

Belasco was fortunate in his preparation of actresses for his productions. Mrs. Leslie Carter, Frances Starr, Lenore Ulric owed everything to him. When he presented a play, the performance was vital, vivid; compelling, if the attention of the audience was not distracted at times by the stage settings, costumes, management of lights, all manner of tricks. He suffered one keen disappointment: his arrangement of "The Merchant of Venice," with David Warfield cast as Shylock.

Few men have loved the theatre so devotedly; few have worked so hard to honor it by elaborate productions; few have been so successful in discovering latent talent and developing it. It was only in the last years that he was tempted to bring out plays with subjects that provoked reasonable objections. For the production of these plays, he made a gallant if curious, not wholly convincing defence.

His influence on the American theatre has been great. There will be for many years a Belasco tradition. His appearance before the curtain, with his clerical collar and sombre dress—suggestive of his youthful years in a monastery—his half apologetic manner, his warm commendation of the leading actress—whatever her name at the time—will long be remembered by theatregoers who, on account of his name, were ready to applaud before the rising of the curtain.

her few lines neatly. Mr. Marshall, without his trapper's whiskers, seemed ill at ease. He, too, seemed to miss the guidance of a director who knows what it is all about. W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Troika"

A sound picture with musical accompaniment adapted from the story by H. Linsky and J. Salkind; photographed by Nicolai Toporkosf and directed by W. Strijevsky with the following cast:

The Coachman	Hans Schlettow
His Wife	Helen Steele
The Lady	Olga Tchekova
The Beggar	Michael Tchekov

"Troika," a Russian film now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, is a triangle drama of the simplest sort, made notable by the very fine acting of the four principals and the excellent direction. A big, burly, handsome coachman attracts the jaded fancy of a society woman. She makes love to him, takes him out in the country for an evening's excitement and then forgets all about him. Selfish and grasping, she never stops to think what the affair may have meant to him. What to her is an amusing interlude is to him the worst of tragedies. His child is lost in the snow and freezes to death trying to find him, while his gentle little wife, heartbroken at the double calamity of his infidelity and the baby's death, decides to enter a convent. Fate brings the very woman who wrecked his life into the coachman's sleigh, and with uncontrollable fury in his heart he drives the sleigh over the bank into the river. Escaping death himself, he returns in time for his wife to discover that she still loves him and can forgive in spite of all.

The film was intended as a starring vehicle for Olga Chekova, who gives a clever, rather artificial performance in the role of the heedless, luxury-loving society woman. Quite overshadowing her work, however, is that of Hans Schelettow as the coachman. The actor gives a very fine and understanding portrayal of the simple, honest giant, who goes mad over a brief infatuation and repents with such abandonment of grief. Helen Steele is very moving as the little wife, and there is an excellent performance by an attractive small boy, who plays the coachman's baby son. The film has been directed with a Russian love of character study and revealing detail, and reaches true dramatic heights in the frenzied rush of the troiak across the snow into the half frozen river.

Also on the program, in response to many requests, is the remarkable UFA film, "Metropolis." Though half a dozen years old, this picture is a triumph of mechanical fantasy and its conception of the world of the future is still as compelling as when it was first shown. We see the monstrous city, with its unbelievable towering skyscrapers, its fantastic air-craft and roadways hundreds of yards above the earth. Equally extraordinary is the city of the workers, a grim and sunless spot far below the ground, while the weird machines worked by thousands of dark figures have not lost their fascination. The mechanical effects and the mass movements are the most interesting things in the picture, although the interwoven plot, of the mechanical woman who was to bring the workers under the domination of their masters and incited them to revolt instead, is by no means devoid of interest.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Dude Ranch"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Percy Heath, Grover Jones and Lloyd Corrigan from the story by Milton Krims; directed by Frank Tuttle and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Jenifer	Jack Oakie
Chester Carr	Stuart Erwin
Judd	Eugene Pallette
Alice	Mitzi Green
Susan Meadows	June Collyer
Spruce Meadows	Charles Sellon
Mrs. Merridew	Cecil Weston
Burson	George Webb
Simonson	Guy Oliver
Blaze Denton	James Crane

Whoever had the inspiration to get Jack Oakie out of his recent run of smart-aleck parts and into that of the stranded actor playing badman in "Dude Ranch," now at the Modern and Beacon theatres, deserves loud applause. Those who hailed the initial appearances of Mr. Oakie have felt of late that his roles were not getting him anywhere, because they were just a steady round of cocksure, objectionable young men, who refused to admit that there was anything in the world that they didn't know. "Dude Ranch," however, is quite another story. Here Mr. Oakie undertakes to play a rather stupid, well meaning and helpless sort of youth, continually worsted in whatever he undertakes, yet always willing to try again. It is an amusing part, and he plays it with refreshing earnestness and beguiling bewilderment. The story, too, has a distinctly amusing idea behind it, and the result is a very entertaining picture.

Chester Carr, owner of a declining dude ranch, hires three actors: Jenifer Gilroy, Alice and Judd, to provide his guests with the sort of entertainment that their romantic souls crave. Judd, a fat, good-natured soul, pretends to be a brutal parent, from whom Jenifer rescues the trembling Alice. When not engaged in acting, Jenifer struts around the ranch house in impressive cowboy costume, flourishing an imposing, though empty, revolver, while Judd poses as an Indian brave. Among the guests on the ranch are Susan Meadows, a pretty girl from the East, and her father, Spruce. Also present, in the guise of entomologists, are various gunmen from the city, intent upon robbing the local bank. Thanks to a well-planned campaign, they carry out the hold-up and arrange to have the blame placed on Jenifer. They then kidnap Susan and attempt a getaway in Judd's theatrical van. The sharp-eyed Alice sees them, however, and pursuit follows.

There is a wild conclusion, with the van stalled on the railroad tracks in front of an oncoming train, and Jenifer so busy fighting that he is only saved at the last moment when his opponent knocks him clear of the truck and into safety at the side of the road just as the train strikes. Mr. Oakie was in character throughout and provided much amusement, especially in his altercation with a skittish horse. Even more hilarious seemed a brief dialogue in which Eugene Pallette, disguised as a Sioux Indian, Chief Yahoo, argues with Spruce Meadows over the respective meanings of Sioux and Sue. Stuart Erwin is as funny as usual and Mitzi Green does well in a small role. June Collyer makes an exceedingly pretty heroine.—E. L. H.

THE POPS

The first Pops Sunday evening Symphony concert was attended by an audience that packed Symphony hall, and that showed its pleasure not only by much applause but by many shouts of "Bravo!" during the evening.

The program was as follows:

Elgar
March "Pomp and Circumstance" No. 5
(First time in Boston)
Boyce ..... Fifth Symphony
Londonderry Air
Arranged for String Orchestra by
Sir Hamilton Harty
Lambert ..... "The Rio Grande"
for chorus, orchestra and solo pianoforte
(Piano solo, Jesus Maria Sanroma)
(Contralto solo, Marie Murray)
(Chorus of the Cecilia Society)
Tchaikovsky ..... "Romeo and Juliet"
Overture—Fantasia
Ballet Suite, "Nutcracker"
Ouverture Solennelle, "1812"

The occasional small errors, lack of surface polish, and other evidences of weariness from the strain of a long, hard season and the haste with which Pops concerts must be prepared and given, which showed in the orchestra's playing last night, were more than made up for by its spirit and verve. Mr. Fiedler sets sharp, invigorating rhythms, has a clear, incisive beat, and, while he sometimes lacks graciousness in phrasing, he never errs in the direction of sentimentality—a fault which is insupportable in popular programs.

As to the program, it combined pieces by British composers (from the almost forgotten Boyce to Lambert, whose "Rio Grande" was one of the best liked of the new compositions brought out by the Boston Symphony this winter), with three selections from Tchaikovsky's best-liked works. The Elgar march, re-echoing an earlier "Pomp annd Circumstance," is less straightforward, more fussy, than the first, while built around the same over-romanticised themes. Boyce's clean, fresh Symphony, with its neat fugue, was refreshing after the preceding piece's ponderous strivings. Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement of the well-known "Londonderry Air," a charmingly appropriate arrangement, at last, of this much mauled and overplayed, but still lovely air, was played very suavely by the strings, the air being sung by solo violin.

Lambert's "Rio Grande" which was played with all the deft rhythm, sparkle and changing mood that it demands, again made a favorable impression. When music like this, so obviously pictorial, episodic and unashamedly entertaining, still delights at third hearing it is rare indeed. Even Ravel's exciting "Bolero" did not meet the third-hearing test for many a concertgoer.

Concluding with music of Tchaikovsky, the orchestra outdid itself. Unrestrained shouting followed the playing of the "Nutcracker" suite. It seemed the very soul of wit after the long-winded "Romeo and Juliet" overture-fantasia, though there are beauties and to spare in the latter. Naturally "1812," which was consummately well played, brought a storm of applause. E. B.

mar 16 1931

LOEW'S STATE

"Shipmates"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Lou Edelman and Delmar Daves from the story by Ernest Paynter entitled, "Maskee"; directed by Harry Pollard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Jonesy ..... Robert Montgomery
Scotty ..... Ernest Torrence
Kit ..... Dorothy Jordan
Admiral Corbin ..... Hobart Bosworth
Bilse ..... Cliff Edwards
Mike ..... Gavin Gordon
Mary Lou ..... Joan Marsh
What-Ho ..... Edward Nugent
Wong ..... E. Allyn Warren
Captain Beatty ..... George Irving
Auntie ..... Hedda Hopper
Admiral Schuyler ..... William Worthington

While Mr. Montgomery is starred in "Shipmates," he probably realizes by this time just how much he owes to Ernest Torrence, who plays a chief boatswain's mate to his gob in this rollicking fantasy of life in the navy. Against Jonesy's cherubic smile and impish inventiveness storms Scotty's impotent choler and burred indignation. The two are ever at odds, until one fine day when mutual understanding emerges from a situation serious to both. Thereafter Scotty is for Jonesy, and peace reigns on the gallant battleship Colorado. If the picture had ended where every one watching it expected it to end, with the honorable retirement of Kit's father, Admiral Corbin, and with Jonesy headed for Annapolis and a glorious naval career, all would have been well. But Director Pollard decided that after so much playful humor and light sentiment there should be a touch of melodrama; so he staged a lurid scene on an ammunition barge, in the path of a flaming oil tanker, sent out Jonesy and the admiral as heroes to sink the barge, and caused the admiral to die and Jonesy to languish in the naval hospital until healed of his burns. After that the march to Annapolis was resumed, with roseate ending.

Lithe and graceful in sailor blue, Mr. Montgomery cuts an audacious swath. He woos Kit at first sight, misrepresents himself as an oil man from Brazil—actually he was a gob on a naval oil tanker, from which he had hurled his first insults at Scotty. Transferred to the battleship, he is given ignoble tasks, fails once as a gunner, wins official commendation on his next showing in battle practice. Kit, obeying the admiral's orders to have no word with him, permits a staff lieutenant, known as Mike and played by Gavin Gordon, to continue his attentions. Jonesy and Mike clash repeatedly, with Jonesy ultimate victor, first in a fist fight and then for Kit's hand and heart which, to tell the truth, it was obvious that he had all along.

"Shipmates" gains in entertainment values through use of a real battleship for many of its scenes, whether ceremonial, spectacular or for skylarking purposes. The cast is uniformly adequate, with Cliff Edwards as a comic sailor, Mr. Bosworth as the admiral saddened at prospects of retirement, Mr. Warren in a natural bit as his Chinese valet, Miss Jordan as the girl who knew what she wanted, and Mr. Gordon as the unbending lieutenant. W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Bachelor Apartment"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from an original story by John Howard Lawson; directed by Lowell Sherman and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Wayne Carter ..... Lowell Sherman
Helene Andrews ..... Irene Dunne
Agatha Carraway ..... Mae Murray
Henry Carraway ..... Purnell Pratt
Lee Carlton ..... Norman Kerry
Lita Andrews ..... Claudia Dell
Henry De Maneau ..... Ivan Lebedeff
Janet ..... Noel Francis
Rollins ..... Charles Coleman
Miss Clark ..... Kitty Kelly
Charlotte ..... Bess Flowers
First Drunk ..... Arthur Housman
Mrs. Holloran ..... Florence Roberts
Brown ..... Boston Winston

It won't be long now before any film with which Lowell Sherman is concerned will be called "A Lowell Sherman Picture," which should eliminate the necessity of further description. For the uninitiated, it might be well to explain that Mr. Sherman, when in any way connected with a film, is apt to be star and director at the same time, and succeeds to a remarkable extent in getting himself the best lines, the meatiest situations, and even, though his beauty does not really warrant it, the majority of the close-ups. In short, he has a wonderful time, and, since he is an entertaining actor and speaks his lines with a commendable knowledge of correct inflections and suave humor, the results are frequently amusing. "Bachelor Apartment," current screen attraction at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, has been tailored to suit him by John Howard Lawson, a young dramatist who, by virtue of a grim impressionistic drama that he once wrote, entitled "Processional," was for a time considered a leading light in the American theatre. It is to be feared that "Bachelor Apartment" will not be of great assistance to his reputation.

Wayne Carter is a rich business man who poses as a do-nothing playboy, and makes himself agreeable to any number of pulchritudinous girls and misunderstood wives. Surprised one day by the indignant Helene Andrews, who, is looking for her sister, Lita, a flighty and luxury loving girl, he finds himself greatly attracted to her, and by devious ways, finds that she is in need of a job and makes her his private secretary. Somewhat to Helene's surprise, he makes no effort to annoy her with his attentions, but treats her in a businesslike and perfectly friendly manner. He wins her gratitude by getting Lita a job in a show run by Lee Carlton, a business acquaintance, and has her take dictation at his apartment without any accompanying love-making. Helene finds herself liking him against her will, but her sense of decency is outraged at the manner in which various ladies, particularly the fluffy Agatha Carraway, come to Wayne's apartment and make themselves at home.

In the end, she does consent to marry him, after saving his life when Agatha's jealous husband tries to shoot him. Lita marries her dancing partner, Henry De Maneau, instead of taking money and jewelry from Lee, as she had planned, so every one ends in a virtuous and happy mood. Mr. Sherman, immaculately tailored, speaks his lines in an appreciative manner, and is otherwise just as usual. Irene Dunne, as the noble, high-minded Helene, is very charming, sincere and slightly overwhelmed by Mr. Sherman's flow of epigrams. She needs more opportunity to talk instead of to be talked at, but her acting is thoroughly satisfactory. Claudia Dell does well enough as Helene's silly sister, Lita, and the expert Ivan Lebedeff is totally wasted in a minor role. E. L. H.

mar 17 1931

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

Eugene Ysaye, one of the world's greatest violinists, unsurpassable in his prime and in the mood, first played in Boston on Dec. 1, 1894, at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra: Saint-Saens's Concerto in B minor, Ernst's Fantasia on airs from Rossini's "Otello" and the Sarabande and Gigue from Bach's third sonata. On Dec. 3, 1904, he played with this orchestra Bach's Concerto in E flat major, No. 2, and Bruch's Concerto in D minor. On March 7, 1913, he played again with this orchestra: Vivaldi's Concerto in G minor and Saint-Saens's Concerto No. 3.

But he played here with other orchestras: With one led by Timothee Adamowski at the Boston Theatre, Jan. 20, 1895; on March 15, 1895, with an orchestra conducted by Emil Mollenhauer; on March 22, 1898, with Theodore Thomas's orchestra; on Feb. 8, 1905, with an orchestra led by Willy Hess; at the Boston Opera House on Dec. 15, 1912, Horace Britt and Anthony Dubois, conductors, as Caplet was sick. At these concerts with orchestra he played concertos by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, Vieuxtemps, Lalo's Symphonic Espagnole, and pieces by Wieniawski, Joachim, Bruch, Bach, Loeffler.

He played in many chamber concerts, gave many recitals. On Jan. 12, 1895, he and Aime Lachaume gave the first performance in Boston of Cesar Franck's violin sonata. On April 16, 1898, with Marteau, Lachaume and Gerardy, he gave Gabriel Faure's piano quartet No. 1 for the first time in Boston; also Franck's piano quintet for the first time here (Lachaume, Ysaye, Marteau, Bendix, Gerardy). He gave chamber concerts in 1898 with Raoul Pugno, pianist; with Pugno and Gerardy; with Marteau, Gerardy and Lachaume.

We remember Ysaye at a club in Boston urging Franz Kneisel to play music by Cesar Franck, waxing eloquent. Franck's musical idiom was then a stumbling block to many. The Kneisel quartet did not venture to play this quintet until 1901. When Ysaye talked with Kneisel, the latter had Franck's string quartet in rehearsal. He told us that it had been rehearsed for two years before he thought it ready for performance (Dec. 5, 1898). Ysaye was zealous in bringing music by the then "modern" French composers before the public; music by Gabriel Faure, Chausson, Debussy. His quartet gave the first performance of Debussy's quartet (1893).

He had been fortunate in his teachers: when he was 4 years old he had lessons from his father; then from Leonard; later he was with Wieniawski and Vieuxtemps. When Vieuxtemps, suffering from paralysis, no longer able to play, made his home at Algiers, he still composed. He wrote to Radoux: "Unfortunately I have no one here to play them for me, to judge them so that I may cut, revise. I need some one and that some one is Ysaye, who would do well to spend the winter here so that I could coach him in these new works. I constantly hear his E string, and I wish to hear it once more." Ysaye was then at St. Petersburg. Jeno Hubay went to Algiers, and for two months took lessons from Vieuxtemps, the last he gave. At the imposing funeral of Vieuxtemps in 1881, at his birthplace, Verviers, Ysaye in the procession carried on a black cushion fringed with silver the violin of Vieuxtemps.

For four years Ysaye was concert master of Bilse's orchestra in Berlin at the Concert House. Bilse faced the audience when he conducted. He took care to engage artists of the first rank, from the conservatories of Paris, Brussels, Liege and German cities. His musical taste was catholic; he was not afraid of introducing works by composers little known in Berlin, as Tchaikovsky. There was a succession of concert masters who, well-equipped at the time, became famous as touring virtuosos. Ysaye, having lived in Paris, was from 1886 to 1897 the violin professor at the Brussels Conservatory. It was at Brussels that he founded and conducted the Ysaye orchestral concerts, and established the Ysaye Quartet. During the World War he made London his home. In 1919 he was engaged as conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony orchestra. He remained in that post for three years. (He had declined the invitation to succeed Anton Seidl as conductor of the Philharmonic Society of New York.) In his last years at Brussels he taught advanced pupils and took delight in fishing until about the middle of 1928 when he began to suffer from diabetes phlebitis, which led in the next year to the amputation of his right leg. He had the satisfaction of knowing on March 4th of this year that his opera "Peter the Coal Miner," with the libretto in the Walloon dialect, was applauded at the Theatre Royal in Liege. He was unable to attend the performance, for he was confined to his bed, but Elizabeth, the Queen of the Belgians, who did go, arranged so that he could hear it by a radio broadcast.

Ysaye was an uncommonly well-informed man, interested in all that pertains to humanity. He was an entertaining conversationalist, a man of strong convictions, but courteous in argument. Although his own compositions are not of a high order he was a well-grounded, excellent musician.

As a violinist, he had qualities that set him apart from his co-mates. Perhaps Charles Van den Borren fully described his art in a few words: "Inheritor of the great tradition, still thoroughly imbued with the romanticism of Vieuxtemps, he refines and idealises it more and more and realizes in his playing, the most perfect union of fullness of sound, immateriality, intensity and expressive gradation of feeling." Not that he invariably answered this description, for he was mortal. He knew when he disappointed an audience and himself, and would say: "I played like a pig," not expecting contradiction.

We have heard many famous violinists: Wieniawski, the incomparable Sarasate, Joachim (who in his later years often disappointed); Wilhelmj, the brilliant Sauret, Mme. Neruda (Lady Halle), also a host of violinists, conspicuous chiefly for technical proficiency, but there were times when Ysaye had a nobility, a spirituality, in his re-creations of music, that was not expressed by others. This spirituality was the more striking because his bodily presence on the stage was anything but spiritual; it was grossly material until he began to play. Then his face would be trasformed, illuminated, as if he were in close communion with the Muse. There was meaning in the remark of a violinist whose reputation was international: "I would rather hear Ysaye even when he plays badly, than a perfect performance by any other violinist."

What a conductor can do for an orchestra, first, by being there permanently, and, second, by his own native force of brain, temper and character, is much; what they can do for him is more. Conductors are sometimes born, but more often made; made by their orchestras—whom they make.—A. H. Fox—Strangways.

Handel, for instance, finds in the libretto of "Serse" some half-dozen words that merely say, when Xerxes stands beneath a plane tree, "Nothing in the whole of vegetable nature makes so agreeable a shade as this." There does not seem to be much in this to inspire a composer; but somehow or other Handel manages to find music for it that makes "Ombra mai fu" immortal. He did not disdain the trite words as being beneath his musical dignity; he did not sit down and worry over the discovery of a vocabulary and a form that should be like no one else's vocabulary and form. He just got on with it, and we all know the result. And the result was what it was because Handel was what he was. Perhaps the real test of the composers of the future will be when, by a process of sheer exhaustion on every one's part, music will once more have reached the stage when a composer will be judged not by his theories and his intentions, but by the sort of music he succeeds in delivering. I sometimes wonder whether what is wrong with modern music may not be just this—that composers are putting more brains into their job than it really needs—too much brains and too little music.—Ernest Newman.

POP PROGRAMS

The Pop concerts in Symphony hall will enter upon their third week next Tuesday, tomorrow's concert having beentaken over by lthe Temple Israel.

Arthur Fiedler announces new numbers of interest, particularly on the second Sunday program, which will take place a week from tonight. The conductor will then introduce to Boston two outstanding new scores of the season past—Tansman's "Sonatine Transatlantique," which consists of foxtrot, spiritual and blues and Charleston, and Abram Chasins' "Parade," which was brought forth by Toscanini with sensational success. The modern group will also include Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" with Jesus Maria Sanroma as piano soloist.

TUESDAY

Washington Post, March ..... Sous
Black Domino, Overture ..... Aub
Liebesfreud ..... Kreisl
La Boheme, Fantasia ..... Pucci
Espana, Rhapsody ..... Chabri
Londonderry Air ..... Har
Tales from Johann Strauss ..... Korngo
Czardas, from the opera "Ghost of the Warrior" ..... Grossm
Volga Bargemen's Song ..... Arr. by Jacch
"Queen of Sheba, March ..... Goun

WEDNESDAY

Carmen, Prelude ..... Biz
Poet and Peasant, Overture ..... Sup
Whispering of the Flowers ..... Bl
Faust, Fantasia ..... Goun
Hungarian Dances ..... Brahr
A Keltic Lament ..... Foul
Caprice on Spanish Themes ..... Rimsky-Korsak
Girls of Baden, Waltz ..... Komz
Molly on the Shore, Irish Reel ..... Grainr
American Fantasy ..... Herbe

THURSDAY

Pomp and Circumstance March, No. 5 ..... Elg
The Marriage of Figaro, overture ..... Moza
Deep River ..... Arr. by Jacch
Pagliacci, Fantasia ..... Leoncava
El Amor, Bruno Suite ..... de Fal
Thais, Meditation ..... Masse
(Violin solo ..... Theodorowicz)

May 17 1931

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

One would like to know something about the life of Savoir's "He" before he was taken to the asylum for the insane. Had the study of theology or metaphysics twisted his brain so that he believed himself to be the Lord Almighty? Lunatics have appeared in comedies to the amusement of audiences. There was the gentle soul who thought himself Napoleon, a pathetically humorous, lovable soul admirably portrayed in Boston. There's the lunatic in "The Belle of New York," which was recently revived in London with keener appreciation of Gus Kerker's music than of McLellan's text. There's the lunatic in "The Tavern," of whom we'll speak later.

"What greater madness can there be than for a man to take upon him to be God, as some do?" Robert Burton, having asked the question, gave instances of this madness in England and on the continent "Great Pre-dicians of mean conditions and very illiterate, most part by a preposterous meal, fasting, meditation, melancholy, are brought into these gross errors and inconveniences. Of these men I may conclude generally that howsoever they may seem to be discreet, and men of understanding in other matters, discourse well, they have a diseased imagination, they are like comets, round in all places but only where they blaze, otherwise sane, they have impregnable wits many of them, and discreet otherwise, but in this their madness and folly breaks out beyond measure."

"He"—one wishes that Savoir had given him a mortal name if only for the convenience of reviewers—was more modest than some of his deluded predecessors. He was satisfied with the table d'hote at the hotel and, unlike Caligula, did not demand phoenicopteri, peacocks, bustards, guinea hens, turkeys, pheasants for the enjoyment of his divinity inhabiting a statue of gold. Nor was "He" so vain as the physician Menecrates, who, having successfully cured divers persons of deplorable diseases, thought himself Jupiter and "arrogantly usurped that name." That one is so curious about "He's" early life, and wonders what became of him after he made his escape from the hotel, is a tribute to Mr. Powers's portrayal of the amiable lunatic. No wonder that the weak-voiced young invalid loved him and believed in his divinity, even after he had abdicated. One would like to know more about the fantastical princess.

A play that is and is not a play; that will perplex many. Though they may guess in the first act that "He" is mentally awry, still, they will wonder at the coincidences that confound the doubting atheists: the avalanche, the change in the weather, the easy discomfiture of the prize-fighter, the preservation of the woman supposedly crushed in the abyss.

A young man hearing that the French title of the play is "Lui," hearing it, not reading it, asked us if the hero were Louis XIV or Louis XV. He might also ask, having seen the play, whether Savoir wished to draw any conclusion from the various arguments for and against an all-knowing deity; and what the fine speeches about the over-ruling power of love lead to.

The Vagabond as played by George M. Cohan in "The Tavern" was another delightful lunatic. That play also perplexed some who failed to see that it was an amusing piece in which many of the devices of old-fashioned melodrama were introduced and not too broadly burlesqued. There were some who accepted the play as straight melodrama and complained of its quality.

Benn W. Levy's "Art and Mrs. Bottle," which will be seen at the Wilbur tomorrow night, was produced at the Criterion Theatre, London, on Nov. 12, 1929. Irene Vanbrugh played Mrs. Bottle; Robert Loraine, Max Lightly; Joan Barry, Sonia Tippet; Frederick Lloyd, George Bottle; Edmond Knight, Michael Bottle; Betty Stockfeld, Judy Bottle; James Courtland, Charles Dawes.

New York saw the comedy for the first time at the Maxine Elliott Theatre on Nov. 18, 1930. Jane Cowl, Mrs. Bottle; Leon Quartermaine, Max Lightly; Joyce Carey, Sonia Tippet; Walter Kingsford, George Bottle; G. P. Huntley, Jr., Michael Bottle; Katharine Hepburn, Judy Bottle; Lewis Martin, Charles Dawes.

When Mr. Levy was in New York last November, supervising the production of "Art and Mrs. Bottle," he could see his "Mrs. Moonlight," playing at another theatre, and knew that his adaptation of "Topaze" was a great success.

George Bottle, a sanitary engineer, thought that women should be as clinging vines. Mrs. Bottle, unwilling to be so regarded, after she had given birth to a son and daughter, ran away with an artist, one Lightly. He, deserting her for another woman, left her stranded. A Russian prince rescued her. They led the gay life. She was famed for her jewelry and high play at casinos. The prince died. She had been his mistress for 16 years or more. It occurred to her that she had left a husband and children in England. She finds on her return that her daughter Judy is in love with the artist who ran away with her, pawned her fur coat and deserted her. Michael, her son, is painting and is all for art. Her husband is still solely interested in sewers and drains. Mrs. Bottle then frees her mind about art. She wishes to knock the demigod artist off his pedestal. She argues, coaxes, storms. Michael will throw away his canvas and his paints; Sonia, the model and baker's daughter, will object to Michael because he is an artist; Lightly, who had become "the only living English artist whom the continental critics took seriously," will clear out; Mrs. Bottle will rejoin her singularly tolerant husband.

It would seem that Mr. Levy's heroine believes that a first class or even an ordinary plumber is a finer man, more worthy of fame and fortune, than an illustrious artist. Her arguments—perhaps she's not arguing, "just tellin' yer"—as voiced by Miss Cowl should be entertaining. By the way, the play has an alternative name, "The Return of the Puritan."

Mr. Levy in New York told a reporter that 19 out of 20 plays produced in England or in this country are "frightfully bad; but isn't that a fine average for a creative art? The general public is too inclined to think the theatre is going to the dogs every time it sees a mediocre play. It should count itself lucky to see one great play every decade in the theatre." He gave as a reason for the comparative failure here of Shaw's, "The Apple Cart," to "low grade of intelligence on the part of the average theatregoer." But he found the New York stage more vital and less sophisticated than the London theatre.

William Tell, Overture ..... Rossini
Girl Crazy, Selection ..... Gershwin
Fairy Tales ..... Konizak
Jolly Fellows, Waltz ..... Volstedt

FRIDAY

March, Second Connecticut ..... Reeves
La Dame Blanche, Overture ..... Boieldieu
London Symphony, Minuet ..... Haydn
Prince Igor, Polovetzkian Dances ..... Borodin
The Animals' Carnival ..... Saint-Saens
Praehidium ..... Jaernefelt
Bolero ..... Ravel
New Moon, Selection ..... Romberg
At Dawning ..... Cadman-Herbert
Lohengrin, Prelude to Act III ..... Wagner

SATURDAY

Marche Militaire ..... Schubert
Raymonde, overture ..... Thomas
Rosenkavalier, waltzes ..... R. Strauss
Spoon River, American folk dance ..... Grainger
Finlandia, symphonic poem ..... Sibelius
Symphonic Espagnole, for violin and orchestra ..... Lalo
Soloist, Rolland Tapley.
The Ride of the Valkyries ..... Wagner
Vision Fugitive from "Herodiade" ..... Massenet
Baritone solo, Harry Newcombe.
Victor Herbert Favorites ..... Sanford
Our Director ..... Bigelow

SUNDAY

"Lohengrin," introduction Act III ..... Wagner
A Siegfried Idyll ..... Wagner
Siegfried's Rhine Journey from "Goetterdaemerung" ..... Wagner
Overture to "Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
Sonatine Transatlantique ..... Tansman
(First orchestral performance in Boston)
Parado ..... Chasins
(First time in Boston)
Rhapsody in Blue ..... Gershwin
Soloist, Jesus Maria Sanroma.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

Sunday—George W. Brown hall, 4 P. M. The Boston Music School Settlement and the Benficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music will give a concert in memory of Isabella Bacon Bond (Mrs. Charles H. Bond).

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Gordon String Quartet. Beethoven Quartet in F. minor, op. 95; D. S. Smith, Quartet in E flat major,, op. 57; Ravel, quartet, F major.

Tuesday—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Concert in memory of George Whitefield Chadwick. See special notice.

Saturday—Boston Garden, 8 P. M. Competition of 200 bands from all parts of New England. The judges will be Walter Smith, who will judge grade A bands; Arthur Fiedler, who will judge the grade A orchestras.

CHADWICK CONCERT

A concert in memory of George Whitefield Chadwick, director emeritus of the New England Conservatory of Music, will be given in Jordan hall next Tuesday evening at 8:15 o'clock. The conservatory orchestra, Wallace Goodrich, conductor, assisted by Marie Murray, contralto, Albert W. Snow, organist, the conservatory chorus and the Apollo Club (Thompson Stone, conductor), will take part. The program will be as follows:

Bach—Chorale, Jesus bleibet meine Freude.
Brahms—Chorus from "A German Requiem," How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling-place, O Lord of Hosts.
Chausson—Adagio from the Symphony in B-flat major.
J. C. D. Parker—Contralto solo and chorus from the "Redemption Hymn," Therefore the Redeemed of the Lord Shall Come With Singing Unto Zion.
Chadwick—Elegiac overture, "Adonais."
Cesar Franck—Chorale in B minor (arranged for organ and orchestra by Goodrich).
Chadwick—Hymn for male voices, Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Subway Express"

An all-talking screen drama by Earl Snell from the play of the same name by Martha Madison and Eva Kay Flint; directed by Fred Newmayer and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Killian ..... Jack Holt
Dale Tracy ..... Aileen Pringle
Kearney ..... Fred Kelsey
Tracy ..... Alan Roscoe
Borden ..... Jason Robards
Stevens ..... Sidney Bracy
Mason ..... Selmer Jackson
Mr. Cotton ..... William Humphrey
Mrs. Cotton ..... Ethel Wales
Mrs. Mullins ..... Lilianne Leighton
Mulvaney ..... James Goss
Prizefighter ..... Maston Williams
Tony ..... Harry Semeles
Zippe ..... Robert St. Angelo
Motorman ..... John Kelly
Miss Smith ..... Dorothy Bay
Flapper ..... Sally St. Claire

Decorated with two undershot jaws, those of Jack Holt and Fred Kelsey, respectively, by timely and amusing character bits by nearly a score of players who otherwise never would get their names in print, and by comic interpolations which lighten the ghastly impressions accruing from two murders in a Seventh avenue subway train running between Fourteenth street and One Hundred Forty-fifth street, New York, the screen version of "Subway Express" proves to be acceptable entertainment for a full hour. The film version follows the original consistently as to text. Inspector Hannen, played on the stage by Edward Ellis, has become Killian; and the part of Kearney, a dumb cop, has been fattened to afford Mr. Kelsey full opportunity to indulge in his familiar routine of "yes-man," wrong-guesser and every other qualification identifying the old Mack Sennett type of studio policeman.

In the stage play, one beheld throughout the action the interior of one subway car, with its cosmopolitan group of passengers. By means of a clever mechanical device the car swayed constantly while presumably in motion. On the screen this swaying is less noticeable, but one hears the dull rumble of the wheels, sees stations flash by, sees the train from the outside, sees finally the diabolical contrivance by which a murderer, utilizing a third rail, a metal upright, some wire, and a pair of insulated gloves, was able to cause the death by electrocution of a passenger at first supposed to have been shot to death. The double mystery, for before it was over two men were killed, is solved before the car's occupants are permitted to leave, thanks to the cold and persistent logic applied to the situation by Inspector Killian, hampered though he be by the absurd digressions of the voluble Kearney. The person least suspected by the audience turns out to be the person who killed Edward Tracy, a stockbroker, and later his clerk, Stevens. There seemed good reason to suspect several others of the crime.

Mr. Holt does very well by Inspector Killian, holding a filled car with irate men and women in subjection through his boring eye, his masterful voice, his prognatic jaw. Mr. Roscoe plays the dead man realistically, though his task is easier than that of the actor who portrayed him on the stage. He had to sit continually in view of the facing audience, whereas Mr. Roscoe appears only when the camera is searching out the action near his seat. Of the many minor players, praise is due Miss Leighton's Mrs. Mullins, Mr. Williams's prize-fighter, Mr. Kelly's motorman, and to the Messrs. Semeles and St. Angelo as the befuddled Italians. "Subway Express" proves that big names do not always make a picture. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"The Spy"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Ernest Pascal from his own story of the same name; directed by Berthold Viertel and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Anna Turnia ..... Kay Johnson
Ivan Turin ..... Neil Hamilton
Sergei ..... John Halliday
Kolya ..... Freddie Frederick
Yashka ..... Milton Holmes
Petya ..... Austen Jewell
President of the Tcheka ..... Henry Kolker

Russia under the soviets is such a happy hunting ground for all sorts of dramatic happenings that one can't help wondering why motion pictures have made so little use of it. "The Spy," current screen feature at the Modern and Beacon theatres, makes the attempt to weave some strange deeds into a coherent story, but the director did not have a very clear idea of just what to show, and the result is often confusing. He does, however, introduce one of the strangest and most tragic results of the Russian revolution—the bands of lost children, homeless, orphaned, savage as young wolves, who roamed the streets of the cities, lurking in dark corners and forsaken houses and living by robbery, even by murder. An attempt is definitely made to bring their tragic problem to light, but no solution is offered, and the spectator who is ignorant of present day conditions in Russia might well find himself wondering what had brought these ragged youngsters to such a pass.

The tangled plot describes the adventures of Ivan Turin; his wife, Anna, and their false friend, Sergei Krassnoff, in the troubled city of Moscow during the year 1921. Ivan and Anna, Czarists both, have been separated for four years, ever since Ivan's escape to Paris from a soviet prison camp. Ivan is sent back to Russia to kill the president of the dreaded Tcheka, but his plans are discovered and his every move watched. Sergei, a Tcheka spy, has forced himself on Anna under the pretence of friendship, but he it is who betrays Ivan. He is mysteriously slain, and both Anna and Ivan take the blame for the killing. Finally, it turns out to have been one of a gang of outlawed children, with whom Kolya, son of Ivan and Anna, had taken refuge during the time Anna was imprisoned. They had done it for Kolya's sake, to obtain a letter in Sergei's possession which would condemn Ivan to death. With most unlikely soft heartedness, the president of the Tcheka sentences Ivan to banishment in Siberia, instead of to death. The acting was as good as the circumstances allowed: Kay Johnson did a sincere piece of work as the harassed Anna, John Halliday made an immaculate and unlikely spy, Neil Hamilton a very starched Ivan, and Henry Kolker, made up to look like Trotsky, made a fairly plausible president of the Tcheka.

Also on the bill is "Stepping Out," the story of two quarreling couples who are forever catching one another in compromising positions, but in the end decide not to be divorced. Heading the cast are Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams and the debonair Reginald Denny. E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Madame X"

An all-talking Spanish screen version of the play by Alexander Bisson; presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Jacqueline ..... Maria Fernanda De Guervera
Floriot ..... Rafael Rivelles
Raimondo ..... Jose Crespo

Ruth Chatterton's work in the famous old melodrama, "Madame X," is

still to be ranked among the best things she has done in motion pictures. With her portrayal in mind, it is almost uncanny to watch Maria De Guervera, the leading actress in the Spanish version of "Madame X," now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre. It would not be fair to call her an imitator of Miss Chatterton—probably she has never seen her—but the resemblance between the two actresses is extraordinary. Mme. De Guervera is of medium height, and brunette coloring. Not beautiful by any means, owing to her irregular features, she is an accomplished actress and undergoes the various emotional climaxes required by her role with considerable effect. In Spain, where she was born and where she received her dramatic training, she has an excellent reputation. "Madame X" shows this to be well deserved, and in spite of its obvious theatricalisms the picture is still good entertainment.

No more than a brief summary of the plot is needed: Jacqueline, wife of the brilliant but undemonstrative lawyer, Floriot, has an affair for which her husband divorces her, refusing her even the right of her son. She drifts from bad to worse, until she comes into the hands of Larocque, a skilful blackmailer, who extracts her past history and then attempts to collect money from Fleuriot. To prevent this, Jacqueline kills him and is brought to trial. Her lawyer turns out to be her own son, Raimondo, now grown to manhood and just admitted to the bar. She sees her husband in court, she discovers Raimondo's identity, but fails to reveal her own. Floriot recognizes her but before there can be any reconciliation, she dies in Raimondo's arms. Of the supporting cast, the best work was done by Mme. De Guervera's husband, Rafael Rivelles, as Floriot, and by the somewhat floridly handsome Jose Crespo, as Raimondo.

Also on the program, and possibly of more interest, is a revival of the most famous of all the German impressionistic films, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." This astonishing film, shown once more in response to many requests, presents a fantastic version of a madman's extraordinary delusion. He believes that the head of an insane asylum is Dr. Caligari, the reincarnation of a monk who once travelled over Europe carrying with him in a coffin-shaped box a sinister somnambulist, Cesare, who committed all sorts of actrocious crimes while under his influence. Many have been mystified by the weirdly distorted settings and the strange camera angles, but they become understandable as the strange imaginings of a lunatic. In its own macabre fashion, the film still has no rival, and the performance of Werner Krauss, as the frightful Caligari, and of Conrad Veidt, as the sinister Cesare, are as masterly now as when the film was first shown to incredulous American audiences.

E. L. H.

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT ..

COLONIAL — "He," drama by Alfred Savoir, with Theatre Guild players including Tom Powers, Violet Kemble Cooper; 8:30.

PLYMOUTH — "Art and Mrs. Bottle," comedy, with Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine, Walter Kingsbury; 8:30.

TREMONT — "Friendship," new comedy drama by and with George M. Cohan; 8:15.

WILBUR — "Third Little Show," new revue, with Beatrice Lillie, Ernest Truex; 8:30.

JORDAN HALL—"Electra," Greek drama of Sophocles, with Blanche Yurka, Martha Graham; tonight only, 8:30.

May 19 1931

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"Art and Mrs. Bottle"

By PHILIP HALE

"Art and Mrs. Bottle," a comedy in three acts by Benn W. Levy. Produced under his management at the Criterion Theatre, London on Nov. 12, 1929. Mrs. Bottle, Irene Vanbrugh; Judy, Betty Stockfield; Sonia, Joan Barry; George Bottle, Frederick Lloyd; Michael, Esmond Knight; Dawes, James Courtland; Max Lightly, Robert Loraine. New York, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre Nov. 18, 1930. Mrs. Bottle, Jane Cowl; Judy, Katharine Hepburn; Sonia, Joyce Carey; George Bottle, Walter Kingsford; Michael, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Dawes, Lewis Martin; Max Lightly, Leon Quartermaine. Staged by Clifford Brooke; settings by Raymond Sovey; the cast last night:

Michael Bottle	Lewis Martin
Judy Bottle	Maren Evenson
Sonia Tippet	Lucille Lisle
Butler	George Norman
George Bottle	Walter Kingsford
Celia Bottle	Jane Cowl
Charlie Dawes	Henry Richards
Max Lightly	Leon Quartermaine

Celia Bottle, having run away with an artist, who quickly deserted her, then having been the mistress of a Russian prince for 18 years or more, suddenly on the death of her protector, thinks of home, her two children, though she does not know their names; also perhaps recalls her husband, a solemn sanitary engineer. The children had been told that she was dead. She finds Michael all for art and in love with a model. Judy is also keen about art and in love with Max, the man that had run away with her mother. The husband is amazed at his former wife's impudence in returning. It is his duty to tell the children the, to him, painful story. They find it romantic, much to his disgust.

Here is material for the devolpment of good comedy; in fact the first act is comedy of a good sort promising a crescendo of enjoyment. But Mr. Levy surely wrote the last half of the second act and the whole of the third with his tongue in his cheek. How could he have kept a straight face when he was writing the tirade for Celia?

The proposition he puts into her mouth is this: A drain is useful; art is useless; therefore a drain is moral; painting is immoral. Therefore, Michael, be wise. You have decided talent. Tear up your sketches and join your father; be a master plumber; a Raphael of the sewers.

Celia could not endure her prosaic prig of a husband. She eloped with an artist. Her experience with him in Paris was unfortunate, but, living with the Prince, going from casino to casino, she could on her return have sympathized with her children. She would not have talked tommy-rot about art, its uselessness; the inferiority of artists in the human scale. That she disliked the idea of her ex-lover running off with her daughter was natural; it may have struck her, being an English woman, and probably brought up in the Church of England as an incestuous adventure; but being a woman of the world, loathing the hum-drum, the dull conventions, how could she sacrifice Michael? No, Mr. Levy began well, but in an evil moment he said to himself: There's a lot of cant in this artistic jargon; art itself is bunk. In his heart he didn't believe it; nor is to him a drain the most glorious achievement of man.

Forget the attack on art, unnecessary to the march of the comedy toward its end—for Michael rejected by the model and Judy, even if she would wed only art, would still be entertaining characters in comedy—forget what Artemus Ward called the "pretty shop-keeping talk," and "Art and Mrs. Bottle" is amusing, well performed by the visitors last night.

Mr. Kingsford has a fat part, but an inferior actor, by farcical playing, could easily have put this fat in the fire. George was often absurd, illogical, an ass, but Mr. Kingsford gave him a respectability, a character, an unconscious humor that was by no means displeasing. Excellent too, was the portrayal by Mr. Quartermaine of Lightly's unblushing unmorality. The young people were natural in their artistic cravings, in their romanticism, in their disappointments. As for Miss Cowl she was pleasing in the lighter moments, as in her scenes with George, in her affectionate regard for Michael, in her liking for the ingenuous Sonia, and in the interchange of reminiscences with her ex-lover. But when the dramatist required Mrs. Bottle to unbottle the vial of contempt for art, then she was merely "play acting" as insincere as the dramatist himself.

Called before the curtain Miss Cowl spoke a few words and referred to her cold, which, however, did not seriously affect her voice. The audience was warm in approval.

JORDAN HALL

"Electra"

"Electra," Sheppard's translation of Sophocles's tragedy, presented last evening at Jordan hall by Robert Henderson, under the auspices of the Harvard Dramatic Club, with the following cast:

Electra	Blanche Yurka
Orestes	Robert Henderson
Clytaemnestra	Doris Rich
Chrysothemis	Amy Loomis
The Dancer	Martha Graham
An Old Servant	Wilfred Seagram
Aegisthus	Reynolds Evans
Pylades	John Quigley
A Servant	Elizabeth Ferrar
A Peasant Mother	Dianne Domelen
Her Child	Alice Dalton
A Young Woman	Doris Dalton
A Woman of the palace	Dorothy Scott
An attendant	Emil Belleveau

The tragedies of ancient Greece are not the common dramatic fare of any American city, however large it may be. Most fortunate is Boston, therefore, to have seen this season no less than two presentations of Sophocles' "Electra," several weeks ago in modern Greek adapted from the German of Von Hoffmansthal, with a Greek actress, Marika Cotopouli, to play Agamemnon's desolate daughter, and last evening at Jordan hall in Sheppard's fine English version, with Blanche Yurka in the title role. An audience of all ages and varying interests filled the hall to the doors and sat absorbed before the unfolding of the tremendous drama. Some, it may be many, did not quite know what was before them, but one and all paid the play the tribute of breathless interest and hearty, though occasionally jarring applause. To salute the Boston debut of Martha Graham, a leader among the modernistic dancers, as well as to witness the first appearance of Miss Yurka as Electra, was obviously the intention of many.

Jordan hall is not perhaps the setting one would choose for so austere a drama as "Electra," yet Mr. Henderson's dignified and simple production fitted in better than might have been expected. The audience saw a double flight of steps leading up to the wide palace dorway, on the left an altar, on the right a well. The costumes fitted the mood of the settings, purple, golden brown for the women of the chorus, scarlet and gold for the defiant Clytemnastrae, rich blue for the complaisant Chrysothemis, flaming orange for the avenging Orestes and dingy gray for Electra. As the eye was pleased, so was the ear satisfied, albeit the chorus, a scant five in number, could scarcely fulfil one's ideas of a sizable, responsive throng. Above and beyond all deficiences, however, stood the Electra of Miss Yurka.

Unlike Mme. Cotopouli, who was like a vicious, darting flame of energy, Miss Yurka's Electra was a woman worn by years of unrelieved, hopeless grief, by very soul seared beyond forgetfulness with the remembrance of Agamemnon's slaughter, and her life narrowed to one thought: the hope of revenge. Not a motion, not a tone of the voice, not a single glance were without significance. The woman's anger and bitter hatred burned into the spectator's mind, while her utter despair and pitiful lament over the supposed ashes of Orestes were moving in the extreme. Yet with all her suffering, this Electra never forgot her royal estate: she was a princess, albeit in rags and dirt, ready to suffer, ready to die, for the honor of her house. Of less importance, but interesting none the less, was the flaunting, unrepentant Clytaemnestra of Doris Rich, the impulsive, likable Orestes of Robert Henderson, and the finely dignified old servant of Wilfred Seagram.

Miss Graham offers a problem that only students of the dance could fairly be asked to solve. A thin, intense, angular young woman, robed in scarlet, her black hair hanging loose, she danced at intervals during the play, and left one puzzled as to her purpose. Assuredly, she was not Greek, for to us her motions seemed at times grotesquely ugly, almost violent, and possessed little connection with the unfolding of the drama. Her training of the chorus deserves much praise.

E. L. H.

May 20 1931

MEET THE PROFESSOR

By PHILIP HALE

The Manchester Guardian, mourning the death of Charles Harold Herford, who had given the best twenty years of his life to Manchester University, said that his personality and his manner provided it with the "picturesqueness becoming to an academic society. For Herford was one of the few surviving professors who looked like professors. The hat, the ulster, the beard, the ascetic figure, the colorless face, buried in a Hebrew or Russian grammar, on the outside seat of a tram's upper deck until the conductor's insistence drew from him the fare and a stammeringly murmured apology, this was Herford as the world saw him." This was the professor of comedy and operetta.

At our schools and colleges of the early seventies, the professor was expected to be a shaggy or glabrous person, careless in dress, from a dusty string-tie to boots unlaced. Quartered, during a congress of scientists, at the house of a leading citizen, in his near-sighted way he would fork a doughnut, mistaking it for a baked potatoe and peel it until giggling children would inform him of his error. The hostess wished he would rinse his hands properly and not crock the bedroom towels. He had no savoir faire. He could talk only about his profession, his hobby. If he were married, his wife would tend him as a child; or bored, disappointed when he did not win advancement, would run off with an athletic student about to be graduated.

But the professor today in fiction, in periodicals of great circulation, is a humorist, rather cynical, a resourceful person, excelling in sports, a glorious Apollo to young women at co-educational schools and colleges. He is consulted by rich men who seek adventure; he accompanies them as explorer, archaeologist. Indifferent at first to the flirtatious daughter of his patron, he saves her life on several occasions, and at last condescends to wed her when she declares her passionate gratitude.

Or look at the portraits of eminent professors in the newspaper. Who can tell whether they are renowned scientists, captains of industry or retired bankers? These men of learning no longer look as if they subsisted on Greek and Latin roots; they are sleek, carefully dressed, men of social attainments, ready to discuss anything that pertains to man—or woman; ready with limericks and expectant of guffaws at the club; not at all desirous of being taken for what they really are.

Perhaps in some small college where Latin and Greek are still taught, a college whose baseball nine is not taken seriously by the "muckers" near the railway tracks, the old-type professor is to be found, who communes with the classics and respects the "ologies." The president of this college is also of the old school; not expert in soliciting funds, shamefully content with the modest endowment.

MEMORIAL CONCERT

A concert in memory of George Whitefield Chadwick, distinguished Boston composer and musician, and for many years director of the New England Conservatory of Music, was given last night at Jordan hall. Taking part in the concert were the orchestra and the chorus of the New England Conservatory of Music, Wallace Goodrich director; the Apollo Club of Boston under Thompson Stone, conductor; Marie Murray, contralto and Albert W. Snow, organist. Music of Chadwick, J. S. Bach, J. C. D. Parker, Cesar Franck, Brahms and Chausson was played.

The concert was an impressive one. An evergreen wreath, from which hung a knot of purple ribbon, was suspended above the platform. The hall was crowded with an audience of music people, many of whom had worked with Chadwick, and knew and appreciated his music and his ideals. The numbers of listeners who were present to pay tribute to the memory of a splendid musician, was augmented by those who weer able to hear some of the concert over the radio, for, through the courtesy of the National Broadcasting Company, two numbers were sent over the air. These were Chadwick's Elegiac overture to Adonais; and Goodrich's arangement of orchestra and organ of Cesar Franck chorale in B minor.

To the solemn music, splendid performances lent added dignity. The orchestra of the conservatory played with a technical skill, a variety of tonal coloring and a musicianly sensitiveness in phrasing that were amazing in so young a body of musicians. The chorus, too, did its part with commendable skill and precision. Marie Murray's rich voice and warm musicality made the Parker redemption hymn chorus memorable. The Apollo Club of Boston under the leadership of Thompson Stone, sang Chadwick's hymn for mixed voices, "Ecce Jam Noctis," with which the concert closed with thrilling sonority. The program in full was as follows:

Choralc, from the cantata: Ho und Mund und That und Leben, J. S. Basch; contralto solo and chorus, from the redemption hymn, J. C. D. Parker; Elegiac overture, Adonais, G. W. Chadwick; choral in B minor (arranged for organ and orchestra by Wallace Goodrich), Cesar Franck; chorus from German requiem, Brahms; adagio from the symphony in B flat major, Chausson; hymn for men's voices: Ecce Jam Noctis, G. W. Chadwick; the Apollo Club, Mr. Stone conducting.

E.

May 22 / 33

METROPOLITAN

"Up Pops the Devil"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Arthur Kober and Eve Unsell from the play of the same name by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, directed by A. Edward Sutherland and presented by Paramount with the following cast.

Riney Hatfield ..... Skeets Gallagher
Anne Merrick ..... Carole Lombard
Steve Merrick ..... Norman Foster
The Stranger ..... Stuart Erwin
Polly Griscom ..... Lilyan Tashman
George Kent ..... Edward J. Nugent
Gilbert Morrell ..... Theodore von Eltz
Luella May Carroll ..... Joyce Compton
Mrs. Kent ..... Eulalie Jensen
Mr. Platt ..... Harry Beresford
Mrs. Platt ..... Effie Ellsler
Laundryman ..... Sleep 'n' Eat
Waldo ..... Guy Oliver
Kelly ..... Pat Moriarity
Subscription Boy ..... Matty Roubert

In addition to Gilda Grey, who is the chief attraction in the stage show the Metropolitan Theatre offers a very pleasant little screen comedy, "Up Pops the Devil." Adapted from the comedy by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, which was shown here earlier in the season, it deals sanely and humorously with another of the problems that are apt to confront the recently married. There is no attempt to introduce heavy drama where it does not belong, and the characters all behave in a perfectly natural and understandable fashion. More, an excellent cast has been assembled that includes many of Paramount's most promising younger players: Skeets Gallagher, Carole Lombard, Stuart Erwin and Norman Foster, being among the more prominent. They play their parts easily and pleasantly in the manner of normal young people of today. The outline of the original play has been followed with considerable fidelity and success.

"Up Pops the Devil" is the term applied by a wise young woman to the situation that arises when the normal order of things is reversed and the wife supports her husband instead of being supported by him. Anne Merrick persuades her young husband, Steve, to give up his job and let her work for them both, in order that he may have time to devote to writing. It works well enough for a time, but soon Steve discovers that housework is quite as distracting as business and leaves him almost no time for his novel. That is bad enough, but it becomes much worse when he begins to think of himself as a kept husband. He and Anne have a violent quarrel and separate for a few months. She takes work as a proof reader in the publishing house of a former suitor, Gilbert Morrell, and Steve goes off to the country for some serious work. In the end, they are brought together by a realization that they are still in love and also by the fact that there is a baby coming.

In a picture like this, the plot amounts to almost nothing; it is the acting and the subsidiary characters that count. There's Stuart Erwin, for instance, as an amiable and befuddled youth who wanders in and out and tries to call a girl named Sue on the long distance. He has nothing to do with the story, but he is highly amusing. Then we have Skeets Gallagher as a young man in the show business, who is fond of his liquor and given to calling on his friends at all hours of the day or night, usually accompanied by a stunning blonde newspaper writer, Polly Griscom, played by the capable Lilyan Tashman. These three almost run off with the show, but the excellent acting of Norman Foster and Carole Lombard, as Steve and Anne, save the serious part of the story from annihilation. Mr. Foster, in particular, is improving constantly and promises to go far.

Gilda Grey, assisted by chorus and orchestra, offers a number of the sort of dances that have made her famous and popular—E. L. H.

May 23 / 33

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Seed"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Gladys Lehman from the story of the same name by Charles G. Norris; directed by John Stahl and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Bart Carter ..... John Boles
Mildred ..... Genevieve Tobin
Peggy Carter ..... Lois Wilson
Junior Carter ..... Raymond Hackett
Margaret Carter ..... Bette Davis
Nancy ..... Frances Dade
Jennie ..... Zasu Pitts
Bliss ..... Richard Tucker
Dicky Carter ..... Jack Willis
Danny Carter ..... Bill Willis
Johnny Carter ..... Dick Winslow

The Children

Junior Carter ..... Kenneth Selling
Dicky Carter ..... Don Cox
Danny Carter ..... Terry Cox
Margaret Carter ..... Helen Parrish
Johnny Carter ..... Dickie Moore

Charles G. Norris's novel, "Seed," was a forceful argument for birth control in its original form. It provoked heated discussions and was even considered scandalous by some. That the argument should have been dropped overboard when Mr. Norris's story was transferred to the screen, is hardly a matter to cause surprise. All that is left comes in for a brief instant at the end, but is slurred over by a burst of tears and an apology, so that it scarcely counts. "Seed," as it appears on the screen of the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is a simple, rather long drawn-out account of family life and the obstacles it puts in the way of a man becoming a successful author. It is occasionally amusing, frequently tearful, and sincerely acted. If it seems to lack in dramatic vigor, lay that to the director and to the story itself: No one pretends that everyday family life is exciting, and the film does give a convincing picture of the doings in an average American household. The characters, particularly the children, are often gratifyingly true to life.

Bart Carter, aspiring novelist, gives up his dreams of a literary career when he marries the gentle, home-loving Peggy and settles down to raise a family. For 10 years they are happy. Five children are born to them and Bart is contented with his work as clerk in a big publishing house. Then Mildred, his former sweetheart, returns, and urges him to take up his writing once more. She is rich, unattached and still in love with him, and can offer him a quiet place in her spacious apartment in which to work undisturbed. Bart, not too observant for so gifted a person, fails to notice the conflict in progress between Peggy and Mildred. Mildred wants him back, uses all she has to draw him to her, while Peggy, aware that she is unable to compete with Mildred's beauty and wealth, puts her hope in her children. She loses and goes away, leaving Bart to journey to Paris, divorce her and marry Mildred.

Ten years later, Bart, now a famous author, returns to see his nearly grown family. Peggy has supported them, taking nothing from him, unwilling even to tell him where she lives. Dazzled by his fame, enraptured at the prospects he offers them, the children throng to him, clamoring to go back with him to New York and Peggy gives her consent. She is sitting alone, following their noisy departure, when Mildred comes to say that she has lost: That Bart's children mean more to him than anything else and always have.

The best acting in the picture is offered by Lois Wilson, very slim and charming, as the devoted Peggy. She suits to perfection the character of the affectionate, not too brilliant woman, who loved her husband enough to leave him free to follow his own inclinations and to fight her battles alone. It was an excellent performance, even though the actress looked more than a little too young in the final sequences. John Boles, far better than when he is asked to strike attitudes and sing songs, gave a simple, earnest though not quite convincing performance as Bart, and Genevieve Tobin was reasonably good as Mildred. The children, especially before they grew up, were delightful. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Daybreak"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Ruth Cummings from the story of the same name by Arthur Schnitzler; directed by Jacques Feyder and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Willi ..... Ramon Novarro
Laura ..... Helen Chandler
Herr Schnabel ..... Jean Hersholt
Gen. von Hartz ..... C. Aubrey Smith
Otto ..... William Bakewell
Emily Kessner ..... Karen Morley
Von Lear ..... Kent Douglass
Franz ..... Glenn Tryon
Josef ..... Clyde Cook
Emil ..... Sumner Getchell
Frau Hoffman ..... Clara Blandick
Herr Hoffman ..... Edwin Maxwell
August ..... Jackie Searl

Mr. Novarro, who stands in danger of losing his slim waistline through a leisurely course of existence in Hollywood, here dons the gay uniform of a lieutenant in the Austrian army, sports a monocle and a cute little black moustache, and apparently devotes more time to romance than to drills. His role is not exacting; that of a likable youngster ready for adventure, quick to do a good turn to a fellow officer, a source of constant worriment to his grizzled old uncle, Gen. von Hartz, who would have him marry a rich girl, pay his gambling debts and be an honor to the emperor's soldiery. It is possible that Willi would have done so, had he not encountered a slim, wan little creature named Laura, who gave music lessons to ungrateful little whelps and apparently kept house alone. It wasn't a romantic encounter in itself, but Mr. Novarro, who has a flair for such things, made it seem far less prosaic than actually it was. So, as Willi, he and Laura go to a winegarden, where Laura drinks too much, and then they ride to Laura's home, blissfully.

After breakfast the next morning Willi made the tactical error of leaving money on the table. That infuriated the over-confiding Laura, set her off on another life, with the cheap and flashy Herr Schnabel as protector, while Willi hovered about like a burnt moth. To help a companion Willi raised 300 gulden among his friends and by luck made it 2000, the sum Otto needed. But when Willi later tried to break Herr Schnabel, who had contributed most of the 2000, his luck turned on him, and he owed 14,000, a debt of honor to be paid the following noon. It seemed as if he would be forced to copy young Von Lear's process of reparation, which had consisted of putting a bullet through the temple; but in the end Willi's uncle produced the sum needed, and Willi's honor remained unsullied. By that time Laura, convinced that she really loved Willi, had shown Schnabel the door, gone back to her pianoforte pupils, and waited for our hero, now come "as a human being" in civilian clothing to court her.

By countless little touches Mr. Novarro lifts the picture to that plane where make believe becomes glamorous fantsy. Whether skylarking in his regimental quarters; or evading a dull evening at the rich girl's party by writing himself an order to report at once for duty; or pursuing Laura with his patient old cabby and white horse; or insulting Schnabel at the gaming table, he leaves an imprint of spontaneity, of irrepressible youth. In this he was aided little by the camera, which seemed to delight in ageing his features one moment, and in rejuvenating them the next. Mr. Hersholt and Mr. Smith are splendid in two minor character roles, and Miss Chandler does her best with a rather sickly part. W. E. G.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Gold Dust Gertie"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by William K. Wells and Ray Enright from the play by Len Hollister, entitled: "The Wife of the Party"; directed by Lloyd Bacon and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Gertie Dale ..... Winnie Lightner
Mabel ..... Dorothy Christie
Guthrie ..... Ole Oleson
Harlan ..... Chic Johnson
Arnald ..... Claude Gillingwater
Dr. Tate ..... Arthur Hoyt
Capt. Osgood ..... George Byron
Lucille ..... Vivian Oakland
Mr. Hautrey ..... Charles Grapewin
Testolozzi ..... Charles Judels
The Office Secretary ..... Virginia Sale

Winnie Lightner is up to her old tricks once more. Throughout the course of "Gold Dust Gertie," current screen feature at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, she screws up her eyes, winks loudly enough to be heard blocks away and contributes a boisterous burlesque of shy little gold diggers who wind themselves confidingly around the nearest stalwart male. Since Winnie is not shy nor precisely small, the results are of a kind to please her following greatly. Our private suspicion is that the entire film, once the director had laid sufficient emphasis on the fact that the heroine had been married and divorced almost as many times as Henry VIII, is built up to the motorboat chase at the end of the story, when two speedy launches perform the wildest and most absurd gyrations in and out of a harbor crowded with shipping, dive under barges, over wharves and around freighters. This mad race is cleverly contrived and far and away the best thing in the picture.

Gertie Dale, married and divorced three times when the story opens, has a position in the office of the wealthy middle-aged Mr. Arnald, bathing suit manufacturer, and in the same office are employed two of her former husbands, Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Harlan. Gertie sets out to vamp Mr. Arnald and persuades him to take her to Florida on his yacht in order that she may exhibit the latest Arnald bathing costume—her own invention—in the forthcoming bathing beauty parade. Also on the yacht come Guthrie and Harlan, highly diverted to discover that the captain of the craft is another divorced husband of Gertie's. Gertie wins the bathing beauty contest, not to mention a proposal of marriage from Mr. Arnald. The clergyman summoned to marry them, however, has already married Gertie to Guthrie and Harlan, and when she sees him, she flees at once in the yacht's tender. Mr. Arnald, who had once cherished the strictest ideas on divorce, follows, anxious to assure her that he wants to marry her just the same.

It was not always easy to tell whether Winnie Lightner was contributing a performance or a wild west show, but she enjoyed herself greatly and was often broadly amusing. Oleson and Johnson bore up manfully under the hard knocks they took in the name of low comedy, and Claude Gillingwater, somewhat at sea in so rough and tumble a farce, did good work as the middle-aged and susceptible Mr. Arnald.—E. L. H.

PLACE TABLET IN HONOR OF ETHELBERT NEVIN

Musicians and Widow Attend New Haven Ceremony

NEW HAVEN, May 23 (AP)—A tablet marking the house where he died 30 years ago, was unveiled here today in memory of Ethelbert Nevin, composer of "The Rosary," "Mighty Lak a Rose," and "Narcissus."

Mrs. Nevin, widow of the composer, attended the ceremonies and unveiled the tablet, the gift of the Connecticut Musical Society. The dedicatory address was given by Prof. William Lyon Phelps of Yale, while Mrs. Mary K. Hale of Providence, R. I., president of the Plymouth district, National Federation of Music Clubs, presided.

Mrs. Nevin was presented with a wreath by the American Society of Composers, Artists and Publishers. A telegram congratulating the Connecticut Musical Society for honoring the memory of Nevin, was received from the National Federation of Music Clubs.

2000 YOUTHFUL MUSICIANS PLAY

Thirty-five Bands and Orchestras Wind up Festival

More than 2000 youthful musicians, representing the pick of New England's school bands and orchestras, treated Boston to a musical feast of unusual excellence in Boston Garden last night when some 35 bands and orchestras joined in staging the seventh annual conclave of New England school bands and orchestras, held under auspices of the New England Music Festival Association.

The music festival came as the climax to contests during the day in which more than 50 bands and orchestras, with a combined personnel of approximately 3000 children, vied for honors in elimination finals held in eight Boston halls.

Last night's festival included not only the announcement of winners and the presentation of prizes in the various competitions for orchestras and bands but also a varied program of stirring music by the winning outfits and other picked aggregations, a parade by all 35 participating groups and a complete ensemble made up of about 2000 boy and girl musicians.

BAND COMPETITION

Prize winners in the band competition were announced as follows: class A, Pawtucket High school, 1st; Providence Technical High, 2d; House of the Angel Guardian, Boston, 3d. Class B—William Hall High, West Hartford, 1st; Newton High, 2d; Providence Commercial High, 3d. Class C—Waltham High, 1st; Bulkeley High, New London, 2d. Class D—Pawtucket Junior High, 1st; Lincoln Junior High, Portland, 2d. Class E—Waltham Junior High.

Prize winners in the orchestra competition were as follows: Class A—Hartford Public High, 1st; Brockton High, 2d; Haverhill High, 3d. Class B—Bulkeley and Williams Memorial Institute, New London. Class C—Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Me., 1st; Pepperell High, 2d. Class D—Nathan Bishop Junior High, Providence, 1st; Lincoln Junior High, Portland, 2d. Class E—Waltham South Junior High.

More than 200 bands and orchestras throughout New England participated in the eliminations which were held in recent weeks to pick the entrants in yesterday's finals. More than 50 musical aggregations came here and took part in the finals, but due in part to the wet weather not all remained for last night's culminating program.

OPENS WITH "EASTERN STAR"

The program opened with the march, "Eastern Star," by the Boston intermediate high school band, followed by a 20-minute program by the New England festival orchestra, made up of 350 picked boy and girl musicians from the schools of the six New England states. This orchestra played under the leadership of Francis Findlay.

The Pawtucket High band, winner in the class A competition, gave a demonstration of its playing and marching skill, followed by a program of notable music by the Boston public school symphony band under the direction of Fortunato Sordillo. All 35 participating bands and orchestras next paraded about the floor, while judges rated the performance and appearance of drum majors and made selection of the outstanding leaders for special awards.

The award of prizes, which followed, was made by Patrick T. Campbell, William C. Crawford and Huntington R. Hardwick. Prizes consisted of silver cups, plaques and mounted bronze figures typifying the spirit of music.

Fortunato Sordillo led the entire ensemble in "Boston High School Cadets March," and the program closed with the Star Spangled Banner.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

In the season of 1886-87 a young actress, Kitty Molony, signed a contract to take "juvenile" parts in a company headed by Edwin Booth. It was her third season on the stage. Before she had seen Booth act he was her hero. "It was in the air to be 'insane on Edwin Booth.'" Kitty Molony (now the widow of that excellent dramatic critic George P. Goodale of Detroit) is still "insane" on Booth as is shown in her "Behind the Scenes with Edwin Booth," with a preface by Mrs. Fiske. This volume, illustrated and with a full index, is published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

One does not easily think of Edwin Booth as a matinee idol, to be classed in this respect with H. J. Montague, George Rignold, Mantell when he was playing with Mme. Modjeska, Maurice Barrymore, Faversham in his younger years. Each had his day. The photographs of one replaced those of another on bureau or mantelpiece in a girl's bedroom. But Mrs. Goodale has been faithful through the years. She has treasured whatever Booth said and did on the tour that is to her memorable, all-important. In her preface she says that many of her notes were jotted down in Booth's presence. Was he conscious of a Boswell in his company?

To Mrs. Goodale, the tragedian was, and is, the greatest of actors, the noblest of men. She writes as if she were still under the spell of his acting. She cannot think of him coolly. If her book were described as a eulogy in 317 pages, readers to whom Booth is only a name might pass it by, but Mrs. Goodale tells many anecdotes, that reveal the kindly though dignified nature of the man, his bravery in meeting the great tragedy in his life, and acquaints us with opinions expressed at random or for a particular occasion on plays and the art of acting. On this tour of 40 weeks Booth welcomed the companionship of three young girls in the company, and was no longer "a recluse in his hotel rooms" but ready for sight-seeing and adventure. There are amusing pages, as the chapter about "The San Francisco Fire Boy" and the reception at Cheyenne where a substitute for Booth rode and bowed in the parade. There are many pages of general interest, but let us today speak chiefly of remarks let fall by Booth about his calling, and of some incidents in his performances.

Mrs. Goodale had been cast for Osric. At rehearsal Booth objected: "It's a man's part; I never sympathized with casting girls for boys' parts. I want my boys played by boys. Osric is a young man of the world—and they are always giving him to a delicate little woman."

(Lawrence Barrett, her first manager and a friend of her family, advised her not to form friendships during the first weeks. "People who are easy to get acquainted with are hard to drop . . . Hasty friends make enemies. I can advise you upon enemies more than any actor in the theatre.")

There is a vivid description of how in launching the "Curse of Rome" Booth artfully contrived to give the impression that he was seven feet in height. When Fleance's face had been unduly smeared from the "blood pail," Booth, looking at Mrs. Goodale, exclaimed: "You look as if you had been scalped by Indians. This isn't a border drama. There should be enough skin left exposed to prove it was a human being that was slaughtered and not a little veal."

Booth said to Mrs. Goodale that he had not caught more than a glimpse of Hamlet's soul; that the play is a study of the human soul. He felt himself insulted by curtain calls. "Am I a trick performer? An entertainer? I'm an interpreter. I reveal the soul of masterpieces. And tyros think it incumbent upon themselves to let me see they approve of me! It is impertinent." What if he had not been called before the curtain by thunderous applause?

"Speak the text as it is written. We cannot approach our immortal plays too reverently. Never change the text of Shakespeare—to make it easier to act."

Booth was superstitious. To a broken looking-glass in a dressing room he attributed a severe sickness; to peacock feathers, the loss of his theatre in New York. "He kept his wits at work while he was acting . . . he caught the faintest gleam of light and threw it upon his own characterization; surprise was a veritable match to set off his genius. Anything that startled this actor out of his routine was enough to let loose the divine fire within his art." He believed in studying insanity in asylums for the insane; but he emphatically opposed the watching of death beds. "It is the psychology of the dying you should capture. You miss this when watching death beds of strangers, and you are too stunned to be instructed by death struggles of those you love."

He was born with a caul and believed he escaped drowning in Australia thanks to this talisman. On the other hand, ivy leaves brought bad luck. He set his jaw and snapped his teeth after Iago's line, "From now on I never shall speak word."

Apropos of an actor speaking English yet portraying a foreign character: "Dramatic critics should rise above dialect. Dialect is local, but speech, language is not, any more than passion or emotion is local. Ask yourselves what language does God speak to your hearts. The answer gives you the key of the approach to great plays. If Richelieu were the only Frenchman in the play, I should speak as a Frenchman. It is feeling in a voice that tells the story. If the voice rings true, any language will do to act in." His ambition was to play Napoleon, who was the hero of several plays; none were "theatre." There was no psychology, no flesh and blood. There were Napoleons only in name, stalking through the acts "like spouting statues, or petty men by turns. None of the dramatists caught that one thing which made Bonaparte, Napoleon. It is too soon. No historical character is ready for drama, until a hundred years have passed. Now, we see this or that of him, but we do not see the man . . . The play is quivering in my mind, asking to be written."

He saw in an audience such Hogarth-y, such Dickens-y faces, "that it is all I can do sometimes not to point them out. But then comes the years—suppose my actor should laugh in spite of himself!" He was reconciled to the fact that there was no son to bear his name. "I dare say I should be as partial a father as the rest of them. I might even think my son could act." He was never nervous before going on the stage, although, having heard actors describe their chills and dry throats, he tried on his first appearance in London to work up a bona fide stage fright. He regretted that in his triumphal tour in Germany he was not allowed to play Iago: The managers insisted that a visiting star should act only leading parts, and to them Iago was not one. He objected to playing Hamlet with a wig. He often voiced his loathing of long hair, "one of the disagreeable tolls our profession takes of legitimate actors."

When it came time for Mrs. Goodale to leave the company he urged her not to marry a "careless" man. "You think you are an inveterate genius-worshiper. You dazzle yourself deliberately with brilliant doings. You turn up your nose at goodness—I mean in the poor wretch who is trying to fascinate you. The things that make you happy are all made up of goodness in others."

She married a man after Booth's own heart, a good man, but she is still a genius-worshiper as is shown in this book of reminiscences. She does not allow Booth to get down from his pedestal. She persuaded him to play Othello once on the tour, because she wished an audience to know that he was greater than Salvini in the role, for to her there has been only one great tragedian.

"BOOKSNEAFS"

Paul W. Stoddard, professor of English at Hartford, has been admitted with the blare of trumpets to the annex of the Hall of Fame because he coined the word "booksneaf" for the man or woman who borrows a book and forgets to return it. Now as a "booksneaf" is what might be called an indirect thief, there was no need of this coinage: "biblioklept" has been in the language for at least 50 years. Andrew Lang did not hesitate to use the word; also "biblioklepto maniac." He put Catherine de' Medici on the list; while for a Paris bookseller he added "maniac," by way of excuse, for the ordinary "biblioklept" is a cool and reasoning person, not insane, choosing first editions; a book not put into the market, or one that has offended an illiberal, prudish censor. Thus when a friend shows him Burton's "Thousand and One Nights," he finds an occasion to walk off with the 10th volume, which contains the famous, or infamous, as you please, terminal essay.

There are too many otherwise respectable, God-fearing men, who regard books and umbrellas as any one's property; belonging to the one that has the opportunity of carrying it away. This belief was entertained even by sch boys of the '60s, though they had been brought up in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord. Many geographies, arithmetics, standard Speakers and Readers bore on a flyleaf this couplet:

Steal not this book for fear of shame,
For here you see the owner's name.

(Who first wrote this inspired couplet? Possibly the man that enlarged the word "Preface" by interlining "Peter Rice eats fish and catches eels" and, in reverse: "Eels catch alligators; fish eat rotten potatoes." In the same spirit a famous clergyman in Boston saw that these words were painted inside his umbrella: "Stolen from ————." But this did not prevent a loss.

Public libraries and private clubs as well as collections in dwelling houses suffer from thieves. Waiters in clubs may steal in the hope of selling the books to second-hand dealers; there are others who wish to improve their minds; and even club members are not always beyond suspicion. As for the borrower, it is not easy to refuse a friend who says: "Let me take this for a few days; I'll be sure to return it, for I know the value of books." He may intend to keep his promise, but the days pass; the book is mislaid; or, if the borrower is a born "biblioklept" or "booksneaf," it will grace his own shelf. Which is more reprehensible, to steal or to borrow and forget? They are one and the same thing to the loser. In the old days of famous libraries, books were chained. This "lectern system" was to be seen in a church at Zutphen, Holland, ten years ago. Guide books called attention to it. There were chains in the Bodleian at Oxford till 1757. Neither Protestants nor Catholics confided in the honorable intentions of readers, but the Vatican Library was the first to unchain.

The incorrigible borrower thinks with Coleridge—or was it some other famous non-returner?—that a book ought to belong to the person best fitted to read it.

FOURTH WEEK OF POPS

With tonight's concert, the Pops in Symphony hall will enter upon the fourth week of their 46th season. Arthur Fiedler will introduce to Boston tonight two notable scores: Alexander Tansman's "Sonatine Transatlantique," also known in its piano version in which it has been heard in Boston, consisting of Fox-trot, Spiritual and Blues and Charleston. The noted Polish composer combines his orchestral mastery with a zest for the jazz rhythms of America in this outstanding score. Abram Chasins's "Parade" was first performed by Toscanini and the New York Philharmonic Orchestra in its own city on the 8th of last month, when it created a sensation. Chasins, born in New York city in 1903, has written a number of compositions which have been successfully performed.

Tomorrow will bring the annual Harvard Night with groups by the Harvard Glee Club. A popular holiday program is offered on Saturday. The programs of the week follow:

SUNDAY

"Lohengrin," introduction to Act III. Wagner
"A Siegfried Idyll" ..... Wagner
Siegfried's Rhine Journey, from "Gotterdamerung" ..... Wagner
Overture to "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
"Sonatine Transatlantique" ..... Tansman
"Parade" ..... Chasins
"Rhapsody in Blue" ..... Gershwin
Soloist—Jesus Maria Sanroma.

MONDAY

"Veritas," march ..... Densmore
"Sakuntala," overture ..... Goldmark
Tales from Johann Strauss ..... Korngold
Songs by the Harvard Glee Club:
Dr. Archibald T. Davison, conductor.
My Spirit Be Joyful ..... Bach
Inimici Autem ..... Lassus
Spring Returns ..... Marenzio
Choruses from "Pinafore" ..... Sullivan
"El Amor Brujo" ..... de Falla
"Ouverture Solennelle, 1812" ..... Tchaikovsky
Songs by the Harvard Glee Club:
Salamaleikum ..... Cornelius
Two Hundred Pipers ..... Scotch Folk Song
Coronation Scene from "Boris" ..... Moussorgsky
"Girl Crazy," selection ..... Gershwin
Tango, "Jalousie" ..... Gade
"Up the Street," march ..... Morse
Fair Harvard

TUESDAY

"Profession of Bacchus" ..... Delibes
"Der Freischutz," overture ..... Weber
"Marche Mignonne" ..... Poldini
"Carmen," suite ..... Bizet
"Scheherazade," finale ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff
"Song Without Words" ..... Tchaikovsky
"Die Meistersinger," prelude ..... Wagner
"Music of the Spheres," waltz ..... Josef Strauss
"At Dawning" ..... Cadman-Herbert
"Semper Fidelis," march ..... Sousa

WEDNESDAY

Coronation March from "The Prophet" ..... Meyerbeer
"Fingal's Cave," overture ..... Mendelssohn
"Kammenoi Ostrow" ..... Rubinstein
"Samson and Delilah," Bacchanale ..... Saint-Saens
Czardas, from "Ghost of the Warrior" ..... Grossman
"Kol Nidrei" ..... Bruch
"Ouverture Solennelle, 1812" ..... Tchaikovsky
Victor Herbert Favorites ..... Sanford
"Liebesfreud" ..... Kreisler
"Lohengrin," Introduction to Act III ..... Wagner

THURSDAY

"Sambre et Meuse," march ..... Ganne
"Euryanthe," overture ..... Weber
"Eighth Symphony," Allegretto Scherzando ..... Beethoven
"Swan Lake," suite ..... Tchaikovsky
"Pacific 2-3-1," Symphonic Movement ..... Honegger
"Valse Triste" ..... Sibelius
First Hungarian Rhapsody ..... Liszt
"Roses from the South," waltz ..... Strauss
Humoresque ..... Dvorak
"Aragonaise," from "The Cid" ..... Massenet

FRIDAY

Wedding March, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ..... Mendelssohn
Three German Dances ..... Mozart
"Leonore" No. 3, overture ..... Beethoven
Songs by the Lasell Seminary Women's Chorus
"L'Arlesienne," Suite No. 1 ..... Bizet
"Marche Slave" ..... Tchaikovsky
"The Snow" ..... Elgar
"New Moon," selection ..... Romberg
"Estudiantina," waltz ..... Waldteufel
"Strike up the Band" ..... Gershwin

SATURDAY

"Stars and Stripes Forever" ..... Sousa
"Light Cavalry," overture ..... Suppe
"Lohengrin," prelude ..... Wagner
"Cavalleria Rusticana," prelude ..... Mascagni
"Irish Rhapsody" ..... Herbert
Largo ..... Handel
"Peer Gynt," suite ..... Grieg
"Girl Crazy," selection ..... Gershwin
"Two Hearts in ¾ Time" ..... Stolz
American Patrol ..... Meacham

Would that some one would do for the the story of opera in Boston what Mr. Howe has done for the Boston Symphony orchestra; or that there might be at least a history of the Boston Opera company, a truthful story of its rise, glory and fall. Col. Clapp's history of the Boston stage contains some information about the early years of opera; there are statistics in the history of the Boston Theatre; Henry Russell has a chapter about his directorship of the Boston Opera House in his book of reminiscences, but no one has done for Boston what Mr. Edward Moore, the music critic of the Chicago Tribune, has done for his city. We refer to his anecdotical and statistical "Forty Years of Opera in Chicago," an imposing volume, richly illustrated, published by Horace Liveright of New York. The absence of an index is to be deplored.

In 1913 Mr. Karleton Hackett's little book, "The Beginning of Grand Opera in Chicago (1850-1859)" was published. There is an amusing account of the New Theatre and the town itself in 1850. The music critic, or the reporter, who saw the first performance in Chicago of "Il Trovatore" (1858), wrote a "slashing" article. "To be sure, the anvils seemed natural, and the orchestra played something which sounded like the anvil chorus, but otherwise 'Il Trovatore' was shrieked, screamed, groaned and killed. The whole performanee was below mediocrity. The properties were miserable, the action tame, the music inharmonious, false and discordant. 'Il Trovatore' is far beyond the capabilities of the troupe, and we trust that they will not again allow the charge of murder to rest upon them."

Mr. Moore begins his story with the dedieation of the auditorium. The first opera to be given there (Dec. 10, 1889) was Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" with Adelina Patti, Ravelli, Del Puente and Marcassa the chief singers. The final performance in the Auditorium (Jan. 26, 1929) was by the Civic Opera company. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" with Edith Mason, Charles Hackett, Defrero and Cotreuil.

Open Mr. Moore's book at random; there is something to interest or to amuse. Mr. Moore does not take grand opera too seriously, nor is he, nor were the newspapers during the years, afraid to write humorously about operas and singers. "Tannhaeuser" was a suecess as a social function. "The long haired Wagnerites above stairs add that it was a religion. The boy who sold 'books of de oprer' on the outside said cynically that the music was of the future, perhops, but the singers were of the past." There is much about the visiting companies. The Metropolitan, Henry W. Savage's company and others, ineluding Mrs. Charles A. Ellis's.

During the years 1889-1908 "Il Trovatore" had the most performances. It was followed closely by "Carmen."

The first of the "epidermic" school of dancers was Thamara de Swirsky, and she was abundantly so."

Yes, Mr. Moore has written a most entertaining book. Witness the pages about Mary Garden, who "never scorned the artful aid of newspaper publicity . . . She always managed to say the right thing at the right time to get it printed." When her Salome made a "wonderful and joyous" row, Oscar Hammerstein telegraphed, "If they'd put some flannel petticoats and things on Miss Garden, that might help tone things too. Mary really ought to be petticoated, I think, considering Chicago's climate." When "The Girl of the Golden West" was produced Mr. Percy Hammond considered the case of the tenor Bassi, who took the part of Dick Johnson. His road agent was "ingenue: a tenor bandit who would be more at ease in purple tights and a plumed hat. Some way or other a top note does not sound well when emanating from a supposedly desperate person in leather pants and a flannel shirt. And in the last act they do a most cruel thing to him. They tie his hands and ask him to sing."

Miss Luey Page Gaston, founder and president of the Anti-Cigarette League of America, when Miss White smoked her third cigarette in "The Secret of Suzanne," arose and "stepped forever, she said, out of the defiled atmosphere of the Auditorium." The Tribune quoted her as saying: "Horrible! Perfectly horrible! One after another! I saw her with my own eyes . . . Miss White in this attitude is a menace to the entire community." Mr. Dippel, as a manager, once complained that his prima donnas ate too much. "It is terrible the way they have been entertained by society here in Chicago."

There are excellent characterizations of conductors and singers, as that of the admirable Cleofonte Campanini.

It is interesting to note that Conchita Supervia, who was recently praised in London for her recitals, was in the Chicago season of 1915-16 "a nice, girlish little Carmen, a rather pleasant Charlotte in 'Werther,' and as good a Mignon as was ever heard on the Auditorium stage." There is a vivid description of Galli-Curci's first appearance in Chicago: "An oval, medieval face with a large nose and an ivory pallor, a gracious, winsome manner, a throat out of which poured the most entrancing tones the generation had ever heard." Her husband, Curci, soft-spoken, was "almost completely hidden behind a large mass of black whiskers in intensive cultivation."

Ring Lardner's account of "La Traviata," written for the Tribune, is quoted in full. It ends: "Alfred has been tipped off by his old man about the sacrifice bunt and he is sorry he told all them nasty things. So while he is dying he stands around and pats the top of his bean to express grief, maybe it's to keep the pores open so his head tones can get out."

Baklanoff — "The unclean, ophidian lecter of Mephistophiles, indifferent as might be to the low notes of the score but an unforgettable figure."

In the sympathetic sketch of Polacco, it is noted that the day after he signed with the Chicago company, he received an offer from the Boston Symphony orchestra to be Dr. Muck's successor.

Some of the singers in Chicago, famous in Europe, never sang in Boston; and Chicago saw operas that Boston has never seen. Few of them were successful.

Not the least entertaining pages are those devoted to Miss Garden manager. The losses of her first seasons amounted to $1,100,000. Baklanoff was reported to have been given a contract for 40 appearances at $1000 each plus the income tax. Then there was Muratore of whom Campanini had said: "Muratore is expensif arteest because he no draw. De people all say, 'Yes Muratore, magneeficent artcest, But when Muratore sing, dey all stay home—sit at table and mak' de dinner."

Miss Garden, "faithful reader of the newspapers and an estimator of their news values," announced that Emile Coue had cured her of "bronchial pneumonia, buzzing in the head, little colds, irritability and depression."

The three most popular operas in the Chicago repertoire were "Aida," "La Traviata" and "Il Trovatore." Opera in English has not been to the taste of the subscribers.

Mr. Moore is not afraid of digressions, which are mighty interesting reading, as the one about press agents. How many Bostonians have heard of Thomas Connolly, of Chicago, by trade a plaster? He has one of the greatest collections of theatrical and operatic playbills in existence, some of them going back to the 1700's.

After a description of the new opera house, which was dedicated without speech-making (Nov. 4, 1929), with a performanee of "Aida," follows a statistical resume of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, the Chicago Opera Association and the Chicago Civic Opera Company's performances, Nov. 3, 1910, to March 26, 1929. This resume includes the operas given by Chicago companies on tour; 63 cities, 1225 performances; cities from Akron, O., to Wichita Falls, Tex.

PARK

"The Viking"

Variek Frissell, that adventurous young man who with his cameraman, Penrod, lost his life off the coast of Newfoundland on Mareh 16 last, has left his own memorial in the shape of "The Viking," the picture now at the Park Theatre. When the sealing ship of that name was destroyed by an explosion of dynamite stores, the lives of more than a score of men were snuffed out, and the film made on that last trip was lost. This film, we are told, consisted of retakes of previous shots which had not satisfied Frissell. However, that may be, the picture as it stands today is one worthy of serious attention from old and young. In simple, sincere and effective fashion it sets forth pictorially and in story the perils which beset those hardy fisherfolk of Newfoundland and Labrador, who take their living from the ice-bound waters of the North seas.

The specific theme is the annual seal hunt. The Viking, commanded by Capt. Bob Bartlett, survivor of many Arctic expeditions, starts out for the sealing grounds with a picked crew. It is Capt. Bob's boast that he never has lost a man; but on this trip he nearly lost two, through one man's hatred of another on account of a girl at Deep Harbor, the home port. "Skipper" Jed Nelson, tough, boastful and vindictive, played by Arthur Vinson, despises Luke Oram, played by Charles Starrettt, a younger man nicknamed "Tht Jinker" because ill luck has followed every enterprise in which he had a share. Jed also hates Luke because Mary Jo, played by Louise Huntington, seems to prefer him. Capt. Bob refuses Luke passage on the Viking because of his unfortunate reputation, but Jed gets him aboard with an extra card, apparently a prerogative granted valuable men on such trips. Jed plans to get rid of Luke, actually shoots at him, on the ice. Later, his sun glasses broken, he is nearly blinded by ice-glare. Both men wander from their companions, and it is Luke who proves the hero, brings Jed home safely, and wins Mary Jo. Not an epic tale, but set in homely speech and well acted, especially by the two men.

It is in its graphic, authentic and steadily thrilling scenes aboard the Viking and on the ice fields that the picture will live. Three others of recent memory are "White Hell of Pitz Palu," made in the Swiss Alps by Dr. Arnold Fanck; "With Byrd at the South Pole," and "The Arctic Seal Hunt." All three are impressive, unusual and indicative of fine courage on the part of cameramen and participants. "The Arctic Seal Hunt" in certain ways closely resembles "The Viking," but it lacked the sound effects, the close shots of activities aboard ship, the gorgeous sweep of ice dotted waters, played upon by sun or storm, and the herculean struggles with man and steam power to free the ship from ice jams. You see her steel prow cutting into thick masses of ice, see men pulling at a big hawser, which wears thin and snaps, see the men spread out and close in on the unsuspecting seals, see them returning with their pelts and forced to leave them on an immense ice pan when a storm arises. These and many more scenes are authentic beyond a doubt. The men who figured in them had to be more than mere actors, amateur or professional. They needed a full measure of agility, strength and courage to do the things the camera discloses. It was a splendid adventure. More's the pity that Frissell, the man behind the achievement, and Penrod, the intrepid photographer, could not have been spared to witness the completed record of their work.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Good Bad Girl"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jo Swerling from the play of the same name by Winifred van Suzer; directed by R. William Neill and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Marcia	Mae Clark
Bob Henderson	James Hall
Trixie	Marie Prevost
Tyler	Robert Ellis
Mrs. Henderson	Nance O'Neil
Mr. Henderson	Edmund Breese
Donovan	James Donlan
Pagano	Paul Porcasi
Roach	Paul Fix
Moreland	Wheeler Oakman
Spike	George Berlinger

The crime wave, despite all pronouncements to the contrary, shows no signs of receding. In "The Good Bad Girl," current screen feature at the Keith-Boston Theatre, we have the chance to see what kind of a life is led by a gangsters' sweetheart who tries to cut loose from her past. Truth to tell, it is a pretty lugubrious affair, giving Mae Clark, the heroine, scant opportunity in her debut as a star. The story is very reminiscent of preceding films of the same sort and filled to overflowing with such original remarks as: "I'm through with the racket—I'm going to have a home of my own and live decently" or "There's only one way out this business—feet first." We even see the misunderstood heroine surrendering her baby son to her husband's parents and going away with tears in her eyes. Needless to say, this touching scene follows directly on an interview in which she had refused to give the child up.

Marcia Cameron, sweetheart of the notorious Dan Tyler, falls in love with the rich and respectable Bob Henderson and marries him, after he has proposed to her any number of times. Meantime, Tyler is badly wanted for a murder and has gone to Philadelphia to escape the police. His whereabouts are betrayed by Trixie, one of Marcia's hard-boiled friends, but he believes it is Marcia and swears vengeance. Tyler's friends force Marcia to go to see him in the Tombs and he threatens to have Bob killed if she refuses to testify at his trial. She counters with the threat that she will testify to his having committed premeditated murder. Her visit to the prison becomes known to the Hendersons, and Bob's father demands that she leave him. This she does, failing, however, to mention the fact that there is a baby coming.

Months later Marcia is working in a night club, run by Trixie's protector, Pagano, and Mrs. Henderson comes to her to beg the custody of the child. Marcia refuses, but that very night Tyler escapes from prison and comes to the club to kill her. Thanks to the police, he is killed instead, and at the psychological moment, Bob returns from Paris to find Marcia. He had been sent abroad to forget her, but discovered that he still cared. Her surrender of the child makes him realize this to the full, and he brings Marcia home for good.

Mae Clarke, as the somewhat excessively persecuted heroine, gives an earnest and frequently attractive performance, though her lines are stilted enough to handicap any one. One suspects, too, that the director was a little too much on the job. Marie Prevost and Paul Poreasi contribute some amusing comic interludes, but we would suggest to the former that she watch her figure a bit more carefully. Robert Ellis makes a sinister Tyler and James Hall is plump and uninteresting. The photography is frequently well above the average.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Defenders of the Law"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Hampton Del Ruth; directed by Joseph Levering and presented by W. Ray Johnston and Continental Pictures with the following cast:

Police Commissioner	Edmund Breese
Alice, his daughter	Catherine Dale Owen
Chief of Police	Joseph Girard
Capt. Bill Houston	John Holland
Joe Velet	Robert Gleckler
Mae Ward	Mae Busch
Photographer	Al Cooke
Detective Muldoon	Philo McCullough
Terone	Paul Panzer

Several dozen more gangsters bite the dust in the course of "Defenders of the Law," current screen feature at the Modern and Beacon theatres. It's getting so that no self-respecting criminal will dare to enter motion pictures any more, with the odds so heavily against him. This time the pendulum has swung back to the times when the police department supply the heroism instead of the comic relief, and while the chief villain is painted black colors—the hero accuses him of hiding behind a woman's skirts—he is at least granted the privilege of having had a good war record and of possessing courage, assurance and daring. In one of the early seenes we thought we even glimpsed a bit of satire; the gang leader temporarily in jail, reads a mash note from a susceptible lady who says that he never had a chance. To this priceless bit, his cellmate queries sardonically, "Would you be where you are now if you'd never had a chance?"

The police force of a big western city, notified of the arrival of a notorious gangster, Joe Velet, from the East, takes him into custody. At the station, Capt. Bill Houston recognizes Joe as a former comrade in arms. Just before Joe is assisted to escape, through means of a rather neat trick, he offers Bill a chance to join his mob, an offer, which, for the sake of the honor of the police department, is instantly refused. Taking up his quarters in the city as leader of a mob run by an Italian desperado, Terone, Joe taunts the police for their inability to trap him. He is nearly caught, however, when his plans for appearing at a big night club are accidentally revealed by Terone to a girl in the employ of the police. Joe kills Terone, which brings upon him the wrath of Terone's gang.

In a tight spot, for the police have drawn a cordon around his hiding place, Joe has the police commissioner's daughter, Alice, to whom Bill is engaged, kidnapped, and tries to dick with Bill to be allowed a getaway in return for her safety. In terror for Alice's safety, the commissioner orders the police cordon withdrawn, but in the hour that he has left, Bill and his men attack Joe's gang; Bill and Joe fight their last combat, this time on opposite sides, and Bill is the victor. There is a great deal of action in the film and not much acting, but it manages to be exciting more frequently than the other time-worn plot would suggest. John Holland and Robert Gleckler, as police captain and gang leader, respectively, handle their respective assignments well. Catherine Dale Owen plays a conventional heroine conventionally, and Mae Busch, not seen for many months, does admirably in the brief role of the disguised policewoman.

Also on the program is "God's Gift to Women," in which Frank Fay disports himself in his usual fashion, as an irresistible Don Juan among dozens of ladies, including Laura La Plante, Louise Brooks and Joan Blondell.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Cain and Artem"

Silent screen drama based on a story by Maxim Gorki; produced by Sovkino, directed by P. P. Petrov-Bytov and presented by Amkino with the following cast:

Cain	Emil Gall
Artem	Nikolai Simonov
Woman in the market place	Elena Egorova
Her husband	George Uvarov

Maxim Gorki writes profound and very long drawn out novels, more concerned with the workings of men's minds than with their actions. Thus, when one of his stories, such as "Cain and Artem," now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, is transferred to the screen, the result is apt to be more than a little tedious. The film in question tells an interesting, rather pitiful story of a man's regeneration through friendship, and it is done in the now familiar Russian manner, with much whirling of the camera and frequent superimposing of photographic images. What the director has done more than anything is to catch to a remarkable degree the squalor and the sordid life in a miserably poor Rusian village about 30 years ago. One can almost feel the dirt and sense the vileness of the manner in which the people lived, content perforce, because they knew no other sort of existence.

The two principal characters are Cain, a pathetic little Jew, despised and persecuted by the rest of the community, and Artem, a big, blond, handsome giant, with an eye for the women and no ideas beyond eating, drinking and fighting. A woman in the market place falls in love with him, and in revenge her singularly revolting husband has Artem made drunk and then assaulted and left for dead. The despised Cain rescues him, takes him to his house and restores him to health. While convalescing, Artem learns many things and is initiated into the mysteries of books. Gradually his mind awakens and with it a deep affection for Cain. Finding the same men tormenting Cain who had tried to kill him, Artem tries to destroy them all and is only restrained by Cain. In the

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end, one leaves them standing on the river bank watching the sunset. The acting of the simple story is of a high degree of excellence, Nikolai Simonov in particular giving a most interesting and revealing portrayal of Artem's character and his growth from mere brutishnes to the strength that comes of compaison. Almost equally fine is the meek and forgiving Cain, as played by Emil Gall.

Also on the bill there is a return engagement of "Variety," the UFA film which made Emil Jannings almost as famous in this country as he had been abroad. Despite the pasage of time, the picture retains all its dramatic force, for the story is told quickly and with culminating force. There are very few subtitles and an almost complete reliance on graphic pantomime. Jannings's depiction of the great hulking, good-natured acrobat, Boss Huller, who took such a fearful revenge on the man who stole his sweetheart, is still one of the finest performances that has been contributed to the screen. The scene in which Huller kills Artinelli with his bare hands after resisting the temptation to let him fall from the trapeze has yet to be surpassed for breath-taking horror. The sequences showing the life in the carnival an the amazing trapeze stunts are as effective as they ever were. Jannings remains one of the few actors who can keep one enthralled without the need of speaking a single word.

E. L. H.

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT

PLYMOUTH—"Art and Mrs. Bottle," comedy, with Jane Cowl, Leon Quartermaine, Walter Kingsbury; 8:30.

TREMONT — "Friendship," new comedy drama by and with George M. Cohan; 8:15.

WILBUR— Third Little Show," new revue, with Beatrice Lillie, Ernest Truex; 8:30.

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"NEW AMERICAN MUSIC"

By PHILIP HALE

Paul Rosenfeld's "Musical Portraits" (1920) and "Musical Chronicle" (1923) showed that he was neither a hidebound conservative nor a wild-eyed revolutionary. He was not timid in the expression of his opinions; he was seldom superficial in judgment. Music was to him an art, not a trade, but he was not obsequious towards composers, even when they have been hailed as great.

His article, "The New American Music," published in Scribner's, is therefore the mere surprising, for he now appears as the enthusiastic champion of composers belonging to the extreme left wing. He names seven men, Ruggles and Sessions of New England, Copland of New York, Harris of Oklahoma, Villa-Lobos of Rio de Janeiro, Chavez of Mexico and the Italo-Frenchman Varese, now of New York. Music by Copland and Sessions has been performed here by the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Mr. Rosenfeld mentions Cowell, whose "extraordinary sonorous" piano concerto was "last season's most important American production"; McPhee, a Canadian; and others, among them the Americans Blitzstein and Citkowitz, who make "impressive pledges." As for the older American music, it is "feeble in feeling where it was relatively distinguished in style, as in the work of MacDowell and Loeffler, and heavy in style where it was virile in expression as in that of Horatio Parker." He admits that their works "compare favorably with the contemporary European musical product"; that the new movement is still "spotty and uncertain."

These new Americans do not arrive at the "articulation" of their ideas by the "circuitous route of theory." It may now be asked, how many of these composers have musical ideas. They are far more intuitive; they express "the coming world-feeling spontaneously." Thus they remind us by their works of the bassoon player in the Negro-minstrel show, who replied when he was asked what he was about to play: "Anything that comes out." In the compositions of Villa-Lobos there is "Gargantuan laughter, buffoonery and drunkenness." The symphony of Sessions is "easily the best piece of its class produced in America." He is "truculent and harsh." Ruggles in certain works is "all elevation and apocalypse," yet there is "Emersonian homeliness, roughness and good humor," not to mention "affecting exuberance, tapestry-like denseness and mysterious seductiveness," while works by Harris recall "geraniums on the unpainted window-sills of hill farmhouses." While Copland's sonorities are full of "stony, metallic" effects, "shrill, cock-crow themes"; a kind of Spartan art; there is the "vaulting impulse of American life and the excitement of machinery." Considering the music of Varese, Mr. Rosenfeld throws his hat in the air and indulges in noisy squeals of joy. The works of the seven men are homogeneous, yet each has individuality.

One who has heard music by any one of these composers, one who has accepted Stravinsky, Prokofieff and the better works by Honegger, Milhaud and Hindemith, may well rub his eyes reading Mr. Rosenfeld's dithyrambic praise of the seven. He might find their works barren of ideas; lacking in firm structure as well as sensuous beauty, deep emotion, impressive strength, poetic feeling, spirituality; an inability to invent a melodic line of any length; a deliberate shunning of the obvious but a substitution of repeated patterns without significance; constantly shifting rhythms, restless, explosive, often crude instrumentation. And at the risk of being called an old fogey, he might dismiss the seven as insufficiently prepared experimenters without definite aim and purpose.

may 29 1931

PRESS CLIPPINGS

By PHILIP HALE

More than 40,000 newspaper clippings concerning plays, performances, actors and actresses have been given by Edwin F. Edgett to Harvard University's theatre collection. It is said that he began to collect these clippings "more than forty years ago." Did he hand these clippings over with a pang? Did he feel that he was being swamped by them, or, knowing their value to historians of the drama, and eager to enrich his college, did he wish them more securely housed?

A New York lawyer, having 300 scrapbooks filled with clippings about noteworthy events of the last fifty years, feels himself obliged to leave a seven-room apartment for a house in the country where there will be room for his treasure. Joseph R. Kathrens of West Milton, O., built a house for his reference library of clippings, which contains more than 100,000 pages. If they were placed end to end, he says, forming a pennant, they would float from the Empire building's mast in New York twenty miles into New Jersey, with an east wind.

If clippings are of great value to journalists, biographers and historians, they may also serve novelists. Charles Reade portrayed himself in his "Terrible Temptation"—which at the time of publication as a serial was regarded as an outrageously immoral story—and described his huge collection of scrapbooks which aided him in descriptions and in the "invention" of scenes; also in refuting critics who accused him of extravagance, of presentation of the obviously impossible. In his "Put Yourself in His Place," incidents in his account of the breaking of a dam were laughed at, but the most "incredible" actually occurred in the Williamstown flood.

A collection of clippings is not merely a matter of scissors and paste. How will it easiest aid the collection of his work—if they are kept in files, how is the one important for the day or the hour to be found at once? If they are preserved in scrapbooks, there is the necessary indexing. Hoc opus, hic labor est.

Not every one has Charles Reade's ability to weave newspaper clippings into vivid narration. George Bernard Shaw's play "Press Cuttings" was compiled from the editorial and correspondence columns of daily papers during the women's war in 1909. The censor objected to the characters, to Shaw's employing personalities; the censor might with more reason have condemned the play as undramatic.

Walt Whitman praised the animals for not being demented with the mania of owning things. In our younger years there is joy in collecting, in mere possession; as one realizes that it is time to set one's house in order, it is not always easy to dispose of a collection, whatever its nature may be, without regret. Will there be due care, generous appreciation after the parting? Of this Mr. Edgett may be assured.

METROPOLITAN

"Young Sinners"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Elmer Harris; directed by John Blystone and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Tom McGuire	Thomas Meighan
Gene Gibson	Hardie Albright
Constance Sinclair	Dorothy Jordan
Mrs. Sinclair	Cecilia Loftus
John Gibson	James Kirkwood
Trent	Edmund Breese
Baron von Konitz	Lucien Prival
Butler	Arnold Lucy
Maggie McGuire	Nora Lane
Sue	Joan Castle
Jimmy	John Arledge
Bud	Eddie Nugent
Madge	Yvonne Pelletier
Tommy	David Rollins
Reggie	Gaylord Pendleton
Tim	Billy Sutts

It was Thomas Meighan who made "Young Sinners," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, worth seeing—Thomas Meighan and a nice looking boy named Hardie Albright who makes herewith his screen debut. It is Thomas, however, who really carries off the honors, and by his easy manner, delightful sense of humor and rich Irish brogue, creates the only plausible character in the story. We hope without reservations of any kind, that he is back on the screen for good. Motion pictures can stand more players like him. "Young Sinners" is another flaming youth saga, which offers a fairly reasonable solution of the often disputed question—what is the best thing to do with a gilded youth who is never without drink or women and never with any sort of ambition?

On the stage, "Young Sinners" proved successful, even though the ramifications of the story held nothing very original or inspiring. Now that it has reached the screen, the plot is unchanged, but it gains from certain very attractive views of mountain scenery in the winter time and a rather lively speedboat-coastguard cutter race introduced in the opening reel. Gene Gibson is a youth who suffers unutterable things because his father has always given him everything he wanted, except—so we are intended to grasp—understanding. Somehow, these poor little rich children fail to inspire us with much pity, but Gene was very sorry for himself and tried to drown his grief in dissipation when his sweetheart Constance Sinclair, engaged herself to an Austrian count. In disgust, John Gibson, his father, engages a husky Irishman, Tom McGuire, to put some sense into him.

Tom escorts the protesting Gene to the Adirondacks, after first knocking him out, cures him of his fondness for drink, restores him to health and gives him, in short, an idea of what a real father should be like. Not even the blandishments of Constance, who arrives from New York, cannot swerve him from his ungentlemanly resolutions. In the end, McGuire lets Gene knock him out in a good fist fight, and the two young sinners prepare for matrimony.

From the moment Thomas Melghan steps before the camera the picture is his by right of merit, but we liked the work Hardie Albright very much indeed. He is a nice looking boy, not too handsome, but likeable and natural. His voice records satisfactorily and he shows no consciousness of camera or microphone. He promises well without being startling, as yet. Dorothy Jordan, fragile and pretty as ever, did her best to be a very annoying example of flaming youth, and because we like her, we are glad to report that she didn't altogether succeed. Good work in smaller roles is offered by James Kirkwood, Cecilia Loftus and Edmund Breese.

E. L. H.

may 30 1931

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Women of All Nations"

An all-talking screen comedy devised by Barry Connors; directed by Raoul Walsh and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Sergt. Flagg	Victor McLaglen
Sergt. Quirt	Edmund Lowe
Elsa	Greta Nissen
Olsen	El Brendel
Fifi	Fifi Dorsay
Pee Wee	Marjorie White
Captain of Marines	T. Roy Barnes
Prince Hassan	Bela Lugosi
Stone	Humphrey Bogart
Kiki	Joyce Compton
Izzie	Jesse De Vorska
Leon	Charles Judels

Those who plan to attend "Women of All Nations," now showing at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, will find their old friends, Flagg and Quirt, in much the same positions as they assumed in "What Price Glory" and "The Cock Eyed World." The only difference this time is that they are very limited on their swear words, the edict having gone forth from some Olympus to the effect that they can only address one another in such terms as "Old pineapple"! or "Old custard"! both of which are at once followed by the phrase: "And you know what I mean by that!" It works out fairly well, save that a marine without a good long string of blue language doesn't seem quite natural.

The picture itself, which met with all kinds of approval at its initial showing yesterday, is another rambling chronicle that starts nowhere in particular and ends the same way. The two pugnacious marine sergeants fight one another all over the map, from war-time France—a glimpse of which is shown in the opening reel—to a Mediterranean port abounding in harems. Of course, there are ladies: Dozens of them, including the well-known Fifi Dorsay and the less well-known but extremely attractive Greta Nissen. There are fights over the ladies, there are quarrels over insults real and imaginary, there is rough and tumble humor and a complete absence of plot. Much of it is extremely funny and none of it is to be taken seriously. We wondered a bit

over the introduction of a death scene—a Jewish boy is killed in Nicaragua despite Flagg's promise to bring him home safe—for such episodes, with the violent wrench they make for sympathy in the midst of raucous laughter, are out of place.

This time we see a prologue, with Flagg and Quirt quarreling in France. The next step is Nicaragua, then comes Brooklyn, followed by Sweden and finally by Turkey. In Sweden the marines quarrel over a very charming and vivacious blonde, Elsa, who talks the cat language in preference to any other. The arrival of her gigantic fiance, Olaf, effectually breaks up the party. Later on in Turkey, Flagg and Quirt meet Elsa, now the wife of Prince Hassan, and spend some exciting hours calling on her within the harem. Of course, Prince Hassan returns unexpectedly and there is a wild to do, with every one miaowing at the wrong time. Eventually the soldiers escape, and the picture ends with their march out of the city.

As usual, Flagg is the butt of Quirt, though he gets in a very neat little bit of revenge when he forces the latter to re-enlist. Victor McLaglen is his usual swaggering, thick-headed quarrelsome self, an excellent foil for the smoother and slightly more successful rascality of Edmund Lowe. Greta Nissen, returned to the screen after a long absence, is decidedly pretty and gives every promise of being a most satisfactory comedienne in a film calling for fewer shieks. El Brendel, as a comic marine with a pet monkey, is more amusing than usual, and Bela Lugosi stalks impressively through the last reels in the robes of Prince Hassan. We are told that "Women of All Nations" is the last Flagg and Quirt scrap and that the next time Mr. McLaglen and Mr. Lowe appear together they will be on the police force. They'll be just the same, however, whatever uniforms they wear.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

'It's a Wise Child"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Laurence E. Johnson; directed by Robert Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Joyce	Marion Davies
Steve	Sidney Blackmer
Cool Kelley	James Gleason
Bertha	Polly Moran
Roger	Lester Vail
Annie	Marie Prevost
Mrs. Stanton	Clara Blandick
Otho	Johnny Arthur
Alice	Hilda Vaughan
A. Appleby	Robert McWade
Bill Stanton	Ben Alexander
Mme Appleby	Emily Fitzroy

It's a wise playwright who can recognize his offspring when the omniscient Hollywood director puts it on the screen. In the present instance it is to be suspected that Miss Davies, who can be thirly likable or the most exasperating among the minor comediennes, according to her moods, induced her director to cut loose from Mr. John's script and film "It's a Wise Child" as Mack Sennett would have done it 10 years ago. In other words, a comedy which has no stage of its existence would bear close scrutiny as a work of highly intelligent construction, and which owed its stage success to the wizardry of its producer, the late David Balasco, and to a cast so carefully coached that the slapstick lines became scintillating gems of wits, has now been abased to travesty, with Miss Davies as the chief offender.

If the film producers had been content to confine action and lines to the original and had exercised more care in casting, the result might have been something at which to laugh at least occasionally. But after the first five minutes, when we see the heroine careening wildly through the streets in an automobile which she is supposed to be trying out with intent to purchase, and winding up with a collision with a tree in her own yard, it is evident that this is not going to be well. Thereafter, the plot is taken apart and thrown all over the place, with one solitary characterization, that by James Gleason of Cool Kelly, the tough ice man, remaining to brighten an otherwise dull 80 minutes of contemplation of the screen. To be sure, the central idea has been retained, indirectly. In the play Joyce, in order to break her engagement to old A. Appleby, the town banker, permitted the report to spread that she is about to become a mother, thereby losing her time-serving lover, young Edwin, as a selfish cad, and old Appleby as a self-centred money-worshiper, and drawing to her side as her champion good old Steve, the family counselor who always had loved the girl but lacked the courage to say so until the big test came. In the screen version, the scandal emanates from the eaves-dropping of Appleby's clerk, a new comer in the cast by the name of Joyce as she leaves a midnight cottage after arranging for the comfort of Annie Olson, the family servant who had been secretly married to Joyce's kid brother, Bill. Why this awkward twist was applied remains a mystery. And why it was necessary to interpolate a burlesque police raid or a roadhouse, with its noises and clatter and confusion, is even less comprehensible. If Miss Davies and Mr. Leonard thought they were making the piece livelier and funnier, they probably know better by now.

The acting is no instance is more than commonplace, save as noted above in the case of Mr. Gleason. Even Polly Moran, as Bertha, the substitute servant, could be comic with the few lines and bits of business allotted to her. In the play this was a fat part, joyously amusing.

W. E .G.

MAJESTIC

"Fighting the Slavers"

At the Majestic Theatre last evening, a slightly incredulous audience of large size watched the unfolding of a film entitled, "Fighting the Slavers," a production designed to combat that notorious evil, the white slave traffic. Everything was done with great earnestness and vigor, with such vigor indeed, that it was rather exhausting to watch. With the exception of the prologue and epilogue, which take place in a New York police court, the picture is without conversation, but the pantomime is so emphatic that the actors appeared to think that they were playing for an audience of children. Not a point was missed anywhere; the subtitles and the explanatory voice of an invisible lady saw to that. What needed no explaining, however, were the brief glimpses of the cities of Budapest, Athens, Berlin and Constantinople. The beautiful harbors and the ancient buildings told their own story.

The prologue shows two men and two girls in court on a charge of disorderly conduct; it soon appears that they are barely acquainted with one another and that the men were trying to take their companions into a house of ill-fame. To teach the girls a lesson, the judge consents to the showing of a film, just brought back from a League of Nations conference by a public-spirited woman. This film, which occupies the major portion of the production, shows the various methods by which the white slavers obtain their victims. Girls are lured from home with the bait of vaudeville contracts, given work in cabarets and then kidnaped. This is for girls of the poorer classes. For those of higher social position there is a scheme by which they can be engaged as traveling companions by women engaged in the traffic. This is what happens to Mary and Irene, the principals in the story. They fall victims to Wolf Sanka, an unprepossessing gentleman, who has a perfectly lovely time changing his disguises—and changing it in very detailed fashion for the benefit of the interested spectator.

Mary and Irene have all sorts of adventures and are only rescued after a good, old-fashioned police round up and a fist fight between Irene's fiance and Sanka. To point the moral more fully, Mary dies from Sanka's bullet, and we are promptly brought back to New York and the helpful lady in the police court. Report goes that the police of various European countries assisted in making this film and that actual participants in and victims of the white slave trade took some of the parts. It would have been considerably more effective if actors had been engaged who could have conveyed some sense of reality to their roles. Last evening the delighted spectators took to hissing every appearance or new disguise of the villain, laughed heartily at the very emotional moments and cheered loudly at the windmill arm swinging of the rescuing hero. "Fighting the Slavers" cannot be taken in any other light save that of propaganda; as motion picture entertainment it is quite outmoded in technique and in execution.

E. L. H.

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

Ernest Newman had this to say about a once favorite composition: "Miss Myra Hess and the orchestra gave us a very pretty performance of that very pretty piece of bourgeois German romanticism of the 1830's, Schumann's piano concerto. It is a work of engaging innocence, that should always be played, as on this occasion, by a woman in white."

The Montreal Gazette gives the words of the Canadian versions of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" ("Johnny Fill up the Bowl") sung at the time of the Fenian raids.

"And we'll all drink strong beer,
Johnny fill up the bowl."

The ending of each verse, as sung in the streets of our northern states, ran:

"And we'll all get blind drunk
When Johnny comes marching home."

The original lines were thus strengthened.

On the other hand, "The Rambling Rake of Poverty" as sung at schools and colleges was a vulgarized version. Was the original of English origin? Was it like "One-eyed Riley," an old English convict song? The true "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" was never sung in a reputable American theatre by Lottie Collins or any other actress.

Dr. William Braid White has photographed the sound wave of Niagara Falls; "the deepest bass tone I have heard yet in natural phenomenon. It is a general, pervading continuous bass tone," which rises and falls through an interval of about a minor third from 30 to 35 to 42 cycles. It has a definite second harmonic, an octave higher, following the rise and fall of the ground tone."

Thunder, he says, is pitched considerably higher, at 50 cycles up to 300. Middle C is 261 cycles. The wind moans at 150 to 600 cycles; the surf roars at 100.

A good many years ago a Boston organist, Eugene Thayer, wrote a learned article in which he gave in notation the lowest, the fundamental note of Niagara. Who was the western poet that wrote the opening lines of the verses

"Niagara, Niagara,
You are a staggerer"?

Eugene Thayer was a brilliant organist at the time when Lefebure-Wely's and Edouard Batiste's offertories were battle-horses in recitals. He was an excellent musician, a brilliant improviser.

Francesco Berger, who is now in his 97th year, has contributed several articles to the London Times about musical life in London. His last article is entitled "The Ceremony of the Platform; Concert Manners and Memories." He speaks of bowing; how Liszt did it profoundly with his right hand on the region of his heart, and a "stereotyped grin on his face"; Thalberg, with aristocratic dignity; Rubinstein stumbled towards the piano "as though just awakened," and at the end, not waiting for applause, he stumbled back again; Buelow carried a closed opera hat under his left arm in the daytime and at night.

When we saw Buelow in this country, he did not bring in a hat, but before playing he took off slowly his white gloves, looking at the audience. Joachim in Berlin when he conducted an orchestra—he was a stupid conductor—entered with a topper in his hand, which he put down by his desk. In the intermission he took the hat with him, but brought it in again for the next piece on the program.

Women pianists, says Mr. Berger, wore long skirts which had to be brushed aside so that they could use the pedals. Sophie Menter carried her last will and testament and valuable jewels in a reticule hanging from her waist, hidden among her voluminous skirts. Antoinette Sterling, the singer, introduced plain walking dress at matinees discarded artificial flowers for a head dress. She even "ventured the perilous journey of ascending to the platform without male assistance of any kind." Accompanists at concerts were formerly known as "conductors" part of their duty was to lead on the women performers. Sims Reeves, the tenor, was "the first singer of high reputation who maintained that he had executed his share of the contract when he had sung what he had promised to sing, and that it was an absolute imposition to demand more. Novices might avail themselves of encores as short cuts to popularity, but it was not consistent with an artist of established fame to do it."

Playing without notes at concerts is now regarded as necessary. "Some of the greatest pianists of the past never indulged in such cheap exhibitions to be able to dispense with the copy, by knowing the music thoroughly, may be desirable, but to make a study of memorizing is a rueful waste of time."

We have heard Clara Schumann play with notes on the rack. Pugno played with notes before him. On one occasion his memory had failed him; remembering this accident, nervous, he afterwards always had the notes before him. Pachmann played concertos from notes, but he sometimes for a joke place the sheets bottom-side up. He depended more on success on loose gems which he carried in a pocket, to give color, he told us, to his interpretation. Janotha, the pianist, carried a prayer book, and put it on the piano. Ludwig, the baritone, a devout man, singing in oratorio, read his prayer book while the chorus or other soloists were at work. What prima donna in opera was the first to carry a lace handkerchief and flourish it in trying or joyous situations? Jane Cowl sported a handkerchief throughout "Art and Mrs. Bottle" the opening night, but she was suffering from a cold.

In The Herald of last Sunday the linotype made us speak of "Mrs. Charles A. Ellis's opera company. For "Mrs." read "Mr."

Mme. Barsova of the Moscow Opera, who finds that she sings best when restricting herself to one meal a day, would have found favor with Dr. George Fordyce, the 18th century physician and chemist. Fordyce believed that man should feed only once in 24 hours to maintain the height of physical and mental efficiency, and for a quarter of a century he practiced what he preached. But, though he fed once, he fed squarely. According to stories told by his contemporaries, at 4 o'clock every afternoon he would arrive at Dolly's Chop Shop in Paternoster Row to dispose of a pound and a half of rump steak, half a boiled capon, a plate of fish, an appropriate quantity of bread and potatoes, a quart of strong ale, a bottle of port, and a glass or two of brandy. Thus stoked he would go off to deliver a lecture, spend half the night reading, writing, or experimenting, rise after a brief rest to conduct classes for his students, and not another thought to food until 4 P. M. came around once more. It is not, perhaps, surprising to learn that he "died of disorders connected with gout."—Manchester Guardian.

It may be remembered that Edith Mason after her divorce from Mr. Polacco married Dr. Bernstein. He stated when she sued for divorce from him that Mr. Polacco demanded that he would compel her to refrain from eating pie and smoking cigarettes. Now that Mr. Polacco and Miss Mason are happily re-united, does he allow her to eat pie, even for breakfast if she insists on it? As they are now living outside the pie-belt, there can not be a pie-rift, apple, custard, mince or lemon meringue in the artistic-domestic lute.

Richard Strauss has adapted Schumann's 'Carneval' for orchestra." He is not the first. When the Ballet Russe performed "Carneval" in Boston the piano music was orchestrated.

Even travestied, Handel is glorious: it is impossible for any maltreatment wholly to destroy that structural integrity. He is like a cathedral still standing in the age of reason. Perhaps he ought to be content with an immortality of 193 years: no one else has reached that.—The Observer, apropos of "Israel in Egypt" poorly performed.

Rene Richard describes Magda Tagliafero as the most beautiful pianist in the world. "How often have we suffered from skilled hands, joined to massive arms; virtuosos heavier than a grand piano; ugly, women who contradict the harmonious strains they invoke!"

The composers who know or care about the voice are few; they have not themselves sung, like Schubert, Gounod or Sullivan, and do not know by instinct how a singer feels. They are in the position of a man trying to write a novel who does not love to be with and to watch his fellow men. Some of them ignore a vital matter like tessitura, and, as Prof. Dent says with blunt truth, the composer who does that "is a fool." With no composer to write for her and no audience to discern her merits, it is not surprising that the prima donna does not think it worth while to exist. There is little left for her to do but to "declaim"; for, as Wagner said at a Bayreuth rehearsal, "we want no singing here." He was not the only one who did not know that true declamation can only exist on a basis of singing.—A. H. Fox, Strangways.

COLONIAL-TREMONT SEASON, 1930-31

Appended is a summary of the attractions presented during the season just closing at the Colonial and the Tremont Theatres, with one entry from the now extinct Hollis Street Theatre.

COLONIAL THEATRE: "Fine and Dandy," two weeks, Sept. 1 to Sept. 13; "Sweet Adeline," three weeks, Sept. 15 to Oct. 4; "Smiles," three weeks, Oct. 27 to Nov. 15; "Strictly Dishonorable," five weeks, Dec. 25 to Jan. 31; "Elizabeth the Queen," two weeks, Theatre Guild, March 9 to 21; "Cherries are Ripe," three weeks, April 6 to 25; "The Admirable Crichton," one week, May 4 to 9; "He," closing Theatre Guild season, two weeks, May 11 to 23.

TREMONT THEATRE: "Hell's Angels," 10 weeks, Sept. 1 to Nov. 8; "Merchant of Venice" (Maurice Moscovitch), three weeks, Nov. 19—29; "Green Grow the Lilacs," Theatre Guild, two

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"High Hat," a comedy in three acts by Viva Tattersall and Sidney Toler, will be played here for the first time tomorrow night at the Wilbur Theatre. Entitled "Ritzy," the play was produced at Atlantic City on Feb. 3, 1930. The players were Ernest Trucx, Edgar Smith; Miriam Hopkins, Nancy Smith; Katharine Renwick, Tillie; J. H. Brewer, Mr. Peabody; Josephine Evans, Louella McKenzie; Effie Afton, Maude Mooney; John Junior, Oscar Mooney; Sidney Riggs, Charlie McKenzie. The Philadelphia Bulletin spoke of "Ritzy" as "revamped from the 'Dress Parade.'"

The story is simple, but one that gives opportunity for amusing situations, portraits of every day human beings, and homely philosophizing. Smith and his wife are hard up, when they learn that they inherit from a rich uncle. Then they splurge. Mrs. Smith is the willing victim of dressmakers and importers; her husband, enjoying golf, joins an expensive club—small-town newspapers would say an "exclusive" club—buys a new car and says good-bye to the insurance office. When he has purchased an estate on Long Island, he finds that his wife has decided on a Westchester house. They high-hat their old friends. By the way, when did "high-hat" first enrich the vocabulary of slang? The dictionaries know of persons who "have on high-heeled shoes." Farmer and Henley's says the phrase is an "Americanism." Possibly, but we never heard it. One reads that the Smiths in "High Hat" are afflicted with "swankomania." What finally happens to them will be learned by the audience at the Wilbur tomorrow night.

We saw "Friendship" at the Tremont last Wednesday. We do not propose to enlarge on Mr. Greenough's excellent review of the first performance here, yet one or two notes may be permitted.

How rare it is to find a comedian of Mr. Cohan's talent and popularity, when he has written a play, giving fat lines to another member of the company, Mr. Watson, and the most dramatic scene to still another member, Mr. Fischer. The latter portrayed a German not often seen on the American stage of today, the German who, only a delicatessen tradesman, rather abrupt if not rough in manner, is sensitive about the honor of his family; unable to understand his silly son who prates of "individualism" and the right to live one's own life in defiance of the conventions. That Mr. Fischer, well acquainted with the stage in Germany and with the middle-class Germans who for generations have had sound, if sometimes narrow ideas about the conduct of life, should present this type dramatically and make Rudolf Steinert a living being, rather than a mere stage-man is not so surprising as is Mr. Cohan's insight into what might be called the psychology of the role. Mr. Fischer's portrayal of Steinert is one of the high-lights of the season now closing. Yet there were moments in the performance last Wednesday night when a few in the audience, evidently regarding him as only a German comedian, and therefore a "funny man," laughed when they should have been moved by the unaffected pathos of his scene with his conceited, insufferable son. This son was capitally portrayed by Clifford Jones.

As for Mr. Cohan the actor, his ease, grace, poise are so natural that one might say he is not acting, but is the man of his entertaining story. His artistic taste and discretion prevented him from any openly sentimental pride in his daughter, to whom, as a beginner, he gave only a minor part, which she filled acceptably and in a charming, simple manner.

The Manchester Guardian found the mayor of Chicago's announcement that he would not permit performances of "On the Spot" if he found the play crude and uncomplimentary rather a lark.

"The mayor's intention to 'suppress all plays and movies showing Chicago as a crime-ridden city' is admirable—and also rather easier than suppressing the crime itself. Nor can it be said that it will be much of a deprivation to the citizens; why worry about the absence of crime on the stage when you can probably see crime on the sidewalk round the corner of the next block. 'On the Spot' is the right stuff for tame and timid suburbs like Didsbury or Golders Green, but in Chicago the public taste probably runs to love stories and 'happy ever after.' Sob-stuff rather than crime-stuff is the correct fare for gangsters, and the mayor of Chicago is probably doing not only the right but the proper thing by his citizens. 'Crime?' said the ostrich, snuffling heavily through the sand, 'Well, I can't see a trace of it in our theayters, anyway.'"

Paris Midi announced that "the giant Queen of New York night clubs, Texas Guinan, is determined to visit London with her 20 beautiful goats." The writer had thus translated into French, "Complete with her 20 beautiful kids, etc."

When Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" was recently produced by William Poel in London as one of his platform-stage performances, he dressed Sara Allgood's Volumnia in the pompous 18th century dress with powdered hair and wide feathered hat. The Romans sported cocked hats and epaulettes; the Volsces wore turbans and oriental robes; the tribunes, legal wigs and gowns. And Coriolanus! He made his first appearance as "a near-naked wild man of the woods, in a leopard skin and not much else." Mr. Poel thinks that "the apparent aim of the play is to show the ageless spirit of militarism," and so costumes of the 18th century and Napoleon's wars are not incongruous. Was it not he who in "Troilus and Cressida" introduced Greek generals smoking clay pipes?

The dramatic critics of New York should not complain of the Pulitzer prize going to "Alison's House," for the award has furnished them no end of copy. Articles of mild disapproval and savage protest with here and there a timid indorsement have followed one the other in quick and tiresome succession. Mr. Holworthy Hall writes that the prize should have gone to Channing Pollock who "has done more than any other man in America to make the theatre a power for good"—as "every educator and clergyman in America knows."

Mr. Richard Lockridge wrote a half-column in the Sun, answering a correspondent who asked: "Of all the modern plays which you have either seen or read, which do you consider the greatest? By modern I mean from (and including) Ibsen to the present. By greatest, I do not mean from the point of view of 'good theatre,' but judged on the intrinsic merits of the play itself: i. e., without reference to how well produced."

This correspondent deserved an answer, for he inclosed an envelope—presumably stamped—for a reply. After Mr. Lockridge had recovered from the shock, he answered by asking questions: Something of Ibsen's, O'Neill's, Shaw's, Pirandello's, Howard's, Anderson's, Kelly's, Barry's? And then Mr. Lockridge said the correspndent's guess was as good as his. "The greatest play, dear J. M. M., is that which made the shivers run most excitedly up and down your spine; that which sent you forth from the theatre least conscious of the mundane things about you, forgetful of space and time and the jostling crowd; freest from all small memories of your own life; swept furthest up the slope of Olympus, so that you may look down like a god, but with pity, upon the helpless but sometimes gallant struggle of men. It a play which you have seen, not read, and I would not be too eager to production out. A play is a play only on the stage. It is unfair to it by any other standards."

MISPLACED HOMAGE

The municipality of Paris honors the illustrious dead by affixing a tablet to the house where one was born, or lived, or died. A few weeks ago it was the turn of Maupassant. A tablet was placed on the facade of an old building, No. 19 Rue Claudel, stating that he lived there from 1878 to 1881. There were impressive ceremonies. There was a noteworthy attendance—president of municipal council, prefect of the department of the Seine, representatives of literary societies. There was a gush of eloquent eulogy. "The little corsetiere from the ground-floor shop at the right and the ample-sized milliner from the ground-floor shop on the left were both in tears."

It is now proved by records of the court that Maupassant lived at No. 17, not No. 19, but the plaque has not been shifted. There are other tablets in the neighborhood with which Thiers, Murger, Auber, Balzac, Turgenier, Berlioz, Dumas and others are associated in memory. The disheartening question now comes up: Are these tablets all on the right houses?

As with houses, so with graves. The dead are not always allowed to rest in peace. Graveyards know resurrectionists working for civic improvement. Old tombstones are illegible. The searching antiquarian, the genealogist may be mistaken. And so those of a future generation may shed the tears of sensibility in honor of one unknown to fame. As was the case with Artemus Ward at Stratford-on-Avon "'And this,' I said, as I stood in the old churchyard at Stratford, beside a tombstone, 'This marks the spot where lies William W. Shakespeare. Alars! and this is the spot where ——' 'You've got the wrong grave', said a man—a worthy villager; 'Shakespeare is buried inside the church.' Oh,' I said, 'a boy told me this was it.' The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner."

weeks, Dec. 8—20; "The Apple Cart," Theatre Guild, three weeks, Dec. 29 to Jan. 10; "A Month in the Country," Theatre Guild, two weeks, Jan. 12—24; "It's a Wise Child," two weeks, Jan 26 to Feb. 7; "City Lights," four and one-half weeks, Feb. 20 to March 21; Thurston, the Magician, two weeks, April 13—25; "Friendship," now current, beginning May 12, ending June 8.

HOLLIS ST. THEATRE: "Subway Express," three weeks, Sept. 22 to Oct. 11.

FIFTH WEEK OF POPS

Last week the Pop concerts in Symphony hall passed the half way mark of their 46th season.

Programs of interest are announced by Arthur Fiedler for the coming fifth week. At the third Sunday concert, a week from tonight, Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist, will be repeated by general request. On this program, "Mediterranean," by Arnold Bax, the English composer, will have its first Boston performance. The program will also include Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, and Saint-Saens's "Animals' Carnival," in which the French composer humorously describes the Lion, Cocks and Hens, Tortoises, Elephant, Kangaroos, Personages with long ears, the Cuckoo, Aviary, Pianists, and the Swan.

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 1

Hungarian March, "Rakoczy" ..... Berlioz
Ballet Suite ..... Rameau-Mottl
Slavonic Dance No. 3 ..... Dvorak
William Tell, Overture ..... Rossini
Scheherazade, Finale ..... Rimsky-Korsakov
Czardas from "Ghost of the Warrior" ..... Grossman
Rhapsody in Blue ..... Gershwin
(Piano solo, Mr. Sanroma)
Girl Crazy, Selection ..... Gershwin
Music of the Spheres, Waltz ..... Josef Strauss
Stars and Stripes Forever ..... Sousa

TUESDAY EVENING

Father of Victory, March ..... Ganne
The Roman Carnival, Overture ..... Berlioz
La Source, Ballet Suite ..... Delibes
Boston Square and Compass Club Male Choir
Warren W. Adams, Director
Egyptian Ballet ..... Luigini
Marche Slave ..... Tchaikovsky
Boston Square and Compass Club Male Choir
Selection, "Nina Rosa" ..... Romberg
Love's Dream After the Ball ..... Czibulka
March of the Sardar ..... Ippolitov-Ivanov

WEDNESDAY EVENING

Military Polonaise ..... Chopin-Glazounov
Midsummer Night's Dream, Overture ..... Mendelssohn
Rosamunde, Entr'acte ..... Schubert
Carmen, Fantasia ..... Bizet
Sonatine Transatlantique ..... Tansman
Pavane for a Dead Infanta ..... Ravel
Nutcracker, Ballet Suite ..... Tchaikovsky
Show Boat, Selection ..... Kern
By the Beautiful Blue Danube, Waltz Strauss
Fifth Hungarian Dance in G minor ..... Brahms

THURSDAY EVENING

Radetzky, March ..... Strauss
Fingal's Cave, Overture ..... Mendelssohn
Prelude in C sharp minor ..... Rachmaninoff
Samson and Delilah, Bacchanale Saint-Saens
Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Andante Cantabile ..... Tchaikovsky
Fourth Symphony, Finlae ..... Tchaikovsky

Doctrinen, Waltz ..... Edward Strauss
Song of the Volga Bargemen, Arr. by Jacchia
Panaderos, Spanish Dance ..... Glazounov

FRIDAY EVENING

El Capitan, March ..... Sousa
Sicilian Vespers, Overture ..... Verdi
Liebestraum ..... Liszt-Herbert
Fantsatic Symphony: March to the Scaffold ..... Berlioz
Borodin, Ballet ..... N. Tcherepnin
Largo ..... Handel
(Solo violin, organ, harp and strings)
Die Fledermaus, Overture ..... Strauss
Rose Marie, Selection ..... Friml
Wine, Woman and Song, Waltz ..... Strauss
Only One Vienna, March ..... Schramell

SATURDAY EVENING

Carmen, Prelude ..... Bizet
The Roman Carnival, Overture ..... Berlioz
A Midsummer Night's Dream, Scherzo ..... Mendelssohn
The Deluge, Prelude ..... Saint-Saens
Violin solo: J. Theodorowicz
Danse Macabre, Symphonic Poem Saint-Saens
Ballet of the Hours, "Gioconda" ..... Ponchielli
Victor Herbert Favorites ..... Sanford
Artists' Life, Waltz ..... Strauss
Mignon, Entr'acte ..... Thomas
Bolero ..... Ravel
Stein Song

SUNDAY EVENING

Symphony No. 6 in B Minor, "Pathetic." ..... Tchaikovsky
Mediterranean ..... Bax
(First time in Boston)
The Animals' Carnival ..... Saint-Saens
Rhapsody in Blue ..... Gershwin
Piano solo: Mr. Sanroma
(Repeated by request)

June 1 1931

FENWAY AND SCOLLAY SQUARE
"Quick Millions"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the original story by Rowland Brown and Courtenay Terrett; directed by Rowland Brown and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Jay Hogarth ..... Spencer Tracy
Dorothy Stone ..... Marguerite Churchill
Kenneth Stone ..... John Wray
Daisy De Lisle ..... Sally Eilers
"Arkansas" Smith ..... Robert Burns
"Nails" Markey ..... Warner Richmond
Jimmy Kirk ..... George Raft

If one is willing to accept "Quick Millions" as screen entertainment easy to sit through because of several obvious merits, it will pass as one of the best of the current crop of 'hoodlum' fictions. When it comes to cold analysis, however, "Quick Millions" is a three-sided affair which never carries through to any one convincing or logical conclusion. In other words, the scenarists have crowded so much stuff into their allotted screen time that they are unable to accomplish whatever they had in mind. There is one central character, for instance, "Bugs" Raymond. If he had been constantly in the foreground, with other phases of the picture set in as background and atmosphere, we might have had a second "Little Caesar" or another Scorpio, out of "The Secret Six."

Instead, "Bugs" must rely upon the shrewd comic and dramatic investiture which Mr. Spencer gives him, whenever possible, to hold his own against odds. For in attempting to cover so much ground, to introduce so many angles of the racketeering game hitherto ignored by the films, such as illegal control of a city's trucking business, coercive tactics in obtaining monstrous rake-offs in building construction, and even endangering the health of children and poor people by an enforced advance in the price of milk, the scenarists have often left "Bugs" cooling his heels in the green room, so to speak. And again, they have chosen to introduce propaganda through the medium of indignation meetings, in which a disgusted district attorney tells his fellow citizens that they are yellow because they submit to the racketeers; and later one in which 'big business' gets together, confesses that it has paid extortionate levies, and promises to do so no more. Neither of which, it might be added, gets anywhere as far as the picture is concerned. When it is ended, the racketeering is going on, with a new leader.

However, "Quick Millions" is no ordinary film, from many viewpoints. Its characters are freshly conceived and well acted; its dialogue has point and humor and color; its scenes have been directed and photographed with clarity and effectiveness. ne of its aggravations is a tendency to leave loose ends. Jimmy Kirk, right hand man for "Bugs," kills a man whom the 'extras' call Shires. This man has not figured in the story. We are not told why he is killed. We cannot even identify his features, for the camera shows him at a piano, with only his creased trousers showing, as Jimmy enters from a distant doorway, advances slowly, and fires. There are other similar breaks, to bewilder those to whom the story is the thing.

Mr. Tracy is splendid as "Bugs," the truck-driver who tries to whip a traffic policeman, gets a black eye, and decides to go after big money. He has brains, a grim sense of humor, and an overwhelming conceit. As he goes upward, he neglects his girl, Daisy, he ignores his pals, becomes 'high hat,' would acquire a society girl who has graduated from Wellesley, whose brother erects the buildings from which "Bugs" exacts his toll. By all the laws of gravity "Bugs" must fall as speedily as he went up. "Nails" Markey shot him in an automobile as they were on their way to the church where Dorothy Stone was to be married. "Bugs" was going to kidnap her, but "Nails" didn't approve. Mr. Wray is forceful as the building contractor, Mr. Raft, who once danced in night clubs, portrays a new type of gangster realistically. Miss Eilers, who is blossoming into a very pretty woman, plays the discarded Daisy succinctly, and Miss Churchill is engaging as the girl "with class."

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Party Husband"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the novel of the same name by Geoffrey Barnes; directed by Clarence Badger and presented by First National with the following cast:

Laura Duell ..... Dorothy Mackaill
Jay Hogarth ..... James Rennie
Kate ..... Dorothy Peterson
Pat ..... Joe Donahue
Mrs. Duell ..... Helen Ware
Horace Purcell ..... Donn Cook
Renaud ..... Paul Porcasi
Bee Canfield ..... Mary Doran
Sally ..... Barbara Weeks

Those who fear that the screen is constantly endeavoring to upset the old standards of marriage, should take comfort from "Party Husband." By the time this film has come to an end, the protagonists have concluded that monogamy is the best policy and that, if you wish to be happily married, there is no use trying to carry on flirtations outside the matrimonial pale. When the bride and groom announce early in the story that "We shall be modern in marriage: we shall retain our individual standing," the bride's mother is worried, for she maintains that people may sneer at marriage, but they have found no substitute for it." Eventually, of course, she proves to be right, the younger generation takes its spanking meekly and settles down to conjugal fidelity. It all sounds nice and easy and almost too satisfactory to be true.

Laura Duell, reader in a publishing house, marries Jay Hogarth, who arranges radio broadcasts. They agree to make no objections to mutual flirtations, and aura doesn't even protest when she brings Purcell, her employer, home to the apartment and finds her husband kissing a pretty girl. She isn't always so amiable, however, for when Kate, a former sweetheart of Jay's who still loves him, announces that she is out to win him back, Laura, after first planning to let him go, decides to teach him a lesson instead. Needless to say, she remains faithful to Jay throughout, although giving every indication that she is not, but Jay, whose own conscience is far from clear, turns righteous and leaves her. His departure is but momentary, however, for when he learns that Laura has gone off on the night boat with Purcell, he pursues them in haste. When he does find her, it is only the beginning of more recriminations, and the marriage appears to be on the rocks for good and all.

In the end, it is Mrs. Duell who finally lectures them into common sense, ending her remarks with: "Your generation isn't strong enough to be bad!" and Jay and Laura, repenting their silly behaviour, make up their quarrel. Miss Mackaill, not quite as slim as heretofore, walks pleasantly through part, speaking her lines with clarity and commendable sincerity. James Rennie does well enough as Jay, and Donn Cook supplies satisfactory counter attraction as Purcell. Dorothy Peterson plays the pursuing Kate and Mary Doran is a beguiling little flirt. The settings are handsome in the modernistic style so popular at the present time.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Hallelujah"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by King Vidor from a scenario by Wanda Tuchock; directed by King Vidor and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Zeke ..... Daniel Haynes
Chick ..... Nina Mae McKinney
Hot Shot ..... William Fountaine
Parson ..... Harry Gray
Mammy ..... Fannie Belle DeKnight
Spunk ..... Everett McGarrity
Missy Rose ..... Victoria Spivey

Seen briefly in Boston more than a year ago, King Vidor's "Hallelujah" returns for a week's engagement at the Fine Arts Theatre to head the double bill. This remarkable film, showing Negro life as it exists without relation to the white race, remains one of the most solid and enduring achievements of the talking films. Not without difficulty was it made, for the actors threw themselves into their work with such enthusiasm that they ruined several microphones. The cast is all Negro and admirably selected, the plot is fairly simple and given to rambling more than a little, but the acting and the majority of the incidents carry such dramatic conviction that minor defects are forgotten. The camp meeting, the hysterical revival scene, the baptism in the river are portrayed with tremendous natural fervor and true abandonment of emotion. The director's success in bringing the racial characteristics of the Negro before the camera, without distortion or over-emphasis is tremendously to his credit.

Briefly, the story tells how Zeke, the oldest son, goes to market with his brother to sell the year's cotton crop, is inveigled into a gambling game by the efforts of Chick, a common but attractive decoy, loses his money, is made drunk and finally kills his brother, not knowing what he is doing. Stunned with horror, he becomes a preacher and conducts powerful revival meetings at one of which Chick, who had come to jeer, remains to weep and to be converted. Zeke forgets religion and marries her. They are happy until Chick's former confederate, Hot Shot, returns and takes her away. Zeke pursuses them, Chick is thrown from the wagon and dies in his arms, and Zeke kills Hot Shot after a grim chase through the swamps.

The acting, particularly that of Daniel Haynes, as the fervent, sincere but backsliding Zeke, and Nina Mae McKinney as the fascinating little Chick, is of a high order. Miss McKinney, in particular, is so good that one can only regret the scarcity of parts for Negro players of proven dramatic ability. The photography throughout is remarkably fine; artistic and yet never without dramatic significance.

Also on the program is a return engagement of George Arliss's first and perhaps most popular talking film, the ever-green "Disraeli." If history were as entertaining as Mr. Arliss and the playwright, Mr. Parker, would have us believe, life would be a more amusing proposition. As it is, the story of the purchase of the Suez Canal by England is made a rather beguiling and slightly improbable affair, but Mr. Arliss is eminently worth seeing. The supporting cast, satisfactory throughout, includes Florence Arliss, as Lady Beaconsfield, Joan Bennett and Anthony Bushell as the romantic love interest, and David Torrence as the unyielding head of the Bank of England. Altogether, it is a notable bill that deserves one's attention.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Children of Chance"

An all-talking screen drama based on a story by Frank Lunder, with dialogue by Miles Malleson; directed by Alexander Esway and presented by British International Productions, with the following cast:

Binnie ..... Elissa Landi
Lia De Marita ..... Elissa Landi
Mollie ..... Mabel Poulton
Gordon Farringdon ..... John Stuart
Geoffrey ..... John Longden
Hugo ..... Gus Sharland
H. P. Zukwell ..... Gus McNaughton
O. K. Johnson ..... Wallace Lupino
Harold ..... John Deverell
Monty ..... Eric Donaldson
Young Dude ..... Charles Dormer
Inspector Woods ..... Jack Farquhar

The pivotal theme of "Children of Chance," feature picture at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, is one of mixed identity. Although the production is of English manufacture, it moves with considerably more celerity than one is accustomed to find in British screen contributions. It offers also the chance to see Elissa Landi, who is now making something of a reputation for herself in this country, in her most recent picture previous to her American screen debut in "Body and Soul." Though it may seem a strange thing to say, we found Miss Landi prettier in "Children of Chance" than in "Body and Soul." There was no especial effort made to obtain camera angles and special poses in the former, but her beauty had a sweetness and simplicity that the latter failed to reveal.

Binnie May, a chorus girl out of a job, is mistaken for a notorious artists' model, Lia de Marita, and as a result is given a leading role in a forthcoming musical revue. The man responsible for the engagement is a young Englishman of good family, Gordon Farringdon, who is infatuated with Lia, a mercenary and undesirable young woman. In a fit of generosity, he gives her his mother's priceless pearls to wear, and she leaves at once for the continent, planning to sell the jewels at her leisure, after giving her husband, Geoffrey Travers, a fake rendezvous. Meantime, the bewildered Binnie is housed in Lia's flat and finds all sorts of difficulties explaining herself to various persons. By an unfortunate chance, Travers sees Binnie's picture in a London paper, thinks it is Lia and comes home in a rage to demand an explanation. While he is on his way, Gordon is trying to propose to Binnie and puzzles her considerably by asking for the necklace.

When Travers finally arrives, he is extremely abusive, tries to choke the unoffending Binnie and doesn't even apologize when he finds out his mistake. Of course, the police are now growing rather too interested and end by dragging off the innocent Binnie and the not so innocent Travers to the police station. There Binnie's fingerprints definitely establish the fact that she is not Lia, while the real Lia, trying to pawn the necklace in France, discovers that it is an imitation. While Elissa Landi does not differentiate greatly between the two girls, she gives an interesting and attractive performance, none the less. Of the others in the cast, the best work was done by John Stuart, as the forgiving and bewildered Gordon, and by Mabel Poulton as Binnie's staunch little friend, Mollie. John Longden overacts fearsomely in the role of Travers.

E. L. H.

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT

TREMONT — "Friendship," comedy-drama by and with George M. Cohan; final week; 8:15.

WILBUR—"High Hat," comedy, with Edna Hibbard; 8:30.

June 2 1931

WILBUR THEATRE

"High-Hat"

By PHILIP HALE

"High Hat," a play in three acts by Viva Tattersall and Sidney Toler was produced in Boston last night at the Wilbur Theatre. Entitled "Ritzy" it was produced at the Apollo, Atlantic City, on Feb. 3, 1930; New York at the Longacre Theatre on Feb. 10, 1930. Edgar Smith, Ernest Truex; Nancy Smith, Miriam Hopkins; Tillie, Katherine Renwick; Mr. Peabody, J. H. Brewer; Louella McKenzie, Josephine Evans; Maude Mooney, Effie Afton; Oscar Mooney, John Junior; Charlie McKenzie, Sidney Riggs. Presented by L. Lawrence Weber.

The cast last night—the play presented by George L. Miller:

Edgar Smith ..... Richard Taber
Nancy Smith ..... Edna Hibbard
Tillie ..... Muriel Owen
Mr. Peabody ..... Bennett R. Finn
Louella McKenzie ..... Ivy Merton
Maude Mooney ..... Henriette Farley
Oscar Mooney ..... Lloyd Nolan
Charlie McKenzie ..... James Spottswood

The Smiths have an apartment, one room and bath, in a New York hotel. Edgar is an insurance agent, wishing his salary of $10,000 to be raised. He is not too discontented; he assures his wife that he is a simple man; money is no object to him as long as he has a roof and a bed. When the curtain rises the interesting couple are in bed. The audience is made to feel at home; the bathroom is no secret closet. Edgar prepares the breakfast; Nancy is seen in various stages of dressing. They talk intimately and pleasantly and agree that certain people are snooty snobs, who used to be friendly, but now that they have money they high hat them. Edgar, if money were left him, would not go back on his old companions.

Enter a soft-voiced lawyer. Nancy's uncle has died in Mexico and left his fortune, $200,000, to her. O joy! O rapture! A new motor car—an estate in Westchester; expensive dresses galore; a fashionable golf club to be joined. Edgar has planned surprises for his wife, forgetting that the money is hers. Angry words are followed by her talk of a divorce. But as he gives way to her and admits that a Long Island estate is not desirable, peace is restored and a few old friends will join them at dinner.

The very persons accused of snobbery invite the Smiths to their house; and they, flattered, accept, leaving their own guests to eat and drink without them. Mr. Mooney is indignant at being so shabbily treated. When the Smiths come home he frees his mind. Mr. McKenzie is loyal, alcholically loyal to his dear pal, Edgar, who is puffed up with pride and is insufferable. Mr. Peabody the lawyer wakes up—not being accustomed to champagne—and informs the Smiths that the uncle's fortune goes to his widow, a native, and her children! The Smiths are sobered; the husband consoles Nancy—and prepares the disguised bed for the night.

It's all amusing, though the subject has been well worked by dramatists and novelists for many decades and in many countries. There is no too deliberate effort in the present instance to point a moral; but the moral is there and if the lesson were ever needed, it is in these days. It is easy for even an ordinarily sensible person to turn into a snob. Today the transformation, as in this comedy, is quickly worked by unexpected wealth; a lucky transaction, or an inheritance.

The story of the Smiths is told without exaggeration. The players tell it naturally—the characters may be seen in any city. The audience was admitted to their company, saw them in undress—rejoiced in their good fortune, were disappointed at the change in their behavior; sympathized with the outraged Mooney.

The company is of uniform worth; the performance was brisk; interest did not flag. A play worth seeing, especially by reason of the acting.

June 3, 1931

AMERY OR VESPUCCI?

It is often said that America should have been named after Columbus; hence the song "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and the earlier and still more bombastic "Hail, Columbia"; that Amerigo Vespucci without just reason bore away the honor.

Now come forward English "investigators" who stoutly insist that John Cabot named this land after Richard Amery, sheriff of Bristol, because he was instrumental in obtaining a pension for him from King Henry VII. Our consul in Bristol has been collecting documents to prove this. Vessels set out from Bristol in the 16th century for the discovery of the coast of America. We read of Thomas Aldworth, merchant and mayor; of Silvester Wyet, who in the Grace of 35 tons went up into the Bay of St. Lawrence "for the barbes or fynnes of whales and traine oyle."

The letters patents of Henry VII granted unto John Cabot and his three sons, Lewis, Sebastian and Sancius, for the "discoverie of new and unknowen lands" are familiar to all students of early American history, but has any document about Cabot's discovery mentioning the name America been published? On the other hand, the report of Sir Humfrey Gilbert's discoveries written by Sir George Peckham, chief adventurer and furtherer of Gilbert's voyage to Newfoundland, contains this passage:

> In the yere of our Lord 1501 that famous and worthy gentleman Americus Vespucious, did discover, people and plant to their use the holdes and forts which they have in Brasill, of whom (he being but a private gentleman) the whole countrey or firme land of the West Indies, is commonly called and knowen by the name of America.

BRITISH JUSTICE

A nephew of the Earl of Roseberry, a genuine belted earl, was arrested recently in London for driving his car in a manner dangerous to the public. He was also charged with driving when he was under the influence of strong drink, but this charge was dismissed after the counsel for the commissioner of police stated that one leg of the young man was shorter than the other; that he was of an excitable disposition and talked in a peculiar manner. The fact that he had had a glass of sherry and a cocktail before mounting his car was not seriously considered.

It was admitted that the young man, Charles Robert Archibald Grant, drove fast; banged into a taxi; caused a traffic policeman to skip like the rams and hills of Judea to which the psalmist called attention years ago. Mr. Grant did not injure any one; he did not kill a man, woman or child and then dash on; he was in his majesty's navy; he was the nephew of an earl; yet he was fined £50 and £50 costs. Nor did he appeal, though in ten years he had driven 160,000 miles without an accident.

In Boston, on Cape Cod, elsewhere in Massachusetts, reckless drivers, drunk or sober, who have maimed or killed, have escaped fine or imprisonment, or if punished at all, the pecuniary cost has been slight—unless there has been a private settlement with relatives of the victim.

June 5, 1931

METROPOLITAN

"The Lawyer's Secret"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lloyd Corrigan and Max Marcin from the book by James Hilary Finn; directed by Louis Gasnier and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Drake Norris	Clive Brook
Laurie Roberts	Charles Rogers
Joe Hart	Richard Arlen
Kay Roberts	Fay Wray
Beatrice Stevens	Jean Arthur
"The Weasel"	Francis McDonald
"Madame X"	Harold Goodwin
"Red"	Syd Saylor

The word is going the rounds that the drama is getting away from the sort of plays which offer opportunities to only one or two persons, substituting instead the sort of plays which give equal chances to a larger number. On the whole, the star system is losing ground in the theatre, and there are signs that even in motion pictures one famous player is not enough. Of late there have been several interesting pictures, such as "City Streets," in which no one actor stood out in particular and in which all concerned seemed working more for the story and less for themselves. Such a picture is "The Lawyer's Secret," current feature attraction at the Metropolitan Theatre. There are a number of good players in the picture, all of whom have been starred at one time or another, but one's interest is nowhere nearly so concentrated on the supposed transformation of Charles Rogers as it is on the development of the plot. This strikes us as a distinctly healthy and intelligent symptom. Another commendable feature is the disinclination of the director to waste time. He has all the explaining done off stage, thus eliminating tiresome and needless repetition.

Drake Norris, the lawyer in the case, is confronted with an excessively difficult situation when his client, a wealthy and dissipated youth named Laurie Roberts, confesses his participation in a hold-up and a murder. Bound by his code as a lawyer not to reveal what Laurie has told him, Norris is forced to stand by and see an innocent man, Joe Hart, convicted of the murder. Terrified by the realization that, although he did not fire the fatal shot, he would be held as almost equally guilty, Laurie refuses to tell what he knows. Norris is forced to refuse to appeal Hart's case, even when his fiancee, Laurie's sister, Kay, begs him to do so after hearing the plea of Hart's girl, Beatrice Stevens. In the end, it is Beatrice who saves the situation. She manages to find the real killer, a man called "The Weasel," known to have been in on the fatal gambling game and with the help of two sailors brings him to Norris at the Roberts's house. "The Weasel" and Laurie recognize one another, and Laurie suddenly realizes that he is in danger of becoming like the other man. He gives his evidence, frees Hart and is sentenced to three years in prison on a charge of manslaughter.

In the case of the five principals, the acting is satisfactory. Clive Brook is immaculately tailored, suavely polite and genteelly distressed, while never quite convincing of the seriousness of the situation in hand. Fay Wray is pretty and colorless, as is apt to be the case, but at least she sheds no tears until the end. Richard Arlen does excellent work as the wrongly accused sailor, and Jean Arthur is very good indeed as the resourceful sweetheart. Finally, we have Charles Rogers, graduated for good from his sweet little boy parts. His role is small, but he takes advantage of his few dramatic moments to show that under the right circumstances he may develop into a reasonably good actor.—E. L. H.

June 6 1931

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Donovan's Kid"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by J. Walter Ruben from the story by Rex Beach entitled: "Big Brother;" directed by Fred Niblo and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Jim Donovan	Richard Dix
Midge Murray	Jackie Cooper
Kitty Costello	Marion Shilling
Father Dan	Frank Sheridan
Cokey Joe	Boris Karloff
Burke	Dick Rush
Collins	Fred Kelsey
Ben Murray	Richard Alexander
Spike Doyle	Harry Tenbrook
Dunyea	Wilfred Lucas
Mike Novarro	Phil Sleeman
Monk Manilla	Bob Wilber
Gyp	Charles Sullivan
Lefty	Jack Perry
McConnell	Frank Beal

It isn't Jackie Cooper's fault, but the fact remains that his newest juvenile creation, that of the orphaned Midge Murray, is not a second Skippy. The latter was real boy, from first to last, a boy given by story and director every opportunity to be himself at all times, whether deluding himself that he has deceived his mother about cleaning his teeth in the morning, or saying his prayers at night. His speech was that of any American youngster, his processes of reasoning were normal. Midge, on the other hand, is more of a romanticist's product, compelled to act and to talk according to the way in which the puppet wires are pulled. In the first sequences of "Donovan's Kid" he is most appealing,—a dirty, spunky urchin of the streets who talks East side, looks it and acts it. He even says "woild for world," which shows meticulous Master Cooper is in polishing a characterization. But, alas, the refining influences which metamorphose Midge into a too-good little boy who sings earnestly in the chapel choir and discovers at the Welfare house that there are such things as trees and tomatoes on plants and apples on branches, come along too soon. That fascinating scowl becomes a cherubic mask, that tousled mop of hair almost turn to Fauntleroyish curls.

"Donovan's Kid is, for all these complainings, a mighty entertaining picture. It has been shrewdly cast, its photography is admirable. In narration it strikes us that some one has done a good job. Jim Donovan, a husky gangster, promises his pal, Ben Murray that he will protect Midge, and bring him up straight. This is the least Jim can promise, since Ben gave up his life to save Jim from an enemy's bullets. Jim begins by scrubbing Midge till he shines, makes him wear a nightgown, feeds him plenty of the wrong kinds of food. Father Dan, a priest, and his niece, Kitty Costello, become interested, fight for the oddly assorted pair when welfare workers would separate them. They lose, and Midge becomes a home inmate, to be visited by Kitty and Jim, now an honest laborer, groping for something better and cleaner than he has ever known. When he is accused of perpetrating a payroll robbery, with Kitty as an accomplice, he breaks away, hunts down the bandits, the Cokey Joe gang, recovers the $5000 loot, and is shot down. From the priest's words in the hospital one assumes that he will die, but when Midge is brought to Jim he declares that he will live. The audience hoped that he would.

Mr. Dix is the dominant figure, moving lithely and smoothly through his many exacting scenes. His by-play with Jackie Cooper is touching, never mawkish. Mr. Sheridan is superb as the priest, and Miss Schilling is agreeable as he domesticated Kitty until the camera gets too close and holds her in an emotional pose. Then she seems to be overacting. The other players are adequate. As for Jackie, we hope that he will be given another 'Skippy' role before he, like that other Jackie, now Mr. Coogan, grows up and becomes self-conscious.—W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Laughing Sinners"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bess Meredyth from the play by Kenyon Nicholson entitled "Torch Song," directed by Harry Beaumont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Ivy	Joan Crawford
Howard	Neil Hamilton
Carl	Clark Gable
Ruby	Marjorie Rambeau
Cass Wheeler	Guy Kibbee
Fred Geer	Roscoe Karns
Edna	Gertrude Short
Joe	George Cooper
Humpty	George Marion
Tink	Bert Woodruff

It is distinctly a relief to see Joan Crawford away from her usual run of flaming youth and crime pictures, although "Laughing Sinners," now current at Loew's State Theatre, is scarcely as good a vehicle as one might have wished. Adapted to the screen from the play "Torch Song," by Kenyon Nicholson, the story has not been improved in transit, particularly in the case of Guy Kibbee, who provides the only comic relief. Mr. Kibbee has the same part that he played in the stage production, but it has been so bowdlerized as to be almost unrecognizable. Perhaps the motion picture producers felt that audiences might not appreciate the humor of a travelling salesman who deals in funeral supplies—"underground wares" is his own description—but Mr. Kibbee provides the only genuine laughs in the production. We are still wondering why the director relied so constantly on close-ups—wasn't the word going around that talking films were to dispense with these incongruous enlargements altogether?

The story is comparatively simple and frequently sordid, but it holds the interest for the most part save when there is too much padding. Ivy Stevens, cabaret dancer in a small western town, is deserted by Howard Palmer, a travelling salesman whose mistress she has been for two years, when he decides to marry his employer's daughter. Desperate, she tries to commit suicide, but is dissuaded by Carl Loomis, a personable young Salvation Army captain. Through her friendship with him, she finds herself considering for the first time the possibilities of forgetting her own sorrow in working for others. A year later she is working happily with the Salvation Army when Howard Palmer returns to town. Bored with the monotony of a small town Saturday night, he is only too glad to find Ivy once more, even in her new guise. Before the evening is over she has succumbed to him again, finding her religion too weak to save her. Next morning Carl discovers what has happened, knocks down Howard in a spasm of anger and disgust and tells Ivy that she must not give up just because she has stumbled once—that he is always ready to help her and that what she has done makes no difference. With newly acquired strength, Ivy turns from Howard for good and goes back to Carl and her work with the army.

Excellent work was accomplished by the director and the photographer in conveying the dull cheapness of a small drab hotel catering only to travelling salesmen. The very look of it was eloquent of poor food and uncomfortable beds. Joan Crawford gives an interesting performance in the role of Ivy, though one sensed every now and again that she did not altogether understand the possibilities of her part. At the beginning she dances in a cabaret and at the end she is supposed to drink too much and burlesque a well known hymn, but these are merely interludes. Most of the time she appears less strained than usual and evinces real interest in a difficult part. Neil Hamilton does admirably in the disagreeable role of Howard Palmer, and Clark Gable, for the time being a reformed character, plays Carl Loomis with pleasing manliness and simplicity. In the background one finds Marjorie Rambeau, Cliff Edwards, Roscoe Karns and George Marion all doing their best.

E. L. H.

SIXTH WEEK OF POPS

Tonight in Symphony hall the Po concerts enter upon the sixth week their 46th season. Arthur Fiedler w introduce to America on this occasio "Mediterranean," by Arnold Bax, th English composer. Gershwin's "Rha sody in Blue," which was played the last Sunday concert, will be r peated by general request. The annu request program for next Wednesda has been determined by the ballots the Pops public. This program, f which a larger total vote was cast th ever before, shows a repetition of th favorites of former years, with the e ception of Liszt's "Liebestraum;" Grai ger's "Country Garden" and "Tw Hearts in Three-quarter Time "Bolero" had more than double t votes than any other single piece. Tuesday Henry Hadley will be the gue of Boston and the Pops, conducting h own "Streets of Pekin."

The programs of the week follow:

SUNDAY

Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic" Tchaikovs
"Mediterranean" ... Saint Sa
"The Animals' Carnival" ...
(Pianists, J. M. Sanroma and Leo Litwi
"Rhapsody in Blue" ... Gersh
(Piano solo, Jesus Maria Sanroma)

MONDAY

Wedding march, "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ... Mendelss
Kammenoi Ostrow ... Rubinstein-Herb
"The Old Refrain" ... Kreis
"Orpheus," overture ... Offenb
"Faust," ballet music ... Gou
"Rachem" ... Mana-Zu
"Ouverture Solennelle, 1812" ... Tchaikovs
"New Moon," selection ... Romb
"Estudiantina," waltz ... Waldte
"On the Mall," march ... Goldm

TUESDAY

"Le Coq d'Or," wedding march Rimsky-Korsak
"London Symphony," minuet ... Ha
Largo ... Han
"Tales from Johann Straus" ... Korng
"Aida," fantasia ... Ve
"Oberon," overture ... We
"Streets of Pekin," suite ... Had
"Mlle. Modiste," selection ... Hert
"Jalousie," tango ... G
"Lohengrin," introduction to Act III Wag

WEDNESDAY

"Pomp and Circumstance" ... El
"William Tell," Overture ... Ros
"Liebestraum" ... Liszt-Hert
"Fourth Symphony," Finale .. Tchaikov
"Peer Gynt" Suite ... G
Largo ... Ha
"Bolero" ... Ra
"Two Hearts in 3-4 Time" ... S
"Country Garden" ... Grain
"By the Beautiful Blue Danube" Waltz ... Stra
Encores—
"Jalousie," Tango ... Gade
"Humoresque" ... Dvorak
"Fifth Hungarian Dance" .. Brahms
"Barcarolle" ... Offenbach
"The Flight of the Bumble Bee" ... Rimsky-Korsakov

THURSDAY

Hungarian March, "Rakoczy" ... Ber
"Sakuntala," Overture ... Goldm
"Prince Igor," Polovetzkion Dances .. Borc
Tufts' Songs ... Gersh
"Rhapsody in Blue" ...
(Piano soloist—Jesus Maria Sanroma)
"Song of India" ... Rimsky-Korsa
Tufts' Airs
"Sheep and Goat" ("Walkin' to the Pasture") ... Gu
"Two Hearts in 3-4 Time" ... S
"Light Cavalry," Overture ... Su

FRIDAY

"Blue White," March ... Schn
"Euryanthe" Overture ... We
Prelude in G minor ... Rachmani
"Carmen," Fantasia ... B
"Pacific 2-3-1," Symphonic Movement ... Hones
"Songs My Mother Taught Me" ... Dvo
Second Hungarian Rhapsody ... L
"Nina Rosa," Selection ... Romi
"Jolly Fellows," Waltz ... Volls
"In the Hall of the Troll King" from "Peer Gynt" ... G

SATURDAY

"Pomp and Circumstance," March No. 1 ... E
"Mignon," Overture ... Tho
"Valse Triste" ... Sibe
"Ave Maria" ... Schubert-Withe
"Music of the Spheres," Waltz .. Josef Stra
"Tannhauser," Overture ... Wa
First Hungarian Rhapsody ... L
"Invitation to the Dance" ... Weber-Ber
"New Moon," Selection ... Romb
"Strike Up the Band" ... Gersh

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

The original title of "High Hat" now playing at the Wilbur, was "Ritzy," for when the Smiths heard that the wife's uncle had left her $200,000 there was at once talk of a meal at the Ritz. This title would not have been so good for the road as "High Hat," the meaning of which would be plain to even dwellers in sandlots.

The audience at the Wilbur last Monday night laughed uproariously at the domestic scenes in the first act from the moment that sleepy Edward left his bed. There was the pleasing suspicion that Mrs. Smith, his lawfully wedded wife, was also in the bed. The audience was admitted into the domestic privacy. What happened had already happened to many, no doubt, that morning. There was the sound of the shower bath; there was the conversation about toast; there was the sight of Mrs. Smith not dressed for the street taking her daily dozen in obedience to the directing gramophone; a pleasing sight, as was that of the disrobing, which recalled Beranger's lines as given by Thackeray:

"Now by the bed her petticoat glides down,
And when did woman look the worse in none"

for Miss Hibbard like the poet's garret companion is well favored by nature. Then the Smiths talking—the lines were appropriately not of a brilliant nature; they were of the everyday remarks of a simple couple, comments on the snooty behavior of a man and wife who were once companionable, now high-hatters by reason of their prosperity—Mrs. Smith, a bit of a nagger, urging her husband to ask his boss for a raise; Smith, protesting he is a man of simple taste in dress and then appearing with a bunch of neckties that shrieked—it was all true to life.

Yet the spectator while he laughed might have asked why, if Smith's salary was $10,000, they were content with one room and a bath, a room so small that there was not enough space for twin beds, or even one bed that was a real bed, not one to be disguised as a sofa. The making, the unmaking of this bed was amusing; the unfailing trigger for the discharge of laughter.

The minor characters with one exception—the Negro maid of all work is superfluous in that she has too much to say, and chattering, is often unintelligible—add to the gaiety; the absent-minded, garrulous lawyer; the justly irritated Mr. Moonney; Smith's pal McKenzie whose protestations of undying friendship when he is "lit up" and maudlin are delightful, not tiresome, thanks to Mr. Spottswood's avoidance of exaggeration.

There are revelations of human nature in this comedy without sermonizing. The dramatists, no doubt without deliberate intention, point more than one moral and at the same time give an entertaining view of life in a small apartment.

Mrs. Katherine Goodale (Kitty Molony) in her book "Behind the Scenes with Edwin Booth" to which we called attention two Sundays ago, was puzzled at the absence of any burlesque of her idol on the stage. She asked many prominent actors for the reason. "I was told that there had never been a really funny caricature of Edwin Booth. True, the popular clown, George L. Fox, had given a successful Booth burlesque, but his art lay in caricaturing the scenes of Booth plays rather than his acting, and even so the attempt was meaningless to actors who saw the performance." And Mrs. Goodale quotes Nat Goodwin as saying "No one can imitate Edwin Booth but another Booth and an Edwin at that."

To Mrs. Goodale, Fox was apparently only the clown in "Humpty Dumpty," but long before he appeared in that pantomime he was known and highly valued as a comedian in legitimate drama. When he first played in New York—it was in November, 1850—he was billed as Lafayette Fox; he came out on Nov. 25 as Christopher Strap at the National Theatre where, to quote Odell's "Annals of the New York Stage," he never went in again: "that is, he remained a permanent fixture at the National during most of the decade on which we are now entering. I need hardly say that with his advent, Jefferson departed; no theatre could expect to keep in the fold two such admirable comedians." Professor Odell describes Fox as "one of the funniest comedians ever seen on any stage." Now in later years Fox produced burlesques of "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Macbeth." In "Hamlet" he gave a remarkable imitation of Edwin Booth, reproducing his mannerisms, for pace Mrs. Goodale, Booth had mannerisms; what is more, catching and expressing the spirit of Booth's portrayal. It was said at the time this burlesque was running that Booth himself and more than once attended the show, was mightily amused, and commended the talent of the comedian.

Lack of space prevented us in our notice of Mrs. Goodale's book from quoting a story told her by Booth. It was with reference to applause and calls before the curtain, which according to Mrs. Goodale he answered unwillingly.

He was speaking of applause when he thought it was bestowed in the wrong place: "I never can do anything wrong. Once I thought I had shown myself up. It was in Boston on a 'Richard the Third' night. I rushed on with my cry: 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!' I caught my foot in a grass mat. I stumbled and fell full length. There I lay—face down! I said to myself, 'I've done it now! I've killed the scene!' I waited for the titter—and wondered if I should get up and go on—or walk off and have the curtain rung down. I listened for the laugh, but it did not come. My audience was too polite. It dawned on me it was a sympathetic silence out there—and then to my astonishment I heard applause. What's up now? Who's come on to help me up? I raised my head to peek. There was nothing going on. I was alone on the stage. Well, if they like it, here goes, I thought. I rose and went on with the scene as if nothing had happened—and the next morning, to my amazement, I read the headlines, 'Wonderful ... of Edwin Booth' (or something like that). 'This illuminating actor prophesied the end of Richard's reign by falling to the ground as if stumbling accidentally, as he shouted, 'A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!' Of all the far-fetched psychology—It's discouraging. . . . There is ...h put over the footlights—and goes well, too—which is as far from art ...at fall of mine. Cheap—very cheap."

By the magic of Comedy, what is scabious, what is melancholy, what is ...s, and what is tiresome in the actual life of society is converted into en...ing laughter and glittering delight.—Lytton Strachey.

On May 17, over £5400 worth of seats had been sold for Ruth Draper's four-week season at the Vaudeville, London, beginning on June 1.

Apropos of Congreve's "Way of the World," revived in New York by the Players last week.

Besides a performance in Boston at the Repertory Theatre within a comparatively recent date, there were performances by the Amateurs, Brookline, on Feb. 11, 12, 13, 1925, when Eduardo Sanchez took the part of Mirabell; Mary Sands, that of Mrs. Millamant. The play was produced by Edward Massey, who filled the role of Witwoud.

There was an extraordinary performance at Oxford, England, in March, 1927; the players were all women undergraduates at Lady Margaret Hall. "With one or two exceptions the standard was too severe for the players."

"TEN GREATEST"

It is a good thing to have important matters settled definitely and for all time. Who are the "ten great thinkers of history"? Dr. Will Durant, who was described some years ago as a rising young philosopher, has now attained full stature. He knows, he knows, and does not put Shakespeare or the Saviour on his list; but he admits that Shakespeare is one of the ten greatest poets, standing side by side with David and Li-po. Dr. Durant also names the twelve most important world dates from the introduction of the Egyptian calendar to the French revolution. Apparently nothing of importance has happened since that revolution. A half-dozen dates of deaths are given, but modesty lessened his list of important birthdays.

Making out lists of this nature is a harmless amusement, provoking amiable discussion, showing individual taste. Swinburne, if he was living, would object to Euripides and scream for Victor Hugo. Dr. Durant names Whitman, who was not admitted to the queer gallery in the Hall of Fame until a short time ago. No woman is on the list of the ten greatest minds. Has the worthy doctor already been bombarded by protests from indignant "daughters" of this or that society? What will the fundamentalists say to the admission of Voltaire?

Dr. Durant should continue his work. What ten books does he recommend for exile on a far-off island? Would he again be modest in selection? Who were the ten greatest murderers, excluding conquerors of old? What are the ten greatest plays, pictures, statues? When the old Empress of China was living some one declared that she, Sarah Bernhardt and Mary Baker Eddy were the three greatest women in the world. They are all dead; it's time to draw up a new list; there are plenty of candidates in our own country; nor is it necessary to go back to Queen Elizabeth, Sappho, Catherine de Medicis and Messalina. Hollywood alone could name a half-dozen, and thousands of fans would applaud the names with whoops of joy.

The ten greatest. "Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us." Let us also remember that

Some there be, which have no memorial,
Who are perished as though they had never
been born,
And their children after them.
But these were merciful men,
Whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

Poems have been written in praise of singers and instrumentalists of past centuries. John Milton was so enraptured in Rome by the voice and art of a singer that he wrote a poem of 10 lines in Latin: "Ad Leonoram Romae Canentem," which begins: "Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite, gentes Obtogit aethereis ales ab ordinibus."

Ambrose Philips, who was said to be solemn and pompous in conversation, praised the opera singer Cuzzoni:

"Little Syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire
Bane of ev'ry manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart, etc."

This excited Dr. Arbuthnot and Pope to ridicule: "Who would think this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?"

In more recent times Eric Mackay addressed Sarasate in passionate verse; Gilder paid tribute to Paderewski. Owen Meredith remembered Mario in a once favorite poem; Francis Saltus, the brother of Edgar, invoked the muse for composers and other musicians, also for strong drinks and wines.

But Agnes Sheffield Welch (Mrs. Francis Welch of Boston) in her "After Glow," a book of poems published by Bruce Humphries, Inc., has been moved by Dr. Koussevitzky besides other artists. There are two poems: "Music—Magic: To Boston Symphony Orchestra: "The Great Magician Raises High His Wand," and "To Serge Koussevitsky" that were first published in The Boston Herald. Another poem is entitled "Kreisler in Switzerland." Then there is "When Kathleen Sings":

She sings—
Warm, rich, melodious, her voice envelops me,
Like velvet cloak on shoulders that are chill. Etc."

which was suggested by a singer in New York, while "As She Plays" is dedicated to that poetic pianist of Boston, Miss Pauline Danforth:

"White, supple, full of grace,
Her arms and hands above the ivory keys,
Like slender curving necks of mated swans
Bending to pools of harmony,
Touch the still surface into rippling sound,
Plunge to rich depths, then lift
To scatter on the breeze
The sparkling spray of sun-bright melody."

Mrs. Welch does not write of music as one only fond of the art: She studied singing when her home was in Paris. "After Glow" is dedicated to her teacher —"To the memory of an artist who served beauty and truth in song: Marie de L'Isle."

There are only 55 pages in this volume, but they reveal a sensitive nature; a taste that is often exquisite; a fine sense of rhythm, and, above all a truly poetic expression of sentiments and emotions. There is more than mere description in "Guignol" and "Midnight

. the Champs-Elysees." In 'The Abandoned Farm," she sees the little house "Crouching, full of fear, beside the barn that falls into decay":

"Like mournful eyes, the windows gaze
through broken glass—
Deserted in their age—old eyes that see
no more."
Dead leaves are piled
Where lilacs once in sweet profusion
grew,
And, symbol of this humble desolation,
There lies a child's worn and discarded
shoe."

And Mrs. Welch can strike a deeper note as in "Longing," "Awakened Sorrow," "Eternal Marguerite," and in the poem entitled "Solitude."

"You have been overestimated, Hell!
In roaring fires,
Devil's business,
Crowding multitudes,
There is an active cheer—
The lusty crying of profanity
With hearty clamor, rings upon the ear.

"No—you are naught of these,
I know you better, Hell!
You are the marrow-draining solitude
Wherein the scul, fear-faint, bereft of
grace—
Goes groping towards no goal—alone—
In endless emptiness
Or drear, suspended space!"

June 8 1931

THE POPS

The program for the third Pops Sunday evening Symphony concert yesterday in Symphony hall was the following: Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 6 in B minor; Bax, "Mediterranean", Saint-Saens, "The Animals' Carnival" (S. M. Sanroma and Leo Litwin, pianists); Gershwin, "Rhapsody in Blue." For those whose serious trend of mind extends even into warm weather there was the "Pathetic" symphony; the rest of the program was in a lighter vein.

Mr. Fiedler conducted the first Boston performance of Bax "Mediterranean." The composition, originally written for the piano, is not long; one rather wishes it was, for it seems a pity that anything as charming should last so short a time. Mr. Bax is unusually happy in the Spanish idiom; so well has he assimilated this speech and made it his own that one finds no trace of an English accent, no visible sign that he is not speaking his native tongue. His subtle rhythms smack of Iberia. Chromatic elaborations he adds that lend character and interest, but never does the decoration take from the fundamental qualities of the piece. The composer is content with writing lovely music—does not strive to astonish. Mr. Fiedler's interpretation was sympathetic, though a less hurried reading might have brought out more clearly the languorous beauty and atmospheric details of the music.

Conductor, soloists and orchestra joined forces that none of the wit and humor in Saint-Saens's "Jeux d'esprit" should be slighted. The "Animals" amused the audience to the nth degree. Humor is an emotion that is not so easily portrayed in music. Saint-Saens's skillful hands have done this admirably. Messrs. Sanroma and Litwin and Mr. Kunze understood perfectly the composer's intent. Mr. Sangendoen played "The Swan" exquisitely.

Mr. Sanroma in Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," repeated by request, showed himself not only a master of jazz playing, but an artist who plays this type of music with the same taste and fine phrasing he displays in the more classical.

The symphony was played with vim and vigor, though at times it lacked subtlety and finesse.

A large and sympathetic audience applauded enthusiastically. L. B. D.

June 8 1931

FINE ARTS

"By Rocket to the Moon"

A silent picture based on the novel, "The Woman in the Moon," by Thea von Harbou; directed by Fritz Lang and presented by UFA with the following cast:

Prof. George Manfeldt ..... Klaus Pohl
Wolf Helius ..... Willy Fritsch
Hans Windegger ... Gustav von Wangenheim
Friede Velten ..... Gerda Maurus
Gustav ..... Gustl Starck Gsettenbaur
Walt Turner ..... Fritz Rasp

Peculiarly timely comes the showing of "By Rocket to the Moon," now current at the Fine Arts Theatre, following the almost miraculous adventures of Prof. Piccard and his companion. This German film is Jules Verne up to date, central idea suggesting a fairly careful perusal of the great Frenchman's fantastic novel—"A Trip to the Moon and a Journey Around It." Examined from a purely scientific point of view, it might be hard to explain certain phenomena, such as the presence of air on the moon, but from the point of view of striking and imaginative cinema and of entertainment miles above the ordinary, "By Rocket to the Moon" has not been equalled this season. As there are spots on the sun, any lesser object must be permitted its imperfections also, and the flaw in the picture lies in the acting. It is of the very slow and detailed German variety which leaves nothing to one's imagination and is often a strain on the patience.

The aging Prof. Manfeldt at last beholds the fulfillment of his dreams when a powerful syndicate agrees to finance the construction of his rocket ship in which he hopes to reach the moon. There are two conditions—they reserve a right to mine all the gold, if any is found, and they insist on sending along a most unattractive individual, Turner, who will serve as spy. Others on the trip are Hans Windegger, chief engineer, his fiancee, Friede Velten; Wolf Helius, Manfeldt's assistant in love with Friede, and, unknown to the others, a small boy, Gustav, who stows away. In the presence of a gigantic crowd the rocket ship takes off, heading at terrific speed for the rising moon. Within the passengers suffer tortures as the acceleration increases, and the pull of the earth is almost beyond bearing. That agony passed, the ship traverses a zone where neither earth nor moon exert gravitational force, and those in the ship must stick their toes through straps to hold themselves down. Objects remain stationary in the air, and wine cannot be poured from a bottle.

The ship descends tail first on the moon, half burying itself in the sand, and at once Manfeldt climbs out to investigate. He wears a helmet and oxygen tanks to guard against the possible abence of air, but by striking a match he discovers that it is possible to breathe, and he rushes off to find gold. He is followed by Turner and meets his death by falling down a crevasse in a cave, where he has just found an abundance of the precious metal. Turner, driven half-mad with greed and excitement, tries to escape in the ship, leaving the rest to perish. He is killed by Windegger, but not before he shoots a hole in the oxygen tanks. So much of the gas escapes that only three out of the four may return. In the end, it is Helius who remains, alone, as he thinks, but Friede stays with him because she loves him better than life.

The mechanical and scientific details of the story are remarkably well carried out—a more dramatic scene than the departure of the rocket ship would be hard to conceive. The best acting was offered by a likeable small boy, Gustl Starck Gsettenbaur, but we liked at times the playing of Willy Fritsch and Gerda Maurus, hampered though they were by the mechanical romanticism of their parts. The others seemed over melodramatic. To the director, Fritz Lang, goes tremendous credit for a splendidly imaginative and striking production. E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Many a Slip"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Gladys Lehman from the play of the same name by Edith Fitzgerald; directed by Vin Moore and presented by Universal Pictures with the following cast:

Jerry Brooks ..... Lew Ayres
Patsy Coster ..... Joan Bennett
Hopkins ..... Slim Summerville
Ted Coster ..... Ben Alexander
Smitty ..... Virginia Sale
Stan Price ..... Roscoe Karns
Mrs. Coster ..... Vivian Oakland
Mr. Coster ..... J. C. Nugent

The studio tinkers have turned the stage play, "Many a Slip," into a kitchen comedy. They have chosen to substitute Brookline, of all places, for Greenwich Village, as the locale of most of the action, and the censors have done such a thorough job of moral rehabilitation that the average person who yields an hour of time to view the picture scarcely knows what it is all about. I may be recalled that the light little comedy which Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Riskin wrote and saw produced in New York about 16 months ago concerned two youngsters, Jerry Brocks and Patsy Coster, who were living, without benefit of clergy, in a Greenwich Village apartment. Jerry was against marriage, and at first Patsy agreed with him. In time, though, she decided that she desired marriage, and she told her mother so. That rather flighty woman, to help, plants in Jerry's mind the suspicion that Patsy is about to become a mother. He, an honest lad at heart, then insists on marrying her; but when he learns he has been tricked he runs away. Reconciliation comes later when his love for Patsy and her confession that this time there is truth in the rumors about a baby bring Jerry to her side.

There are hints of "It's a Wise Child" in all this "baby" talk, and especially in the low comedy injected by Smithy, the romantic servant, and Hopkins, the gawky plumber. These two, the prototypes of Annie Oleson and Cool Kelly, the iceman, in the Johnson-Belasco work, are so frequently employed in the picture that the thread of the main theme is broken more than once. It would seem, however, that in this version Jerry married Patsy voluntarily, and was told about the baby afterward. So clumsily and evasively is this phase handled that the many bright lines and situations of the farce—for now it is just that—hardly assuage one's irritation.

Miss Bennett and Mr. Ayres need do little more than walk through their roles. The audience quickly learns to await the reappearance of Slim Summerville and Miss Sale, a sister of "Chic" Sale, by the way, with their amusing tiffs. Mr. Nugent and Miss Oakland as the father and mother who are happiest when they are quarreling; Mr. Alexander as the kid brother, and Mr. Karns, who has one ludicrous scene with Miss Oakland, complete the cast. Their tasks are not difficult, in any instance. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Big Business Girl"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Robert Laird from the story by Patricia Reilly and H. N. Swanson; directed by William A. Seiter and presented by First National with the following cast:

Claire McIntyre ..... Loretta Young
John Saunders ..... Frank Albertson
Ralph Clayton ..... Ricardo Cortez
Pearl ..... Joan Blondell
Luke Winters ..... Frank Darien
Mrs. Emery ..... Dorothy Christy
Joe ..... Mickey Bennett
Messenger Boy ..... Bobby Gordon
Sarah ..... Nancy Dover
Sally Curtis ..... Virginia Sale
Walter Morley ..... Oscar Apfel

The problems of marriage as opposed to a career, the mutual jealousies of two youngsters who love each other yet are always quarreling, the suave underhand dealings of the girl's employer and the comedy side of a cooked-up infidelity charge are the main points of the plot in "Big Business Girl," current screen feature at the Modern and Beac theatres. For the most part the sto is handled simply and sensibly, t characters behave in a human, thou hardly logical fashion, and for the fi time on record, Loretta Young has be directed with suficient skill to bring c her good points instead of her bad on Not yet is she a world beater as actress, but in this pitcure, at lea she is not called on to display any e cessive emotion and can appear bo attractive and intelligent.

Claire McIntyre, popularly known Mac, is in love with John Saunde leader of the orchestra at the colle they are both attending, but she b lieves that she would, for the time bei at least, prefer a business career to ma riage. Accordingly, John takes his c chestra abroad on a successful tour a Mac goes to New York to hunt wo She finds a position in a big advert ing agency, where her efficiency a her good looks attract the attention John Clayton, owner of the busine She wins promotion rapidly and Cla ton invites her to his home to me the head of a big company. That ve night, John suddenly returns fr Europe, declaring that he cannot st away a moment longer, and is high incensed when Mac insists on keepi her engagement. Very late that nig Clayton brings her home, and Jo bursts into the room to find Mac bei kissed by Clayton. Furiously indigna he reveals that he and Mac are marri and orders Clayton out. Husband a wife quarrel bitterly and John depar

Mac obtains for John the opportuni to broadcast with his band, and it loc like a reconciliation until she becom jealous of his intimacy with a flirtatio society woman. Clayton, who is mo anxious to marry Mac, engineers t preliminaries to a divorce, but his pla go awry when Mac bursts in on Jo and the girl who was to compromi him, and declares that she loves hi and doesn't want a divorce. Althoug Loretta Young is scarcely the type for clever business girl, she gives a satisfa tory performance in the leading ro Frank Albertson makes on excelle John, but Ricardo Cortez is hand capped by a silly stereotyped role. Th best acting, so far as we could see, w offered by Joan Blondel as the har boiled blonde who earned her living as divorce corespondent. E. L. H.

AROUND A TEACUP

By PHILIP HALE

A man accustomed to tea since his childhood in England said in his suit for divorce a Los Angeles recently that his wife, Evelyn "insisted on giving him coffee and thereby spoiled his pleasure in life." If he were now living in England, one could understand his rebellion, for coffee as there prepared and served is a vile drink, to be taken with Dead Sea fruit. But the word "insisted" leads to conjecture. Did Evelyn pour coffee down her husband's throat through a funnel, after he had been securely bound as to his hands and feet? Was the drug shot into him by a hypodermic syringe? Or was he so cowed that he drank with no outward show of discontent?

That tea is consumed in vast quantities by Englishmen and Englishwomen throughout the empire is known to all; as is the fact that in American kitchens, Irish domestic servants—in many houses they are the true mistresses—keep the teakettle stewing on the stove from morning till night; while Swedes must have their coffee several times a day. But was the coffee served in the famous coffee-houses of London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the resorts of wits and poets, dramatists, beaux and rakes, any better than that procurable today in London town? In one of Wycherley's plays there is mention of "that sober drink, coffee," also of "laced coffee." There were coffee houses in Paris where, in the time of Montesquieu, chess was played.

If there was good talk in the coffee houses, there was chatter, as now, in the parlors. Mrs. Millament, making conditions before marriage, told Mirabel she must be empress of her tea table. "I submit," said Mirabel, "but with proviso, that you exceed not in your province, but restrain yourself to native and simple tea-table drinks, as tea, chocolate and coffee; as likewise to genuine and authorized tea-table talk—such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth."

There are deep thinkers, friends of humanity, who inveigh against both tea and coffee. Dr. Lister, writing about Paris at the close of the seventeenth century, said: "I rather believe that they are permitted by God's providence for the lessening the number of mankind by shortening life as a kind of silent plague," and the saintly Wesley gave up tea drinking as an example for his followers. If Dr. Johnson was a shameless tea drinker, Cobbett was never weary of calling tea slops.

Which is the better summer drink? Hot tea is cooling; iced tea and iced coffee, they say fret the nerves. Has any one the courage to try Bimbo, strongly recommended by John Phoenix: "Three parts of root beer and two of water-gruel, thickened with a little scf squash, and strained through a cane-bottomed chair"? Or shall we go to London to drink barley-water in copious draughts?

AT THE THEATRES TONIGHT

WILBUR—"High Hat," comedy, with Ed Hibbard; 8:30.

PARK

"The Sky Raiders"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Harvey Gates from his own story; directed by Christy Cabanne and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Bob Rogers ..... Lloyd Hughes
Grace Devine ..... Marceline Da
Willard ..... Wheeler Oakman
Kelly ..... Walter Mill
Jimmy Devine ..... Emerson Tread
Bradford ..... Ed Le San
Pete ..... Kit Gua
Lefty ..... Ashley Bu
Hansen ..... Jerome J. Jeron
Louie ..... William H. O'Bri
Blondy ..... Jap Eat
Sergeant ..... Dick Ru

The most lowly of pictures deserve a moral of sorts. From "The Sky Raiders" we extract the implication that a drinking airman reforms in time may win the girl and defeat the vi lains. Lloyd Hughes, as Bob Rogers, h the heroic part of a crack pilot for transcontinental commercial line. H turns the controls over to young Jimm Devine, brother of the girl whom Bo loves, and the plane crashes, wi Jimmy seriously hurt. Bob, disgrac and discharged, pre-empts an idle plan flies to Mexico, keeps on drinking, a falls in with a gang of bandits, n the Mexican species but a choice a sortment of Americanized hoodlum Their specialty is to rob airplanes carr ing large sums of currency, and th leader is none other than a man nam Willard, who has in some unexplain manner become manager of the O. & line for which Bob had worked. T gang hires Bob to pilot their pla but when he learns of their plans, escapes in a parachute, warns the co pany officials and the robbery is fru trated. Bob becomes a mechanic, aft finding that Jimmy did not die, a things look better all around.

A second plot of aerial larceny su ceeds to that point that the gangste run Jimmy, now a pilot, to earth, a escape with the loot. But with Bob one plane, and the United States arm represented by four doughty warrio

n another, they are cornered, Willard suffering sudden death when machine guns from the army plane play upon the stolen plane in which he is fleeing, with Grace as hostage and, strangely enough, Bob as pilot. You see, this is a very complicated plot, and its entanglements are of no ordinary variety. Anyway, all ends well, with virtue and sobriety in the saddle.

If the action were confined to terra firma and the airplanes were horses, we would call this a fair western picture. As it is, we are permitted to view the latest wrinkle in grand larceny, the holding-up of money express planes by gangsters. The acting is of the most unpretentious sort, with Mr. Hughes doing most of the ground and lofty tumbling. As a matter of fact, the parachutes utilized in the picture deserve second mention. They performed smoothly and effectively. W. E. G.

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METROPOLITAN

"The Vice Squad"

An all-talking screen drama based on a story by Oliver H. P. Garrett; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Stephen Lucarno ..... Paul Lukas
Alice Morrison ..... Kay Francis
Madeleine Hunt ..... Judith Wood
Magistrate Morrison ..... William B. Davidson
Detective Sergeant Mather ..... Rockcliffe Fellows
Josie ..... Esther Howard
Max Miller ..... Monte Carter
Pete ..... G. Pat Collins
Tony ..... Phil Tead
Doctor ..... Davison Clark
Court attendant ..... Tom Wilson
Second magistrate ..... James Durkin
Prosecutor ..... William Arnold

Any who venture to doubt at this late date that Paul Lukas is an actor above the ordinary had better betake themselves to the Metropolitan Theatre at once and see his work in "The Vice Squad." The subject of the picture is a timely one, after the series of front page headlines to which we have been treated of late, but it is hardly the sort of thing in which one expects to find so polished and charming a player as Mr. Lukas. Stool pigeons are not to be ranked among the most lovable and honorable members of society, and to ask Mr. Lukas to take such a part for his first starring vehicle is among the most surprising pieces of casting we have ever seen. In the role, ungrateful to begin with and made more so by the exigencies of the script, the actor gives an emotionally sincere, dramatic, even moving performance. Against insuperable odds, he compels sympathy on the central character. Praise cannot go higher than that.

Because he refuses to give evidence concerning the death of a policeman that would clear himself and incriminate a married woman, Maj. Stephen Lucarno is faced with the alternative of standing trial as accessory to murder or of becoming stool pigeon for the vice squad. Detective Sergeant Mather, who makes the proposition, has decided that Lucarno's charm of manner and foreign accent would divert suspicion. Unwilling to face prison, Lucarno, though an embassy attache and a gentleman of culture and refinement, accepts the repugnant proposition, and says good-bye to his fiancee, Alice Morrison, whose brother is a magistrate in the women's court. Two years later, overwhelmed with disgust at himself and his life, Lucarno tries to kill himself but is saved by Madeleine Hunt, a girl with literary ambitions and of the most unblemished character. She nurses him for a day or two and then they part company, neither knowing the other's name or occupation.

By chance, Lucarno encounters Morrison on the street, and the latter, ignorant of his occupation, offers him the chance to take up his life where he had dropped it and earn a decent living. For a moment it looked as though Lucarno might win through, but Madeleine is arrested by Mather on the usual charge, and Lucarno is the only one whose testimony will avail her. Though it means the end of his hopes, Lucarno takes the stand, testifies that Madeleine was framed by Mather and that he himself is a stool pigeon. In the ruin of his life, he finds an unexpected reward in the fact that Madeleine loves him.

The film, which ought to have been a powerful and smashing exposure, moves somewhat slowly and there are frequent flaws in the logic. None the less, it is frequently interesting, even exciting, when Mr. Lukas holds the stage. In a minor role, Kay Francis is lost, the feminine honors going to an attractive new player, Judith Wood, who shows signs of real talent along with an inevitable amateurishness. In fairly important roles, Rockcliffe Fellows and William Davison do good work. John Cromwell directed, but his work gains its only claim to attention in the acting of the leading part. E. L. H.

THE CALIPH OF BAGDAD, Being Arabian Nights Flashes of the Life, Letters and Work of O. Henry by Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice. D. Appleton & Co. 441 pp., 25 illustrations. $3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

O. Henry began to be an interesting subject for a biographer when he arrived in New York. While the earlier years in North Carolina, Texas, Central America and in prison no doubt gave O. Henry some material for his stories; they hardly call for the number of pages devoted to them. There is the story of his winning his first wife, "the dimity sweetheart" and her devotion to him. Was O. Henry, then known as William Sidney Porter, guilty of embezzlement and deserving imprisonment? His biographers entitle the seventh chapter "The Persisting Enigma" and are inclined to think he was innocent. Porter's flight to New Orleans instead of returning to Austin for immediate trial was not the action of a guiltless man. Yet if he had not run away, he would not have known New Orleans, its levees where he worked, its park benches on which he may have slept; nor would he have met in Honduras, the entertaining Al Jennings, bank robber, who became respectable and was restored to full citizenship by President Roosevelt. The biographers spend much time in tracing incidents in O. Henry's stories to adventures in these earlier years. Even in the latter part of the book, when "Harioun" wanders in his "Little Old Bagdad on the Subway," there is a superfluity of detail about the stories, and some of the letters might have been omitted, as inconsequential.

But Mr. Davis's description of New York in the early 1900's, the strange life O. Henry led, the curious acquaintances he made, his laziness alternating with incredible industry, the manner in which he was "discovered," his carelessness in money matters, his ability to carry daily two quarts of whiskey, all this is written with the gusto that comes from personal knowledge, admiration, affection. O. Henry was quick to see in New York a second Bagdad, the city of a thousand and one tales, realistic, humorous, tragic, fantastic. Mr. Davis speaks of the fashion nowadays of picturing—to fill space—a bygone period by the elaboration of details: names of plays, pugilists, vaudeville performers, topical songs, ladies of the chorus and "of the evening," eccentrics, police captains. In the present case it is "the only way to the full understanding and interpretation of tales in which the fad, the personality, the haunting air of the hour was in the very warp and woof." It was in the time of Roosevelt:

"At 4 A. M. he shoots a bear,
At 6 subdues a restive horse;
From 9 to 4 he takes the air,
Not all the air, of course.
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,
Some colored man drops in to tea."

It was in the time of Jerome, Canfield, McGurk of Suicide Hall, Hell's Kitchen, the Stovepipe Gang, the Gophers led by Battle Annie, Monk Eastman —"I like to beat up a guy once in a while; it keeps my hand in." In these chapters are vivid descriptions and anecdotes galore.

O. Henry was haunted by the memory of the penitentiary, the fear that some one would "expose" him in New York. Will Irwin asks why some friend of the story teller didn't say to him "We know all about it, and it doesn't make any difference. If you ever owed a debt to society, you've paid it in full. At that, maybe it was an unjust debt." It was rumored that he was paying blackmail when he died. Sydney Porter —he was christened 'Sidney'—in eleven years turned out more than 600 pieces of original fiction. His mentality could not have been much impaired by alcohol; Mr. Davis has yet to meet anyone who ever saw him intoxicated to the point of mental or physical incapacity. He was a marvelous shot with a six-shooter. "He knew the ways of evil men and had a wide familiarity with all the arts of the grafters."

Some of his best stories were among his last. He looked forward to a long novel. "I want to get at something bigger. What I have done is child's play to what I can do, to what I know is in me to do."

If, as a boy, he devoured dime novels, Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and "The Arabian Nights" were his favorites among the classics between his 13th and 19th years.

The excellent index lists the titles of his stories in alphabetical order, with references also to their origin and publication. Mr. Davis, who found O. Henry "a childlike individual, absolutely without guile, and at times utterly helpless," saw him "emerge from obscurity and take his place as the foremost interpreter of the short story in the English speaking world."

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Maltese Falcon"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Maude Fulton, Lucien Hubbard and Brown Holmes from the novel of the same name by Dashiell Hammett; directed by Roy Del Ruth and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Ruth Wonderly ..... Bebe Daniels
Sam Spade ..... Ricardo Cortez
Gutman ..... Dudley Digges
Effie ..... Una Merkle
Dundy ..... Robert Elliott
Iva ..... Thelma Todd
Cairo ..... Otto Matieson
District Attorney ..... Oscar Apfel
Archer ..... Walter Long
Wilmer ..... Dwight Frye
Polhaus ..... J. Farrell McDonald
Captain Jacobi ..... Agostino Borgato

If the studios can turn out a few more mystery stories as clever and absorbing as "The Maltese Falcon," now showing at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, they won't need to worry about the passing of the gangster films. This picture is one of the most unusual, ingenious, puzzling and generally exciting of its kind that we have seen in many a moon. Taken almost word for word from Dashiell Hammett's novel of the same name, "The Maltese Falcon" is an oddly grim and sardonic yarn, offering a plot that baffles solution until the very end. The director, Roy del Ruth, who handled the memorable "Little Caesar," has woven the various threads of his complicated story together in a fashion that brings out all the good points. From the star, Bebe Daniels, down through to the extras, every role is handled in exactly the right way. Only one thing stands against the production achieving an unqualified success: there is no hero and no heroine, none, that is, from the usual motion picture standpoint. There are instead characters, who for all the shadiness of their actions, win your sympathy and interest, especially the latter.

The mysterious falcon is a priceless gem-incrusted image, hundreds of years old, for the sake of which all sorts of evil things, including five murders, are done. Sam Spade, a veritable ladykiller of a private detective, is drawn into the tangle when the charming and mysterious Ruth Wonderly asks his help and that of his partner, Archer. Archer trails a man named Thursby and is murdered about half an hour before Thursby meets a similar fate. Because Spade had been carrying on an affair with Archer's wife, he is suspected by the police and hounded by various sleuths. Two mysterious individuals, Gutman, a bland fat man, and Dr. Cairo, a small dark one, also come to Spade and pay him for finding the falcon. This deadly object is brought to his office by a Captain Jacobi from Hongkong, who stumbles through the door and dies with a bulky looking bag clasped in his hand. This bag, of course, contains the precious falcon.

Spade, meantime, has been given 24 hours to produce the murderer of Archer or face the charge himself. Of course, there are the other killings to be explained as well as the question of Ruth's relationship with Gutman and Cairo. We don't believe in giving away the plots of mystery stories, so you will have to find this one out for yourself, and we strongly advise you not to miss it. The production unwinds in a most tantalizing fashion, always dropping hints, then going off on another track and finally solving everything before the most unexpected, ironic conclusion.

Bebe Daniels is the star of the film but that small matter was evidently forgotten in the director's absorbtion in the character of Sam Spade. The result is that Ricardo Cortez shines with such brilliance as to eclipse Miss Daniels entirely. His performance is one of those unusual affairs to be described as brilliant; with the cleverest touches; the most subtle finesse, he reveals the man's character and makes you like him in spite of his conscienceless double dealing. Dudley Digges is an excellent Gutman, and the other roles are admirably handled. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Just a Gigolo"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by the Hattons from the play, "Dancing Partner," by Alexander Engel and Alfred Grunwald; directed by Jack Conway and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Robert ..... William Haines
Roxy ..... Irene Purcell
Lord George Hampton ..... C. Aubrey Smith
Lady Hartley ..... Charlotte Granville
Lady Agatha ..... Lillian Bond
French Husband ..... Albert Conti
French Wife ..... Maria Alba
Freddie ..... Ray Milland
Gwennie ..... Lenore Bushman
Marquis ..... Gerald Fielding

Can it be that William Haines is grooming himself to become the John Drew of the new generation? Can it be that this ballroom banterer of perfectly-fitted raiment and glib speech is our erstwhile juvenile tormentor, Bill Haines, who once threw custard pies about with the same abandon which he now devotes to polite quip and repartee? Twice now, the metamorphosised William, has presented a new phase, a new technique, to delight his admirers, to confound his critics. He was amusing as John Paul Bart in "A Tailor-Made Man"; he is again amusing in "Just a Gigolo." To be sure he pauses once or twice, in a gesture of fondness for the old Mack Sennett days, as when he essays to draw a pitcher of fresh creamy milk from what proves to be the wrong kind of a cow, or when he blows his nose resoundingly in the presence of his fair lady. But these slight lapses are no longer annoying; they serve simply to link the past with the present.

David Belasco produced "Dancing Partners," as the piece then was known, nearly one year ago. The Hattons adapted it from "The Gigolo and the Princess," in other words from the Hungarian. That is one of the best things the Hattons do. In this instance they were saved by a clever cast, including Lynne Overman, Henry Stephenson, Irene Purcell, Charlotte Granville and others. Mr. Haines is now in Mr. Overman's role, C. Aubrey Smith in Mr. Stephenson's. Miss Purcell and Miss Granville are again on familiar ground, the one as Roxane, familiarly known as Roxy, the other as Lady Hartley, her easy-going aunt. Mr. Smith's Lord George Hampton, uncle to the audacious and philandering Lord Robert Brummel, is made to his order, a testy old fellow who fumes and frowns, pays for Bob's escapades and delights to refer to him as "you young jackanapes," but loves him the while. He wants the boy to marry Roxane; but Bob demurs. He has seen too much cheating in the married game, been a party to too much of it himself, to take chances. He compromises by wagering that within a month he will overcome Roxy's moral bulwarks despite her fine breeding and her impecable family tree; to this end he engages himself as her dancing partner, or gigolo, since some of the scenes are in Paris. When the hour comes to stage the act of seduction, he cannot go through with it. He discovers that he loves the girl. She, meantime, has learned through her maid his real identity. She leads him to a rendezvous, then slaps his face, the prelude to a happy ending.

We have praised Mr. Haines sufficiently. Certain complimentary phrases must be reserved for Miss Purcell, who plays Roxy delightfully. New to the screen, she faces the camera fearlessly; her voice, despite recording which fades, radio-like, is clear; she acts with light and intelligent touch. As a comedienne or ingenue she is charming. The other players are exceptionally competent, the entire performance moves briskly and amusingly. W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"White Shoulders"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by J. Walter Ruben from the story entitled "Recoil" by Rex Beach; directed by Melville Brown and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Norma Selbee ..... Mary Astor
Gordon Kent ..... Jack Holt
Lawrence Marchmont ..... Ricardo Cortez
William Sothern ..... Sidney Toler
Marie Fontaine ..... Kitty Kelly
Head waiter ..... Nicholas Soussanin

Rex Beach, temporarily deserting the great outdoors for the intimacies of boudoirs and luxurious apartments, penned a story called "Recoil," which is now showing on the screen at the New B. F. Keith Theatre under the title of "White Shoulders." Mr. Beach is usually at his best when dealing with the simpler and more direct varieties of emotional and physical upsets, but he did start upon a rather interesting premise in "White Shoulders"—namely, that the worst punishment to be inflicted upon a wandering wife and her lover is to force them to live together constantly. It looks to us as though the dialogue writer and the director, Melville Brown, were those chiefly responsible for the unconvincing results. The words put in the mouths of the characters bear but the faintest resemblance to the speech of normal persons, and the actors—one can't help feeling—are bady handicapped by the curious woodenness of the direction which accentuates rather than minimizes the unnaturalness of their actions.

Gordon Kent, fabulously wealthy business man, practically forces Norma Selbee, a chorus girl out of work, to marry him, although he knows that she does not love him. His love-making is crude and insistent, taking no cognizance of her unwillingness to respond. Little by little, though she had meant to keep her side of the bargain, Norma is drawn to Lawrence Marchmont, a smooth and handsome man, who was half in love with her before her marriage. At last she elopes with him, and Kent, unwilling to comprehend that it is half his fault, decides to make her live with Marchmont until she hates him. First, he informs Norma that Marchmont is a confidence man and a crook, more intcrested in her jewels than in her, and then tells Marchmont that Norma is a bigamist, since, without her knowing it, her former husband never obtained a divorce as he had promised. He then informs them that so long as they stick together,

they are safe from jail, but that his spies will always be watching.

Months follow in which, as Kent intended, Norma and Marchmont come to hate the very sight of each other. He steals her jewels and sells them, then takes to drinking for lack of finding a way out of the impasse. Norma meets Selbee in a stock company and finds that he will try to blackmail Kent for his extraordinary actions. She warms Kent, but the problem is solved in another fashion. Marchmont kills Selbee in a fight over Norma's last bits of jewelry and Kent, having come to his senses, begs Norma to come back and try again.

Jack Holt is very grim and determined in a part that wins no sympathy and but little credence. Kent is a supremely unlovable and selfish man, and not all Mr. Holt's sincerity can cover that up. Mary Astor, as the persecuted wife, is very lovely, charming and pathetic. Sidney Toler and Kitty Kelly in brief roles, strike sane and humorous notes, but Ricardo Cortez delivers the only performance worth mentioning, and toward the end, give a highly dramatic impersonation of a drunken and despairing man. E. L. H.

June 14 1931

CONCERTS

By PHILIP HALE

Sir Hamilton Harty, who will conduc the last of the Sunday "Pops" on Jun 21, on his way to conduct concerts i the Hollywood Bowl, visited Boston 2 years ago. On Feb. 10, 1906, he accom panied Marie Hall, a charming violin ist, who had given other recitals i Boston and played with the Bostor Symphony orchestra on Jan. 27 of that year. Mr. Harty (now Sir Hamilton) who was then highly esteemed in London as an accompanist, played the piano for Miss Hall's performance o Paganini's concerto, Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasie, and pieces of Schubert-Wilhelm, Ries, the Schubert of "L'Abeille"—also Wieniawski's "Hajer Kati." Other concerts of that fortnight were by the Kneisel quartet, the Hoffman quartet, the Boston Symphony quartet; piano recitals by Richard Platt and Harold Bauer; a recital of music for two pianos by Harold Randolph and Ernest Hutcheson; a sonata recital by David Mannes and his wife; there was a concert of the Cecilia Society at which Susan Strong sang a group of songs. At the Symphony concert, conducted by Mr. Gericke, Elsa Ruegger, violoncellist, was the soloist. Sir Hamilton, born at Hillsborough, county Down, Ireland, in 1880, was mostly self-taught. His father was an organist, and the boy was appointed organist when he was 12 years old, at Magheracoll church, county Antrim. He went to Dublin where he came under the influence of that excellent musician, Michele Esposito, at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. He arrived at London in 1900 and quickly won fame as an accompanist and a composer. His wife, Agnes Nicholls, made his songs popular. His "Ode to a Nightingale" (Keats), Cardiff festival, 1907, increased his reputation, as did his violin concerto played at London by Szigeti in 1909. He conducted brilliantly concerts of the London Symphony orchestra, and as permanent conductor of the Halle orchestra, Manchester, is regarded as one of the leading European conductors.

Among his orchestral works are the "Irish" symphony, a piano concerto, "Fantasy Scenes"; "With the Wild Geese," a symphonic poem. His "Mystic Trumpeter" (Walt Whitman) is for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra. His transcription of Handel's Water music for modern orchestra has been performed in this country, also his arrangement of "A Londonderry Air." He brought out Lambert's "Rio Grande" at Manchester, conducting it, and at other performances playing the piano part. Among his later works are a "Comedy" overture, an orchestral suite based on oriental stories. An arrangement of Handel's "Firework Music," chamber music and songs should also be mentioned. As a conductor he has won especial praise for his remarkable interpretation of music by Berlioz.

Miss Mabel Daniels's prelude, "Deep Forest," was performed for the first time at a concert of Georges Barrere's Little Symphony orchestra at Town Hall, New York, on June 3. The New York Herald Tribune said: "This showed the influence of French post-romanticism, often recalling Debussyesque idioms, but was not too closely imitative, proving well scored, engaging in it musical material and atmospherically effective."

"One's sporting instincts rebelled during the final scene from Strauss's 'Salome' at the spectacle of about a hundred wild instrumentalists banded together against one poor weak woman. It would be idle to deny that the 'Salome' music no longer excites us as it did at first; but there is equally no denying that here and there in this welter of rather manufactured passion and horror there are moments of genius. But this closing scene and the now faded 'Dance of the Seven Veils" cut a rather poor figure after the second symphony of Arnold Bax."—Ernest Newman.

SEVENTH WEEK OF THE POPS

An event of Pops history will be the appearance as guest conductor of Sir Hamilton Harty, who will conduct for the first time in America a week from tonight, in the final Sunday Pop concert of the season. At the moment he is on his way to California to conduct at the Hollywood Bowl. For the last 10 years he has been conductor of the Halle concerts at Manchester (England), giving a series each year in London. He also has been notable as conductor of the London Symphony orchestra, and for his original compositions and his arrangements of Irish and other airs.

Tomorrow night is by exception not open to the public, having been taken over entirely by Boston University. On Wednesday, June 17, the electrical instrument which bears the name of Leon Theremin, who invented it, will be first heard in Boston with orchestra. The instrument is not touched, but the player produces music by the motions of his hands in the air. The soloist will be Mischa Tulin. On Thursday, a program of the dance offers special interest.

The program of the week follow:

TUESDAY

Entrance of the Boyards.....Halvorsen
Overture to Goethe's "Egmont".....Beethoven
Concerto for two violins and strings....Bach
(Soloists, J. Theodorowicz, R. Gundersen)
Czardas from the opera "Ghost of the Warrior".....Grossman
"Sylvia," ballet suite.....Delibes
"To a Water Lily".....MacDowell
"Dance of the Hours," from "La Gioconda".....Ponchielli
"Wine, Woman and Song," waltz....Strauss
"The Cuckoo Clock".....Del Castillo
"Only One Vienna," march.....Schrammel

WEDNESDAY

"Stars and Stripes Forever".....Sousa
"Poet and Peasant," overture.....Suppe
"Tilla," caprice.....Nagel
"Tosca," fantasia.....Puccini
"L'Arlesienne," suite No. 1.....Bizet
"Largo".....Handel

"Theremin" solo, Mischa Tulin

"Marche Slave".....Tchaikovsky
"New Moon," selection.....Romberg
"Deep River".....Burleigh-Jacchia
American fantasy.....Herbert

THURSDAY

Polonaise from "Eugene Onegin." Tchaikovsky
Three German dances.....Mozart
"Hopak," Russian dance.....Moussorgsky
"By the Beautiful Blue Danube," waltz. Strauss
Ballet suite, "Nutcracker".....Tchaikovsky
Sixth Hungarian dance.....Brahms
"Bolero".....Ravel
Cheyenne Indian war dance.....Skilton
Old American dance tunes.....Guion
a. "Sheep and Goat"
b. "Turkey in the Straw"
Military foxtrot: "Strike up the Band." Gershwin

FRIDAY

"Marche Militaire".....Schubert
"The Marriage of Figaro," overture. Mozart
Largo, from the "New World," Symphony. Dvorak
"Carmen," Fantasia.....Bizet
Fourth Symphony, third movement. Tchaikovsky
"Ave Maria".....Bach-Gounod
"Peer Gynt," suite.....Grieg
"Du und Du," waltz from "Die Fiedermaus." Strauss
"Spoon River," American folk dance. Grainger
"Panaderos," Spanish dance.....Glazounov

SATURDAY

Hungarian march, "Rakoczy".....Berlioz
"Oberon," overture.....Weber
Minuet.....Bolzoni
"A Londonderry Air."
Arranged by Sir Hamilton Harty
Tales from Johann Strauss.....Korngold
"Ouverture Solennelle, 1812....Tchaikovsky
"Espana," waltz.....Waldteufel
Czardas from the Opera, "Ghost of the Warrior".....Grossman
"Rose Marie," selection.....Friml
"Under the Double Eagle," march..J. Wagner

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 21
Sir Hamilton Harty, Guest Conductor
(program to be announced)

FINE ARTS

"The Beggar's Opera"

A German screen operetta suggested by John Gay's opera of the same name; German title "Die Dreigroschencoper"; adapted by Bert Brect, with music by Kurt Weill; directed by G. W. Pabst and presented by Warner-Tobis Berlin, with the following cast:

Mickie Messer.....Rudolf Forster
Polly Peachum.....Carola Nether
Peachum.....Fritz Rasn
Mrs. Peachum.....Valeska Gert
Tiger Brown.....Reinhold Schumzel
Jenny.....Lottie Lenie
A Jailor.....Vladimir Sokoloff
A hallad singer.....Ernst Busch

A PINCH OF SNUFF

June 13 By PHILIP HALE 1931

It is stated that about 40,000,000 pounds of snuff were manufactured in the United States in 1930, and more than half a million pounds were retailed in the New York metropolitan district alone; that most of the New York "old and dignified" clubs—an agreeable change from the adjective "exclusive"—keep a stock on hand at their tobacco counters. But it is also said that there is little "snuffing" or "sniffing"; "a small amount is taken by placing it inside the mouth between the lower jaw and cheek."

Has the glory of the snuffbox departed? In old times a gold snuffbox, encrusted with precious jewels and often filled with gold coins, was a favorite royal gift. What has become of the wooden, lacquer, horn snuffboxes used in New England years ago? They were often embellished by a picture inside, or by a motto, sometimes of Rabelaisian nature.

Snuff was mentioned in English literature as early as 1600, but the practice of taking it was not fashionable until seventy-five or eighty years later. It is a curious fact that King James the First in his "Counterblaste to Tobacco" does not mention snuff, though it was taken in Scotland and Ireland. Pope Urban VIII published a decree of excommunication against all who took it in church, and Pope Innocent XII excommunicated all who were found taking snuff or using tobacco in any form in St. Peter's at Rome. In the time of Charles II the use of the snuffbox was considered a dandyism. At the court of Louis XIV the habit, considered coarse, was not permitted.

The waistcoats of New Englanders for many years were sprinkled with snuff. Family doctors took a pinch by the bedside of a feverish patient who was not allowed even a sip of water. Clergymen would put a snuffbox by the huge pulpit Bible. Snuff served to point a weighty opinion or an epigram in conversation. It was an answer to an irrelevant or impertinent remark.

"When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff."

There was the courtesy of the box. Seward, irritating southerners in Congress by his logic, would take a pinch from the box of a fire-eater or extend his own box with a smile.

And what a part the box played on the stage! It accompanied "Egad, Sir" and "damme." The spy in "La Fille de Madame Angot" with his repeated gag, "And once again remember, I am all ears," ground the cover of his box till it shrieked excruciatingly. When Mansfield played Beau Brummel, the critics were divided as to the hand that should hold the box and the hand that should take the pinch.

In these degenerate days Scotch, Maccoboy or Rappec is not taken boldly and with a flourish; it is inserted stealthily between cheek and jaw. O tempora! O mores!

Little is to be gained by attempting to compare the ballad opera which was produced on the stage of Lincoln's Inn Field Theatre, London, on Jan. 27, 1728, and the German screen operetta which was given its first showing in Boston Saturday. The one was a vitriolic satire by a brilliant young playwright who shocked London town by taking his characters from the lower and criminal strata, who lampooned politicians, musicians, royal morality or the lack of it; and who made thiefs, beggars and venal wenches his principal puppets. The German piece is a modernized treatment of rascality, pitting a debonnair master thief and philanderer against a crafty old Fagin who trains, equips and exacts heavy usury from a horde of beggars. Macheath, the highwayman, has become Mickie Messer, who by marrying Polly Peachum so incenses her father that he stages a beggars' parade on the day of a royal review, later tries to stop it, and ultimately proposes and effects an alliance of these two great industries. The satire is still there, but it is broader, as is the Teutonic way.

As for musical furbishings, the many quaint and melodic old English airs of the Gay original have been discarded in favor of a sort of theme song, sung by Ernst Busch, who appears frequently but has no part in the action. Such score as there is, composed by Kurt Weill, of merest transitory interest and value. It is the general treatment, the admirable direction of Herr Pabst, aided by a cast of principals and secondary actors, and the lavish photography which make the film steadily interesting through its hours of passage across the screen.

Seldom has there been revealed such wealth of detail as here. When Mickie, having severed for the moment his amorous interests in Jenny, a brothel girl, pursues and wins the affections of pretty Polly Peachum, he plans a sumptuous wedding banquet for her in a dingy waterfront warehouse. He sends his cut-throats out, and they return with a remarkable assortment of loot from furniture to wines. There was only one miscue, the rascal assigned to the theft of a towering hall clock was caught by a policeman, to be promptly released by "Tiger" Brown, the police chief, who was allied secretly with the gang. This banquet scene was rare entertainment in itself. So later were the scenes in Peachum's den, with the fakirs, the psuedo-halt, lame and blind throwing aside their infirmities when once under cover. The picture ranged from melodrama to farce, from scenes enacted by some small group to massed effects like the relentless advance of the parading beggars on the richly caparisoned mounted guards of the royal equipage. Through all runs a series of vivid characterizations which need no translator's aid.

Mr. Forster leads with his Mickie Messer, a fop given to loud raiment, spats, fancy vests, a bamboo sword cane. He gives commands with the flick of an eyelash. He halts in flight from the police to keep an assignation with a girl of the streets. Mr. Forster makes him with intelligence, care and restraint. Fritz Rasp also is splendid as Peachum, king of the beggars, a vengeful, exploiting trafficker in human wreckage. Reinhold Schumzel adds a polished performance as the chief of police, caught between

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. James Agate of the Sunday Times rejoiced in the issue of May 24 that owing to the Whitsun holiday there was almost nothing to be written about the drama. He tells the old story of two Southern colonels in the United States. One, returning to his country after a long absence abroad, was informed by the other that their country had gone to pot. "They've made it a criminal offence to shoot a nigger!" "Good heavens!" the returned wanderer exploded, "During what months?"

Mr. Agate then bewailed his lot. "There would appear to be a close time for most things in this world except for poor dramatic critics, who are liable to be shot off to the theatre on any and every pretext at any and every date and hour. Happily, the managers in their goodness and wisdom have decided to be lenient not only during but prior to the present Whitsun holiday." Mr. Agate quoted Hazlitt who turned this corner by pleading that "if theatrical criticism must only be written when there is something worth writing about it would go too hard upon those who live by that art." Thereupon Hazlitt wrote a brilliant article. Mr. Agate found little in London; "another reading of that actionless talkie, Mr. Shaw's 'Man and Superman' and a new musical comedy which will doubtless be repeated many hundred times. Who can make much of this? But he would be an ungrateful critic who so much as hinted at looking a gift holiday in the mouth."

In Boston there is not even a musical comedy; not even a show that New York managers think is "good enough for Boston in summer."

"Was he, Hazlitt, not to receive his salary because Mrs. Siddons had left the stage, because Kemble wouldn't return to it, because Kean had gone to America, or because a Mr. Wallack had arrived from that country?"

June 14 1931

IN SUNDAY BEST

By PHILIP HALE

Clergymen of various sects in New York state ommend the idea of an early Sunday service or golfers and others who enter the house of he Lord in sport clothes, knickers, blazers, etc. Rabbi Cohen believes it is possible "to feel prayerful in any garb; it is the spirit that is mportant, not the clothes." The Rev. Harold . Gibb, assistant pastor at St. Thomas's, in New York city, does not think it quite proper o encase prayerful legs in knickers, but St. Thomas's is a "fashionable" church.

In the New England of the '60's and '70's, laborate preparations were made early on Sunday morning for the walk to the meeting-house. The father, luxuriantly whiskered, put precious intment on the hair of his face and slushed he top of his head. The mother culled out her est attire; her lace handkerchief was scented; loves were taken from the box whose cover vas decorated with the picture of a coquettish Parisian—and the children!

Their clothes were stiff with starch, spotless, incomfortable, made endurable for Arabella nly by the thought that other girls might tare and envy. Little Johnny was often forced y his proud mother to wear a jacket with road turnover collar with dangling tassels. Thus he ran the risk of being called "Sissy" by rude boys who broke the Sabbath by swimming n summer, skating in winter. He fretted, rebelled and was quieted only by the parental hreat of punishment after the return from Sunday school.

Boots were blacked or greased by the men. Here and there was to be seen a stovepipe hat. Men, women and children were in their "Sunday best." To worship the Lord in the beauty f holiness this "best" was indispensable; only xtreme poverty was taken as an excuse for shabbiness.

Even the Satan of Coleridge's poem had a suit for formal occasions, as on his visit to "his snug little farm, the Earth."

And how then was the Devil drest?
O! He was in his Sunday's best:
His jacket was red and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where the tail came through.

Yes, there were "Sunday-going clothes," a Sunday beaver, Sunday coat, etc. The "Sunday citizen" had a "Sunday face," in Great Britain as in the United States. Worshippers looked and were "Sundayfied." Was Carlyle in contemptuous vein when he wrote of "the mere haberdasher Sunday clothes that men go to church in"? Mrs. Gaskell thought "Sunday best" to be a servant's expression. "Knickers, blazers, hobnailed shoes, caps?" A man may be devout thus arrayed, if he is not too impatient for the links; but will he still find it a blessed thing

To walk together to the Kirk
With a goodly company?

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faults are unfashionable ones, faults of rhetoric and over-gilding such as few modern dramatists need worry about for a minute. . . But Wilde was unquestionably a born dramatist, and the climax comes with a thrill of sustained, eerie horror which would be hard to match in any later play." The critic of the Daily Telegraph spoke of the moment "when Salome speaks to the head, and the silver bowl throws up in her face a reflected, horrible pallor. Here was an inspiration, if ever inspiration came to producer's harassed mind." The Times found that the play "stands." "The impetus is the impetus of a story that is almost irresistible. You cannot listen to the story of Salome and be bored." The reviewer thinks that Wilde's prose is almost to be chanted; "it must rise and swing; it must be capable of dreadful lulls like the lulls in the mounting rhythm of a storm. . . . Miss Margaret Rawlings attained to a chill, feline evil very closely in the tradition of the Beardsley drawings."

The "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes was played at the Festival Theatre, Cambridge, Eng. (with "Antigone") on May 25. "Lysistrata," a "jolly, rollicking, not too squeamish farce . . . has never before been produced in its entirety on the modern stage." The settings were "frankly non-realistic." Athenian elders wore bowler hats and were masked, as were the Athenian ladies.

Siddons, Kemble. This reminds us that on June 11, 12, 13, a chronicle play of the Siddons family, entitled "Sarah Siddons, the Greatest of the Kembles," was announced for performance at the Kemble Theatre, Hereford, Eng. Her father was Roger Kemble of that town. The performances celebrated the centenary of her death on June 8. Three of her great-great-grandchildren were in the cast, Miss Siddons Donne, Miss M. Siddons Donne and Rupert Siddons.

Messrs. Robert H. Davis and Arthur B. Maurice, in their "Caliph of Bagdad," just published, being the life of O. Henry, speak of "A Retrieved Reformation," the story from which Paul Armstrong made the dramatization "Alias Jimmy Valentine." O. Henry (Porter) received the sum of $250 for the story. Mr. Davis advised him not to sell the dramatic rights without a percentage of the royalties. Porter said the story was not worth more than $250. When the play turned out a great success, Porter saw it, applauded lustily, and complimented Armstrong. "I learned," says Mr. Davis, "that the royalties totalled $800 a week, none of which went to Porter. 'Aren't you sorry,' I asked, 'that you didn't keep a string on some of that easy money?' 'Not at all, judge,' he replied. 'When a truly great dramatist puts a kick into one of my short stories and gets his money back I'm tickled along my entire vertebrae. The stuff I sold him is nothing in comparison with what he gave the public. Glad it's a hit.'"

There is a dispute about the original Jimmy Valentine. Some say he was Jimmy Connors, in jail for blowing a postoffice safe; day drug clerk in the prison hospital when Porter was night clerk; but Al Jennings believed Porter had in mind Dick Price, a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary. Porter derived from the play $500, paid in advance; Armstrong's profits exceeded $100,000.

"Lo," a play written in collaboration by Porter and F. P. Adams produced in 1909 failed. It never came East.

Thoughts of the stage, and above all the fabulous profits to be derived from a success, were constantly with him (Porter) in the last year or two of his life. Reverting to his Aladdin days, he dreamed of the theatre as another "Wonderful Lamp which had only to be rubbed to evoke the Jinn bearing chests of gold."

Correspondents of London newspapers are much exercised with regard to the redundant "parasitic" R. One recalls Sir Herbert Tree's rebuke during a rehearsal. A member of his company persisted in pronouncing s-a-w "sawr." "The 'r' in sawr," he declared, "is silent."

"How old was Hamlet" has taken the place of "How old was Anne?" In the original version of the tragedy Hamlet was under 20 years of age. In later version with altered text and additions he is made to appear as a man of 30. Mr. McKeon says: "It has been suggested, probably with truth, that this alteration was made to suit the convenience of Burbage, who continued to play the part long after he had ceased to be physically suited to it. When he could no longer look like a young man of 19 or 20 the text was altered accordingly. Mr. Gaston Baty, one of the chief supporters of this theory, suggests that the line 'He is fat and scant of breath' was inserted for the same reason."

Mr. W. Evanson Atkinson writes that unless Hamlet was a minor he would have become king on the death of his royal father. "Or, why was he under the tutelage of his mother and uncle—unless he had not attained to man's estate?" They take their Shakespeare seriously over there, except when they put his characters in modern dress.

Paul L. Hoefler was severely criticised for a lion-hunting scene in "Africa Speaks," in which the screen shows a native boy being killed by a lion. He now admits that he faked this episode. "Nobody is going to sacrifice a black man just to secure a motion picture, nor did I do so." Yet the picture is not a misrepresentation, he adds, for lions have been known to kill African boys. "The film was made to entertain the public. The only way that a picture can hope even to pay its own cost is for it to have a popular appeal."

Argentina, dancing for the first time in London on May 27, awakened the enthusiasm of even critics who were prepared to be cool as "E. K." of the Daily Telegraph, who thought that the claims made on her behalf were extravagant; and "in my experience, what may be called the cliches of dancing in the Spanish forms can be excessively tiresome." Nor did he believe that she had a wonderful gift for expressing this, that and the other through the medium of her particular art. "Experience long ago convinced me of the limitations of the dancer's art when it comes to a question of illustrating a particular theme or idea. And as for ballets that purpose to be symbolic of something or other, they are to me so much boredom or bunkum." Having seen Argentina, "E. K." wrote rhapsodically of her performance.

A large company of swells, in society, and on the stage, met her by invitation the day before, ambassadors, ministers, duchesses, marchionesses, countesses and just lords and ladies. "E. K." wrote apropos of the reception, that the audience at the Adelphi would see that performance of an artist who can command on the European continent a larger public than any other performer of her sex single-handed. "I should, of course, make an exception in favor of Ruth Draper, who possesses in like degree the power of individual appeal. But the very qualities of Miss Draper's highly personal art demand for their expression an intimate atmosphere not obtainable in large spaces. Argentina can, and does, fill the Paris Opera, and with no one to assist her but an accompanist."

Two new ballets with Mme. Karsavina are announced for June 15 in London: "Waterloo and the Crimea," founded on a poem by Thomas Hardy, music by Lord Berners; "Tanagra," music by Debussy.

"Five Star Final" will be produced in London as "Late Night Final."

Ernest Milton will take Philip Merivale's role when "Death Takes a Holiday" is produced in London.

Oscar Wilde's "Salome," played in English, has been revived in London "Nobody who cares for fine drama, brilliant acting, and sensitive, imaginative production should miss it. The play has faults. Worse—its

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two fires when Peachum would have Mickie jailed for taking his daughter from him. The women are less brilliant, yet contrive to give sharply delineative portrayals. The recordings of dialogue are excellent, but those of the songs fall far short of perfection. These are minor blemishes on an all-round praiseworthy production. W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Always Goodbye"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lynn Starling from the story by Kate McLaurin, directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth McKenna, and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Lila ..... Elissa Landi
John Graham ..... Lewis Stone
Reginald Carlson ..... Paul Cavanagh
Cyril ..... John Garrick
Sir George Boomer ..... Frederick Kerr
Merson ..... Herbert Bunston
Blake ..... Lumsden Hare

Cinderella romances are coming into their own once more, and so, if one may believe the evidence presented in "Always Goodbye," now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres, are fairy stories of another sort. The picture is a mildly romantic affair, attractively set and acted, with a plot which can be guessed from the opening reel. The real assets are the players, particularly Elissa Landi and Lewis Stone. Without wishing to be rude, we wonder when Fox will get around to finding a screen story that would really do justice to the talents of this charming English girl, signed for films on the strength of one New York appearance, and now in Hollywood for an indefinite period. She is an expert at her trade, possessing good looks together with great sensibility, dignity and intelligence, but while all this is made apparent by her acting in "Always Goodbye," the plot is too thin to give her much opportunity. It was a happy thought, however, to cast her with Lewis Stone, whose delicate touch and gentlemanly manner have long made him a favorite. We are glad to report that for once he wins his lady.

Lila Banning, having run through the legacy left her by her aunt, is at the end of her resources; she refuses the marriage offer of an elderly rich man for the love of an impecunious youth, only to have him back out when he finds that her money is gone. Not knowing where to turn, she agrees to the proposal made her by a man who calls himself Reginald Carlson to go with him, posing as his wife, to make a brief visit with a rich diamond collector, John Graham, who lives on Lake Como. Carlson fails to explain the real motive of the visit, which is robbery, merely telling Lila that Graham is an old friend of his father's with very strict ideas on marriage. Unknown to Carlson, Graham has been warned by Scotland Yard as to the nature of his visitors, but he is willing to take a chance. When he first sees Lila, he falls in love with her at once, and she finds herself more and more attracted to him. It is not long before she discovers Carlson's real purpose and is only dissuaded from leaving by his potent argument that she is quite as deeply involved as himself.

Meantime, Graham has been urged by Scotland Yard to reveal to Lila the combination of his wall safe as a test of her honesty in which he has the most implicit belief. Unfortunately, Carlson overhears, takes the priceless gem for which he had come and is about to make his getaway. Lila, however, tricks him and puts the diamond back in the safe, while Carlson runs into the arms of the police. A word or two of explanation leaves Lila in the arms of Graham, while Carlson is last seen disappearing into the night in a speeding automobile, closely followed by the representatives of the Yard. Beautifully gowned, gracious and charming, Elissa Landi moves easily through her not very exigent role, ably assisted by Lewis Stone as the middle-aged, trustful and very likeable millionaire. Paul Cavanagh makes a satisfactory Carlson, his acting also suggesting that he is worthy of better things. Lumsden Hare, very British as usual, makes a capital detective. The settings are well devised and suitable. E. D. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Everything's Rosie"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Tim Whelan from the story by Al Boasberg; directed by Clyde Bruckman and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Dr. J. Dockweiler Droop ..... Robert Woolsey
Rosie ..... Anita Louise
Billy Lowe ..... John Darrow
Mrs. Lowe ..... Florence Roberts
Mr. Lowe ..... Frank Beal
Oberdoff ..... Alfred P. James
Miss Van Dorn ..... Lita Chevret
Sheriff ..... Clifford Dempsey

Torn from the, more or less, affectionate embraces of his co-partner, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey makes shift to go it alone in "Everything's Rosie," current screen attraction at the Keith-Boston Theatre. Not altogether without consolation is he, however, for the producers have seen fit to leave him his beloved cigar. More than that, he still leans heavily upon his collection of ancient witticisms, ancient, that is, about 50 years ago and now positively discrepit. He patters cheerfully alon

June 15 1931

CORRECTING NATURE

Parisian women, not contented with painting their eyebrows across their faces or painting their eyelashes a bright blue, are appearing with "diamond ears"—"ornaments in precious stones, fastened with an invisible screw behind the lobe and then following the entire line of the ear."

If nature has denied a woman eyebrows, no one should object to her giving the semblance of them by a skilful use of paint. A prominent pianist in this country thus snaps his fingers at miserly nature. "Bright blue eyelashes" would have appealed to the poet and divine John Donne, who in spite of Swinburne's saying, it was no wonder that a man with such a name often wrote discordant verse, is now strongly in fashion. In his paradox "That women ought to paint," he argues shrewdly: "What thou lovest in her face is color, and painting gives that, but thou hatest it, not because it is, but because thou knowest it . . . If her face be painted on a board or wall, thou wilt love it, and the board and the wall: canst thou loathe it then when it speaks, smiles and kisses, because it is painted?" See also Max Beerbohm's "Defence of Cosmetics" that shocked the Philistines when it appeared in the first volume of "The Yellow Book," for in 1894 a painted woman was shunned as a Jezebel, who, by the way, was a patriotic woman, grossly maligned through the centuries.

There is much to be said in favor of "earlines" as opposed to earrings. Of course it all depends on the shape of the ears. If they are of the "Wing-wang" order, jewels or plain gold should not call attention to them. Plain earrings were supposed in New England villages to strengthen weak eyes; but it was also thought that eating tomatoes brought on cancer. The sailors that braved Cape Horn wore earrings, as did many who did not go down to the deep seas. If women in the islands about Greenland had blue streaks about their eyes; if the Guineans used to paint one eye red, the other yellow, so women of so-called barbarous nations have from immemorial indulged in what old John Bulwer called "auricular bravery"; earrings of iron as well as gold and precious stones, and even wood. The ears of some women were thus stretched down to their shoulders by the length and weight of ornaments. Bulwer, nearly 300 years ago, having noted many instances of this violence to nature, quoted Seneca, Pliny the elder, Tertullian, Ulpian as arguing against the deforming: "The madness of our women had not sufficiently brought men into subjection, did not they hang two or three patrimonies at each ear"; "None is Lord of his own members to abuse them," etc., etc. The excellent Cooley in "The Toilet and Cosmetic Arts" remembered that Abraham gave Rebekah, through his chief man servant, a golden earring of half a shekel weight as she tripped with her pitcher from the fountain, and reminds fair or foul readers that piercing the ears, when clumsily performed, may bring on erysipelas in persons prone to that disease.

Will jewels again ornament the noses, Grecian, Roman, aquiline or sky-tilted, of Eustacia and her sisters?

blinks hopefully behind his spectacles, chatters condescendingly and has apparently a most enjoyable time. Against a background of cheap carnival life he struts his stuff: 100 per cent. Woolsey, unadulterated. Meantime, we hear that Mr. Wheeler has also been awarded the privilege of a picture to himself. With that in prospect, it might be better to team the old companions once more: it would be a pity to separate indefinitely two humorists whose methods are so closely allied.

Mr. Woolsey has the part of Dr. J. Dockweiler Droop, patent medicine seller, whos rcord is: "Twenty carnivals in 20 years." Of course, he is a faker, but just as much a matter of course, he has one of those hearts of gold you read about. In other words, he has an adopted daughter, Rosie, whom he found on the street one night abused by an old hag. For this child he does everything, even teaching her to play the violin and running the risk of being thrown into jail when she wishes to stay in a certain town. The inevitable rich young man falls in love with Rosie and invites her and Dr. Droop to his home to meet the family. Needless to say, the boy's family disapproves. Matters are further complicated when the doctor and Rosie are arrested for a jewel robbery engineered in the shape of an auction by some crooks who use the doctor as a foil. They escape, by means of the good old shell game, and are riding off at the fastest speed of which their ancient steed is capable, when Rosie's sweetheart overtakes them and proposes marriage. Droop departs, leaving love's young dream in the ascendant.

Rumor has it that Mr. Woolsey once wished to be a tragedian, but was laughed at by the stage manager for trying to act Hamlet. Such seems to be the sad fate of comedians. On the whole, we think the manager must have been right, for while Mr. Woolsey may not please every on by his comic antics, he is far worse when he tries serious acting. Although he pervades the entire production, there should be room to praise Anita Louise, not long ago a child actress and now a very pretty and charming girl. She makes a delectable Rosie, quite explaining the devotion proffered by John Darrow as the rich young man. E. L. H.

June 16 1931

Reading Aloud to Mr. Justice Holmes

To the Editor of The Herald:

One of the duties of the recently appointed secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes is to read aloud while the justice plays solitaire. Here is a noteworthy example of mental concentration, but it is not to be supposed that young Mr. Rose will be asked to read works of grave import, as the "iron-bound melancholy volumes of the Magi." The elder Pliny was read to when he was in the bath and when he was at table; thus he acquired rich material for his huge "Natural History." Our great men of today find rest and diversion in detective stories. Justice Holmes is said to be well versed in the lighter novels written by ingenious, not ingenuous, Frenchmen. These novels, or the books of scandal that now pass for biographies, are better suited to the game of solitaire than Dormstock's "Logarithms of the Diapason," known chiefly to Frank Stockton and his hero, Mr. Tolman.

It is to be hoped that the new secretary's voice is euphonious; that he does not run his words together or clip his final consonants; that he reads with the just emphasis. The father-in-law of Artemus Ward used to read out loud the proceedings of the state Legislature. "He reads tol'ble well. He eats hash freely which makes his voice clear; but as he orffortnitly has to spell the most of his words, I may say he reads slow." Mr. Rose will probably not find it neeessary to eat hash, not even corned beef hash, but it is not given to every one to read distinctly and at the proper speed. H. L. PHILLIPS.

Boston, June 15.

RICH "POLLY"

"Polly, 65-year-old parrot of the late Miss Anna G. Burt of St. Augustine, Florida, was named beneficiary for the remainder of its life under terms of Miss Burt's will, filed for probate on June 4." This Polly was not the first to inherit. In 1921 the widow of Prof. Foudray of Rockland, Maine, left special bequests to her cat, Beau, and her parrot, Bouncer. Beau did not live to inherit; Bouncer was more fortunate. Mrs. Foudray wished that when he died he should be buried by the side of Beau, and both of them at her feet.

Years before, Elizabeth Hunter, a rich spinster in England, left to her "beloved parrot, the faithful companion of twenty-five years, an annuity for its life of 200 guineas." She bequeathed the bird with the annuity to a widow, Mrs. Dyer, who was in turn to bequeath it to some "respectable female." Mrs. Dyer received 20 guineas on the death of Miss Hunter to be expended on a very high, long and large cage. The parrot was not to be removed from England. The West African grey parrot, Dudley, in Algernon Blackwood's amusing story, "Dudley and Gilderoy"—the latter was a common red-haired cat with a flat-topped skull—was not so fortunate; she died after her romantic adventures with her faithful companion, who then "became what he had been before the Great Friendship entered his life— a stray, alien, independent cat that walked by himself across the universe."

Cats have inherited for three centuries; from Mme. Dupuis at Paris in 1671; before her, a woman mentioned by Drexilius left her cat 500 ecus; P. J. Grosley of Troyes in 1785 left 24 livres to a person who would care for his cats till they died. An Englishwoman left in 1828 to her well-beloved Tib, 5 pounds a year. Benjamin F. Dilley of Wilkesbarre, Pa., left $40,000 in 1905 to his cats, Blackie and Pinkie; the latter died in 1906; Blackie was chloroformed to end his pain on May 7, 1908. In May, 1913, Dick and Patsy, pets of Mrs. Harriet J. Ginty of Charlestown, inherited through Gen. William H. Oakes "enough money to keep them out of want for the rest of their eighteen lives."

Dogs and horses have also been remembered in wills since 1781, when a peasant near Toulouse made his horse his sole legatee; "I wish that he belongs to N— my nephew." The court decided in favor of the will, giving the estate to the nephew. In 1910 Emil von Bizony, a bachelor, left his estate, valued at $200,000, to his twelve draught horses, with the Society for the Protection of Animals at Budapest executors. Sidney Shannon of Appleton, Wis., in 1916 bequeathed $1000 to buy hay and oats and give good shelter to his delivery horse. But a more extraordinary will was that of Mme. Silva of Lisbon, Portugal, who left, in 1902, her entire property to a barnyard cock, for she believed the soul of her dead husband had entered into the cock's body. Her relatives killed the inheritor. An Englishwoman a century before had bequeathed to her "dear and amusing monkey, Jocko," the sum of 10 pounds for his maintenance.

"A LITTLE MORE CIDER, TOO"

June 16 By PHILIP HALE 1931

Hugh E. Fox says that the United States is consuming 100,000,000 gallons more of wine annually than before prohibition was enacted. On the other hand, federal agents have seized large consignments of cider destined for the Bronx; they have "raided warehouses and in Peekskill closed an entire mill."

But why cider, the juice of the apple? Did not John Philips write his poem, "Cider," in imitation of the "Georgicks"? Dr. Johnson praised Philips's two volumes, for, as he said, the poem was grounded in truth and it was a book of entertainment and of science.

These too zealous federal agents should read the poem, also the letters written by ex-President John Adams at Quincy to Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse in 1805; how Adams learned with surprise and grief that the use of cider had become unfashionable at college. The decay of health was owing to the use of wine and spirits instead of cider; the almost universal health among students at Harvard was to be ascribed to the free use of apple juice. Adams cited the case of the Rev. Mr. Niles of Monatiquot, all his days—he lived till he was nearly 90—a lover and liberal drinker of cider. "One of his parish drolly said: 'Our Mr. Niles would not drink a drop of rum for the world, but he will drink as much cider as any Indian.'" There was Dr. Hitchcock of Pembroke, who made a constant and liberal use of the beverage. He lived to be 84, this Rev. Gad Hitchcock. Adams wrote:

> I have habitually drank the wines of Spain, France, Germany and Holland, in all their varieties diluted with water, and I have drank the mild porter and table beer of London in all their perfection; but I never found any of them agree so well with my health as the cider of New England. It is true I seldom drink it under a year old, and often two, and sometimes three.

No sweet cider for the sage of Quincy! Yet he never belonged to the Hard Cider Club which subsisted for many years at Harvard. "I have heard that the members of it were remarkably healthy, not only while undergraduates but in the after course of their lives."

Robert Burton, the melancholy Burton, spoke of cider grudgingly: "A windy drink, yet in some shires of England, Normandy in France, Guipuscoa in Spain, it is their common drink and they are no whit offended with it." Richard Ford, writing years afterwards, spoke of "Chacoli," as the Basque wine, "far inferior to good Devonshire cider; the Basques, from having nothing better, drink it copiously, and from habit have even got to like it." Was there no cider in the Basque provinces when Ford visited them?

Ex-President Adams wrote of the wine of Holland. We had always supposed that the wine of that country was gin. It was in New England, dear to Adams, that

> The Sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
> Run from the white man when you find he smells of Holland's gin!

June 18

NIGHTSHIRTS VS. PYJAMAS

By PHILIP HALE

Deep thinkers in two countries have been considering the subject of pyjamas. Mr. F. C. Hooper, speaking at the summer school of the Drapers' Chamber of Trade, England, said that manufacturers should not make a fetish of reliability in their goods. "Pyjamas should be designed rather on a basis of changing fashions than of durability. Like the skin of a snake they should be sloughed every year." This led an earnest student of sociology to assert that if we all wore strong pyjamas we should theoretically be able to sleep a little longer in them every day. There is a "psychological, even a spiritual satisfaction," in wearing the suit of well-woven cloth. They give the sleeper a sense of security and stability, "like thick walls and massive beams in a house, and thus make his sleep the more satisfying."

The Norfolk Virginian Pilot informs us that at the instance of Dr. James A. Hayne, health officer of South Carolina, there would be a discussion at a conference in Washington, D. C., of the subject "The Nightshirt as a Dignified and Necessary Article of Wearing Apparel," a question of health, convenience and aesthetics. The Virginian-Pilot thought that under the head of aesthetics pyjamas would win "hands—or maybe legs—down, but under the other heads, we suspect, the nightshirt would score heavily."

If the English spell the word correctly—with a "y"—Thackeray in "The Tremendous Adventures of Maj. Gahagan" makes the greatly daring hero speak of "Cammerbund, peijammahs, and papooshes." The English and Americans wrongly apply the word pyjamas to the suit; it should be confined to the trousers. "Pae" or "pay," foot or leg; "jamah" clothing, and so in 1800 those who, like the Baron in "Erminie,"

My friend the Baron's quite a feast
Of phrase and customs of the east

spoke and wrote of "Jamahs or drawers."

When were pyjamas as night-wear introduced into the United States? When did fair women first wear them on the stage? Dr. Cabanes, who wrote "The Indiscretions of History," "The Secret Cabinet of History" and other volumes of quaint, otherwise forgotten lore, a most ingenious Frenchman of a consuming curiosity, inquired into the earliest appearance of the nightshirt in his "Etude d'Hygiene retrospective," a most entertaining study. For many years brave men and noble dames in England and on the continent slept unclad. Viollet-le-Duc says that this was general in the 13th and the 14th centuries. There is a dispute, however, over Richard Edwards's line in a poem of the 16th century: "In going to my naked bed."

Alice Morse Earle has devoted a chapter to the consideration of nightgowns which in colonial days were not a sleeping garment, night-

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Chances"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Waldemar Young from the novel of the same name by A. Hamilton Gibbs; directed by Allan Dwan and presented by First National Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Jack Ingleside.....Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Tom Ingleside.....Anthony Bushell
Molly Prescott.....Rose Hobart
Mrs. Ingleside.....Mary Forbes
Major Bradford.....Holmes Herbert
Archie.....William Austin
The General.....Edmund Breon
Private Jones.....Harry Allan
Wickham.....Edward Morgan
Sylvia.....Florence Britton

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the age of 22, is a star. Unlike most very young players suddenly elevated to that eminence, he deserves it thoroughly and will maintain it honorably. In him there is not only promise but fulfilment, not only ability but talent above the average, not only sincerity but emotional power and the personality to project it from the screen. All these things were made evident last season when he literally blazed forth, side by side with Richard Barthelmess, in "The Dawn Patrol." They are evident once more in "Chances," his first starring picture, now showing at the Uptown and Olympia theatres. This story, drawn from a novel by A. Hamilton Gibbs, contains much excellent material. One only regrets the insistence upon the war sequences; in the novel, the war took up only one-third of the story, the rest of which was wisely devoted to setting forth the deep and inarticulate devotion of two English boys; their absolute dependence on one another and the bitter tragedy of their final separation. Too little is made of their contrasting characters, and there is an unfortunate waste of space on an elaborate evening party that has really no place in the plot.

Tom and Jack Ingleside, older and younger sons of the widowed Mrs. Ingleside, have been devoted to each other since childhood. Everything they have done has always been share and share alike, and their mutual affection and trust goes too deep for words. The story opens with the outbreak of war and their enlistment in the same detachment of the royal artillery. Before leaving for France, however, they spend three days with their mother and there Jack encounters, for the first time in years, a former playmate, Molly Prescott. An attractive, rather serious girl, she has always been the object of Tom's devotion, but fortune has it that she falls in love with Jack and he with her. At a big charity dance, given by Mrs. Ingleside, Jack learns from his mother how Tom feels and rather than hurt his adored brother, pretends to make violent love to another girl in full view of Molly. In a revulsion of feeling, Molly accepts Tom's offer of marriage just before the two boys leave for the front.

Months later Jack is given special leave, being rather badly shaken by the death of an officer in his battery, and he meets Molly in Calais. Faced with the realization that they may never meet again, they confess their love to one another, and at the end of the day they spend together—the last one of Jack's leave—Molly gives him a picture of herself to take back. Just after Jack's return Tom finds the photograph—he puts on Jack's coat by mistake—and forces an explanation. Believing himself betrayed by Molly and Jack alike, Tom takes no care for his life during the artillery action on the following night and is mortally injured, dying on the field in Jack's arms after a brief reconciliation. Jack himself is badly wounded but lives to return to England and Molly.

In the leading role, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives a sympathetic, moving and dramatic performance, materially assisted by the poignancy of his role and his own appealing personality which made him seem the ideal choice to play Jack Ingleside. Almost equally good is Anthony Bushell as the quiet, gentle thoroughly likable older brother, Tom, while Rose Hobart, by her very repression, gives an excellent idea of the girl they both loved. The battle scenes are excellent, particularly in that they show the war from the point of view of the artillerymen, and the photography throughout is excellent.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Transgression"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story of Kate Jordan entitled "The Next Corner"; directed by Herbert Brenon and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Elsie Maury.....Kay Francis
Robert Maury.....Paul Cavanagh
Don Arturo.....Ricardo Cortez
Honora Maury.....Nance O'Neil
Serafin.....John St. Polis
Countess Longueval.....Cissy Fitzgerald
Julie.....Adrienne D'Ambricourt
Paula Vrain.....Doris Lloyd
Carlos.....Agostino Borgato

It is interesting to notice how greatly an improbable story may be redeemed by good and intelligent acting. "Transgression," current screen attraction at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is interesting and fairly plausible for three-quarters of its length, but even the credulity straining sequences that conclude the story are so well played that one fails to ask questions until everything is all wound up in a satisfactory manner. One of the most familiar cliches of screen, stage and fiction—the rage of a husband whose wife has had an affair with another man—is completely violated, when the heroine's husband nobly forgives everything, refuses, indeed, to discuss the matter at all. By way of atoning for the totally unmotivated villainy of his role in "Born to Love," it is Paul Cavanagh who plays the noble husband and plays him so nicely that one quite believes in his magnanimity. In fact, the only piece of miscasting in the film was the choice of Ricardo Cortez for a romantically-inclined Spanish nobleman.

Elsie Maury, fond of her attractive but terribly business-minded husband, Robert, is given by him a whole year in Paris, with all the money that she likes. Robert, meantime, is in India whither he has been forbidden to take his wife. Elsie, young, beautiful and inexperienced, falls in love with a passionate Spaniard, Don Arturo, and for months basks in the glow of his flowery love-making. It is only the return of her husband that gives her pause. Arturo wishes her to come to his castle, just over the border, and at last she agrees, putting off her return to England on the grounds of saying good-by to her friends. The very night of her arrival at the castle, Don Arturo is murdered by Carlos, a sailor whose daughter he had betrayed. Earlier in the evening, however, Elsie, believing Arturo's protestations of eternal fidelity, had written to Robert asking for a divorce. With Arturo dead, she makes all speed away from the castle and back to England, where she spends a week of terrible suspense awaiting the arrival of the fatal letter.

Her actions arouse the suspicions of Robert's unpleasant sister, Honora, and she tries to poison his mind against Elsie, unsuccessfully, as it proves. Quite

The Theatr

June 21

By PHILIP HALE

Seymour Hicks's "Between Ourselves," published by Cassell, Lo is rich in anecdotes. There is the story of Henry Irving commenting Alfred Tennyson, "who actually supposed that the wonder of the popu when he walked beside Irving through London was directed at him."

"It pleases him to think they all know him. Of course, nobody do you know, eh? A good fellow, Tennyson, Johnny, a great man and a that, but a little vain, eh? Perhaps a little vain, is that it?" Johnny w Toole, the actor, fond of practical jokes, as when at a bar he kept su reptitiously placing cards that said "Please Take One!" up against the pil of sandwiches and "joining indignantly in the disputes that followed."

Mr. Fred Kerr also tells good stories in his "Recollections of a Defec tive Memory." He once asked the stage-door keeper at Toole's theatre a Charing Cross how he liked sitting all day next to the hospital. Th answer was: "It's a lively place . . . . I sets 'ere morning, noon a night. I sees 'em took in next door, I 'cars 'em a 'ollerin' and a shriek when the knife goes in. Sometimes they comes out, sometimes they doesn Oh, it's a lively place."

"Harry Rexdall, Old-Time Comedian, by Himself," began his life c the stage when music halls were held in local hostelries, and a chairma presided. "The music-hall in which he came to maturity was a visio of life, not a particularly refined or a particularly cheering one, but in disputably authentic. Mr. Rexdall's impersonation of 'The Ghost of Joh James Christopher Benjamin Binns' put in popular form Matthew A nold's criticism of middle-class religionists; his 'Mary the Cook' was th record of a slaveydom now extinct; his 'Mrs. Crusoe' a glimpse into mea street interiors that decayed with the Victorian age. The music-hall w the closest realism the stage of the period knew—all the more real accepting its own necessary conventions heartily."

We have quoted from the Literary Supplement of the London Tim review of Mr. Randall's book. The reviewer joins with George Moore— Moore of "The Confessions of a Young Man"—and Mr. Tiverton in praise of the old halls.

Some of us regret the passing of the old Vanity Theatre, with its "ser comic" singers, its comedians, acrobats, impersonators and what not. Th better class of these shows was clean. Jokes, sly allusions that are n applauded in reviews and comedies were not permitted. Audiences w kindly disposed. There was no "hook" for even Charles Edward Dunk the "famous serio-comic vocalist from London's music hall." We see a hear him as if it were yesterday. He was loud voiced, with a greasy sm which he thought roguish, as he roared, of how

"Walking in the Strand one day, smoking ma cigar,"

he met his lovely Nelly at Temple Bar. His other great song ran someth like this:

"Wait till the moonlight shines on the watahs
Then take your loved one out for a walk,
Put your arm about her; that's the way to court her,
Tell her that you'll wed her when the days grow short."

We boys thought ourselves judicious critics of clog dancers; adm their composure from the waist up; the expressionless faces; the indiff nod of the head after the applause.

They are reviving old musical comedies and operettas in London, operettas by Johann Strauss with revised, modernized librettos, just as it thought necessary recently to put a new text to Offenbach's "Vie Pa ienne." New songs were introduced in "The Belle of New York," wl revived at Daly's Theatre, has been transferred in London to the Wi Garden. "The Geisha" has been exhumed for a London public. Are Boston audiences now so sophisticated that they would not enjoy Artist's Model," "The Gaiety Girl," "San-Toy" and other plays, with m that once delighted the public and filled our theatres?

What would Bostonians say to Xavier de Montepin and Dornay's Porteuse de Pain" which has been revived at a small theatre in P Brought out at the Ambigu in 1889 it knew 157 performances. Lo saw an adaptation, "The Perils of Paris." Think of the thrilling begin of the story related in the prologue: A poor woman dying of hunger w little child in her arms presents herself to a good abbe, the day that a tory is burned and the superintendent is assassinated. The villa Geraud, who has done all this, promised Jeanne Fortier a fortune i would follow him. He fled when she refused. She was arrested fo crime. The abbe will care for her son, and the little girl will be lo after by a charitable institution. Twenty-two years pass and the aud sees the sumptuous abode of Paul Harmant, who has gained millio America. Of course Paul is Geraud, who adores his consumptive dau and gratifies all her caprices. To please her he gives a position i factory to a young man, the son of the man he had killed. This Je now gray-haired, who was condemned to hard labor for life, is now and having escaped, searches for her children. Why go on? Horrid deed low in quick succession. One of the great scenes is the one in whic villain tries to strangle Jeanne.

The audience a few weeks ago was made up of honorable dwelle the quarter, many of the men without a collar. "One woman amuse self by pulling out her husband's hair as if she were questioning a f 'He love me, a little, much, passionately'—as Gretchen in the garden." manager at the end of the play asked the audience if it were sa There was a thunderous "Yes." This same audience if it had not satisfied would not have left the manager in doubt. Nor are they s London to show dissatisfaction. Booing and hissing are certain melodious to the ear, but they are often a corrective well applied. H public is always outwardly grateful, though inwardly it may rage at a evening.

Philippe Soupault has written the life of Charley Chaplin, kno the French as "Charlot." The book is published by Plon, Paris. A Pa reviewer writes that the author gives an "interpretation" of different sc and filmed pantomines in which the famous hero figures. It is true this Charlot now lives throughout the entire world in the heart and of the most widely differing races, a real existence. Was it not dar

to attempt to put his characteristics on white paper? Should not each one of us be free to bring him to life in his own guise, in his own intimate theatre? M. Soupault's version is not an indifferent one, but it was not at all necessary."

M. Pierre Veber in Candide speaks of the "sad situation" of the theatre in every European country. "I speak of the European, for we do not know whether this condition extends to the New World. At the present hour there is not a theatre manager who is making money. The happiest is he who can boast of holding his own. One had hoped that the Exposition would bring back the public to the deserted theatres. The music halls are the only ones to benefit by the transient public. . . .will the Congres du Theatre study the disloyal competition brought by the talkies? All these congresses, after all, are only tours at a reduced price. A certain number of foreign colleagues wish to see the Colonial Exposition; they have expressed this desire to the excellent princess who, in all countries, is known by her generosity. Let's not blame them, for we, in their place, would have done the same thing. These are the small profits of officialdom."

The little Cambodian dancers brought to Paris for the Exposition did not please everybody. A French critic, rejoicing in the pseudonym "Bill Weber," found the movements of their arms "very pretty; unfortunately their choreography is slow and monotonous and as soon as the effect of the mise en scene is exhausted, one loses interest in the symbols which they dance with a religious feeling."

Mr. St. John Ervine wrote a continuation to "The Merchant of Venice." Now Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn comes out with "The Last Days of Shylock." The Jew, sixty-three years old, broods at home over his past, is embittered. He is baptized at San Marco; says good bye to Tubal, then escapes to Turkey where he has a friend, the Sultan's treasurer. Shylock is sent to Palestine where he tries to establish a Jewish colony and rebuild Tiberias. Bedouins and Turks thwart him. He goes as the Sultan's paymaster on an expedition to Cyprus, where he finds Jessica in a crowd of Jewish refugees. She is the mother of three children and in a wretched plight. Father and daughter are reconciled. "Shylock no longer hates or rebels, but resigns himself to the will of the Eternal." The story has been warmly commended: "admirably told, splashed with effective historical color, and marked by passionate feeling."

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unexpectedly, Arturo's servant, Serafin, arrives to put over a shady business deal with Robert, and demands Elsie's help on pain of exposure through the famous letter, which had never been mailed. Elsie refuses, Robert overhears, takes the letter by force and finds it a blank sheet. He forgives her freely, and the curtain falls on a typically happy-ever-after embrace. Kay Francis plays the beautiful Elsie with charm and intelligence, conveying perfectly her romantic yearnings, her response to something so outside the usual reticent English love-making and her bitter disillusionment when she finds out her lover's deceit. Paul Cavanagh, perfectly cast as the very British and beautifully-tailored Robert, makes the man's nobility almost believable. Nance O'Neil, in the brief role of the disagreeable Honora, contributes an excellent characterization. Ricardo Cortez, out of his element as the romantic Spaniard, seems stiff and ill at ease.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Indiscreet"

An all-talking screen comedy drama based on a story by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson; directed by Leo McCarey and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Jerry Trent	Gloria Swanson
Tony Blake	Ben Lyon
Jim Woodward	Monroe Owsley
Joan Trent	Barbara Kent
Buster Collins	Arthur Lake
Aunt Kate	Maude Eburne
Mr. Woodward	Henry Kolker
Mrs. Woodward	Nella Walker

"Indiscreet," now current at Loew's State Theatre, is a musical comedy without music, and inasmuch as the plot was devised by the popular musical comedy trio, DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, one feels faintly surprised at the absence of prancing chorus girls and property moons. To be sure, Gloria Swanson sings once or twice, but the music is not very stirring nor of very long duration. Watching the development of a story that could scarcely take prizes for originality, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that Miss Swanson has yet to find the right sort of a film. "The Trespasser," for all its excessive length, was genuinely interesting, while "What a Widow" was unadulterated slapstick. "Indiscreet" tries for drama, for comedy, for pathos, for rough and tumble humor—all at once—and the results are pretty mixed. The wisecracking technique of the authors, so appropriate to the medium in which they excel, is not so successful for the purposes of screen drama. Accordingly, the star vibrated between intense emotion and farce, seemingly at home in neither medium.

Jerry Trent, having put behind her an affair with an undesirable youth, Jim Woodward, falls in love with a rising young novelist, Tony Blake, whose motto is: "Obey That Impulse!" She, however, obeys the dictates of her conscience and tells him of the former affair, withholding, at Tony's request, the name of the man. They become engaged just as Jerry's younger sister, Joan, returns home from Europe deeply enamored of Jerry's former flame. In her effort to convince Joan that Jim is not worthy her affection, Jerry deliberately leads him on and is caught by Joan, and also as fate would have it, by Tony. Joan, disgusted with Jim, returns to her old sweetheart, Buster Collins, but Tony gives Jerry a calling down and leaves her. Jerry, at her wits' end, having lost her sister and her lover at the same time, is saved from despair by the intervention of her aunt. This sensible lady, discovering that Tony is sailing for Europe at once, packs Jerry's bags and sends her after him. They are reunited at the gangplank and go on board to be married by the captain.

As is always the case with Miss Swanson's productions, "Indiscreet" is handsomely mounted and the ladies' costumes are the very latest and most attractive. The star's acting was changeful, sometimes ringing sincere, as in her confession to Tony, and again taking on tiresomely coy and kittenish inflections. On the whole, we liked her better in her serious than in her kittenish moments. Ben Lyon was a breezy and thoroughly likable figure as the young author, and Barbara Kent, petite and charming, made an excellent Joan. Munroe Owsley, a capable player of unattractive roles, was rather conventional as the undesirable Jim.

E. L. H.

June 19

METROPOLITAN

"Daddy Long Legs"

An all-talking screen comedy romance adapted by Sonya Levien from the play and the novel of the same name by the late Jean Webster; directed by Alfred Santell and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Judy Abbott	Janet Gaynor
Jervis Pendleton	Warner Baxter
Sally McBride	Una Merkle
Jimmy McBride	John Arledge
Riggs	Claude Gillingwater, Sr.
Mrs. Pendleton	Kathlyn Williams
Miss Pritchard	Louise Closser Hale
Mrs. Lippett	Elizabeth Paterson
Freddie Perkins	Kendall McComas
Gloria Pendleton	Sheila Mannors
Wykoff	Edwin Maxwell
Mrs. Semple	Effie Ellsler
Katie	Martha Lee Sparks

"Daddy Long Legs," Janet Gaynor's latest starring vehicle which is now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, is the sort of film which makes every one purr: studios, exhibitors, audiences and actors. It is destined to be a great success everywhere, for it is a picture which almost every one will enjoy. Even a slight qualification would not be necessary, save that there are a certain number of persons who demand excitement, action, suspense and possibly blood. These things "Daddy Long Legs" cannot supply, but apart from that, it offers a great deal of genuine entertainment. It is a veritable Cinderella romance, but not so sweet as to be saccharine: there is quiet humor, gentle pathos and a pleasant, unhurried friendly atmosphere about the whole production that comes as a surprise, not to say relief. As for Janet Gaynor, she has found her metier once more, and we trust that she will be wise enough to make no more excursions into sordid melodrama.

The story has been taken, with a certain number of alterations, from Jean Webster's popular romance, which did so nicely for Ruth Chatterton on the stage a few seasons ago. Judy Abbott, the heroine, lives in an orphan asylum, where, because of her usefulness, she has been forced to remain and take care of the younger children. On the trustees' visiting day, she wins the admiration of the handsome young Jarvis Pendleton, just become a trustee himself, by defying the matron, Mrs. Lippett. He decides to send Judy to college and become her guardian—all without telling her his name. All she knows of him is an elongated shadow, so she thinks of him as Daddy Long Legs and imagines him as an elderly man. During her happy years at college, she writes to Pendleton every month and he finds himself becoming more and more interested in her. Finally he discovers that she is a close friend of his niece's room-mate, Sally McBride, and makes than an excuse to go and see her. Judy, of course, accepts him as Gloria Pendleton's uncle, for all her letters had been written to John Smith. They find themselves drawn together almost at once, but Pendleton is afraid Judy loves Sally's lively young brother, Jimmy McBride.

The following summer he is about to propose marriage when he thinks, from a hint dropped by Jimmy, that the two youngsters are engaged. At once he leaves for Europe, only to return when Judy graduates and to discover that she loves him and always has. The denouement, when Judy goes to ask permission from Daddy Long Legs to marry Jarvis Pendleton, is highly amusing. The acting of the two principal roles was in every respect excellent. Janet Gaynor was ideally suited to the part of the winsome Judy, whether as the forlorn drudge or as the girl wistfully happy in her first love affair. Warner Baxter made a delightful Jervis Pendleton; not just the conventional gay bachelor but an attractive hero of sympathy, charm and manly sentiment. John Arledge, a newcomer, had an auspicious debut in the part of Jimmy McBride and revealed considerable buoyant talent. Una Merkle is an Amusing Sally, but scarcely Miss Webster's independent red-head. The assorted orphans were excellently chosen as to type and acted very well.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"The Village of Sin"

A silent screen drama made in Russia; directed by Olga Prebobanjeuskaya and presented by Amkino with the following cast:

Vassili Shironin	A. Yastrebitsky
Anna	R. Puzhnaya
Vasilissa	E. Cessarskaya
Ivan	G. Babynin
Nicholai	M. Savelieff
Lukeria	E. Maksimova
Matvegevna	C. Narbekova

A woman director is still a rarity in this country, and in Russia even more uncommon than that. Hence, unusual interest attaches to "The Village of Sin"—a misleading title, by the way directed by a woman—now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, for it is the first picture to come out of soviet Russia. In itself, the film employs extraordinary pictorial beauty to tell a sordid and pitiful story, for the plot, as is usually the case with Russian films, is depressing in the extreme. The characterizations are excellent, the people vivid and always alive, and the aggressively editorial quality of most soviet films is refreshingly absent. What the director set out to do was to give a complete picture of Russian village life 10 years or more ago, and to tell it with as little reliance upon conventional theatricalisms as possible. True, the story lacks vigor at times, but always the actors succeed in avoiding the dangers of being classed as types.

Vassili Shironin, a domineering, middle-aged peasant, rules his household with the hand of a tyrant. He forbids his daughter, Vasilissa, to marry Nicholai, the blacksmith, whereupon she leaves home and goes to live with the man she loves. Vassili then forces his gentle son, Ivan, to marry Anna, a pretty shrinking girl whom he himself covets, and abuses his wife, setting one of her servants above her. War comes and the young men, Nicholai and Ivan, are forced to go. During the period of their absence, Vasilissa becomes one of the most important persons in the village by virtue of her intelligence and force of character, while Anna, unable to help herself, is seduced by Vassili and gives birth to an illegitimate child. When Ivan returns, after being gone three years, Anna drowns herself in shame, and Ivan turns upon his father in a fury of rage and scorn. In the midst of their bitter quarrel, Vasilissa takes the unwanted baby in her arms and carries it away, presumably to the orphans' home which she was helping to build.

More important, because more memorable, than the tragedy of this one family, are the scenes which show the peasants reaping in the great fields of golden wheat, the men swinging their great shining scythes and the women gathering the grain into great sheaves. The sheer national beauty of these scenes is unforgettable. Throughout, the photography is excellent, particularly as it catches the untroubled peace of the countryside and the actions of the people as they go about their daily tasks. One is greatly impressed by the strenuous work undertaken by Russian women; no man could work harder, carry heavier loads or do more manual labor than they. Of the individual performers, the best work was done by E. Cessarskaya as the emancipated Vasilissa, by A. Yastrebitsky, as Vassili, and by R. Puzhnaya, as Anna. The film ranks as a fine cinematic achievement, relying almost entirely upon pantomime and pictorial values, with subtitles that come so seldom as to be practically negligible.

E. L. H.

BEITH BOSTON

"Lover Come Back"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Robert Shannon from the story by Helen Topping Miller; directed by Erle C. Kenton and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Connie	Constance Cummings
Tom Evans	Jack Mulhall
Vivian	Betty Bronson
Yates	Jameson Thomas
Schultzy	Frederic Sanderson
Henry	Jack Mack
Mrs. March	Katherine Givney
Loretta	Loretta Sayers
Susan	Susan Fleming

It was an odd idea to set Betty Bronson to playing a scheming little flirt after her memorable work in "Peter Pan" and "A Kiss for Cinderella," and "Lover Come Back," now showing at the Keith-Boston Theatre, merely serves to prove that someone was asleep on the job. Miss Bronson is not the hard and mercenary type and never could be, but the film forces her to make shift with one of the silliest and most unsympathetic parts on record. She does better with it than might have been expected, but it was hardly a fair deal. There seems no reason on earth why she could not remain on the screen, for she photographs well and her voice has improved greatly since the time of her first talking film. "The Locked Door," but "Lover Come Back" is not going to make things any smoother for her.

The story is another of the series which began with "The Office Wife" and continued with "Honor Among Lovers" and "Behind Office Doors." In other words, it tells how the good little secretary loved her boss and finally won him after many trials. Constance Cummings, a charmingly wholesome young actress, has the role of Connie Lee, secretary to a wealthy business man, Yates, and enamored of one of his assistants, Tom Evans. Tom, after carrying on a mild flirtation with Connie, throws her over to marry a baby-faced flirt, Vivian March, and Vivian, caring little what happens to her, accepts Yate's offer of an apartment on Park avenue. Tom, who had been taken in by Vivian's pretended sweetness and unsophistication, soon finds that he has married a grasping schemer and man hunter, whose demands on him increase by leaps and bounds. Finally, despite Connie's efforts to keep it from him, he finds Vivian carrying on a heavy flirtation with Yates. Having thus belatedly come to his senses, he invites Connie to take a trip to Reno with him so that he may get a divorce and marry her as soon as possible. Vivian, also receiving her just deserts, is left to make the best of a bad bargain, for Yates, once the flirtation is discovered departs for Europe.

The leading characters are neither well defined nor very plausible, saving, perhaps, that of Yates, who shares his father's reluctance to embark upon matrimony. Acted by Jameston Thomas, a capable English actor whose opportunities have been slighter than he deserves, the man attains considerable conviction. Constance Cummings, very charming to look at and soothing to the ear as well, appeared uneasy and failed to lend much depth to her part. Jack Mulhall, likable as ever, walks easily through a role that does not strain his histrionic abilities unduly. The ladies were invariably handsomely dressed, but the production as a whole bears marks of considerable haste.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Six Cylinder Love"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by William Conselman from the play of the same name by William Anthony McGuire directed by Thornton Freeland and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Douroy	Spencer Tracy
Monty Winston	Edward Everett Horton
Marilyn Sterling	Sidney Fox

Gilbert Sterling	Lorin Raker
Richard Burton	William Collier, Sr.
Margaret Rogers	Lina Merkle
Stapleton	William Holden
Les Burton	Ruth Warren
Harold Rogers	Bert Roach
Butler	El Brendel

William Anthony McGuire's amusing comedy, "Six Cylinder Love," was written at the time when the mania for speed and for expensive cars was first making itself apparent. Brought to the screen, it may now be seen at the Modern and Beacon Theatres. The playwright managed to intersperse a moderate amount of moralizing with the comic situation presented by a young couple living beyond their means, and the film retains the little sermon along with the rest of the original situations. This seems rather a mistake, for the story teaches its own lesson without any commentaries from the actors. Aside from this minor fault, the picture is good light entertainment of the summer variety. Most of the actors are satisfactory, particularly those in the principal parts, and the jokes are none of them objectionable. Audiences appear to enjoy it, even applauding in the moments when the harrassed young husband shows his fair-weather friends the door and lectures his light-headed wife.

Gilbert and Marilyn Sterling, a newly married couple living in suburbs, are persuaded against their better judgment to buy a larger and more expensive car than their income warrants. Along with the car, they acquire a bunch of temporary friends, whose idea of a good time is to let Gilbert foot the bills for all the dinners and entertain them lavishly. Unable to persuade the giddy Marilyn that their finances are in a bad way, Gilbert is brought to a desperate pass when he is forced to raise $5000 to pay for a smash-up brought about through Marilyn's careless driving. To obtain the amount, he "borrows" it from his employer, Mr. Stapleton, and is discovered. The older man, who had been considering giving Gilbert an important position in his business, is very angry, especially when he finds out how expensively Gilbert has been living. He spares him prison, but demands payment. In a burst of mingled thankfulness and dismay, Gilbert rids himself of his sponging acquaintances, sells his house and gets another job. Finally, to pay the last installment on the debt, Gilbert sells his car to the janitor and to his utter amazement, is reinstated by Stapleton. The picture ends with his firm resolve never to buy another expensive car.

Of the players, we liked best Lorin Raker as Gilbert Sterling. Mr. Raker is not very handsome or distinguished in appearance, being rather slight and insignificant in stature, but what he did was to get into the character of the well-meaning, easy-going and fundamentally decent young husband and make us understand the reason for everything he did. Spencer Tracy provided much amusement in the role of the irresistible Donroy, supersalesman, while William Collier, Sr., and William Holden did good work in small roles. Sidney Fox made an appealing Marilyn, and looked so pretty that one could understand her husband's difficulty in refusing her anything she might want.

E. L. H.

PIGS IN CLOVER

June 20 —1931

Americans on a Gastronomic Tour of France

"Pigs in Clover," by Frances Noyes Hart. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 297 pp. Price $2.50.

This book might have for a sub-title, "A Gastronomic Tour of France." It is true that there are descriptions of scenery and chateaux, with historical associations that put Mrs. Hart in a sentimental mood, as when she moralizes by the tomb of Napoleon, but she is truly eloquent when she recalls this or that dish served at a famous restaurant in Paris or at some out-of-the-way village. She is as much interested in food as was that country parson, the Rev. James Woodforde, whose diary, now published in five volumes, is stuffed with records of his Gargantuan dinners. He apparently rejoiced in quantity; Mrs. Hart in quality. In her "Itinerary," an introduction, she says that nowhere in the world can you get better food than in France; that nowhere in France can you get better food than in Burgundy; that nowhere in Burgundy can you get better food than at the Hotel de la Poste at Beaure.

But no one with a slender purse should attempt to follow Mrs. Hart's route. She rhapsodizes over the dinner at Blaune; bisque of crawfish, chicken chambertin, straw potatoes, souffle, black coffee, Musigny 1906. This dinner cost five dollars, and the bottle of Musigny, three dollars more. The host threw in his special pate de foie gras. It is true that at a cafe at Orange, where the chef was M. Gourmet, an auspicious name, an elaborate luncheon with wine cost only $1.50 apiece, but in many towns the prices were higher than in American hotels of a high grade. At a quiet restaurant on Montmartre the dinner cost almost $12, and few dishes were served. At Jory, $6.50. But at Biols, hors d'oeuvres, mushroom patties, venison steak with cherries, small potato croquettes and strawberries cost less than two dollars including wine.

Mrs. Hart and her husband went eating and drinking, and incidentally sight-seeing through Normandy to Paris; through the Chateau country to Bordeaux; through the Landers to the Basque country, the Pyrenees, Provence, Burgundy, back to Paris. Written with a fervent appreciation of food, wine and sights to be seen, the lively book is entertaining. Those who find pleasure in reading of tempting dishes forbidden them by a rebellious stomach or regard for economy should not fail to travel mentally with this investigator of kitchens and cellars.

P. H.

June 22, 1931

SYMPHONY HALL

Last of the Sunday Pop concerts: Sir Hamilton Harty, guest conductor. The program was as follows: Smetana, Overture to "The Bartered Bride;" Brahms, Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a; Harty, "With the Wild Geese" (after a poem by Emily Lawless); Mozart, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra (K. 525): Allegro, Romanzo, Menuetto, Rondo; Berlioz, "Royal Hunt and Tempest," Descriptive Symphony, from "The Trojans;" Tchaikovsky, Theme with Variations from Suite No. 3, Op. 55.

For his first appearance as guest conductor at the Pop concerts, Sir Hamilton Harty selected a program that met last evening with the warmest approval. Much of the music was familiar, saving his own composition, but the freshness and vigor with which it was played made it seem almost like new. Sir Hamilton Harty, as was to have been expected from his long and distinguished record abroad, is a conductor of resourcefulness and precision, handling with equal skill the exquisitely delicate tones of Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusig" or the vigorous, even flashy, romanticism of Tchalkovsky's "Theme with Variations from Suite No. 3." Reserved in manner, almost austere, his acknowledgement of applause was gracious but brief; plainly his chief concern was with the rendition of the music by the orchestra under his control.

Much interest centered in the playing of the conductor's own composition, "ith the Wild Geese," suggested by a poem by Emily Lawless. There was a warmth and breeziness to this music that won instant approval. There was not too obvious a striving after concerto imagery, yet one could hear the honking of the geese as they passed overhead and even catch the rustle of their wings. Snatches of Irish folksong identified the location of the piece and there were bursts of wild melody in a minor key that suggested autumn storms or perhaps a tumult in the land. There were no unpleasing discords; but neither, on the other hand, was everything soft and sweet; the music was restless, seeming to strive after a peace desired but never attained.

Brahms' arrangement of the stately theme by Hayln was played with a fine dignity that rought out all its majestic beauty. For sheer loveliness of tone, perhaps "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" stood out most emphatically; the miniature orchestra that played it showing full appreciation of its delicate precision and fine musicianship. The overture of "The Bartered Bride" was vigorously played, and the Tchaikovsky "Theme with Variations" concluded the concert in a burst of brass and Russian emotions. Alone, the selection from Berlioz' descriptive symphony, "The Trojans" seemed lacking in interest.

The completion of the program gave opportunity for the small but appreciative audience to give vent to the enthusiasm which had been accumulating during the concert. There was a veritable ovation, which brought Sir Hamilton Harty back again and again in response to the vociferous applause. Finally, everyone stood up, and one heard the noise of stamping, even of shouted "Bravos" an unusually emotional but thoroughly deserved tribute.

E. L. H.

June 26 1931

METROPOLITAN

"I Take This Woman"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Vincent Lawrence from the novel by Mary Roberts Rinehart entitled: "Lost Ecstasy," directed by Marion Gehring and Slavko Vorkapich and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Tom McNair	Gary Cooper
Kay Dowling	Carole Lombard
Aunt Bessie	Helen Ware
Herbert Forrest	Lester Vail
Mr. Dowling	Charles Trowbridge
Sue Barnes	Clara Blandick

A subject which promises well is undertaken in "I Take This Woman," current screen feature at the Metropolitan Theatre, but about half way through it falters and ends in a burst of sentiment which should satisfy the most tender-hearted. Happy endings are almost always considered necessary, but when a story is leading so obviously toward a bitter-sweet conclusion as in the present instance, it seems a pity to finish it off in so inconsistent a fashion. Nobody in his right mind could believe that a spoiled girl, accustomed all her life to the utmost luxury, could ever endure permanently the life of a poor rancher's wife, yet that is what one is asked to accept. She might have a few weeks of ecstasy, but the grinding toll of such an existence would wear her down within a very brief period. This is not to say that "I Take This Woman" is a bad film; it is merely the sort of film which you can enjoy, but in which you will fail utterly to believe.

Kay Dowling, daughter of a very rich New York banker, is sent to a ranch in Wyoming to learn to behave herself. Annoyed at the ridicule of the cowhands, and particularly by that of Tom McNair, she sets out to repay him in the only way she knows. She works him up to the point of proposing to her and then laughs in his face. Of course, she doesn't really mean to ridicule him, and instead of going home, she marries him and is disinherited by her outraged parent. For a year Kay tries to live the life she has chosen—eating, sleeping, cooking and washing in one room, even sharing the room with a new born calf whose mother has died. When summer comes around, however, she has had more than enough and decides to go home and get a divorce. Tom follows her to try to make her change her mind, but her luxurious manner of living disgusts him and he agrees to let her go. Suffering a revulsion of feeling, Kay goes to see him at the rodeo tent where he is working, and though he refuses to take her back, she stays to see him ride. He is thrown and so badly hurt that he will never be able to do any stunt riding again. Then it is that Kay makes up her mind for good: she is going back with him to the ranch and they are going to start again where they left off.

The acting was for the most part in key with the story, being better at the beginning than at the end. Gary Cooper gives a very good performance, though sometimes we wonder whether he doesn't carry this restraint of his to extremes. Repression can hide emotion, it is true, but it can also hide a complete absence of feeling. However, Mr. Cooper fits the character of Tom McNair admirably, and he is invariably enjoyable to watch. Carole Lombard, still on the upgrade, is charming, believable and sincere as the spoiled Kay, having reached by now the point where she really thinks her parts as well as feels them. The bare ugliness of the ranch house was a bit of realism not often encountered in semi-romantic films.

E. L. H.

PRETZELS

Benjamin Lebowitz of Brooklyn modestly denies that he is the Pretzel King of America, although he distributes 2,000,000 pretzels a week. He told a New York reporter that he sells twice as many to speakeasies as he did to saloons before prohibition; "pretzels cure seasickness, asthma, irritability," he added passionately. "I live and dream pretzels. My wife eats 'em, my son eats 'em; I eat 'cm."

He derives the word from "pretolia," which, he says, "means in Latin 'little prize,' and refers to delicacies which Roman priests gave to children as rewards for learning their prayers." This reminds one of Eugene Field's answer to a correspondent who asked the derivation of the word "corker," as in "She's a corker." "It comes from the Greek 'Korka,' meaning the adorable one."

For the word "pretzel" is an American corruption of the German "Bretzel" or "Brezel," which came from the old German "Brizzila," corresponding to the Italian "Bracciello"; "Brezel" is thought by other deep thinkers to be an adaptation of the mediaeval Latin "Bracelius," a bracelet.

Pretzels are made not only by Mr. Lebowitz. "There's a man out in St. Louis—Charles F. Betz—who's a good pretzel man, too," says the Brooklyn manufacturer. There are pretzel makers in Pennsylvania, who use "secret formulas 500 years old." His own pretzels contain calcium, magnesium, potassium, phosphorus, chlorine, iron and sulphur. Good: but what is a pretzel without beer; not near beer but BEER?

Mr. Herkimer Johnson informs us that the grenadiers of the Eighth Prussia regiment are known as "Bretzels" on account of the figure eight on their epaulets.

"HIKING"

By PHILIP HALE

The accomplished essayist and dramatic critic Ivor Brown has been rudely taken to task by indignant English correspondents for "trying to foist on us hideous Americanisms." The objection is to the word "hiking" for "tramping," or even "walking." One correspondent exclaims in a fine burst: "A truce to the dumping of transatlantic verbal horrors on our English literary soil." Another one does not object so much to the word as slang, "coming from America by the same boat with jazz songs and Hollywood films," but that it is a superfluous addition to a language that already possesses the words "walker" and "tramper." Still another dislikes the sound of "hike," and sneers because "hike" rhymes with bike, dyke, pike, strike, Mike and Ike, tyke, spike, words suggesting crudity, sounds of ill omen. "Even the dignity of 'sheikh' has been reduced to imbecility by the woman novelists."

No doubt "hiking" is often used erroneously in England as in this country. The word is not synonymous with "walking" as Hazlitt, Stevenson and others of more ordinary speech enjoyed the exercise. It has no place in Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road," for though the true "hiker" is afoot and possibly light-hearted, he is not without burdens, not wholly free. The hiker is seen with tent, bedding, food, etc., put in some sort of a pack and carried on the back; he is supposed to spend at least one night out of doors; a mere day's tramp, however much one may carry, cannot strictly be called a "hike." (See D. Francis Morgan's "Hiking.")

Laurance M. Wulcko divides pedestrians on the road into four classes:

1. Walkers, just walkers, "who can make twenty-five miles a day without effort and without publicity." Did George Borrow really walk 112 miles in twenty-seven hours? Ernest Newman years ago called Borrow a "bounder." Perhaps he was; but what a glorious bounder was Lavengro!

2. Trampers—"sometimes used as a synonym for walkers, but in my opinion more correctly used for the professional gentlemen of the road, who cover very remarkable distances at an average pace of two m.p.h."

3. Ramblers, who meander forth for the day on Saturdays and Sundays—"The kind of people for whom newspapers print footpath rambles and 'Olde Englishe' tearooms exist. Like their crimson namesake, they congregate in great profusion on one spot and show a tendency to droop unless supported."

4. Hikers, who have greatly decreased during the last few years. They are willing to carry a small tent or sleep in barns.

Long before the word was used in New England there were hikers who would walk to the White mountains when those hills were less sophisticated and not insulted by crawling men and women throwing cans, paper bags and bottles on their noble flanks. These hikers of the '60s and early '70s would walk with knapsack strapped on back, sleep in the open, or, when it rained, take advantage of a friendly barn. Thus they answered the definition that was to come when they were rheumatically sluggish or their feet were stilled forever.

MINERAL SPLURGING

Reading the newspapers one is amazed at the carelessness of those owning jewels, leaving them in a handbag tossed into an unguarded motor car, or in a train, hotel corridor or washroom; in plain sight on a dressing table. They display their "precious minerals" often insolently in public places, and wonder why gunmen know there is this booty to be had. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore"—until she was relieved of them and incidentally gagged and tied. In some cases the value of the loss is probably exaggerated from proper pride. "Valued at $150,000." It reminds one of a tale told of Rosenthal, the pianist. A colleague was boasting in a Vienna cafe of his recent concert tour.

"How much do you suppose I made?"

"Half," answered Rosenthal.

If women must show jewels in streets, restaurants, theatres, why do they not, like some actresses and opera singers, wear imitation necklaces, rings, etc., keeping the genuine in safety deposit vaults against time of pecuniary need? Or let them be modest in display, even going unadorned. The mother of the Gracchi, putting her hands fondly on her boys' heads, made the historical remark "These are my jewels," to the neighbor who thought to make her envious by the sight of gewgaws. This mother had no reason to fear burglars or robbers; but even then there were kidnappers. Jupiter himself had set a bad example.

FORCED WHISKERAGE

One western crop will not be affected by drought. The male population of Centralia, Wash., has been ordered to grow whiskers between July 8 and Aug. 12. "The purpose of this special city ordinance is to provide realism for the twentieth annual southwest Washington pioneer picnic, on the latter date."

But this crop may be small. The early pioneers were a sturdy race who burst into whiskerage that commanded respect if not awe and veneration. There are bearded men today in our more or less civilized communities, but how effeminate they seem when one looks at the pictures of officers and soldiers of the civil war; of the drivers of the covered wagons, westward bound; of the bullies and the ruffians of the plains. With the best will, can Centralians hope to rival or even suggest the hirsute splendor of the pioneers?

This whiskerage is to adorn a picnic. A picnic means food and drink. Will there be skilful management of beard and mustache, or will some loving wife exclaim or whisper—according to her tact—"George, dear, there's a gazelle in the wood"? One doubts whether a patriarchal beard can be grown in one month; there is a better prospect for the spinach variety, as herbage on sandy soil.

June 21 '31

"ILLUSTRATED BY——"

By PHILIP HALE

Certain publishers in France advertise their new editions of classic works by putting the name of an illustrator first: "Jean Martin, 'Candide' by Voltaire." This manner of calling attention to a publication has brought forth protests in Parisian periodicals. Is Voltaire, for example, in need of this boosting? Are illustrations of more value than the text? In the United States publishers often give as much importance to the illustrator as to the author, sometimes more, awarding the former greater prominence in the advertisement.

There are novels that are even now closely associated with artists. It is not easy to think of "Oliver Twist" without Cruikshank's picture of Fagin in jail; his illustrations for Ainsworth's "Tower of London" are more romantic, more dramatic than the story told in prose. Beatrix Esmond lives in her resplendent beauty as Du Maurier brings her down the staircase to greet and dazzle Henry. There are Thackeray's own illustrations to "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." One sees Col. Newcome, in Richard Doyle's page, indignant, head and cane in air as he leaves the cider cellar after Costigan's ribald song. Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," needed the imagination and skill of McLenan, whose illustrations for Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities" give special worth to the first edition published in Philadelphia.

But there are novels which are best illustrated by the authors' descriptions of characters and scenes. What artist drawing the portrait of Eustacia Vye could rival Thomas Hardy's? A photograph of Egdon Heath would be tame without mystery and pagan atmosphere. Who would not rather see Captain Ahab as Herman Melville saw him than as imagined by a recent illustrator? How presumptuous the attempt to outshine Tenniel in his pictures of Alice and her companions, including the Mad Hatter!

When novels by Reade, Collins, Black, Blackmore were published in serial form, illustrations were expected by the readers of magazines. Today a true lover of Hardy and Meredith would resent the intrusion of a pictureman, and what artist would have the daring to choose "Wuthering Heights" for a puff in a publisher's holiday list?

The great heroines are best seen in the reader's mind. When Homer heard and repeated the chatter of old men as Helen passed, he painted her portrait for all time; nor would one care to see Sophia Western other than Fielding drew her.

June 25 '31

IN A CORNFIELD

"Irate farmer shoots golfers." This happened in a cornfield of Ohio; the two golfers were trying to find a ball or two that had landed there.

The natural supposition would be that the invaders injured in some way the planting; or that the farmer, whose name, by the way, is Crank, had been annoyed by trespassers until he thought it necessary to make an example. But is it not possible that the farmer was vexed by the sight of a man and a boy amusing themselves while he was laboring under Adam's Curse? To Mr. Crank the word golfer was synonymous with loafer, and in this instance the loafer was not quietly inviting his soul, nor talking politics at the store, he was ostentatiously, arrogantly a loafer, and thus exciting envy. How was the farmer to know that playing golf is to some hard labor?

There was also, perhaps, contempt for the sport itself, as tennis was considered by some as a rather foolish if not effeminate game when it was first introduced in this country. Mr. Crank would have applauded the conquering wrestler or the best man at pitching horseshoes; if a baseball had fallen on his cornpatch, he might have tossed it back with a rough jest, but these trampers and tramplers after a silly little ball—why not a discharge of buckshot to quicken their pace and relieve his mind?

TOYS FOR RUSSIANS

"Let us bring up 1000 Edisons" is the cry of those wishing to change the type of soviet toys "to correspond to the industrial movement instead of to the ways of the old regime." It might be remarked that an Edison is born, not made.

It is natural that there should be objection to Noah's Ark with Shem, Ham and Japhet, and the little wooden animals, two by two, for they all are biblical characters, and the soviet government is "agin" the Bible. Pravda does not wish the Russian children to have "squint-eyed, pot-bellied dolls and miniature kitchen sets." The newly-formed "Toy Council" calls for mechanical playthings, tractors, trucks, factory models. Would they object to the racehorse driven by a jockey which, wound up, runs along the floor? To the steamboat which would make its trip in the bathtub? In our boyhood there was the box of building materials; the map of Europe or North America, to be reproduced by patient fitting of disjointed pieces. There were locomotive engines, with the necessary key for setting them in motion. Later came still more ingenious toys, all showing the march of mechanical industries.

These communist children have "no bicycles, velocipedes, carts, roller skates." Are they allowed to roll hoops or play peg top? No, their minds must be trained along industrial lines. Their life is intolerably earnest. Nor is there any cultivation of the maternal instinct by giving the little girl a doll that winks her eyes; not even a rag baby. Boxes of tools and of little tin soldiers are probably more to the communist plan and purpose.

June 27 1931

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

'Smart Money"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the original story by Kubec Glaser and John Bright; directed by Alfred E. Green and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Nick, the Greek .....Edward G. Robinson
Jack .....James Cagney
Irene .....Evalyn Knapp
Marie .....Noel Francis
District attorney .....Morgan Wallace
Mr. Amenoppopolus .....Paul Porcasi
Greek barber .....Maurice Black
Blonde .....Margaret Livingston
Schultz .....Clark Burroughs
Salesman .....Billy House
Two-Time Phil .....Edwin Argus
Sleepy Sam .....Ralf Harolde
Sport Williams .....Boris Karloff
Small town girl .....Mae Madison
Dealer Barnes .....Walter Percival
Snake Eyes .....John Larkin
Lola .....Polly Walters

Edward G. Robinson, having been forcibly removed from an overt criminal career including such matters as bootlegging and murder, owing to what motion picture producers are pleased to call a trend, has now entered on the extremely profitable life of a professional gambler and may be observed plying his trade at the Uptown and Olympia theatres for the current week. In making this jump, Mr. Robinson was wise enough to take with him that rising young actor and future star, James Cagney, not to mention the two clever gentlemen, Kubec Glaser and John Bright, who rose to fame through writing "The Public Enemy" for the greater glory of the underworld and Mr. Cagney. If such a combination could not turn out a picture ranking up among the best it would be cause for despair, so we are pleased to report that "Smart Money" is a smart picture, one of the best we have seen in months, and that Mr. Robinson and Mr. Cagney should henceforth stick closer to one another than the proverbial two brothers or the stone of a clingstone peach.

"Smart Money" is not a second "Little Caesar," nor a second "Public Enemy"—there are no shootings, one accidental killing only and no sinister and purposeful detectives. Insofar as gambling is against the law, it is a crime story, but far more than that, it is the absorbing narrative of a phenomenally conceited Greek barber who rises to be a master gambler and falls only on account of his weakness for blondes. It is the saga of Nick Venizelos, who had faith in luck but not enough faith in his best friend; it is the tragi-comedy of a small-time gambler who thought he could always beat the law and who failed of success by the narrowest possible margin. A good sport, a game loser who loved nothing better than a smart bit of revenge, and a brave man who could pose for pictures and smile while on his way to prison for 20 years. As you can see, the whole part was simply cut out for Edward Robinson, and he makes every word, every gesture, every flicker of an eyelid tell. Once in a while, he reminds you of that other remarkable impersonation of his, Caesare Rico Bandello, but on the whole, his Nick is a far different sort of person—more kind-hearted, generous and cheerful, less cruel, vindictive and mean.

Nick Venizelos, stalked by customers and friends in his little home town, comes to clean up the big city gamblers but instead is wiped out himself. Taking defeat philosophically, he goes back to barbering, collects another pile and then has the satisfaction of winning hands down from the men who cheated him. Soon he runs an immense gambling house and acquires the distinction of being a public nuisance and the object of the district attorney's ire. This astute arm of the law finally catches him by forcing Irene, a girl whom Nick had saved from drowning, to betray him on pain of a long prison sentence. Nick's bosom friend, Jack, tries to warn him, but Nick, who loves Irene, is so angry that he knocks him down and, purely by mistake, kills him just as the police raid the establishment.

The acting was excellent throughout, with Mr. Robinson's expert impersonation leading the field. Mr. Cagney's Jack was admirably done, with special mention for his hilarious bit of pantomime describing a handsome lady. Ralf Harolde offered an excellent bit of characterization as a crooked gambler, and praise is due to Evalyn Knapp, Maurice Black, Noel Francis and the rest for thoroughly satisfying performances in smaller roles.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S
"Sweepstakes"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lew Lipton from his own story; directed by Al Rogell and presented by R-K-O-Pathe with the following cast:

Bud Doyle	Eddie Quillan
Sleepy Jones	James Gleason
Babe Ellis	Marion Nixon
Wally Weber	Lew Cody
Pop Blake	Fred Burton
Weber's Trainer	King Baggott
Speed Martin	Billy Sullivan
Ma Clancy	Lillian Leighton
The Dude	Thomas Jackson
Bartender	Paul Hurst

Some day, out of sheer exasperation or else in a burst of common sense, James Gleason will be made a star. It seems only fair to the aspiring young actors opposite whom he is invariably cast and from whom, without exception, he manages to steal the picture. "Sweepstakes," now showing at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is no exception to the general rule. Eddie Quillan is the nominal star, and he turns in a very nice performance, but whenever Mr. Gleason's sardonic countenance appears on the screen and his drawling voice, contemptuous, persuasive or angry, is heard, every one else just ceases to matter. He is wonderfully good here, just as he always is, and his mere presence is enough to make a visit to the picture worthwhile. Not, however, that "Sweepstakes" is dull. It is almost continually interesting, even though the plot does not require the powers of Sherlock Holmes to unravel its intricacies, and there is some of the most authentic race track atmosphere we have ever been privileged to see. It must be the real thing, just as the races—barring one or two close-ups of Eddie Quillan—are the real thing. Anyone who likes horses or horse racing will like the production, as will many whose interest in such matters is purely amateur.

Bud Doyle, a nice, ingenuous kid, and jockey-in-chief at the Burton stables, meets a pretty nightclub entertainer, Babe Ellis, and starts to pay so much attention to her that his jockeying begins to suffer. Warned that she is in the pay of Wally Weber, a crooked race track gambler, he refuses to believe it, even leaving the Burton stables in a temper and signing with Weber on condition that he shall not have to ride against Burton's horse. Bud's nickname is "The Whoop-Dee-Do Kid," derived from his habit of singing that phrase to Burton's horse, "Six Shooter," by way of encouragement. Learning too late from Sleepy Jones, Six Shooter's trainer, that Weber has played him a mean trick and will force him to ride again Six Shooter in an important race, Bud deliberately sacrifices himself for the sake of his former employer. He races Weber's horse under Six Shooter's nose, chanting "Whoop-Dee-Doo" as loud as possible, so that Six Shooter wins the race and he himself is indefinitely suspended on the grounds of having dishonestly thrown the contest.

From then on he can get no work at a race track, no matter how small, and finally Sleepy Jones finds him in a restaurant at Agua Caliente acting as singing waiter. Sleepy and three friends have bought Six Shooter and beg Bud, now that he has been reinstated, to ride him in the Tia Juana race. At first he refuses, afraid to face the chance of being thought dishonest again, but at the pleadings of Babe, who has supplied the entry fee, he agrees, wins the race by his "Whoop-Dee-Do" tactics and settles down to be a happily married jockey. It is familiar stuff but entertaining, none the less, owing partly to the scarcity of racing stories and even more to the satisfactory acting of Eddie Quillan and James Gleason. Marion Nixon does well enough in a limited role, and smaller roles are well handled by Lew Cody, Fred Burton, Tom Jackson and Paul Hurst.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE
"Never the Twain Shall Meet"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Edwin Justus Mayer from the novel by Peter B. Kyne; directed by W. S. Van Dyke and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Dan	Leslie Howard
Tamea	Conchita Montenegro
Mr. Pritchard	C. Aubrey Smith
Maisy	Karen Morley
Larrieau	Mitchell Lewis
Mellenger	Hale Hamilton
Porter	Clyde Cook
Tolongo	Bob Gilbert
Julia	Joan Standing
Mrs. Graves	Eulalie Jensen

Peter B. Kyne's popular novel, "Never the Twain Shall Meet," was once screened as a vehicle for Anita Stewart. As we recall, there was a more or less tragic ending, and all one's sympathy was with the unfortunate half-breed heroine, Tamea, who generously gave up her white lover for his own good and died, one was supposed to gather, of a broken heart. In the new version, now showing at Loew's State Theatre, the situation is rather different, for Tamea, though undoubtedly an enchanting little minx, becomes downright pestiferous. It is also noticeable that she is in no way broken hearted when Dan departs, finding immediate consolation with her native admirer, Tolongo. The director, W. S. Van Dyke, saw to it that the tropical scenes should be beautiful and reasonably convincing, but he also succeeded in showing, for the first time on record, just how impossible the carefree life of South Sea islanders must be for a more than commonly civilized white man. The difference between east and west is made apparent without too much stressing of obvious points.

The story, briefly tells how Dan Pritchard, left in charge of Tamea, a half-breed South Sea island girl, at the death of her white father, becomes so infatuated with her that he gives up everything to live with her on her tropical island. There, needless to say, he finds life increasingly unpleasant, for he cannot accustom himself to the native life. He drinks too much, goes unshaven and starts consorting with a down-at-heels beachcomber, Porter. The arrival of Maisy, the girl to whom he had been engaged before his infatuation for Tamea, brings him to his senses. He realizes that Tamea never had anything for him but a violent physical attraction, that she is constantly with her former sweetheart, Tolongo, that, in short, he has been a consummate fool, for he loves Maisy, despises himself and longs to go back to his old life. So at the end, we see him boarding the steamer for America, his own man once more, and Maisy waiting for him on the top deck looking very happy and tearful, while Tamea, slightly disconsolate, soons finds that she is happier with one of her own kind.

In the extremely difficult role of Tamea—these untamed native girls who talk about themselves, like Caesar in his commentaries, in the third person, are apt to be more than a little trying—there is a charming newcomer, Conchita Montenegro, who proves herself the possessor of no mean acting ability. She looks her part, she even acts it as though she meant it: she is pretty, kittenish and satisfactory tempestuous, and her voice, still bearing traces of an accent—Spanish, we believe—is pleasing in quality. Leslie Howard, English as ever, makes a valiant effort to play an American boy going to the dogs in the tropics, but for all his sincerity, he gives the impression of being actively uncomfortable. Karen Morley, also a newcomer, made a cool and beautiful Maisy, while C. Aubrey Smith enlivened the beginning of the film by his admirable acting of Dan's father.

E. L. H.

The Theatre

June 28

By PHILIP HALE

Pierre Veber, receiving a copy of Lugne-Poe's "Le Sot du Tremplin," remarked that authors seldom wrote their memoirs; people of the stage never missed the opportunity of publishing theirs. "The memoirs of actors swarm with anecdotes, valuable and nearly always exact information. I do not know who said: 'Actors write their memoirs, when they have lost their memory.'"

Moncure D. Conway once said to us, after some misstatements in his volume of reminiscences had been pointed out: "A man should not write his memoirs until he has lost his own memory. His book will then be all the more interesting."

Lugne-Poe purposes to write at least four volumes that will tell the history of L'Oeuvre—the establishment of the theatre, its history—and describe his adventures there as in other theatres as actor and manager. The general title of the series is "La Parade." "Le Sot du Tremplin" ("The Springboard's Fool") is the title of the first volume. "Acrobaties," "Sous les Etoiles" and "La Pirouette" will follow in succession.

Early in this first volume is a chapter written in a melancholy, if not a bitter mood. Men of all other professions and callings give something to life. "We are forced to wither on the stage. Mental poverty becomes great, because we give so much, or hope to give much. Perhaps for this reason, the world of actors—I am speaking for great actors—furnishes so important a contingent of economical persons—not to say misers—simply because the actor becomes precociously senile. Senility take all sorts of forms; avarice is one. I have myself remarked that the more a man has to do with the theatre, the more he has a tendency, a predisposition for making economies."

According to Lugne-Poe's experience, no man resembles, no one can resemble an actor. His docility in the presence of the text, his submission is pathetic. Unsurpassable humility, a giving up of oneself, of one's identity to another. The actor grows vain. You know the proud, childish joy of comedians in incarnating great characters of history and science. An ephemeral world and these funereal caprices of illustrious actors, now growing old, the wish to identify themselves with the classic heroes of their childhood."

There are some curious statements in this second chapter: Eleonora Duse wrote Lugne-Poe one day: "The smell of the footlights, of the true stage, awakes in me my quality of a thoroughbred racer. The others are only omnibus horses." Lugne-Poe adds, she could never act on a floor of cement. The wooden plank, this solid, almost supple springboard, incites force, and spirit; it gives mental exaltation. There are eloquent pages about the intoxication that is really servitude. Duse exclaimed: "As long as I have teeth in my head I shall go on—but where is the end?"

"There are comedians who ingeniously imagine that they are men as, the others, having the same social needs, the same rights. Foolishness!"

Yet the most interesting chapter in the book is the story of how Lugne-Poe succeeded in shortening his term of military service by using the stage as an excuse, by pleading engagements, etc.

He tells of his school days; of his teachers at the Condorcet; of Emile Faguet's influence over him; of his marriage at London—"it was not an event, but a regularization, as good folks say, of four years of our life together. Pere Thomas had answered some questions that had more or less disquietetd Lugne-Poe.

"I do not see how your life in future will prevent you from fulfilling your religious duties. Confession and marriage will pass the sponge over the past, whatever it has been. Your calling as a journalist and actor is not an obstacle. There are, God be praised, journalists at the theatre who are Catholics. M. Daly and his company are Catholics; I have even celebrated many masses in their behalf." This was written 1898. The young couple had 6 shillings in their purse when they left the consul's office. The bridegroom saw a bit of jade in a Wardour street window. It cost 3 shillings. It was his wife's wedding present.

Alfred Sutro befriended them. The mention of Sutro leads the author to bring in Maeterlinck, whose "Pelleas and Melisande" he was instrumental in producing in 1893. Debussy, a subscriber, wrote that he did not know the piece nor the author, though it had been suggested to him, Debussy, that here was the opportunity for a musical composition. During this first performance Maeterlinck walked in adjoining streets. His hair grew perceptibly that day. Whenever he was moved or excited by a performance in Paris or by anything relating to any one of his plays his hair grew in a few hours so that he had to visit a barber.

When I was a youth, provincial companies still toured the country with melodramas with the "Driven from Home" motif; the posters which lured the public to them visually displaying a frail and scantily-clad young woman standing out in the bitter night with the snow-flakes pouring thick around her and a newborn babe wrapped in her thin shawl. I thought that was all over and done with: but perhaps nothing is. If a thing becomes sufficiently a "chestnut" it ceases to be mentioned at all and recovers its freshness in silence and darkness. Not long ago, in company of my juniors, I referred (inadvertently, and biting my tongue immediately afterward) to the curate's egg. They all broke into an eager chorus: "What was that?" With a great physical clenching and a blush, I told the immemorial ject, and they all laughed very heartily. So perhaps the harrowing device of the girl expelled from home may now be regarded as one not necessarily ruled out because it is hackneyed. But here it is employed more violently than ever before. —St. John Ervine in an Oslo theatre.

It appears from Washington Irving's journal (1823-24) recently published that in these years spent at Paris and in England, he was not only assisting John Howard Payne, the dramatist, but meditating a play of his own on the youth of Shakespeare: "Felt greatly excited about Shakesperean aim—My idea is to make him a varied character beloved by his wild associates for his joyous social nature—by Ann, however, unlike any of her acquaintance—so novel—talks so frankly—His own aspirings after something better—When in presence of nature his feelings expand—he longs for he knows not what."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Apropos of Hamlet's age, and whether he would have been King had he not been a minor at his father's death, was the Danish throne hereditary?

It would seem not from the references in the play to an election. In the fifth act Hamlet says of the King: "He that hath . . . popp'd in between the election and my hopes"; and Hamlet, dying, says: "I do prophesy the election lights on Fortinbras."

H. P. CHESTER.

Our occasional correspondent, Mr. Metcalf Russell, writes, having heard operatic performances a few weeks ago in Germany: "The people, as of old, go to the opera house to hear and not to show fine dresses or jewels. Indeed, except at Berlin, evening dress was exceptional, and, as you know, the evening dress of the Germans is not comparable to our own. In Berlin the audience was much more brilliant, matching in a way the brilliancy of the stage production of 'Manon Lescaut.' Opera going in Germany is not so much a luxury as a necessity. With top prices at $3 and gallery at two marks, I found in Berlin, Hanover, Dresden and Weimar the opera houses well filled. There was less eating and drinking during the entr'actes. At Hanover I heard a performance of 'Fidelio' within a space of two hours, with little or no intermission. At Dresden the performances were fully satisfying on the whole. There was an exceptionally good one of 'La Boheme,' though it did lack a little of the atmosphere that one enjoys at the Opera Comique in Paris."

In "Coals of Fire," a short play, introduced in London, a blind, elderly wife pushes the face of her pretty young companion into the fire to spoil her beauty after she had confessed to an "affair" with the older woman's husband. When this scene was performed for the first time a woman in the audience shouted: "It's not artistic." Whether she referred to the scene itself or to the manner of performance was left in doubt.

Seymour Hicks went to France last month to see if he could find some plays. "Everything I saw was too improper for England. Dramatists and actors have their own difficulty over there. It is getting impossible, they tell me, to think of anything worse than has been done before. I suggested that to present an innocent situation on the French stage would be such a starting innovation that the play would certainly be a colossal success."

Mr. Hicks in his talking picture "Glamour" has brought "David Garrick" up to the present time. He wrote the dialogue and played the chief part. He has come to the conclusion that the less dialogue you have in a talking picture, the better will be the result. "The new screen technic is 90 per cent. theatre. When that is realized we shall get British pictures." He thinks that if Irving were in his prime today he would be, perhaps, the greatest of screen actors—greater than Jannings or Chaplin—he had the two necessary qualities for the talking pictures: Wonderful facial expression and effective repose. "Of course one cannot dogmatise about the matter. Acting for the screen is so different. Frohman used to complain about the evenings when the audience didn't play its part, and in talking pictures one misses that very important third ingredient . . . The trouble about the theatre is that it is ceasing to be theatrical. All that is wrong with our actors is that they are afraid to act. Irving insisted on being followed about the stage with a spotlight because he was on the stage and not in a drawing room. In 'The Man in the Iron Mask' there was a scene in the Bastille, and the electrician failed to give him the limelight. When he protested the man pointed out that the scene was under the earth at midnight. Irving replied 'This is a theatre and there are people at the back of the gallery . . . . The stage is a place of mystery and make-believe. We mustn't be afraid of the limelight, and the place to play to—is the gallery.'"

Mr. Les Madison of Roma, Queensland, played the piano continually for 36 hours 15 minutes. Blocks of ice were put to his back and chest to encourage and sustain him. When he slept afterwards his fingers still moved as if he were playing. He lost 13 pounds in weight during the performance.

Is he not going to tour the United States?

TIME FOR DISAPPEARING

BY PHILIP HALE

Allan Monkhouse has written pleasantly about dropping out: how a man may suddenly find himself outside a circle of friends with whom he has been intimate. He may have absented himself until his absence was not subject for questioning. He may no longer be regarded as a welcome companion, quiet or voluble. Mr. Monkhouse mentions Kipling, as possibly tired of being "in the papers" and so content to have dropped out; "I do not believe that A. E. Housman has ever had a publicity agent or ever will have one"; there is the curious case of Lord Rosebery; and Mr. Monkhouse refers of course to the classic example of Browning's Waring.

A delightful essay; but Mr. Monkhouse does not consider the pathetic case of a man who, suddenly aware that his mental or physical usefulness is over, forces himself, out of proper pride, with a regard for his reputation in the past, to disappear from the public gaze. In an old operetta there is a song, once popular, "Now is the time for disappearing." Yes, but it is not easy for some, for the great majority, to appoint that time and meet the appointment. It is the old story of the Archbishop and Gil Blas.

Yet after the years during which a man found editors and publishers friendly, a public prepared to enjoy whatever he would write, reviewers sometimes extravagant in praise, the day inevitably comes when he must feel that his ideas are now the veriest platitudes; that his invention of incident fails him; that his style droops or is mannered; that his characters, if he is a novelist, no longer interest his readers nor himself. "If he can afford it, now is the time for disappearing. What sweeter words to his ear than "What's become of Ferguson? Why did he stop writing? Do you remember that scene in 'Bolivar's Mission,' where——?" If he must needs write for roof and food, Ferguson should pray to die when his passing would leave a novel unfinished, so that the obituary might refer to the disappointment of his many admirers and express the hope that some one well acquainted with his work would complete Aladdin's tower.

The man who realizes that he may fail in his undertaking and then drops out is not a coward but a fighter for his reputation, though he must know that in due time he will probably be dropped. Some one asked the other day whether Frank Stockton had written anything lately. For this questioner the fantastic storyteller had only dropped out, perhaps to emerge sometime and again delight his readers. Time sees to the dropping out, not always with discrimination, until Death comes with a superior technique, confirming the writer's prudence and judgment in withdrawing from the public.

Jan 29 1931

MODERN AND BEACON

"Annabelle's Affair"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Leon Gordon from the play by Clare Kummer entitled "Good Gracious, Annabelle;" directed by Alfred L. Werker and presented by Fox with the following cast:

John Rawson	Victor McLaglen
Annabelle Leigh	Jeanette MacDonald
Roland Wimbledon	Roland Young
James Ludgate	Sam Hardy
Wickham	William Collier, Sr.
Lottie	Ruth Warren
Mabel	Joyce Comptor
Dora	Sally Blane
Archie	George Andre Beranger
Gosling	Walter Walker
McFadden	Ernest Wood
Bolson	Jed Prouty
Summers	Hank Mann
Assistant Hotel Manager	Wilbur Mack
Ruby	Louise Beavers

"Annabelle's Affairs," now showing at the Modern and Beacon theatres, is one of the most entertaining comedies we have seen in many months. The plot is preposterous, the lines laughable in the extreme and the acting pitched in precisely the right key of humorous absurdity. Fifteen years ago the play from which the picture was derived was shown in New York under the title of "Good Gracious, Annabelle." At that time, the leading roles of Annabelle Lelgh and John Rawson were taken by Lola Fisher and Walter Hampden, and now they are most capably handled by Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen. All Mr. Laglen's admirers are hereby advised not to miss the opening sequences of the film where he appears in bushy whiskers that completely obliterates the combined efforts of the two Smith Brothers. They make him look like a large and genial bear, or a youthful Rip Van Winkle. Later on, he shaves them off and for the final close-ups he is his usual self plus a very diminutive, almost invisible moustache.

Any attempt to give the plot would cause more bewilderment than the Hampton Court Maze, but some suggestion may be allowed. Annabelle Leigh, a very charming featherbrain, is forcibly married by a bearded miner who rescues her when her horse runs away. She escapes from him and returns home to live, in more or less scatter-brained fashion, on the very generous income he provides for her. She is always in want of money, however, and finally succeeds in raising $700 on 50 shares of stock that her husband had given to her when they were married. Discovering the stock to be worth millions and also that her husband is extremely anxious to get it, Annabelle hits on the desperate expedient of hiring herself out as cook to Roland Wimbledon, the possessor of the stock and her husband's deadly rival. To Wimbledon's place comes Annabelle's husband, John Rawson, now shaven and so civilized that she does not know him. There ensues a series of comic misunderstandings, ridiculous love scenes, the attempts of Annabelle and Rawson to steal the stock certificates from Wimbledon and the final explanations.

It isn't really the plot that matters; it's the deft direction, the clever acting and the ridiculous situations. Wimbledon's country estate, for example; so large that there are none others near it: so luxurious that the cook has her breakfast brought up to her in the morning and need not arise until it pleases her, and provided with so many servants that they must be summoned by bugle calls from all over the house and grounds—is a thoroughly delightful absurdity. For master of this establishment Roland Young was chosen, and he wanders through the enormous house and the extraordinary events with an air of bemused tolerance and semi-intoxication that is most diverting. No one needs to be told at this late date how expert a humorist is this diminutive actor, and his work here shows it usual excellent quality. Jeanette MacDonald is quite ravishingly lovely as the well-meaning heroine; she sings occasionally and continues to improve as a comedienne. Mr. McLaglen is an excellent Rawson; his frequently awkward height and breadth proving here no hindrance but a help. Sam Hardy makes an amusing butler, and Louise Beaver draws many laughs as a perpetually inebriated cook.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"The School for Scandal"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Jean Jay from the play of the same name by Richard Brinsley Sheridan; directed by Maurice Elvey and presented by British International Pictures with the following cast:

Sir Peter Teazle	Basil Gill
Lady Teazle	Madeleine Carroll
Sir Harry Bumper	Hayden Coffin
Joseph Surface	Ian Fleming
Charles Surface	Henry Hewitt
Sir Oliver Surface	Edgar K. Bruce
Maria	Dorothy Watts
Lady Sneerwell	Anna Grey
Moses	Hector Abbas

Amid an excessive number of motion pictures, all striving for the utmost possible speed and excitement, it is rather pleasant to come across the mannered leisureliness and barbed wit of Sheridan's "The School for Scandal," now showing in screen form at the Fine Arts Theatre. Played by an entire British company in thoroughly British settings under the guidance of a British director, the old play retains a quaintness and charm that recompense one for a certain lack of precision and imaginative photography that American productions have led one to expect. One still has the feeling that British pictures lose out by following too closely the stage tradition of limited settings, taking too little advantage of the far greater suppleness permitted by the camera. Sometimes, as in the case of so exactly photographed a stage play as this, this limitation is a help, but in the scene, for instance, where Charles Surface auctions off his family portraits, and again where Joseph Surface intrigues with Lady Teazle in the midst of the crowd at Lady Sneerwell's, one senses an unfortunate lack of resource.

Allowing for the comparative thinness of Sheridan's plot, the director has begun the story of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle before the opening of the play. In a rather charming scene, we see the middle-aged Sir Peter wooing the shy country girl in her lovely old garden and standing with her before the altar. Thenceforth, the familiar story of the spoiled young wife, the bewildered husband, the contrasted nephews and the choleric but affectionate uncle takes its usual turn. Here and there one catches certain omissions and occasional transpositions of scenes, but they are not important. With only one really serious error can the producer be charged. This is the casting of Basil Gill for the part of Sir Peter Teazle. If Sir Peter is to stand out in proper contrast to the youth and freshness of his wife and of Charles and Joseph Surface, he should be rather an elderly and somewhat querulous gentleman. Mr. Gill, on the contrary, is a handsome, vigorous gentleman who looks about 15 years his wife's senior. Hence, the talk about his age has but little point. He is, however, an actor of skill and authority, whose clear, precise speech is a joy to the ear, and whose ability to appear at ease in his handsome period costumes comes as a distinct relief. We kept wondering, however, why, when attired for the night, he insisted on wearing a nightcap that made him look exactly like Dante.

As for the others, they were eminently satisfactory. Madeleine Carroll made a lovely Lady Teazle—fresh, charming, ingenuous, wilfully and utterly beguiling, and showed with much skill the unsophisticated country girl under the airs and graces of the would-be fine lady. Henry Hewitt was a breezy, likable Charles, and Ian Fleming acted an unctuous, if too obviously hypocritical Joseph. Without exception, the backgrounds were in excellent taste, and the atmosphere of the period was well sustained, the stately dances to the music of violin and harpsichord being particularly enjoyable.

E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Three Who Loved"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story of Martin Flavin entitled "Helga" directed by George Archainbaud and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Helga	Betty Compson
John Hansen	Conrad Nagel
Phil	Robert Ames
Rooney	Robert Emmett Keane
Annie	Bodil Rosing
Sonny	Dickie Moore

Martin Flavin, author of "Helga," the story on which "Three Who Loved," current screen feature at the Keith Boston Theatre, is based, must have started with an idea that had all sorts of dramatic, even tragic, possibilities. Something went wrong in the screening, however, and the idea only brought through once or twice in the course of the story. The rest of the time it was curiously muddled, slow-moving and unconvincing. We are going to hazard a guess that Mr. Flavin's inspiration took him along the following lines. A girl marries a man whose friend had once courted her. She still loving the friend, who had been sent to prison for her husband's misdeed, reveals to the latter, after five years' elapse, that she still loves the other man. The husband then sends for the police in order to confess just at the moment when the innocent man, escaped from jail, comes to confront them both. From her own lips the girl learns that he never loved her, that he stole her affections from the man now her husband just for the sake of a lark, and that he was running away from her when accused of theft. In one terrible moment, she loses the cherished illusion of years and realizes that her husband, whom she understands too late, is going to prison just because she had been too blind to see what was right under her nose. This ought to have been good, yet somehow it did not prove either convincing or dramatic on the screen.

The acting of the two leading male roles was very good indeed. Conrad Nagel in particular, proved an ideal choice for the serious, hard-working young man whose anger at his friend

…ion of the girl they both loved …came his impulse to tell the truth. …e actor is not romantic nor is he ex…ing but there is a sincerity about …at he says and does that makes …en badly written parts seem true to … Robert Ames, a distinctly ingra…ting player, struggles manfully with …e of the most ungrateful assignments …at ever came his way. He is asked … impersonate a gay Lothario who …kes love to every girl that comes …ng, not even having the decency to …p away from the financee of his best …end, and when she thinks he is going … marry her, tries to run away. It was …fortunate for the sake of justice …at the spectator could not help feeling …at this sweet individual got just what …s coming to him when he went to …l, theft or no theft, and when the …ice chased him at the conclusion of … story, we deeply regretted that they …In't kill him.

…Betty Compson, the lady in the case, … only fairly well. She is too mature … so youthful a role, and her assump…n of a Swedish accent was almost …iny. In extenuation, it is only fair … say that her part was badly writ…, illogically conceived and too fre…ently unsympathetic. There was an …usingly precocious child, played by …ckie Moore, and good work in minor …es is offered by Bodil Rosing and …bert Emmett Keane. E. L. H.

…EQUEST PROGRAM TONIGHT

…Tonight at the Pop concerts in Sym…ony hall, the request program will be …eated. The numbers of this most …pular of all Pop programs follow:

…p and Circumstance .... Elgar
…iam Tell, overture .... Rossini
…straum .... Liszt-Herbert
…th Symphony, finale .... Tchaikovsky
… Gynt Suite .... Grieg
…o .... Handel
…ro .... Ravel
… Hearts in ¾ Time .... Stolz
…try Garden .... Grainger
… the Beautiful Blue Danube, waltz .... Strauss
…res—Jalousie, tango .... Gade
…moresque .... Dvorak
…fth Hungarian Dance .... Brahms
…arcarolle .... Offenbach
…he Flight of the Bumble Bee .... Rimsky-Korsakov

LAST WEEK OF POPS

…ext Saturday, July 4, will bring to close the 46th season of Pop con…ts in Symphony hall. Arthur Fielder … popular programs for the … … MONDAY

…mp and Circumstance .... Elgar
…illiam Tell, overture .... Rossini
…bestraum .... Liszt-Herbert
…urth Symphony, finale .... Tchaikovsky
…er Gynt Suite .... Grieg
…rgo .... Handel
…lero .... Ravel
…o Hearts in Three-Quarter Time .... Stolz
…untry Garden .... Grainger
… the Beautiful Blue Danube, waltz .... Strauss

Encores:
Jalousie, Tango .... Gade
Humoresque .... Dvorak
Fifth Hungarian Dance .... Brahms
Barcarolle .... Offenbach
The Flight of the Bumble Bee .... Rimsky-Korsakov

TUESDAY

…a Sorella, march .... Borel-Clerc
…a Dame Blanche, overture .... Boieldieu
…altz No. 15 .... Brahms-Gericke
…ungarian Rhapsody No. 2 .... Liszt
…ish Rhapsody .... Victor Herbert
…dian Summer, an American Idyll .... Victor Herbert
…ictor Herbert favorites .... Victor Herbert
(Arranged by Sanford)
…zardas from "Ghost of the Warrior" .... Grossman
…o a Wild Rose .... MacDowell
…ational Emblem, march .... Bagley

WEDNESDAY

…annhauser, Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg .... Wagner
…ammenoi Ostrow .... Rubinstein-Herbert
…uins of Athens, march .... Beethoven
…erry Wives of Windsor, overture .... Nicolai
…ungarian Dance No. 2, in G minor .... Brahms
…utcracker, ballet suite .... Tchaikovsky
Rhapsody in Blue .... Gershwin
(Piano solo—Jesus Maria Sanroma)
Zanzibar .... Hadley
Reconciliation, Polka .... Drigo
Gypsy Dance from "Carmen" .... Bizet

THURSDAY

Lohengrin Introduction to Act III .... Wagner
Egmont, overture .... Beethoven
Song Without Words .... Tchaikovsky
Rosenkavalier, waltzes .... R. Strauss
Melodies from Sir Arthur Sullivan's operas
(Arranged by Seredy)
The Lost Chord .... Sir Arthur Sullivan
Trumpet solo—Marcel La Fosse
The Pirates of Penzance, overture .... Sir Arthur Sullivan
Prelude in C-sharp minor .... Rachmaninoff
Minuet .... Bolzoni
Blue White, march .... Schmidt

FRIDAY

Military Polonaise .... Chopin
Poet and Peasant, overture .... Suppe
Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffmann" .... Offenbach
Aida, fantasia .... Verdi
Ballet of the Hours, from "La Gioconda" .... Ponchielli
The Flight of the Bumble Bee .... Rimsky-Korsakov
…uverture Solennelle, "1812" .... Tchaikovsky
…ew Moon, selection .... Romberg
…alousie, tango .... Gade
…trike Up the Band, military fox trot .... Gershwin

SATURDAY
CLOSING NIGHT

…tars and Stripes Forever .... Souza
…rpheus, overture .... Offenbach
…spana, rhapsody .... Chabrier
…eep River .... Arranged by Jacchia
… the Beautiful Blue Danube, waltz .... Strauss
…armen, suite .... Bizet
…reams .... Wagner
…iebesfreud .... Kreisler
…arche Slave .... Tchaikovsky

June 30

LEGENDARY SAYINGS

Gen. Bertrand, who died a few days ago, seeing one day in the world war his troops retreating, shouted: "My friends, you're going the wrong way. The enemy is back here." For this, "he has been called the 'Phil Sheridan of Belgium.'" By whom? It is doubtful whether Belgian newspapers or historians ever heard of Sheridan, nor would Sheridan have been so courteous in putting Union troops to shame. His language in battle was like that of Bret Harte's man, "painful and free."

And did Bertrand shout the words with which he is credited? Did some admirer put into his mouth what he might or should have said? There are pleasing legends—that of William of Orange: "Let us die in the last ditch." "The guard dies but does not surrender," is an invention; what Cambronne said was a monosyllable not heard in polite society, though Victor Hugo devoted a chapter to it and wrote in his extravagant manner that Cambronne thus crowned the deed of Leonidas by a word from Rabelais; and so we have "the mot de Cambronne" for the unquotable. Wellington denied the report that he gave the order, "Up, guards, and at them." Did Goethe, dying, ask for "more light"? Did John Quincy Adams exclaim "This is the last of earth"? Or Webster say to those near his bed "I still live"? That the priest standing by Louis XVI exclaimed when the knife fell, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven," was only a good dramatic cue for the final curtain.

A story of Lord Cardigan was told recently by a London journalist. "Cardigan was standing on the steps of his club, talking with a friend, when Tennyson went by. The friend took off his hat.

"'Who is that man?' asked Cardigan.

"'That's Tennyson.'

"'Well, when you meet him next, ask him from me why he wrote all that damned nonsense about Balaclava.'"

Did the philosophers, soldiers and rulers utter all the memorable wise or heroic words attributed to them by Plutarch? Were light-skirts of Greece as witty as Athenaeus would have us believe? Surely, famous men of England did not crack the stupid jokes in Bacon's compilation.

Mr. Mellon, arriving in France, made those who met him smile by saying "We are here." Who knows but that 100 years hence the complete sentence, "Lafayette, we are here," will be attributed by anecdotical historians to the United States secretary of the treasury in 1931?

July 1 1931

"KNUCKLE DOWN TIGHT"

By PHILIP HALE

The Grand National Marble tournament at Ocean City, N. J., should not escape attention—the attention even of those who look in The Herald at breakfast for the baseball scores before they read of European doings and the various murder trials. Reading about the "marble prodigies," the surprising feats of Alex Mazur, Gerard Tanguary, "freckle-faced" Johnny Jefferies and other "shooters," one goes back to boyhood days, when he "skinned" the marble bags of schoolmates or was ingloriously skinned.

Are the old familiar terms still heard—"knuckle down," "fen" (or fend) everything? Do boys still boast of their agates? In Norman Douglas's "London Street Games"—a revised edition has recently been published—it is stated that there is a domestic objection to marbles: they wear out trouser knees. Mr. Monkhouse reviewing this book by the author of "South Wind," misses the old names: the bood-alley, the French marble, the stoney. What was a bood-alley? The Oxford Dictionary and Wright's Dialect Dictionary do not admit the word. Massachusetts boys knew the "blood alley." What was the French marble? Was the word "taw" ever heard in New England? The alley was more valuable than the common marble; some were gaily decorated and were supposed to bring luck to the shooter.

The champion player at school was a hero; held a little higher in esteem than even the boy who by reason of his dental formation could send forth a fine fan-like spray through his teeth. This champion shooter did not exercise his skill for glory; it was to strip the other players of their store. He was vicious in his accuracy; loud in his insistence on the rules of the game, which he himself would violate if no one was watching him.

How large is the ring at Ocean City? Does each contestant put a marble in the centre? Games and their terminology change with the years. Take backgammon, for example. Would Charles Lamb find contract an improvement on whist? Is croquet the game for which years ago Capt. Mayne Reid published his instructions?

Marbles—there was the Boy's Own Book, imported from England. It was succeeded by the American Boy's Own Book. Would they not be out of date today? In a shop window one sees the game of parlor golf. It is practically the same as tivoli, a parlor sport of the sixties; with a cue, an alley and pins arranged as obstacles for the marble in its passage to the numbered hole. No doubt an old boy today would be amazed at the proficiency shown by young Mazur, Tanguary or the "freckle-faced" Johnny in the tournament.

At Yale in the seventies some students played marbles in front of South. Their knuckles were stiff, their aim uncertain. Prof. Thomas Thatcher came along, stamped on the marbles in the ring and snorted with rage at the idea of young gentlemen enjoying "the advantages of a collegiate education" behaving in this childish manner. He was right; for they made a pitiable showing. As Liszt said of pianists, youth is the time for virtuosity.

July 3 1931

MEN AND THEIR NECKS

"When Premier Pierre Laval was a village schoolboy he was assailed by his mates for wearing loud neckties. He abandoned them, but insisted on wearing the then unconventional four-in-hand. He now wears loud four-in-hands." Evidently a man of sturdy independence.

Is it fair to judge a man by his necktie? In the seventies a prominent Bostonian was a delegate to a Democratic convention. Old Sidney Fairchild of Cazenovia, N. Y., was also a delegate. On his return to Albany he was asked what sort of a man this Bostonian was. Twirling his eyeglass, he said in a slow, low monotone: "A frivolous person. He changed his necktie every day."

Is there a psychology of neckwear? Walter Pater sported one of apple green. He was known by it at Oxford. Was his literary style affected by the color? Why is there a prejudice against passionate red? Western statesmen for many years were ridiculed by effete easterners for preferring the black string tie and leg boots.

As in other articles of dress, there is cowardly standardization. The haberdasher is the arbiter of the elegancies: "This is what our careful dressers are wearing." If a man wears a flowing tie, a foulard, he is looked on with suspicion; "one of them artists"; probably a dissolute fellow. In the seventies the Stanley was the thing with collegians. It allowed the wearing of one shirt for at least a fortnight; "On Stanley, on!" Did the noble statesman or Dean Stanley wear it? As for that, was the Derby hat named after the belted earl or the horse race?

METROPOLITAN

"The Night Angel"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Edmund Goulding from his own story; directed by Mr. Goulding and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Yula Martini	Nancy Carroll
Rudek Berken	Fredric March
Theresa Manri	Phoebe Foster
Countess von Martini	Alison Skipworth
Biezl	Alan Hale
Fr. Vincent	Robert Bruce
Mrs. Berken	Catherine Emmett
Schmidt	Otis Sheridan
Mitzi	Francine Dowd
Kafka	Tod Waller
Rogenbach	Clarence Derwent
Head nurse	Cora Witherspoon
Jan	Francis Pierlot
Clown	Charles Howard
Matron	Estelle Winwood

It is a fine thing to be a jack-of-all-trades, perhaps, but you may recall the usual corollary—master of none. It begins to look as though that would be the future fate of Edmund Goulding, a clever, intelligent, sympathetic director who also fancies himself as an author. Now that he has worked his will in "The Night Angel," current screen feature at the Metropolitan Theatre, we feel pretty sure that he will go back to directing and leave story telling to others who know more about it, for his results here have been most unfortunate. In "The Devil's Holiday," and in "The Trespasser" he did manage to combine the roles of author and director with great success, but his invention and his imagination have gone back on him here, and not even a cast including Nancy Caroll, Frederic March and Alison Skipworth can help his confused and halting story. An effort to follow German methods of photographing scenes from unusual angles has produced a number of badly lighted, awkward sequences, while the camera has without exception been excessively unkind to the piquant beauty of Miss Carroll.

The story is too confused for a clear exposition. Rudek Berken, a rising young magistrate of Prague, sentences the Countess von Martini, keeper of a disreputable house, to prison, and then tries to help her daughter, Yula. The girl rebels and runs away from the hospital in which Berken had placed her in preference to a reformatory. Berken, now realizing that he is in love with her, follows her back to the countess's establishment, where he incurs the violent jealousy of Biezl, a circus strong man who acts as bouncer. Biezl gives him drugged wine and while he is unconscious, ties him to the statue of a horse in the public square. Yula, now in love with Berken, rescues him and brings him to her room above the cafe, where he spends the night. The next morning he is to leave when Biezl, drunk and uproarious, manhandles Yula, and Berken, trying to save her and himself, kills him. Brought to trial for murder, he is saved by her testimony, and his fiancee, realizing that Berken no longer loves her, sends him to find Yula.

The acting, for the most part, was good, with special mention for Fredric March, who handled a difficult and improbable part with skill, sincerity and considerable success. Nancy Carroll, though she has proved her ability as a dramatic actress, found the role of Yula beyond her, nor did she even look as pretty as usual. Alison Skipworth had some excellent moments as the blowzy old countess, and Alan Hale acquitted himself well as the brutish Biezl. In an unimportant character, the beauty and charm of Phoebe Foster were completely submerged. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"A Free Soul"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Becky Gardener and John Meehan from the play of the same name by Adela Rogers St. John; directed by Clarence Brown and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Jan Ashe.....Norma Shearer
Stephen Ashe.....Lionel Barrymore
Ace Wilfong.....Clark Gable
Dwight Winthrop.....Leslie Howard
Eddie.....James Gleason
Grandma Ashe.....Lucy Beaumont

The court room drama and the big trial scene aren't over yet, not by a long shot. If you don't believe it, wait until the end of "A Free Soul," current feature attraction at Loew's State Theatre, and then feast your eyes on one of the most amazing sentimental cases of special pleading and pure theatrical effect that you are ever likely to see. Effective it is, none the less, thanks to the remarkable acting of one of the finest players now on the screen: Lionel Barrymore. What Hollywood can have been thinking of, to let him spend his days behind the camera instead of in front of it, is impossible to guess. For Mr. Barrymore has the marvelous power of taking a wholly threadbare situation and a lot of melodramatic lines and situations and making them dramatically convincing, even, occasionally moving. Idle it may be to dwell on the value of stage training to fit players for the screen, but this picture offers three outstanding examples: Lionel Barrymore, Leslie Howard and Clark Gable—all three came from the theatre, and all three have a poise, power and finish that put the efforts of the charming star, Miss Norma Shearer, distinctly in the shade.

Jan Ashe, daughter of the brilliant lawyer and erratic drunkard, Stephen Ashe, has followed his teachings and led her life freely and without advice from anyone. She idolizes her father and believes that he can do no wrong. By chance, she attends a session of the criminal courts when Ashe successfully defends Ace Wilfong, a clever, brutal, rather attractive gambler accused of murder. Fascinated by the complete contrast he offers to the men of her acquaintance, Jan thinks herself in love with him and carries on a clandestine affair, coming secretly to his apartment at night. Ashe discovers this and, horrified at her ignorance of Wilfong's real character and her breaking off her engagement to the charming and in every way desirable Dwight Winthrop, begs her to give up Wilfong. In desperation over her own case and that of her father, who is losing ground steadily through his excessive drinking, Jan agrees to leave Wilfong if he will cease drinking. For three months Ashe keeps his side of the bargain, and then succumbs. Jan returns to Wilfong, thinking to take up the old relationship, but finds that he intends to marry her and keep her for good. Realizing too late that Wilfong is nothing but an evil brute, Jan has no one to turn to, for her father had vanished. Dwight Winthrop, however, overhears Wilfong's threats either to marry Jan or make public their relationship, and is in turn threatened by Wilfong with death if he marries Jan.

Seeing that there is but one way to save the girl he loves, Winthrop kills Wilfong and tells the police he did it on account of a gambling debt. By a fortunate chance, Jan discovers her father in a low waterfront dive and brings him to court to save Winthrop. Ashe puts Jan on the stand, makes her tell the whole truth and ends by taking the blame for everything on himself. This done he dies. Winthrop is acquitted and the understanding is that he will soon marry Jan. To the role of Stephen Ashe, Lionel Barrymore brings a compelling dramatic force and the sardonic humor for which he as well as his brother, John, is famous. The acting honors are his without an argument. Leslie Howard, in the brief role of Winthrop is sincere, attractive and genuinely moving, while Clark Gable contributes another of his smartly tailored, menacing evildoers. In the title role, Norma Shearer is capable and earnest as always, but her role does not ring true, and she seems often a bit groping and amateurish. One can't help wishing, also, that she need not be so excessively thin and so ultra-fashionably dressed. James Gleason handles a humorous bit in his capable manner.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Ex-Bad Boy"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Dale Van Every and Fred Niblo, Jr., from the play by John Emerson and Anita Loos, entitled "The Whole Town's Talking"; directed by Vin Moore and presented by Universal, with the following cast:

Chester Binney.....Robert Armstrong
Ethel Simmons.....Jean Arthur
Roger Shields.....Jason Robards
Henry Simmons.....Spencer Charters
Mrs. Simmons.....Grayce Hampton
Letta Larbo.....Lola Lane
Swift.....George Brent
Sadie Bloom.....Mary Doran
Trainer.....Tony Stabenau
Theatre Manager.....Eddie Kane
Assistant Manager.....Eddie Hearn

They've made Robert Armstrong a star now, on the basis of his uncanny faculty for stealing pictures from accredited luminaries, and the results of the experiment may now be seen in "Ex-Bad Boy," current screen feature at the New B. F. Keith Theatre. Though you would never guess it from the title, "Ex-Bad Boy" is nothing more or less than the John Emerson-Anita Loos comedy, "The Whole Town's Talking," in which Grant Mitchell was wont to disport himself with humorous effect. It's funny still—this story of an innocent small-town youth who manufactures a lurid past to attract the attention of the girl whom he loves—but it bears unmistakable signs of age. The plot creaks a bit, the dialogue is of the kind that is part and parcel of the theatre, rather than of talking films, and the picture is pretty obviously just a photographed stage play. None the less it is the sort of good-humored, unsophisticated fun that audiences like and that provides clean, enjoyable entertainment.

Chester Binney, nice, harmless and uninteresting youth, finds that his employer's daughter, Ethel Simmons, with whom he is in love, is not interested in any sort of men but those who know the world and have a past. Accordingly, with the help of Mr. Simmons, who disapproves violently of Ethel's beau, Roger Shields, Chester invents a past, consisting of the photograph of a famous motion picture actress, Letta Larbo, with an excessively affectionate inscription, which he writes himself. The picture works like a charm and soon, according to plan, the whole town is talking about Chester's heavy love affair. Ethel is among the first to succumb to the glamor of Chester's newly acquired publicity and everything goes beautifully until Letta Larbo herself comes to town to make a personal appearance at a local theatre in conjunction with the showing of her latest film. Shields, seeing Ethel's interest in him disappearing, tells both Letta and her extremely jealous director, Swift, about Chester and the photograph. Swift decides to beat up Chester and Letta undertakes to teach him a lesson. The lesson consists in her embracing him violently in the midst of a large garden party and calling him by all sorts of affectionate names.

At last Chester and Swift meet face to face, to the former's well-nigh abject terror, but their setto ends most unexpectedly in the victory of Chester, who thus becomes not only the complete lady killer, but also the valiant hero to whom Ethel succumbs utterly. Robert Armstrong, in the leading role, gave a laughable, sympathetic and not very subtle performance. Only one thing was wrong: it was hard to escape the feeling that the actor was assuming innocent stupidity rather than feeling it. Lola Lane was most satisfactory in the picture as the lovely Letta Larbo, playing her role with full appreciation of its amusing possibilities. Jean Arthur made a satisfactory Ethel and the rest were quite good enough.

E. L. H.

The Theatre

July 5

By PHILIP HALE

Lt.-Col. C. Archer has written the life of his brother William, the dramatic critic, essayist and author of that melodrama "The Green Goddess." The publication of this biography has led reviewers in London to discuss the qualities of Archer as a critic.

When he was championing the cause of Ibsen he wrote (in 1894): "I was born with an instinctive, unreasoning, unreasonable love for the theatre, simply as the theatre, the place of light and sound, of mystery and magic, where at the stroke of the prompter's bell, a new world is revealed to the delighted sense."

He was a born fighter, not only in the cause of Ibsen,—he had lived in Norway and knew and admired that dramatist—but to further his ideals: the union of literature and drama; the abolition of censorships; the establishment of a national theatre. "In pursuit of these objects he found himself incessantly waging war on placid convention, prejudice and ignorance."

Although he fought for Ibsen at a time when other English critics wrote about his plays in a manner that today seems incredibly foolish, he was not a blind and abject worshiper. When from a conversation with Ibsen he came to the conclusion that for Ibsen "the idea of a piece generally presents itself before the characters and incidents" and "there is a certain stage in the incubation of a play when it might as easily turn into an essay as a drama," he added: "I am becoming more and more convinced that as a many-sided thinker, Ibsen is nowhere. He is essentially a kindred spirit with Shaw—a paradoxist, a sort of Devil's Advocate, who goes about picking holes in every well-known fact."

Archer first saw Shaw in the British Museum, "poring over Karl Marx's 'Das Kapital' and an orchestral score of Wagner's 'Tristan und Isolde.'" They became close friends. Archer was then dramatic critic of the World. He brought Shaw to that weekly first as art, then as music critic. They would talk about the possibility of Shaw's writing for the stage. "He told me," said Archer, "that he had a great genius for dialogue, but was not very strong in the matter of invention and construction. At that time I rather fancied myself as a constructor of plots, so I offered to provide him with a scenario which he should work up. He agreed to this collaboration, and I cast about for a story. . . . I did not invent the germ of the plot, I borrowed it . . . the title was to be 'Rhinegold.'" The scenario was written. He was surprised "by Shaw producing two acts in which the whole of the plot was used up, and asking for more." Archer was indignant, he protested. When he received the complete manuscript: "Behold! 'My Rhinegold' had become 'Widowers' Houses,' and my sentimental heroine . . . was transmuted into a termagant who boxed the ears of her maid-servant."

Shaw was not mealy-mouthed in replying to his friend's adverse criticisms. "You really are the very blamedest dunderhead—explaining all the most exciting social phenomena of your time as mere aberrations of Shaw."

The published volumes of Archer's reviews of plays and performances were of more than ephemeral interest; they are valuable, suggestive, inspiring today. He was never weary in his desire to bring the drama back to life; also of making it "one flesh" with that divine emanation of the human spirit which we call literature." For he was an indefatigable reader. When he was a little boy he heard his aunt say that he was "only a bookworm." In later years he thought this the most pleasing compliment ever paid him. His biographer speaks of this passion for pure literature. "The differentia of his criticism, that which . . . distinguished him, as a critic, from most of his contemporaries, was his tendency to lay greater stress on sound impressions than on those of sight. . . . Thus, whatever its other merits, a performance, and above all a Shakesperian performance, that had not correctness, fluency and beauty of diction, could never really satisfy him, far less arouse his enthusiasm."

It has been said that this "life" he had in mind was often a "too bookish shadow of life, or a life that derived its sole vivacity from vivacious abstract ideas." In his mellower years when he devoted his time to travel in search of material for magazine articles, he wrote "The Green Goddess," a melodrama that had a great success in two continents. This drama, some said, was in violation of all the principles he had laid down. His purpose in writing the melodrama was to provide for himself "an old age pension." Mr. Granville-Barker sent a letter to the Times in answer to the charge of "violation." "I should have thought," he wrote, "that the peculiar strength of Archer's position as a dramatic critic lay in his patient willingness to appreciate any play of any kind if he could only discover it to be good of its kind. This certainly was one of the chief grounds of his influence in the theatre. . . . He was always ready to apply the more purely dramatic, even the purely theatrical, test. . . . To quote from the biography and a letter about 'The Green Goddess' and its success: 'I was amused by a remark of Desmond MacCarthy's in the New Statesman. He said he was glad I was no longer a critic, for this was not the sort of play I would have approved. But I don't know. I always had a weak spot for melodrama." . . . In one of his earliest books we find him urging upon Sims and Pettit and the Adelphi playwrights of the day the rich opportunities of the melodramatic convention, let but a little more care and common sense be brought to bear upon it. . . . As to the theatre, he thought that it must always be primarily a popular entertainment. But, as a good Liberal, he would never admit that because of this it could not be, in every respect, a reasonably intelligent entertainment too." When Archer won his one popular success he was 64 years of age.

It is surprising that the reviewers of the biography say nothing about Archer's last book in which he handles roughly the plays of the Elizabethans and Jacobeans extolled by Charles Lamb. Archer was not greatly impressed by the poetic flights; he saw only glaring improbabilities, bombast and fustian, faulty construction, crude horrors as in the tragedies by Marston and Tourneur, even in those by Webster and Ford. The vulgarity, sometimes the obscenity in the supposedly comic episodes disgusted him. Now was he always appreciative of genuine comedy of those early years, though Shaw once spoke of his "unsleeping and incorrigible sense of humor."

Mr. M. A. Wheatleigh, writing to the Observer, calls attention to the "intrusive H." practised by "probably half of the singers of today." He heard a cantata by Bach broadcast. The words were "praise Him." They were repeated many times, and this is the way the singer gave them: "pra-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-haise Him!" Mr. Wheatleigh has heard in Albert Hall: "He shall feed His flock like a she-he-he-he-he-perd." "Many of the clergy are also guilty of the habit when they intone, and a number of gramaphone records contain the same disfigurement."

Taullio Serafin, who has been conducting Italian opera in London, told a reporter that Verdi's operas should be sung in English. "The dramatic action is the thing in Italian opera. The 'Forza del Destino' given in English would not be merely a succession of beautiful numbers, as it is apt to become when the audience cannot follow the words. A bad translation does not matter. The Italian translations of Wagner are awful, but they have taught the Italian public to know their Wagner. Dramatically he is childish, but what music!" But how many singers of English are intelligible?

In Edward Garnett's play, "The Trial of Joan of Arc," produced in London last month—"there are too many scenes. The persecutors of Joan are just a third-rate lot of quibbling priests, jealous for their power, rendered abominably cruel by the sexual repression of their celibate lives, and in every way the deplorable products of their own terrors, superstitious and tyrannous." Shaw, giving the church "a spurious dignity, emptied a bucket of whitewash over Cauchon and the inquisitor." He "masked the brutality by giving the practitioners a philosophy; Garnett states the facts."

George Arliss's complimentary remarks about Hollywood were broadcast from a number of stations. The New York Times commented on these remarks in an editorial article: how the East judges Hollywood, "its morals and manners, its slipshod business methods, its lack of intelligence and taste," as described by returned visitors.

"Figures of the movie industry are not very helpful in changing our view," says the Times. "We know already that it is one of the largest in the country and that close to nine-tenths of all the picturse in the world are made in Hollywood. 'Is it reasonable to suppose that such a trade can be made and maintained by a lot of brainless idiots?' inquires Mr. Arliss. His listeners in Quincy and Altoona may oblige with a courteous negative, but New York is likely to respond with laughter and a loud 'yes.' An ignoramus without taste, good manners, and inquiring intelligence or a college education but with a gift for making money is not an unknown quantity in New York. It is not enough to know that the industry is doing well in a business way."

Lord Irwin, ex-viceroy of India, attributes the white man's loss of prestige in that country to the defeat of the Russians by the Japanese; the employment of Indian troops in the world war against white men; the influence of motion pictures on the Indian mind.

An early drama by Georg Kaiser, the story of Tristan and Isolde, produced at Berlin without music and in the costumes of the 90's or thereabouts, represents King Mark as the chief character, and so is entitled "King Cuckold."

Mark in a dinner jacket, self-tortured, self-deceived, is an example of "smothered jealousy; Isolde in white muslin and with a lacy parasol is much less deserving of sympathy than as a tragic figure in romantic draperies." Is Kaiser's Mark as big a bore as Wagner's?

NOT THE FIRST

The statement has been made—probably inspired by the publishers—that Mr. Horace Gregory's translation into English of the poems of Catullus is the first that is unexpurgated. But there is the poetical translation by Burton of the "Thousand Nights and a Night" in the same volume with Leonard Smithers's translation into prose. They are not expurgated; on the contrary they are distressingly literal to the prudish; plain-spoken as the notes at the end of the volume.

Burton's poetic version is devoid of grace and elegance, nor is Catullus easily translated, whether he is addressing Lesbia, bidding the last farewell to his brother, or writing the pithalium of all epithaliums. In all attempts at translation, Walter Savage Landor's pages on Catullus and the chapter by Mortimer Collins should be added as an appendix. It was Collins, by the way, who, preferring Catullus to Horace, said that the latter had written for the purpose of being quoted in the House of Commons. What would happen in Parliament today if an honorable member should point an argument by a quotation from Virgil, Lucretius Catullus or Horace? Yet look through Goodrich's "British Eloquence" and see how the famous men of old spouted Latin, and even Greek at times, in the course of political argument.

Today? As the young Yankee said to flowery antagonist in a school debate: "W didn't came here to quote quotations." Woul the "godlike Daniel" now hold the Senate spell bound, as when he rose to heights of what wa then considered eloquence?

HASTEN SLOWLY

By PHILIP HALE

The unbelievable is once more a fact. A man in New York has complained of a barber's speed in operation. Cy Miller, a six-foot pianist, alleged that Mr. Kessler showed undue haste in cutting his hair. This was in a police court, where the two made counter-charges of assault. "That's a lousy haircut," said Miller, and thus brought on the row. "You can't cut a guy's hair in five minutes." To which Kessler replied: "I have a record of giving a man a haircut, shave and shampoo in 10 minutes. I'm the champion barber of the world."

That a pianist has his hair cut is no longer surprising, for in recent years the Abbe Liszt has had few if any followers. That the pianist used the word "lousy" is to be regretted. It is not a pretty word, though since the world war it is used freely in England by the daughters of belted earls and noble dames, having replaced the adjective "rotten." In the present instance the word might be regarded as a reflection on the condition of the pianist's hair. The unbelievable thing is that a barber should so check his flow of information, opinions and suppositions as to be through with his patient in five minutes. How different the behavior of the famous barber in "The Thousand Nights and a Night," who was well versed in astrology, alchemy, syntax, grammar, lexicology, logic, rhetoric, elocution, mathematics, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy, astromancy, geometry, theology, the Traditions of the Apostle and the Commentaries on the Koran. The tailor laid his misfortunes to this barber's slowness, and loquacity, but the King of China appointed him barber-surgeon of state and made him one of his cup-companions.

Surely the barber in New York might have discussed with his client the recent murder cases, remedies for business depression, the prospects of the Giants and Yankees, or other topics of general interest. It is to be feared he was grossly commercial, thinking only of the number of heads he could treat within working hours, and not of artistic results.

The companions of Mr. Kessler in this shop said that his rapidity in removing hair was a source of perpetual astonishment to customers. One does not visit a barber to be astonished; one goes to acquire miscellaneous information and to be stimulated or reassured, incidentally to have one's hair cut with due deliberation, with due regard to the contour of the head.

Such a barber no doubt was Pantagathus, who, dying in the prime of youth, was mourned by Martial, writer of his epitaph:

Snatcht hence, yet scarce a youth, under this stone
Lyes hee, his master's joy once, now his moane:
Skilfull the wanton hayre to cut, with such
A hand, and shave the cheek, as scarce did touch.
Lye ne'er so gently on him earth, yet hee
More lightly gentle-handed used to be.

FINE ARTS

"Die Forsterchristl"

A German film operetta with music by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart produced in Berlin by the Transocean Film Company under the direction of Friedrich Zehlik with the following cast:

Christl Lange ..... Irene Eisinger
Kaiser Josef ..... Paul Richter
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart .. Oskar Karlweis
Franz Foeldessy ..... Andre Pilot
Walnerl ..... Tibor von Halmay
Oberfoerster Lange ..... Fritz Daghofer
Everl ..... Jelly Staffel
Hofdame ..... Adele Sandrock
The old baron ..... Paul Hoerbiger
First Adjutant ..... Max-Ralf Osterman
Second Adjutant ..... Hans Waschadko

If American musical films could ever have attained the melodiousness and charm of such German pictures as the celebrated "Zwei Hertzen" or "Die Forsterchristl," now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, they need never have died out, but unhappily there are no Mozarts in captivity in this country to lend the incomparable beauties of their compositions to our native productions. Without question, it is Mozart who makes 'Die Forsterchristl" so pleasing a picture, for the story which his music enhances is a very sweet and sentimental little romance which could never have stood on its own feet without inspired assistance. As it is, the production pleases the ear to a superlative degree and the eye to a very considerable extent, for the 18th century gave rise to some of the most becoming costumes that have ever been seen, and dancing was a very stately and dignified business.

The plot is a veritable Cinderella tale, the kind that never wearies audiences in the telling. Christl Lange, daughter of the head game-keeper of the Kaiser Josef's royal preserves, meets a dashing young hunter in the forest and finds him most attractive, indeed, for the moment she almost forgets her betrothed, the stalwartly handsome Corporal Franz Foeldessy. A court order is presented to Lange, depriving him of a meadow which has been a possession of the family for years, and Christl goes to Vienna to beg the emperor to return it. Winning her way into the palace, she finds to her astonishment that her handsome forester and the Kaiser Josef are the same. He is charmed by her sweetness and innocence and wishes to keep her at court, but it is not long before scandal gets busy with both their names. Foeldessy knocks down his lieutenant for daring to call Christl the Kaiser's mistress and is sentenced to death for insubordination. This near tragedy brings Kaiser and peasant girl to their senses: Christl is sent home to marry Foeldessy, whom the Kaiser pardons for his brave defence of the girl he loves. Their wedding music is composed and played by Mozart himself, and the Kaiser's wedding present is a beautiful clock upon which dance two miniature figures representing Christl and her royal lover. The epilogue shows Christl, a charming grandmother, looking back after a happy life to the great romance of her youth.

It is very sweet and charming and a little slow, after the fashion of most foreign films, but its merits, especially the music, outweigh any minor defects. With perfect naturalness, the figure of Mozart is introduced into the story as the Kaiser's friend and protege, and the great composer is pleasantly if a bit kittenishly played by Oskar Karlweiss. Irene Eisinger sings the heroine's role with much beauty of tone and acts attractively if not brilliantly. In court costume she looked almost beautiful, and she had a pleasing naivete that was exactly right for the part. Andre Pilot was an excellent Foeldessy, whose singing voice was heard to fine effect. To our way of thinking, the best acting was done by Paul Richter as the romantic young Kaiser Josef, for he played with such notable sincerity and manly simplicity that he brought the little fairy store close to the borders of drama, even, near the end, of tragedy. If you understand German well, you will get the fullest enjoyment from the production, but don't let your ignorance of that language keep you away.
—E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Arizona"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Robert Riskin from the stage play of the same name by Augustus Thomas; directed by George B. Seitz and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Bob Denton ..... John Wayne
Evelyn Palmer ..... Laura La Plante
Bonita Palmer ..... June Clyde
Col. Bonham ..... Forrest Stanley
Conchita ..... Nina Quartaro
Dot ..... Susan Fleming
Peggy ..... Loretta Sayers
Hank ..... Hugh Cummings

It seems a pity that when so celebrated a play as Augustus Thomas's "Arizona" is transferred to the screen, so little effort is made to retain the author's plot and characters. Indeed, we have very grave doubts whether Mr. Thomas would ever recognize his drama in the form in which it is now showing at the Keith-Boston Theatre. The whole story has been distorted, the names of several of the characters altered, one of the most important personages omitted altogether and the supposed hero so blackened that it is hard to look on him as anything but a cad. The reason for all this is hard to fathom, for Augustus Thomas wrote a much more exciting and dramatic story than has been devised by the scenario writer, Robert Riskin. As the film stands, it is a somewhat laborious business and the dialogue, for the most part, has an unfortunately stilted quality.

Robert Denton, West Point cadet, tells Evelyn Palmer, his sweetheart of two years standing, that he is going away; in short, that he is tired of their affair and that he never had meant to marry her. She lets him go without reproaches, but in her anger she seeks some way to be revenged on him for his heartlessness. Chance comes to her aid when she meets Bob's guardian, Col. Bonham, who is much attracted to her. They are married, and Evelyn finds herself growing more and more fond of her generous, kindly, affectionate husband. Unluckily, Bob is sent to the same army post in Arizona of which Col. Bonham is in command, and while there he meets and falls in love with Evelyn's younger sister, Bonita. Still bitter over Bob's treatment of her, Evelyn is desperately afraid of what he may do to Bonita, for he is famous for his casual flirtations and even more casual farewells. No remonstrances or pleadings have any effect, either upon Bob or Bonita, who eventually get married secretly in Mexico. Then Evelyn sees Bob with a half-intoxicated Mexican girl and believes the worst, not knowing that the damsel had forced herself upon the unwilling youth and demanded a ride. Seeing no other way out of the impasse, she deliberately compromises Bob, and Col. Bonham demands his resignation. The rest of the story is occupied with Evelyn's discovery of the secret marriage and her confession of the whole truth to her husband, who forgives her at once and sends Bob and Bonita to another army post.

Some news reels of the Army-Navy

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football games and some striking pictures of cavalry manoeuvres are the most striking portions of the film, adding an air of versimilitude that is otherwise lacking. The players do well enough, although John Wayne failed to be really convincing as a heartless philanderer, seeming just his usual self —a large, slightly awkward, pleasant boy. Miss La Plante wore some very handsome costumes and handled her emotional scenes quite well. Forrest Stanley was reasonably successful as the unbelievably noble Col. Bonham.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Rush Money"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the original story by Courtney Terrett, Philip Klein and Dudley Nichols; directed by Sidney Lanfield and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Janet Gordon ..... Joan Bennett
Stuart Elliott..... .....Hardie Albright
Steven Pelton ..... Owen Moore
Flo Curtis ..... Myrna Loy
Jack Curtis ..... C. Henry Gordon
Dan Emmett ..... Douglas Cosgrove
Maxie ..... George Raft
Puggie ..... Hugh White

A very nice cast has ben assembled to do their best for "Hush Money," current screen attraction at the Modern and Beacon theatres, and they make an excellent thing of it in every way. There is a good plot, interesting characters, considerable humor and enough suspense to keep things going right up to the end. Watching the film, one becomes genuinely interested in the people taking part, finding a deeper concern than usual in the comings and goings of these shadowy, two-dimensional characters. If the plot, which tells how a girl took the easiest path downwards and then, after paying for her weakness, fought her way back to respectability and happiness, only to find the past dogging her footsteps, does not seem precisely new, it is told with an engaging freshness and spirit that makes it seem almost new. Finally, the film proves that, if there is any justice in the world, Joan Bennett deserves to go much further than her brilliantly successful sister, for she is improving by great strides.

Janet Gordon, out of work and starving, agrees to join hands with Steve Palton, a slick society crook, pose as his wife and help him to relieve wealthy people of their money and jewelry by leading them into a trap.

One such little affair goes wrong: a man is shot, Joan and Steve are arrested. Steve squeals to save himself, ths betraying not only Joan but also Jack Curtis, organizer of the little robbery game. Dan Emmett, the detective handling the case, takes an interest in Joan and when she finished her year in prison, offers to help her. She makes a game uphill fight and works up from a position in a department store to an excellent job in a fashionable antique store. Here she meets an extremely nice boy, Stuart Elliott, who falls in love with her. Troubled by the memory of the past, Janet asks Emmett's advice, and the latter tells her to get married and not tell her husband anything. For three years Janet is ideally happy. Then Pelton gets out of jail and tries to blackmail her. He takes certain of her jewels and demands a large sum for their return. Janet, in despair, goes to Emmett, who proves that it was his brains that won him his position. He finds Curtis, now released, and informs him casually who it was that betrayed him to the police and stole his girl. According to Emmett's calculations, Curtis kills Pelton, and Emmett returns the jewelry to Janet right under the nose of her husband, who never suspects a thing.

Apart from the fine acting of Joan Bennett, the film is interesting for its introduction of a new and distinctly pleasing player, Douglas Cosgrove. This is the first time we have seen Mr. Cosgrove, but we hope it won't be the last, for he handles the role of Dan Emmett with a force, a subtle humor and a quiet resourcefulness that makes that altruistic detective quite the most engaging person in the picture. Miss Bennett, looking more attractive than we have ever seen her, enters into her part with a seriousness and a sympathetic understanding that show a real interest in her work, and her lighter moments are handled with genuine enjoyment. Hardie Albright is most likable as the nice affectionate young husband. C. Henry Gordon and Owen Moore contribute two excellent criminal characterizations, Mr. Gordon's being the more effective. The whole production is nicely handled and attractively photographed.—E. L. H.

MR. SLONIMSKY IN PARIS

By PHILIP HALE

Nicolas Slonimsky of Boston, indefatigable in furthering the cause of the extreme radical composers, has brought out in Paris orchestral compositions by Americans who are looked on by our conservatives as wild-eyed anarchists. He thus purposed to acquaint Parisians with contemporaneous American music. But the composers represented were not those who are regarded by their fellow-countrymen as leaders in the art, nor have they all been so considered by the conductors of our great orchestras. If Mr. Slonimsky had chosen a composition by Loeffler, Hill; one of Deems Taylor's suites, Foote's suite, or music by some who, working along traditional lines, have nevertheless shown taste, technical skill and a suggestion at least of individuality, his audience in Paris would now have a fairer idea of what Americans are doing in the art.

Are these Parisians to be blamed if they say that the American composers thus made known to them are restless experimenters, or followers of Europeans whose position in the musical world is not yet determined, men who show ingenuity chiefly by their rhythmic inventions and orchestral tricks; men who apparently have no melodic gift, or, having it, disdain it for the tiresome repetition and transformation of an insignificant pattern; who neglect the sensuous charm of stringed instruments and put their trust for startling effects in combinations of wind and percussion choirs; followers, but with unequal footsteps, of Stravinsky, Prokofieff and certain continental composers of whom Hindemith is a prominent example?

It may be true that old musical forms are passing. No one demands that a composer today should make a fetish of the sonata form, provided he show skill and eloquence, and sends forth music that charms or impresses outside that cast-iron form. How many of those now throwing overboard sane rules, traditions of proved worth—the adventurous and daring souls —have contributed to the glory of the art?

They may say that they are writing for posterity. It is a proud boast, but posterity is an uncertain audience. The great composers did not say, "Hang the age; I'm writing for the years to come." They wrote because there was something in them that must out. They enlarged or modified the forms accepted in their own day, still preserving harmonic lines, striving for a personal expression along these lines, in harmonic and orchestral invention that would bring strength and beauty. That great innovator Claude Debussy, trained in the severe school of the Paris Conservatory, did not turn his back on what he had learned; he utilized it as an indispensable aid to the outward revelation of his own thoughts and visions.

FORGOTTEN PARAGRAPHIST

When there is mention of former newspaper humorists,—the Danbury News man, the Burlington Hawkeye man, the paragraphers at Boston, at Detroit, in New Jersey and Texas,—George D. Prentice of the Louisville Journal, later the Courier-Journal, is forgotten, yet he was a power in his day, politically as a Whig, socially as a foe to shams. Vanity Fair in a year of the civil war caricatured him for a full page in the act of writing an editorial: in one hand was a pen; in the other, a revolver.

When a Democratic editor wrote that he wore no man's collar, Prentice asked if he had a shirt. Another, serving notice that he would bite and scratch in a fight, suffered from the comment that he thus differed from most insects which bite and let their victims scratch. A newspaper asked, Should women be hanged? "Certainly not," said Prentice, "not all of them." These replies in their day excited laughter.

A book was made out of Prentice's sharp darts and his wisecracks on manners and morals. This book today is chiefly of historical and political interest. His political paragraphs invited the horsewhip or a call to the field of honor. Jesting in a political discussion was a serious matter. Manners and morals change with the years. Humorous comments on passing fads and fashions seem pointless, labored, even when they are understandable. Humor that lives must be associated with what Carlyle was fond of calling "the eternal verities."

WHITE TOPPERS

The camera "shot" Edward S. Harkness as he was leaving the Pilgrim Society in London. He was wearing a white topper with a surrounding black band—apparently not a mourning band—though he was not about to attend a race or join a coaching party. Well, he can afford to sport a white topper, whatever the hour may be, whatever the occasion.

In the '60s a white plug-hat with a weed about it was supposed to be affected only by gamblers, who were also conspicuous by low cut waistcoats revealing an expanse of shirt-front, sometimes ruffled, with an enormous diamond pin blazing in the centre. Later this species of hat was seen on top of a coach. It was the thing to wind a lady's blue veil around the hat.

E. V. Lucas, considering the dandy in a recent essay, remarks: "The fact remains that except during Ascot week, when white toppers emerge for their brief moment of triumph, a really carefully dressed Londoner is a rarity." If we are not mistaken white toppers were once worn, perhaps they are still worn, at prize-fights by London swells.

When did the white topper first appear? Who was the first, greatly daring, to sport one in the United States? Did it have a specific name? There was a hatter Gibus; hence the gibus, opera, accordion, crush hat. One knows why the bowler, derby, fedora are so named. Then there's the "shocking bad hat," too often seen. When one goes to a slang-dictionary there are many synonyms for hat, some unfit for ladies' ears.

WASH AND BE CLEAN

"The material available for the Canadian census is likely to reveal much interesting sociological data." There are no fewer than 254 questions on the farm schedule. One was: "How many farm houses with bathrooms and running water?" This question might have been extended: "How many dwelling houses of those in moderate means are provided with a bathroom?"

In New England's small towns and villages, bathrooms, rooms with set tubs and running water, were not common in the years of the civil war. A banker, for instance, who had been benefited pecuniarily by that war, having invested in profitable factories, did not excite the ridicule or envy of his neighbors, if his "mansion" had a "mansard roof" and his lawn was decorated with various iron animals; but if it was whispered that he had a bathroom, and if he dined between 6 and 7 o'clock, he was accused of putting on airs, even if it were known that he and his interesting family entered the tub only on Saturday nights.

Washing oneself in farm houses along the Connecticut river from Northampton up to the Canadian line was a matter of the pump; sometimes the kitchen sink; sometimes the horse trough. Children on Saturday night, even if they had tried all the week to be good, were put into tubs in the kitchen. The others scrubbed themselves, especially hands and face, and covered more superficial area in preparation for the meeting house. Longfellow's blacksmith was wet with honest sweat—though the poet mentions only his brow—but he was undoubtedly clean on Sunday when he rejoiced to hear his daughter piping and shrilling in the village choir.

At present there is the bathroom mania. No longer is one, common room sufficient, necessitating a time schedule for hurried entrances and leisurely exits; there must be individual bathrooms. If a citizen wishes to rent a seaside or mountain cottage for the summer, his wife does not inquire about the site, the view, the distance from a town, postoffice, ships, church, physician, undertaker: "How many bathrooms?" Hotels advertise "Every room with a bath"; often "shower" is added. European hotel-keepers have been driven to the providing of bathrooms by the demands of American tourists. In conservative London, a bathroom has taken the place of the traditional tin hat and cans of water. Messrs. Newman and Holmes in their travelogues, mentioning hotels where they stopped, emphasize the fact, often in a tone of amazement: "And every room provided with a bath."

It will be interesting to know the condition of the Canadian farm houses. It is not impossible that in the years to come the prosperity of a country will be estimated by the number of bathrooms within its boundaries. Yet the Eskimos never wash and they are reported to be the healthiest race in the world.

PEN AIR CONCERTS BEGIN THIS EVENING

'iedler's Orchestra to Play on The Esplanade

Music lovers hail with pleasure the ›pening tonight of the third season of ›pen air concerts on the Charles river :splanade by 50 musicians of the Bos-ton Symphony orchestra directed by Arthur Fiedler.

The concerts will begin at 8:30 o'clock each evening, an hour earlier than last year, and will last until about 10 o'clock. They will be held each evening, except Saturdays, for four weeks.

"I am very happy to be back for another series of concerts," said Mr. Fiedler last night "and I expect that it will prove even better than last year. Boston's esplanade concerts are already being discussed all over the country, according to numerous letters I have received from prospective vacationists asking me when they will begin."

It is hoped that the public will co-operate in donating enough money to take care of the expense of putting on the concerts. There is, of course, no collection or admission, but donations may be sent to the Esplanade Concert Fund in care of Lee, Higginson & Co., Federal street, Boston.

The program for the opening tonight is as follows:

Hungarian March, "Rakoczy,".....Berlioz
Suite, "Peer Gynt".....Grieg
Morning Mood, Anitra's Dance
In the Hall of the Mountain King
To a Water Lily.....MacDowell
Overture to "Tannhauser,".....Wagner

INTERVAL

Fantasia, "Carmen,".....Bizet
At Dawning.....Cadman-Herbert
"Roses from the South," Waltzes..Strauss
"Stars and Stripes Forever,".....Sousa

NEW OWEN DAVIS PLAY PRODUCED AT LAKEWOOD

With a laundry as the setting of his latest play, Owen Davis shows the effect of gang rule on the rest of the world in "Just to Remind You," which was given its premiere on July 6 by the Lakewood Players at Lakewood, Me. The new play will be presented in New York next month with Paul Kelly in the leading role in which he is now appearing at Lakewood. Staged by Melville Burke and with the other leading parts played by Sylvia Field and Owen Davis, Jr., the play proves to be a grim indictment of existing political corruption and graft. It is concerned with the effect of gang rule on the rest of the world and with the reaction of the ordinary citizens to graft and corruption. In it Davis makes a plea to arouse citizens to the menace of gang demands and to stir again the almost lost feeling for law and authority.

Jim Alden, the owner of a laundry on a side street in New York, refuses to turn over part of his monthly profits to grafters for protection. He wants to go his own way peacably and undisturbed. As a result his place is bombed, his machines wrecked and he is finally murdered. The satiric finish shows Alden dying while across the street a crooked judge is reciting the Gettysburg address at the dedication of a new schoolhouse. In the supporting cast for the try-out are such names as Mary Phillips, Peg Entwhistle, Gladys Hurlburt, Jessamine Newcombe, Suzanne Willa, Thurston Hall, Wallis Clark, Harland Tucker, Houston Richards, Harold Moffet, William Carey, Robert Hudson, Frank McDonald, Tom Tempest, William Barry, Humphrey Bogart and Paul Anglin.

METROPOLITAN

"Women Love Once"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Zoe Akins from her play entitled "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting"; directed by Edward Goodman and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Julien Fields.....Paul Lukas
Helen Fields.....Eleanor Boardman
Hester Dahlgren.....Juliette Compton
Allen Greenough.....Geoffrey Kerr
Olga.....Judith Wood
Janet Fields.....Marilyn Knowlden
Theodore Stewart.....Claude King
Oscar.....Misha Auer

There seems to be no way of avoiding film versions of stage plays, nor would one so desire, save that the plays seem to lose out rather badly on the screen. "Daddy's Gone a-Hunting," Zoe Akins's famous drama about a well meaning husband with the artistic temperament and the desire to be free, is now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre under the guise of "Women Love Once," and the 10 years that have passed since it was first seen on Broadway do not seem to have made it any fresher. It still has its moments, but they are infrequent, and the direction is so lethargic that one feels the actors striving frantically and not always successfully to force some life into their parts. The director, Edward Goodman, was given three excellent players, Paul Lukas, Eleanor Boardman and Geoffrey Kerr, but even with that help he seemed afraid to let the story move, and as a result the audience was able to anticipate everything long before it happened. Pace is as vital a quality to the screen as it is to the stage, and it is chiefly from its absence that "Women Love Once" suffers.

Julien Fields, a fair to middling artist, is urged by his wife, Helen, to leave her and their child, Janet, for a time in order to accept the offer of the rich Mrs. Dahlgren to go abroad and study painting. In a year he returns completely changed; restless, filled with ideas of "freedom" and the disinclination to work. Helen suffers him patiently, finding excuses for his behavior when Allen Greenough, a rich young bachelor, begs her to leave Julien and marry him. Loving her husband, despite the scandal of his relations with Mrs. Dahlgren, Helen makes a last effort to prove to herself that Julien loves her by showing him valuable jewelry given her by Allen. Since Julien shows no signs of jealousy, she rushes from the house, followed by small Janet, who is run over and badly hurt. Reunited by the child's danger, Helen and Julien are about to part for good—Julien feels that Helen will be far better off with Greenough—when Janet takes a turn for the worse and dies. This finally brings them to a realization that they love each other still and that a new start is possible.

This is a comparatively simple plot, but it was a long time in the telling; the deliberate pace weakened the climaxes, and the only live moment was when Helen tried to rouse her husband's jealousy and failed. Paul Lukas, more handicapped by the role of the unsympathetic Julien than he was by that of the stool pigeon in "The Vice Squad," struggled manfully to win understanding, if not sympathy, for the character he portrayed. It was an impossibly difficult assignment, however, and Paramount should never in the world have made him take the part. If Mr. Lukas is to be a star—and there is no earthly reason why he should not—he must be given a different sort of role: good romantic actors should not be asked to play cads. Eleanor Boardman, barring a certain wavering between English and American accents, was sincere, charming and appropriately tragic as the deserted, long-suffering wife. Given a different sort of story she and Mr. Lukas might make an excellent combination. Geoffrey Kerr, good looking and very British, was almost too likable a lover for him to lose his lady.

E. L. H.

July 11 1931

LOEW'S STATE

"The Man in Possession"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Sarah Y. Mason from the play of the same name by Capt. H. M. Harwood; additional dialogue by P. G. Wodehouse and Sarah Y. Mason; directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Raymond Dabney.....Robert Montgomery
Crystal Wetherby.....Irene Purcell
Clara.....Charlotte Greenwood
Mr. Dabney.....C. Aubrey Smith
Mrs. Dabney.....Beryl Mercer
Claude Dabney.....Reginald Owen
Sir Charles Cartwright.....Alan Mowbray
Esther.....Maude Eburne
A sheriff.....Forrest Harvey
A butcher.....Yorke Sherwood

With every picture he makes, Robert Montgomery is demonstrating how thoroughly he deserves to be a star. His latest vehicle, "The Man in Possession," now showing at Loew's State Theatre, is one of the most genuinely amusing and well acted screen comedies that has come this way in a long time. Seen here earlier in play form, with Leslie Banks and Isabel Jeans in the role of amateur bailiff and impecunious lady, the story loses little or nothing when transferred to the screen. Most of the original dialogue has been retained, with the exception of a few juicy bits of repartee that the studio thought better to leave out. Their omission is scarcely noticed, for the audience is busy from start to finish chuckling, smiling or laughing outright. The subject, if you are very prudish, may seem a trifle risque, but handled throughout with gay humor, it becomes exceedingly pleasing entertainment.

Raymond Dabney, younger son of a very straight-laced, middle class English family, finds his father and brother not at all glad to see him when he gets out of jail, where he spent a year for selling a car before he finished paying for it. They offer him money to leave England, but he prefers to stay and work. His first job is that of sheriff's officer in the home of Mrs. Crystal Wetherby, a very pretty widow whose creditors are making life very difficult and who plans to marry Raymond's brother, Claude, believing him very rich. Raymond is planted in her house the very evening that Crystal is having the Dabneys to dinner, and she presses him into service as butler. His aghast family cannot conceive what he is doing and leave in confusion shortly after dinner. Raymond, greatly taken by the charming Crystal, manages to put off an ardent admirer, Sir Charles Cartwright, and passes a very delightful evening in Crystal's company. The next day he disposes of Claude by telling him that Crystal is heavily in debt, and accepts his passage money and a sizeable sum for leaving the country. Crystal refuses Sir Charles's proposal of marriage and accepts Raymond, who now reveals his true identity, instead.

It is light, frothy and amusing stuff, which cannot be done full justice in a brief synopsis. Perhaps the best moment in the picture was the appalled Dabney's recognition of Raymond in the guise of Crystal's butler, but the scene in which the chatty little bailiff gives Raymond his instructions was almost equally good. Robert Montgomery took full advantage of his many opportunities and gave an excellent performance—he avoided an excess of clowning, but was very funny, none the less, and he did not seem afraid to make the few serious moments seriously. As the charming Crystal, who lived by her wits and her suitors, Irene Purcell was most attractive, while lacking the necessary sophistication and worldliness to make the character plausible. Charlotte Greenwood was better than usual as Crystal's sharp-tongued, sensible maid, Clara, and Forrest Harvey provided much amusement as the polite little bailiff. The rest of the cast, which included C. Aubrey Smith, Beryl Mercer, Reginald Owen and and Alan Mowbray, proved quite satisfactory.

E. L. H.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Night Nurse"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett from the novel of the same name by Dora Macy; directed by William A. Wellman and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Lora Hart.....Barbara Stanwyck
Mortie.....Ben Lyon
Maloney.....Joan Blondell
Nick, the chauffeur.....Clark Gable
Dr. Ranger.....Ralfe Harolde
Dr. Bell.....Charles Winninger
Mrs. Maxwell.....Blanche Friderici
Mrs. Richey.....Vera Lewis
Miss Dillon.....Charlotte Merriam
Interne.....Edward Nugent

At the Uptown and Olympia theatres for the current week may be seen a picture entitled "Night Nurse," that for all its melodramatic impossibilities is always entertaining and contains besides some genuine excitement. It is not hard to fathom the deliberately sensational intentions of the author, Dora Macy, whose novel, barely skimmed through, gives evidence of being loaded to the gunwales with more extraordinary episodes than even a motion picture could accommodate in the space of an hour and a half. The film, however, omits some of Miss Macy's ideas and introduces one or two of its own, no less exciting if a bit more absurd. It is a peculiarly brutal sort of story, containing more than its share of bullying of women and snarling ugliness, contributed largely by that expert snarler and bullier, Clark Gable. Yet granting all this, we can honestly say that we were never bored and found that excellent acting—of which there was a liberal amount—can make up for other deficiencies.

Lora Hart, a pleasant, courageous, independent girl, enters a hospital for the purpose of becoming a nurse. Passing through the rigors of the training course, she is assigned to her first case and finds herself in trouble up to her neck. She takes night duty in the home of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Philip Richey, to care for two little children suffering from malnutrition. One night in the house shows her an appalling condition of affairs. Mrs. Richey, still young and pretty, is drinking herself crazy, with the connivance of the chauffeur, Nick. The children are slowly dying from lack of nourishment and forbidden to see their mother. Dr. Ranger, a shady practitioner in charge of their case, is in league with Nick. They plan to let the children die, in order that Mrs. Richie may have full charge of the trust fund left them by their father, which will then pass into their hands. Lora, aghast at such cruelty, tries to interfere, only to have Ranger threaten her with the finish of her career. Consulting with Dr. Bell, formerly in charge of the children, she decides to fight the dastardly attempt at the risk of her own safety.

In fulfilling this disinterested scheme Lora is aided by Mortie, a delightfully happy-go-lucky bootlegger for whom she has done a great favor. Mortie it is who obtains large quantities of milk at midnight to give the sickest of the children a milk bath; Mortie it is who finds Dr. Bell when he is most needed; Mortie it is who saves Lora and Dr. Bell from Nick's brutalizing and finally gets rid of that nasty individual by speaking to a couple of friends. In the end he and Lora both get their reward, while one presumes that the children are pid mother.

How accurate the hospital scenes were is not for us to say, but they had a grim impersonalness, a stripped and dramatic conviction that made them seem very real. We recall particularly the sequence in which a patient dies under ether during an operation. Barbara Stanwyck, in the title role, gives a fine performance, bringing out all sides of Lora Hart's character and forcing you to cheer for her courage and persistence. Ben Lyon's Mortie is the best thing we have yet seen him do; a breezy, cheerful, completely natural performance. Clark Gable offered another of his sinister brutes and Ralfe Harolde was strikingly effective in the role of the degenerate Dr. Ranger. Another excellent bit of work was Joan Blondell's slangly damsel, Lora's roommate in the hospital. For the direction we congratulate William Wellman.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"A Woman of Experience"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John Farrow from his own story; directed by Harry Joe Brown and presented by R-K-O Pathe with the following cast:

Elsa.....Helen Twelvetrees
Karl.....William Bakewell
Capt. Otto von Lichstein.....Lew Cody
Katie.....ZaSu Pitts
Maj. Hugh Schmidt.....H. B. Warner
Capt. Muller.....C. Henry Gordon
Hans.....Franklin Pangborn
Countess Rynyi.....Nance O'Neil
A General.....George Fawcett
A Red Cross Nurse.....Bertha Mann
A Colonel.....William Tooker
A Colonel.....Alfred Hickman
Capt. Kurt von Hausen.....Edward Earle
Brunck.....Max Weizman

Forbidden to glorify gangsters and gunmen, the films have returned to the always safe and popular plan of glorifying the courtesan who turns spy for her country's sake and in so doing is forced to give up the man she loves. Combine Camille and Mata Hari and it is almost impossible not to have something which will appeal to the more sentimental members of your audience, presuably the ladies—although this popular fallacy has never been proved. In "A Woman of Experience," now current at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, the wistful Helen Twelvetrees follows the course mapped out by many predecessors, most recently of all by Marlene Dietrich in "iDshonored." While Miss Twelvetrees is smeet and appealing, she is hardly the sort to play this kind of part; one is not convinced that a girl of her appearance would have the strength of character or the nerve to follow so hazardous an occupation. There is also the unfortunate fact that she has been made up and photographed to her distinct disadvantage; her eyebrows are pencilled at too sharp an angle for beauty, and the eye catches more than once the strong suggestion of a double chin.

To the photographer goes the praise for the outstanding achievement connected with the production. The camera has been used with full appreciation of its possibilities in telling a story with the greatest possible artistic and dramatic effect. There are many lovely scenes, such as the duel in the gray, misty dawn, and others in which the spoken word is dispensed with in favor of the visual image alone. Perhaps it would be better if there had been a more original story as a foundation to serve as foundation for this technical excellence. Things begin in Vienna in war time; Elsa, a girl of the streets, refused the opportunity to act as nurse, is offered the chance to serve as a spy by trapping a suspected officer, Otto von Lichstein. Instead, she falls in love with a young naval lieutenant, Karl von Runyi, and forgets her mission. When he asks her to marry him she refuses, sending him off to his duty. Once he is gone she remembers her task; she lives with Lichtstein and obtains evidence of his treachery, but her purpose is discovered and Lichtstein shoots her before committing suicide.

Karl, returning a hero, wishes to marry Elsa and his mother, who had opposed the idea, gives in when she learns that Elsa, owing to her injury, has but six months more to live. Helen Twelvetrees, sometimes too painfully sweet, plays Elsa seriously and plaintively. William Bakewell, handicapped, one felt, by the conventionality of his part, made a likable Karl. As the treacherous Von Lichtstein, Lew Cody was satisfactory, while H. B. Warner and C. Henry Gordon appeared briefly but to advantage as two very military gentlemen.

E. L. H.

July 14 '93.

GREAT ARE THE MYTHS!

Another descendant of the "Lost Dauphin of France"—his granddaughter, now living in Florida, who can be produced with the confirming documents in her hand by Mrs. Madeline Buchanan Gill, is announced as the "social leader at Clearwater" of that state.

It was in the fifties that an article appearing in Putnam's Magazine excited wide attention: "Have we a Bourbon among us?" The author, whose researches and suppositions were afterward published in book form, endeavored to prove that the Dauphin did not die in prison, but was brought to the United States, cared for by Indians, until he became a clergyman by the name of Williams. The portrait showed a typically Bourbon face. Talleyrand, it was said, when he was in this country visited this clergyman and was "deeply affected." The clergyman made no attempt to substantiate the claim made in his behalf.

There have been other Dauphins who invited the investigation of the curious and had believers in their right to the French throne. One of them, whose claims were seriously considered by more than one government, served as the hero of a novel by Jules Lemaitre.

The story of the Dauphin, that of the Man in the Iron Mask, that of Caspar Hauser—these will no doubt excite discussion for years to come. For a long time Spaniards believed that one of their kings was not slain in battle, although his death is a matter of history. There are some today who insist that Marshal Ney was not shot to death after Waterloo; that he escaped to one of our southern states—some say Georgia, others North Carolina—where this gallant warrior, as a schoolmaster, taught the young ideas how to shoot, thus preserving his military spirit. Great are the myths! It is a pleasure to accept them.

July 15 1931

BEST DRESSERS

E. V. Lucas, who studies mankind from a club window as well as on the sidewalk, on the open road, wherever men do congregate, declares that dandyism is dead. "Dudes are extinct, except possibly in the Negro states and the Harlem district of New York, and the dude's English correlative, the masher, is a dodo, too; and at the moment we have not in our slang any word to serve as an equivalent."

Is negligence in dress a result of the world war; a result noticeable in more than one country? Dandyism in the United States was seen at its spectacular height in New York. The prodigious, howling swell was described by Charles Astor Bristed in his account of the upper ten thousand; pictured in the Vanity Fair of the sixties, later in Puck, Judge and Life. It is doubtful if Boston ever gloried in a full-blown type. Artemus Ward told a story of a man of "Boston dressing" who out West in the sixties was horsewhipped until he agreed to go into the brush in search of his hired mules that had strayed. Just what was this "Boston dressing"? The Bostonian was known abroad by his shawl, which in the sixties served as an overcoat; but was not his dress rather sober? There have been country dudes, whose clothes were as extravagant as those of Pendennis's rival, Mr. Sam Huxter. This type of dandy was not to be taken seriously.

It was said in the seventies that the best dressed American was a New York stock broker. As he was the best dressed, he could not have been a dude. A dude's taste was admired, perhaps copied, only by fellow-dudes or would-be dudes. Disraeli in his younger years displayed execrable taste. Would Beau Brummel and his friends of the Regency now strut in the street without exciting laughter? No doubt there was dandyism in the selection and wearing of armor. Was Osric, speaking with Hamlet, a dude, or only affected in speech? There are tremendous dandies in the novels of Balzac and Bulwer. Every one respected that setter of fashions for men, Count d'Orsay, who did not believe in standardization, but encouraged his tailor, Blindem, to fit a coat to the individuality of the client; while Barbey d'Aurevilly, who wrote a book on dandyism, in addition to his novels and polemical articles, wore the most astonishing costumes.

The heavy swell, the "silly ass" has not yet disappeared from English comedies, but he is no longer drawn from contemporaneous life. That a dude could be heroic was shown in the world war. If he left a trench alive, he was sobered; he no longer dressed with scrupulous care. It is doubtful whether best-dressers of Chicago still don sunset or omelette waistcoats. They would be too attractive targets for gunmen. Have not crashes in the New York stock market chastened the brokers and enlarged the sale of ready-made garments, the hand-me-downs? As for the Bostonian—yesterday, today and forever! One reads that in London the particular in dress are only the managers of great hotels, "whose attire, composed of black tail coat, white slip and striped trousers, almost amounts to livery and carries a strong hymeneal suggestion." Even a Harley street surgeon has been seen entering a nursing home in plus-fours. So Mr. Lucas informs us, and suggests that English clergymen in Switzerland "may decline from a standard of decorous raiment."

July 16

A DESCENDANT OF —"

The announcement was made a few days ago of the betrothal of a young lady, who "traces her lineage to Pocahontas, her sixth great grandmother." There was great surprise in France at the large number of English and American families who proved their descent from the companions of William the Conqueror and were thus able to take part at the recent celebrations at Falaise.

"Companions"? There are any number of persons in this country who have purchased family trees showing their descent from William the Conqueror and his mother, Arlotta—a name of etymological interest—or from Charlemagne; while it is now evident that the Mayflower brought to the colony enough passengers to fill the one cabin and the tourist staterooms of a transatlantic liner. Yet a wise man has said: "In looking up ancestors, it is not prudent to go back beyond one's grandfather or great-grandfather."

There are some who in private life and conversation will not come down from their family trees, though some of the branches are rotten. They remind one of our ancestors and kinsfolk who threw cocoanuts on the heads of those passing below, by their supercilious treatment of the thousand "nobodies." Neither William the Conqueror nor Charlemagne was of blameless life, careful as to mates and immediate descendants. Pocahontas was in truth a noble dame. Her descendants have reason to boast that they are of Virginia's first families.

July 17

HOW THEY WRITE

A. P. Herbert of Punch, author of amusing verse and that delightful novel "The Water Gipsies," returning from a trip to Australia, told a reporter that he could write easiest on shipboard, where he is away from the telephone, visits and other interruptions, so he brought with him an operetta and a new novel. But there is the wireless; there is that nuisance "the life of the ship," male or female; there is always a bore who sticketh closer than a brother. If Mr. Herbert locked himself in his staterocm, he could have "sported his oak" in London or in some English village.

An entertaining article could be written about the writing habits of authors: how some go into the country, as Miss Millay, described by Carl Helm as "still one of the major gods of the attic and basement poets," but though she writes sonnets in the day-time wearing a tweed dress and sweater, she dines formally and dresses carefully alone with her husband in their mountainside farmhouse.

Some are inspired by the sight of fields and the chatter of birds. Others must sit in a city room, with blank walls; the noise without only sets their mental wheels a-whirring. Tobacco is indispensable to some, even when they write against the smoking of cigarettes by women. If Addison had a bottle of wine at each end of a long table and refreshed himself walking from bottle to bottle, planning a paper for the Spectator, Schiller kept rotten apples in a drawer of his desk to stimulate his fancy, and Balzac, in a sort of a bathrobe, drank great draughts of strong coffee. If some can work only at night, the Rev. Albert Barnes wrote his notes to the gospels before breakfast in the summer house of his garden. If one must wait till the spirit moves him, another, like Anthony Trollope, keeps regular hours, writes a self-allotted number of words, and then stops, though in the middle of a sentence, as a laborer drops his tools the moment the whistle blows.

For July 12-13 See pages 238-240

It is not necessary for a man to visit a foreign place to describe it vividly. The elder Dumas is a brilliant example. The composer Auber never went far from his boulevard cafe, yet his music for the market scene in "Masaniello" is strikingly Neapolitan in spirit and in color. Thornton Wilder never saw Peru or any one of its bridges. To an author of lively imagination how a country or town actually looks is not so important as how it should look. Cyrano de Bergerac's description of the moon and its inhabitants when he had his great adventure is more realistic than many a traveller's account of life on a South Sea island; Capt. Lemuel Gulliver saw more in the Academy of Cagado than Mr. Jones or Mr. Robinson strolling through the buildings at Harvard or Yale.

The most fanciful thors may be the most matter-of-fact in their methods. The eyes of the contemporary poet do not roll in a fine frenzy. If he become excited it is when a magazine returns his manuscript; when a publisher refuses even to look at his volume of poems, saying: "You know, my dear sir, that poetry is a 'drudge' in the market," smiling offensively at his own feeble jest.

July 18 1931

HITCH-HIKING

"The American Automobile Association is to make a vigorous fight against what is reported as an effort to mobilize 'hitch-hikers' into a national organization."

Probably the first hitch-hikers were country boys, whose technique was imperfect. It was their delight in winter, nodding to the driver of a wood-sled, to run along its side and swing themselves up by one of the stakes standing at the end. Thus they would ride as far as the spirit moved them.

It was the custom in the then peaceful New England villages for a man driving a buggy, carryall or wagon, to bow pleasantly to those also driving, whether he knew them or not. This was the courtesy of the road. And if there were a vacant seat he would cry, "Give you a lift?" to any one plodding in the same direction.

This is a suspicious age. The automobilist fears his fellow-man: much more an attractive woman standing by the road in a tired, dejected attitude. Should a generous impulse urge him to address a man, "Get in," the thought "He may stick a gun in my ribs" stifles his good-will. The woman is fair to the eye. She might be pleasant company on the way to town. "She might blackmail me."

And so Mr. Ferguson, who is a highly respected, well-disposed citizen, is deaf and blind to any call or signal of distress, though the man signalling may be old and burdened, the woman poor and weary. As Mr. Ferguson accelerates his speed, he congratulates himself on his prudence.

July 19 1931

A FLIMSY EXCUSE

A Philadelphian, arrested last week in Berlin for boisterous behavior, was fined fifty marks. His excuse in court was that he was "unaccustomed to German beer." A paltry excuse, reflecting unjustly on German brews, but justly on his ability to enjoy quietly one of nature's best gifts to man, for the beers of Munich are to be had in prime condition in the chief city of Prussia. Perhaps this Philadelphian drank a Berlin beer, cheap, black and unpleasant to the palate until one is accustomed to it; Potzenhofer, it was called in the '70s (the spelling may be erroneous). This beer would nauseate before it could inflame. Then there is the famous Weissbier, served in huge glass containers from which a whole family drink in turn a beer for which Kuemmel serves as a chaser.

There is this blonde beer elsewhere, but the Berliners are right in saying that for its perfection there is need of the water of the Spree. This beer quaffed quietly—it does not suggest immoderate consumption—leads to philosophic contemplation, never to obstreperous behavior, dancing on the sidewalk, making the welkin ring with indecent cries, annoy-

The Theatre

1-7-19 By PHILIP HALE '31

Mr. St. John Ervine has been writing interesting articles from Norway and Sweden to the London Observer. The prices of admission to all Scandinavian theatres, he writes, are less than half those of London theatres. The cost of a stall in the National Theatre of Copenhagen is about five shillings, but the seat is hard.

"I sat through a performance of Goethe's 'Faust' there, and felt as if I had been skinned. While I wriggled on my adamant chair, I recollected the piteous complaint of an English lady, who, in an interval during the reading of a very long play by a well-known author, remarked to a friend, 'My dear, I've been sitting on a cane-bottomed chair in a velvet dress, and I'm marked for life.'"

"Death Takes a Holiday" was performed in London for the first time last month. Mr. James Agate spoke of the "welter of bad logic and worse metaphysic" and described neatly the three women to whom Death, an attractive gentleman in evening dress, made love.

"The first young woman is a healthy animal who refuses to love Death to the extent of pulsing with him through eternity as a twin thought. But why should she, since she has probably read 'Man and Superman' and learned something of the function of love in the biological scheme? The second young woman is a jaded sensation-monger, and here again there is no reason why she should have any fancy for Death, who is going to put an end to her tricks. The third young woman declares an absolute passion, whereby we conclude that she must be suffering from pernicious anaemia." Mr. Agate, at the end of his review, admits that the reception was, on the whole, enthusiastic. "I predict a long run for two reasons—the suggestion of Last Things Deeply Considered and the fact that the characters throughout wear evening dress. Satin 'beaute' and sublimated bosh should, between them, do the trick."

Mr. Ivor Brown was grateful to the play for aspiring to be something. "The constant playgoer sees so much of the merely brittle attempting to be bright that he welcomes authorship which has a fling at the moon or even further . . . but it is not easy to be excited about the amours of a gentleman whose unterrestrial quality remains so obvious."

Here is an example of English wit taken from a farce, "The Age of Youth." A character says "You'll find me in the hammock." The grandmother asks: "In the haddock?" Again: "Count sheep going through the hedge and you'll drop off!" "Drop off what?"

As Hannibal, the unforgettable Negro gentleman who lectured to Yale students in the seventies, used to say: "It was not enough to make you laugh when you were in the woods, all alone, without any one with you, by yourself." Eloquent Hannibal, with a richer voice and a more engaging manner than his fellow-lecturer, Prof. Daniel Pratt, G. A. T. (Great American Traveler) displayed.

M. Lucien Dubech, attending a performance of Corneille's "Cid," wondered why the play was revived at the Comedie Francaise and ventured remarks about it that must have been considered by some as nothing less than blasphemous.

Speaking of the performance, he made remarks of general application. "The public is every one, and every one cannot have fine taste or appreciate delicacy. If there were only critics and aesthetes on the earth, life would be unsupportable. The taste of the public is varied and mediocre. The public appreciates qualities, heroic virtues, sublime beauties, but one is not certain that faults are not equally or even more pleasing. As regards tragic actors, the public prefers the worst, or—it comes to the same thing—those who shout the loudest. Not always; M. Herve shouts, but he shouts intelligently. Nevertheless, he shouts, always, as much as possible. The public does not conceive of tragedy in any other way. The more one shouts, the more one is satisfied, and finds it beautiful. That's why actors, yes, the most intelligent, have taken to shouting. Do you think that it is necessary to howl in saying to a man whom one is about to kill—at least one hopes so—

"'And the degenerate son
Who survives a moment the honor of his father.'"

Mr. Lambert was too often another shouter. As a young man he was something of a soap-chewer, scenery-biter, to use good old slang expressions that probably came from the Bowery theatre in the days when one newsboy seeing "Richard the Third" said to another: "Wake me up when Kirby dies." We saw Lambert in the early 80's at the Odeon, Paris, in Daudet's "L'Arlesienne." He had not yet learned the value of repose in speech or action.

"The Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw" are published in one volume by Constable of London. Price 12s. 6d. Mr. J. M. Bulloch, reviewing the book, mentions the production of "Widowers' House" in 1892. "Since that time Mr. Shaw has written 38 other playes, which have had a greater vogue throughout the world, both on the stage and in book form, than the work of any other living dramatist. From first to last he has written over a million words of plays, so that the colossal corpus of his dramatic energy fills 1131 pages of double columns."

The volume is without casts and dates of production. "In his typically challenging way, Mr. Shaw, as it were, flings this huge volume at you with a 'read and be damned' gesture, in the unshakable belief that the play's the thing.' Read, we certainly can, though some of the plays—'Annajanska,' for example—are pretty thin and none of them now startle as they once did. But taken as a whole, the million-word Shavian theatre is a wonderful achievement, which has introduced a number of new ideas—thought out 'chemically,' as Lord Salisbury used to say—to vast numbers of people all the world over."

Otis Skinner, who was acting in London over 40 years ago, was recently with his daughter in that city. He told a reporter that although he was in the "Kismet" films, silent and "talkie" versions, he cannot be greatly interested in film acting. "I miss the audience so much. The cinema lacks that grip of the stage, and in America the talkies already seem to be on the wane."

He remembers with great pleasure the days when he "climbed into beautiful clothes, adopted a beautiful manner and played the Shakesperian heroes. (He appeared as Romeo at the Globe Theatre, London, in 1890.) He told the reporter that the theatre which now interested him the most in London was the Old Vic. He doubted whether an Old Vic would be successful in New York. "Even if such a theatre could be started, most of the members of the company would have to be engaged in England. We haven't the Shakesperian tradition in America. Most of our actors would not know how to speak the verse. There are occasional performers over there, usually in repertory, but the best Shakespeare productions come from England. It is very much the same in other branches of life."

What did Mr. Skinner mean by this last sentence?

"When our buildings get old we tear them down. It is the same in the theatre. A play is put on, and if it is successful there is a long run. Then it is taken off and forgotten. A play is rarely revived. In England the drama is cherished and not forgotten; your best plays were written 400 years ago. 'Peter Pan' is produced and enjoys a good run; so it is put on again and again. To revive a play every year would be unthinkable in New York."

When he was asked if after his experience he could forecast whether a play would be successful in the theatre, he answered: "No, I confess I cannot judge the kind of play that will appeal to an audience. One of the best parts I have acted in the last few years was the centenarian in 'A Hundred Years Ago.' When I received Mr. Granville Barker's adaptation I thought it a delightful piece, but a trifle too placid for the stage. Then I crossed the Atlantic in the winter, saw the performance at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and discovered how amusingly the play acted. On the other hand, I thought the French play 'Marius' was certain to succeed. Yet it failed in New York."

Mr. Skinner remembered Irving directing rehearsals when he first came to New York; how he was a stickler for details.

"The stage manager had to search the town to find a special kind of match that produced a blue flame. 'Does it really matter?' Irving was asked. 'Not one man in a thousand will know the difference.' 'But that is the man we are catering for,' Irving replied.

"'And are these small details important?' I questioned.

"'Yes, I think they are, for the stage must create a verisimilitude of life and if the illusion is spoiled for one member of the audience a certain amount of effect is lost.'"

The English are discussing again the question whether Cyrano de Bergerac really had a big nose. The present discussion came from Sir John Simon asking in a letter to the Times: "Had Cyrano a big nose as well as Grangier; or did M. Rostand transfer this characteristic from the master to the pupil?"

The 17th century engravings show that Cyrano had a large aquiline nose, but not so remarkable as to provoke comment. Justice Darling once asked Coquelin why he did not adopt a high arched nose, as in the engravings, instead of the monstrous one that was a snout. "He told me that he had tried one, but it made him squint."

A few years ago we quoted from writers contemporary with Cyrano. Some mentioned his nose, but there was nothing to justify the monstrosity seen in the play.

"The Unforeseen," a play by "Henry Rex," opened in London on May 13 and closed on June 13. There were 13 letters in the name of the theatre; 13 characters in the play; and it is said that the author's house is numbered 13.

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ing strangers, resisting the police.

Bismarck, wishing his countrymen to drink native wines, said that those who drink beer think beer. (His own favorite beverage was a mixture of champagne and porter.) Holy Writ tells us that wine is a mocker; strong drink is disapproved. Although beer was known to the Egyptians, there is no mention of the escaping Hebrews longing for it, as they longed for the leeks and the onions. The chaplain in Fielding's "Jonathan Wild" drank freely of punch because it is not mentioned in the Scriptures. Why should there be objection by fundamentalists to beer?

July 17

METROPOLITAN

"Forbidden Adventure"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Norman McLeod and Joseph L. Manciewicz from the story by Sinclair Lewis entitled, "Let's Play King"; directed by Norman Taurog and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Bessie Tate ..... Edna May Oliver
Daisy Tate ..... Mitzi Green
Maggie Tiffany ..... Louise Fazenda
Tiny Tim Tiffany ..... Jackie Searl
Queen Sadonia ..... Virginia Hammond
King Max ..... Bruce Line
Director ..... Dell Henderson
Mr. Black ..... Gen Targart
Lippo ..... George Regus
Bill ..... Noah Young
Toby ..... Ben Hall
Lettie ..... Howard Goldstein

It seems rather late in the day to ask one to sympathize with the poor rich little motion picture stars, yet that would appear to be the idea behind "Forbidden Adventure," current screen feature at the Metropolitan Theatre. Perhaps it was the vogue of Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green that inspired Paramount to make the film, perhaps—and more likely to be true—it was the enthusiasm aroused by such excellent juvenile films as "Skippy" and "Tom Sawyer." Whatever the reason was, the resulting picture is a not altogether successful product. There are plenty of amusing moments, a bit of pathos every now and then, but the constant straining after wild hilarity seems to handicap the actors. We are still wondering why the title that Sinclair Lewis applied to his own tale, "Let's Play King," was altered to "Forbidden Adventure," for the latter gives a promise of daring romance to which the mild little comedy makes no pretence. The changes made in the story are not so important for interest still remains where it should, in the children rather than in their quarrelsome elders.

Bessie Tate and Maggie Tiffany—once Maggie Monahan—were great friends in their youth, but when their children become motion picture stars they lose all sense of proportion and are constantly scrapping over the importance of their respective infant prodigies, Daisy Tate and Tiny Tim Tiffany. The rivalry comes to a head when both mothers strive to gain by a trip abroad, the publicity that would befall those on intimate terms with the boy King, Maximillian of Slavonia. Daisy turns the trick by making friends with Max on the fire escape outside her room, and the two decide to run away and have a good time, both being tired of public appearances and no fun. Tim insists on coming with them, and soon the trio meets with all sorts of adventures—they join a gang of boys after Max knocks out their leader, and then two toughs kidnap Tim to win the reward offered by his frantic mother. The gang routs the kidnappers, and the runaways return to their parents, who, in their anxiety, have forgotten to quarrel.

The young actors, Jackie Searl, Mitzi Green and Bruce Line, are very good, even the precocious Mitzi being less objectionable than usual. Young Mr. Searl continues to portray unbearably whiny small boys with an uncanny power of observation, and here he is as good as ever. Bruce Line, as the boy king, is surprisingly good, though handicapped by some needlessly solemn lines. As the battling mothers, Louise Fazenda and Edna May Oliver overact so assiduously that they seemed unable to be truly comic.

E. L. H.

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12,000 MUSIC LOVERS GATHER AT ESPLANADE

Arthur Fiedler Directs Program of Romantic Airs

More than 12,000 music lovers took advantage of a perfect summer night and a silver of moon to attend the esplanade concert last night. Arthur Fiedler directed the Boston Symphony players in a program of romantic airs suited to the nature of the evening.

Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream"; Liszt-Herbert's "Dream of Love"; the Spanish dance, "Panaderos," from Glazounov's "Raymonda," and other familiar airs pleased the large crowd. Hippolyte Doreghmans' 'cello solo in Rossini's oft-told overtured to "William Tell" stirred loud applause.

The concert included the suite, "La Sourse," Delibes; "Polonaise Militaire," Chopin-Glazounov; symphonic poem, "Finlandia," Sibelius; waltz, "Jolly Fellows," Vollstedt.

ESPLANADE CONCERT
July 17, at 8:30 P. M.
Procession of Bacchus, from "Sylvia" ... Delibes
Symphony No. 5..William Boyce (1710-1779)
Tempo di Gavotta Minuetto Allegro
Hebrew Melody, "Eili-Eili"
(Solo trumpet, Rene Voisin)
Polovetzian dances, "Prince Igor"...Borodin
Interval
Suite, "The Lake of Swans"....Tchaikovsky
Scene, Dance of the Swans, Hungarian dance: Czardas
Menuet from "L'Arlesienne".....Bizet
Selection, "Girl Crazy".....Gershwin
March, "On the Mall".....Goldman
There will be no concert tomorrow night.

July 19

Americans and English Vary in Fork Technique

To the Editor of The Herald:

Miss Gretta Palmer, the wise and sympathetic counsellor of all those who wish to behave properly in society, reassures D. A. F. anxiously inquiring:

"You need not feel embarrassed about being left-handed and manipulating your fork in your left hand at all times, as this is the only approved manner of eating in continental society. Many Americans who have been brought up abroad scoff at our habit of 'zigzag' eating, which involves shifting the fork from the left to the right hand before you raise it to your mouth."

Nothing is more amusing than to see Americans in England attempting painfully the use of the fork which is natural to the English. Years ago the American Anglomaniac who went about with trouser legs turned up, and was not daunted by shouts of rude boys, "Is it raining in London?" today speaks, when travelling in the United States, of luggage, lift, railway carriage, and pronounces "schedule" as if it were spelled "skedule"—that is, when he does not forget to do so.

Using the fork in the left hand when he is in a London restaurant, though he is naturally right-handed, he piles on a morsel of meat, layers of vegetables, and raises the fork to his mouth, thinking himself fortunate if nothing drops in the transit. He forgets that the Englishman keeps his knife firmly grasped in his right hand, never lays it down. The technique of our American friends is imperfect. There should be night schools for Anglomaniacs purposing to see England, "our old home."

Boston, July 16. HELEN SMITH.

ATURDAY, JULY 18, 1931

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NEW B. F. KEITH'S
"The Miracle Woman"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jo Swerling from the play by Robert Riskin and John Meehan entitled: "Bless You, Sister," produced at the Forrest Theatre, New York, on Dec. 26, 1927, with Alice Brady in the leading role; directed by Frank Capra and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Florence Fallon.....Barbara Stanwyck
John Carson.....David Manners
Hornsby.....Sam Hardy
Mrs. Higgins.....Beryl Mercer
Dan Welford.....Russell Hopton
Simpson.....Charles Middleton
Collins.....Eddie Boland
Gussie.....Thelma Hill
Violet.....Aileen Carlyle

Motion pictures are not apt to excel in the gentle art of satire; hence, when a play with a satirical intent reaches the screen, most of the bite is usually removed. Four years ago John Meehan and Robert Riskin wrote a play entitled: "Bless You, Sister," which cast bitter ridicule upon the evangelistic racket. This same play, now become a film called: "The Miracle Woman," may be seen at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, with Barbara Stanwyck in the role formerly taken by Alice Brady. It's a good picture, an interesting picture, and while much of the original plot has been thrown overboard, we are glad to relate that the point of the story has not been lost. The spectator is taken behind the scenes and shown just how little sincerity and how much prepared theatrical effect—especially the clever dodge of fake cripples who proclaim themselves "healed" after the evangelist finishes her exhortation—go into the big revival meetings. It may prove too strong fare for the average motion picture fan who likes to keep his illusions intact, but it is a praiseworthy production, despite a bit too much sentiment popping up every now and again.

Florence Fallon's father, driven from his pulpit because of old age, dies of a broken heart, and Florence herself goes into the pulpit to denounce the heartlessness of the parish. Her oratorical efforts inspire enthusiasm in Hornsby, a clever promoter, and he suggests to her that they organize a series of revival meetings. Hardly caring what she does and realizing that the whole business is a fake, Florence consents. Hornsby proves himself a good guesser, for the girl is a sensation from the beginning, and the money comes pouring in during the big meetings. His plans are thrown out of joint, however, when Florence meets and falls in love with John Carson, a young musician, formerly an aviator, who was blinded during the war. The deeper her affection grows, the more Florence realizes how contemptible is the cheat that she enacts every evening, something by no means pleasing to Hornsby, who is in love with her himself.

At last he threatens Florence with a jail term for the embezzlement carried on in her name but without her knowledge and demands that she leave town with him at once. She confesses everything to John, and he determines to make a miracle to restore her lost faith by pretending to regain his sight. He almost succeeds, and when Florence realizes how much he means to her she determines to end the lie once and for all. When she goes out on the platform of the tabernacle to deliver her last speech, she starts to tell the audience the truth, whereupon Hornsby short circuits the lights and accidentally starts a fire. Steadied by Florence's courage, the crowd marches out in safety, and John gropes his way to the blazing stage and carries out her unconscious form. In the end, we see Florence, in Salvation Army uniform, waiting for John to come to her from the hospital.

Barbara Stanwyck, in the title role, gives one of her excellent performances in the best role she has had since her screen debut. Throughout, she is utterly sincere, appealing and as happy in the dramatic climaxes as in the beautifully-played love scenes. Almost equally fine is David Manners, hitherto submerged in stupid parts, who turns in an extremely fine and poignant characterization of the blind musician, Carson. He makes the boy thoroughly manly and sympathetic, never accentuating the blindness to an excessive degree, but never letting it be entirely forgotten. Sam Hardy, most finished trouper of 'them all, is an excellent Hornsby, and Beryl Mercer is delightful in a small part. Direction and photography are eminently satisfactory.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE
"Five and Ten"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by A. P. Younger from the novel of the same name by Fannie Hurst; directed by Robert Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Jennifer Rarick.....Marion Davies
Berry.....Leslie Howard
John Rarick.....Richard Bennett
Jenny Rarick.....Irene Rich
Avery Rarick.....Kent Douglass
Muriel.....Mary Duncan
Leslie.....Lee Beranger
Piggy.....Arthur Housman
Brooks.....George Irving
Hopkins.....Halliwell Hobbes
Dennison.....Charles Giblyn
Midge.....Ruth Selwyn
Taxi Driver.....Henry Armetta

If all rich men's children and wives had as unhappy a time as that accorded to John Rarick's family in "Five and Ten," current screen feature at Loew's State Theatre, perhaps there wouldn't be such a howl every time the bottom falls out of Wall street. Fannie's Hurst's novel, from which the picture is derived, was very earnest about the unhappiness of a very wealthy household, and so is the film. Possibly a bit too earnest, when you come right down to it, for it's a story that has been told many times before and never too convincingly. None the less, the film is interesting much of the time, well-acted and occasionally moving. Most important, it marks the second appearance on the screen of Richard Bennett, father of the famous Bennett trio, who establishes himself at once as a picture stealer almost in a class with Lionel Barrymore. Too bad these pretty screen stars have a hard time of it when the older generation from the stage gets busy, and there doesn't seem to be much they can do about it.

John Rarick, multi-millionaire owner of a nation-wide chain of five-and-ten-cent stores, brings his wife, Jenny, his daughter, Jennifer, and his son, Avery, to New York in order to deal with business matters more conveniently. No sooner are they there than trouble develops. Rarick is so interested in his stores that he spares next to no time for his wife, who gradually succumbs to the blandishments of an amorous Spaniard. Jennifer, snubbed by society girls, falls in love with a rising young architect, Berry Rhodes, and gets her father to award him the contract for designing an enormous building. Berry, already engaged to marry Muriel, a childhood sweetheart, finds himself falling in love with Jennifer, even plans to break his engagement and marry her until Muriel taunts him with having been bought by the Rarick money. Out of pique, he marries her, only to regret it and try to recommence his affair with Jennifer. While Jennifer is hesitating between her love for him and her desire to follow the decent course, Mrs. Rarick elopes with her Spaniard, leaving a note for her husband.

Avery, meantime, desperately lonely and unhappy, powerless to stop his adored mother and sister, gives up at last and tries to kill himself by crashing his plane. Just before he dies he sees his whole family united after many months by his bedside in the hospital. In the end we learn that Berry's wife, having offered to sell him to John Rarick for Jennifer, has obtained a divorce, and that Berry is following Jennifer and her parents to Europe. While Marion Davies, the star of the picture, gives a nice performance, particularly so in her scenes with Leslie Howard, it is Richard Bennett who takes first honors. He plays the absorbed, ambitious millionaire with the force and skill learned in his years upon the stage and gives an excellent, individual characterization. Taking second honors we find Leslie Howard, with a really good part, for a change, doing splendidly with the role of the fashionable Berry. Kent Douglass, as one of the pathetic rich yeuths who take to drink to forget their sorrows, did reasonably well, even making the deathbed scene pathetic. Irene Rich, albeit a bit strained, was sufficiently good as Mrs. Rarick.—E. L. H.

FENWAY AND SCOLLAY SQUARE
"The Black Camel"

An all-talking mystery drama adapted to the screen by Barry Connors and Philip Klein from the novel of the same name by Earl Derr Biggers; directed by Hamilton McFadden and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Charlie Chan.....Warner Oland
Julie O'Neil.....Sally Eilers
Tarneverro.....Bela Lugosi
Shelah Fane.....Dorothy Revier
Robert Fyfe.....Victor Varconi
Jimmy Bradshaw.....Robert Young
Rita Ballou.....Marjorie White
Wilkie Ballou.....Richard Tucker
Thomas MacMaster.....J. M. Kerrigan
Mrs. MacMaster.....Mary Gordon
Van Horn.....C. Henry Gordon
Anna.....Violet Dunn
Alan Jaynes.....William Post
Jesson.....Dwight Frye
Smith.....Murray Kinnell
Kashimo.....Otto Yamaoka
Luana.....Rita Roselle

Charlie Chan, that sapient Chinese philosopher and patient detector of complicated crimes and reticent criminals, again solves a tough problem in "The Black Camel," though he has his perplexed moments. Not only does he learn who committed a murder in Hollywood three years before the picture opens, but he discovers who killed Shelah Fane, a motion picture actress with a past spotted by amorous conquests and disappointments. Shelah met violent death in her hotel suite in a Honolulu hotel, just as she was at a difficult point where two roads diverge. She wanted to marry young Alan Jaynes, who had courted here aboard ship; and she had just met her former husband, Robert Fyfe, an actor in the Theatre Royale. Also, she had consulted Tarneverro, a crystal gazer of forbidding countenance and ready wit, who had forced from her a confession that it was she who killed Denny Mayo, the movie director. Tarneverro, it turned out, was Mayo's brother, and naturally was interested in the matter.

Well, with Shelah's passing, Charlie Chan's passion for unearthing crime became intensified. He was aided little by a student-detective, Kashimo, who kept rushing in with clues and bungled about everything he tackled. Charlie himself was routed once, but by his family of modern-minded children who, when questioned about their standing in scholarship, threw at him such retorts as "bologna," "applesauce" and other grocery store accessories. As the story progresses the audience has a choice of six or more persons on whom to pin the murder of the fair Shelah. Future audiences should have that same range of choice, so we refrain from identification of the murderer.

At the outset the director seemed hard put to co-ordinate his scenes, the result being a confusing leaping about of camera, intent, and locale. After that the picture proceeds in quietly dramatic fashion. Mr. Oland, who is steadily effective as the rotund and unctuous Chinese, deserves praise for refusing to demand the stage centre at all times. Thus, there are several scenes in which minor players may demonstrate their worth; particularly real was the death-bed scene in which Mr. Kinnell as Smith, the artist turned beach derelict, made his important disclosures; and that when Mr. Varconi as Fyfe, the actor, told Charlie Chan of his love for the slain Shelah. In fact, one of the most encouraging phases of the "The Black Camel" lies in the opportunities given to and accepted by these and other secondary actors. By so much is the picture, which opened yesterday at the Fenway, and reaches the Scollay Square tomorrow, advanced to evenly satisfying performance.

W. E. G.

July 19 1931

ANOTHER DISAPPEARANCE

To the Editor of The Herald:

The department of public works in Rochester, N. Y. has decreed that hitching posts and horse blocks must go. "They are a menace to motorists who park their cars at the curb and frequently bend a fender or wheel against them."

The old familiar hitching posts were sometimes of wood, often of iron—the more ornate were crowned with a horse's head—sometimes of stone. In villages the farmers coming to the postoffice or the store—often one and the same thing—would drive to the post and hitch with leather or rope, sometimes loosening a rein to hold the horse fast. In the towns there would be a long line of vehicles with the stamping of hoofs in fly time; for the asparagus bough was chiefly for the head. The horses growing impatient would look about impatient for the return of the driver.

The motor car is not content with having put away the buggy—preferred by one-handed drivers on courting evenings; the carryall bearing a family—little Johnny on a cricket in front cramped by more favored knees, seeing only the horse's hindquarters and in dangerous proximity to the swishing tail—bearing a family, we repeat, to a picnic, the meetinghouse, or an afternoon in the graveyard. On Sundays there was hitching in the horse-sheds next the meetinghouse, while the men discussed village and national politics, laid plots for and against candidates: hence the term "horse shedding."

Dover, July 16. C. C. PEIRCE.

July 20 1931

KEITH-BOSTON
"The Public Defender"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bernard Schubert from the novel by George Goodchild entitled: "The Reckoner"; directed by J. Walter Ruben and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Pike Winslow.....Richard Dix
Barbara Gerry.....Shirley Grey
Wells.....Edmund Breese
Doctor.....Paul Hurst
John Kirk.....Purnell Pratt
Inspector O'Neill.....Alan Roscoe
Professor.....Boris Karloff
Rose.....Ruth Weston
Aunt Matilda.....Nella Walker
Auctioneer.....William Halligan
Charles Harmer.....Frank Sheridan
Cyrus Pringle.....Carl Gerard

When an intelligent, courageous man, inspired by sentiment and aided by an ex-forger who quotes Keats and Pope and a former second-story worker who prefers his poetry and humors in the raw, undertakes to be an agent of justice and retribution, he is apt to prove the superior of the best brains in the local police and prosecuting departments. This is demonstrated by the highly exciting adventures and the ultimate success of Pike Winslow, played splendidly by Richard Dix in this screen version of our old friend, "The Reckoner." But Mr. Dix is not the entire picture by any means. Here is a very capable group of players, adroitly cast and skilfully directed. Their efforts are aided by extraordinarily sharp and clear photography and by settings both of outdoors and interiors which represent small fortunes in their assembly. "The Public Defender," in short, is mighty good entertainment, a credit to all concerned and a source of constant diversion and interest to its audiences. Seldom have we seen so much good acting compressed into 75 minutes of screen play.

Pike Winslow, stock exchange member, amateur aviator and all-round he-man, loves Barbara Gerry, daughter of a banker who has been ruined by a trio of ruthless conspirators. Not only does his home fall under the auctioneer's hammer but a prison term confronts him as a peculator of bank funds. Harmer, Kirk and Pringle have seen to that, and have profited handsomely by hteir villanies. Winslow, convinced that Barbara's father is innocent, sends warning cards, signed "The Reckoner," to the three men. Harmer, terrified flees to Bermuda. Pringle, in a funk threatens to confess all, and Kirk shoots him. Step by step, Pike, by precisely planned and perfectly executed coups, gathers all the incriminating documents and other material evidence needed to clear Gerry's good name. In the climactic scene he forces Kirk to submit to finger-printing, thereby identifying him as Pringle's murderer.

In between are countless dramatic suspenseful episodes. One or two are born of old stage tricks, like the plant

July 20 1931

A MATTER OF QUANTITY

Philip Guedalla in his life of "The Duke" tells us that Wellington at Eton, though he had toyed with Ovid, Terence and the Vulgate, said in later years, giving his rules for public speaking: "One is, I never speak about what I know nothing, and the other, I never quote Latin." In this he was wise, for his quantities were uncertain. He once, dressed in the robes of Oxford Chancellor, shocked the Sheldonian Theatre with a "Jacobus" whose second syllable was short; nor did he atone for this by making the second syllable in "Carolus" long.

Were the orators who spouted Latin in the House of Lords and the House of Commons in the late 18th century and the 19th century always sure of their quantities? Were all those who had been at Eton and the universities able with justice to applaud the sentiment conveyed in Latin, or to let fly ironical, mocking "Hear, Hears"? How many graduates of our New England colleges, who were ranked high in Latin and then dropped the classics, can today quote from Tacitus, Virgil and Horace with due regard for the quantities, though they may be letter perfect in recalling the order of the words? As for translating without the aid of a lexicon and a grammar, not to mention a "pony" ———.

When Gen. Andrew Jackson received an honorary degree at Harvard, Maj. Jack Downing put in the general's mouth a senseless string of familiar Latin words. Could Seba Smith, the creator of the major, have pronounced them correctly?

Are the satirical letters of Maj. Donning read today? Or are they forgotten with Richard Grant White's "Gospel according to St. Benjamin," the Orpheus C. Kerr papers of Robert H. Newell—one of the famous Menken's husbands—and the letters of Petroleum V. Nasby?

ing of a flashlight in a shrub, to fool a flustered detective, just as William Gillette once fooled old Moriarty with his lighted cigar in "Sherlock Holmes." The dialogue is unusually natural and pointed. There are several distinctive characterizations. About the entire picture is an air of smartness and competency refreshing to behold. Each and every player deserves praise, particularly Mr. Breese as Pike's elderly and astute friend, Mr. Roscoe as the police inspector, Mr. Karloff and Mr. Hurst as Pike's loyal aides, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Gerrard as the evil three, and Miss Grey as the gentle Barbara. We commend "The Public Defender" to all lovers of wholesome, credible melodrama. W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Shiraz"

A silent Hindu screen drama made in India under the direction of Franz Osten; presented by British Educational Pictures and UFA with the following cast:

Shiraz.....Himansu Rai
Prince Khurram.....Charu Roy
Dalia.....Seeta Devi
Selima.....Emakshi Rama Rau

As delicate and noble in design as the Taj Mahal itself is this poetic drama of old India, now to be seen in Boston more than two years later than its favoring debut in a little cinema house on Fifty-fifth street, New York. In Germany it was called "Das Grabmal einer grossen Liebe," or "The Tomb of a Great Love." Even the present title, "Shiraz," somehow does not indicate the full beauty, silent eloquence and genuinely moving dramatic qualities of the picture. It is long, a round hour and one-half from start to end; it is paced leisurely; it is pastoral in nature, rather than spectacular, though spectacle there is in abundance. It procedes to its tragic yet inevitable conclusion without slightest deviation from truth or slightest concession to artifice. Expecting it to stop on this or that scene, one hopes that it will continue on; and the final passages have all the benignity and calm of the Beatitudes.

Selima, a princess, was left in the desert as a little tot when a camel train with which she and her mother were travelling was attacked and annihilated by desert brigands. Found by Hasan, a potter, and taken to his village and his family, she grew up happily, with Shiraz, Hasan's son, as companion. Grown to maidenhood, she was stolen by slave raiders and purchased by an agent for Prince Khurram, afterward the Emperor, a kindly ruler. He, like Shiraz, loved the girl, would have married her had she been of royal birth. An amulet proclaiming this royally fell into Shiraz's possession when the raiders left, and in time he restored it to Selima, thus making her eligible as the prince's consort and renouncing his own love for her at the same time. For Selima really loved the prince. For 18 years thereafter Shiraz watched at the palace gates to see Selima; he became feeble and blind. Yet when Selima died, it was Shiraz who out of his rich memories fashioned the exquisite design for the temple built by the prince in her honor. At the end the two men, sharing a great love, sat side by side and contemplated the radiant achievement.

Acted entirely by native players, the performance as to individuals is not remarkable save for sincerity and ability to indicate moods in simplest fashion. Pictorially the film is authentic, impressive and often overwhelming. The scenes of the desert attack, of village life, of intrigues and ceremonials within the palace, are novel and interesting. The episode of the imminent death of Shiraz when the prince, incensed at his entrance to Selima's chamber in his absence, orders him killed by an elephant, is full of suspense. You actually see the huge beast's foot raised over Shiraz's face just as the prince countermands his order. And the closing views of the Taj Mahal itself leave a vivid impression. For those who would escape for the moment from the false excitements and the stenciled plots of the motion picture studios, "Shiraz" will have that appeal which an oasis in the desert has for thirsty, tired pilgrims.

W. E. G.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Broad Minded"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby; directed by Mervyn Le Roy and presented by First National with the following cast:

Ossie Simpson.....Joe E. Brown
Constance.....Ona Munson
John Hackett.....William Collier, Jr.
Penelope.....Marjorie White
John Hackett, Sr.....Holmes Herbert
Mabel Robinson.....Margaret Livingston
Gertie Gardner.....Thelma Todd
Aunt Polly.....Grayce Hampton
Pancho.....Bela Lugosi

Vogues in screen comedians, like that in women's hats and the length of their skirts, are funny things. Joe E. Brown undoubtedly has a vogue, somewhere in this broad land, or else his cavernous mouth would not be seen so frequently in grotesque close-ups. And speaking of broad lands, the worldly wise may detect in the title of this picture a certain coarse humor which to others might pass unnoticed. In the parlance of burlesque comics and hoofers and sidewalk conversationalist a "broad" is a "skirt," or more succinctly, a pretty woman. Jack Hackett, the juvenile of this skit without music by the Messrs. Kalmar and Auby, is always chasing girls. Thus he furnishes the picture's title: he is "broad minded."

With such a start it is not difficult to visualize the trend of the film. Jack's father, a New York financier, disgusted at his son's trifling ways, sends him across continent to Pasadena, to free him from the toils of a gold-digger named Mabel. He appoints Ossie Simpson Jack's guardian. Thus Mr. Collier, as Jack, becomes a feeder and foil for Mr. Brown's wisecracks and clownish antics in the elastic role of Ossie. In Constance Palmer Jack finds his true love, while Ossie pairs off with Penny Packer. When trouble threatens on arrival of the vindictive Mabel, the boys persuade Gertie Gardner to pose as Constance and to obtain a packet of incriminating love letters. At the end of one hour and 10 minutes everything is smoothed out, and Mr. Brown has made his final grimace.

He draws heavily on his old burlesque store of buffoonery, imitating a gorilla, running about in shorts, uttering strange noises, cracking obsolete jokes. There are split seconds when he is actually, legitimately droll, and light laughter is his reward. He is an unlovely object in a bath tub, but he can blow perfectly fascinating smoke rings from his "prop" cigar. Mr. Collier seems unhappy as the youthful idler, and, presumably for that same reason, Mr. Lugosi is none too temperamental as the South American admirer of the talented Gertrude. The others are just so so, which is all that the picture demands of them. W. E. G.

July 21 1931

Pyjamas Are All Right, But There Are Limits

To the Editor of The Herald

"Hereafter, officials of the Chardon Street Home and the Wayfarer's Lodge in Boston will be relieved of the responsibility of supplying overnight guests with 'clean night shirts'."

Will the officials provide their guests with pyjamas? It would increase the self-respect of the lodgers. Brilliant colors would cheer them; give them hope for the future if they are depressed by the thought that they are down and out.

This question of pyjamas—the word should always be spelled with a "y"—is of world-wide importance. A man in Attleboro gave his daughter a "rough push" because she had donned them in the day time. The spirited girl in a struggle that followed knocked off the father's glasses. Judge Ralph E. Estes said from the bench: "I rather like to see the girls dress that way (in beach pyjamas) in the proper place." Nor did he by this rule that they should be only for bed. Oh, upright judge! How we do honor thee!

At Rumford, Me., girls employed by the Oxford paper mill were informed by hard-hearted officials that they could not wear pyjamas in the finishing room. And why? The girls were told that these garments made them too attractive to male help. Something was also said about "indecency." A narrow view. Would not the males be all the more eager to work, if they were enabled to cultivate at the same time their sense of beauty?

If the fair maid of Malden wishes to spend her vacation on the French Riviera, all she needs for costumes is two pairs of pyjamas, one for the beach; one for the dining room and the following evening festivities. She can dazzle the guests by adding a large "floppy" hat and a brilliant scarf. There is also need of a bathing suit: "tiny wool or jersey brassiere and short tight trunks."

Pyjamas were worn by many of those who attended recently the wedding of Grace Moore, singer, to a wealthy Spaniard at Cannes.

Young women in pyjamas decorated the streets of Peterborough, N. H., last month. Views of Mt. Monadnock were for the time disregarded.

Of course the advisability of women, old or young, wearing these garments depends somewhat on their slimness or obesity. "Nobody loves a fat man," said a once popular actor.

Springfield, July 18. L. P. HALL.

July 22

Top o' the Morning

Nose Pulling

Top Of Morning:

Jack Van Zandt of Red Fork, Okla., quarrelled with his mother-in-law. To conclude his argument he cut off her nose.

"Says Aaron to Moses,
"'Let's cut off our noses,
"Says Moses to Aaron,
"'It's the fashion to wear them.'"

Cutting off the nose of this mother-in-law was undoubtedly going too far. If Mr. Van Zandt had merely said: "Madam, I'll pull your nose" or had actually pulled it, he would have conformed to the custom in the days of the Regency.

Why should the threat to pull one's nose have been regarded as a deadly insult? Yet duels followed the threat or the accomplishment of the threat. There was a famous case of nose-pulling in a train between here and Milton many years ago, with the result that the puller, sued, left this country never to return. Pulling an ear has been a merely playful trick. Napoleon Bonaparte thus amused himself when the woman was young, pretty and in favor; but biting the ear is a prologue to a duel—see "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Napier said: "Give me a man with plenty of nose"; he was speaking of military efficiency, not of the old belief in comparative measurement. It is not stated whether the nose that invited the attention of Mr. Van Zandt was Grecian, aquiline, pug, or as the nostrils through which the horses of the sun blew the morning. He was sure that his mother-in-law would miss it. It was an easy way of getting even with her.

JANET

July 12

By PHILIP HALE

Andre Rasan, contributing a series of articles "Lunching with—" to Candide, found dramatists thus interviewed, willing, yes eager to make disagreeable remarks about dramatic critics. Who was the critic to defend the disciples of Aristarchus? He thought of Pierre Brisson of Le Temps, known by his "ferocious independence and witty virulence."

Brisson told Rasan that he had never concealed his opinion of dramatists or players. As for the dramatists they think well of the critics only when the nature of the review coincides in their eyes with the importance of their success. "When they think we have been too severe they exclaim, 'you are keeping the public from the theatres; you are betraying dramatic art.' We can usually reply to them: 'It is we who would betray our readers if we advised them to see your plays.'" Then Brisson added: "All these discussions are futile, without importance; but how difficult it is to satisfy everybody—and his profession."

In answer to questions, Brisson made these replies:

"A dramatic critic should not write plays, for they would in all probability be bad. Criticism is not a trade or profession; it should not be; it is a form of mental activity. One makes innumerable enemies. It is inevitable. God knows that I am not the enemy of any one; but I believe that if one should form a syndicate of dramatists and managers dissatisfied with the critic of the Temps there would be several names. It is necessary, however, to recognize the fact that in the eyes of the public the importance of dramatic criticism has greatly diminished. I do not believe too much in the power of criticism; it can launch a piece; it cannot make it fall. There are managers who have ordered me away from their theatres. I have been hit with fists: that ended one morning in a duel according to form; two bullets without result."

When he was asked if he ever recognized the fact that he had erred in judgment, he answered: "I have not yet enough of a past behind me to see clearly my mistakes. That will come without doubt. Yet—yes—I remember I once made a mistake; I praised." Rasan remarked that a man's opinion depends on his mental condition at the time. (He might have added "bodily condition," also.) Opinion is a fragile thing. "It's the fragility that gives an opinion value. A critic sure of telling the exact truth concerning a play would have only to keep still. Nor do I think that two or three critics on a paper would give brilliancy to criticism."

"One last question: in spite of what you have said about the critic-dramatist, do you think of writing a play some day?"

"I have never had the desire or the taste. My ambition lies elsewhere."

"Perhaps you dream of the glory of a Lemaitre or a Sarcey?"

"My dream is at once greater and more modest: the friendship of a dramatist."

Ernest Newman has been attending the opera in London. "The Italians are with us once more, and the air of Covent Garden is thick with 'pieta,' 'andiamo,' 'ahime,' 'dio,' 'amore,' 'oltraggio,' 'fatale,' 'coraggio,' 'traditore,' 'io tremo,' 'non lo so,' and the other dozen or so basic constituents of an Italian opera libretto. The Latins are as faithful to the primitive simplicities as the Teutons who have just left us are to theirs. And not only in their libretti and their music but in their singing and their acting. Already we have had, from one or two of the male members of the troupe, a hint of what is in store for us. Some of these gentlemen appear to proceed on the strange assumption that we are both very deaf and unspeakably stupid, so that unless they address us in tones calculated to carry as far as Soho, and say everything they have to say with the utmost possible emphasis, we are in danger of missing the point of their remarks. This type of singer does everything by threes. He has only three tones—the anaemic, the robust and the plethoric. He has only three gestures—this, that and the other. He does violence to the score in only three places—here, there and everywhere. But all the same, he is a great joy to us, and no opera season in London would be complete without him."

Mussolini's play, "The Hundred Days," has been performed at Budapest for the first time outside Italy. The author's name is billed "Giacchino Forzorno," but Mussolini's share in the construction of the drama is an open secret. There are eight scenes. The period is after Waterloo when those put in high places by Napoleon turn traitor to him. When the enemy reaches Malmaison, "Napoleon suddenly sees the strategic error made by Bluecher and offers to annihilate the opposing forces as an ordinary officer with the assistance of 50,000 men." The new government does not accept his offer. Napoleon faces St. Helena.

Paul Valery's "Amphion" bids fair to be a curious work. He tells the world about it through Manuel Jacob in the June number of Bravo. Many years ago he spoke to Debussy of a sort of spectacle in which music, dancing, singing, orchestra, scenery should constitute the elements of a united action, each means providing a separate labor or medium of expression. Valery abandoned this scheme. The present "Amphion" is only a timid carrying out of the old idea. The first half of the melodrama—Valery cannot find any other word to characterize the piece—almost wholly excludes the orchestra. In the second half—in an interval of 15 minutes—the composer should produce the first instrumental sounds, arrange the scale and rush rapidly to the most complex harmonies. "I have every reason to think that Arthur Honegger has accomplished this strange task in a marvelous manner." Ida Rubinstein will take the part of Amphion.

Cornelia Otis Skinner was well received in London last month. The Observer said she is "perhaps more patently a skilful actress than Miss Draper lets on to be." Her single-handed sketches, "though no less entertaining than those of her brilliant compatriot, owe more to the art with which she draws them than to their own inherent virtues." The Sunday Times, also praising Miss Skinner, has this to say: "Perhaps in this matter of immuring oneself in a theatre on hot afternoons to listen to sempiternal monologues the appetite grows with what it feeds on. The curmudgeon only will say that those that are diseuses already shall stay as they are. But the vein is thin, and one dreads the time when shoals of young women will be encouraged to attack it with no more than commensurate talent."

Parisian theatre managers are still complaining of poor business. One of the critics thinks that these managers made a mistake when they began to allow the best seats to be occupied by men in light suits and soft collars and women in day costumes. "It would be impossible in France to insist on evening dress for men, for many quite well-to-do men simply do not possess a 'smoking'; but theatres, it is believed, would quickly become the fashion once more if women were convinced that they were the place for showing off their best clothes."

An Englishman, T. C. Fairbairn, told the Religious Drama Society in London that he hoped to arrange a dramatic production of Handel's "Messiah" next spring. The music will be rearranged in the order of a drama, and will illustrate that drama. "Scenes will be written in to link up the dramatic story he already finds in the oratorio." The performance will end with the Hallelujah Chorus and the Ascension. Mr. Fairbairn reminded the society that "Elijah" had been produced as a drama at the Old Vic; also at Leipsic. It has been produced as a drama two or three times in the United States. The first performance with scenery, costumes and action, was at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven, Ct., if we are not mistaken. The experiments have not won success. What sort of a scenario will Mr. Fairbairn frame from "Messiah"? And how about music for the scenes to be "written in" to the oratorio? The wonder is that the English, to whom Handel's oratorio is an English institution, will permit this rearranging and tinkering.

A. P. Herbert's "Water Gipsies" will be made into a talking picture. We should not care to see this version of the delightful novel, which must suffer in its passage to the cinema. There are scenes as well as dialogue in the book that will not bear the transposition.

Mr. Herbert, to write another novel and a new operetta, went to Australia, having found that the best place to write about English life is on the sea, where one can work without interruption. His new operetta is "Derby Day"; it deals with picturesque low life. Three scenes are near or on the race course; one on the road to Epsom, another outside the favorite's stall; the third on the rails. There are two acts in an inn. There is a little spoken dialogue. The music will be by Alfred Reynolds.

There is need of reviving theatre going in Vienna as well as in Paris. A director, Dr. Beer—O auspicious name!—has the idea of enabling the public to visit "a fixed monthly number of performances at seven leading theatres of that city, which taken together have a seating capacity of 9000." All the available tickets are to be disposed of by way of the proposed monthly subscription. None are to be sold at the box office.

Lady Constance Malleson (Colette O'Niel) has given the title, "After Ten Years," to her autobiography. She tells how she wrote a play and sent it for criticism to St. John Ervine. She asked for straightforward criticism. Mr. Ervine wrote in the course of his reply: "Some one went to Wilson Barrett once to ask for a job. He slapped his heart and said, 'It's all here! I know I've got it in me!' And Barrett replied, 'Yes, we've all got it in us, but can you get it out?' With you, I feel the reply should be, 'Can you keep some of it in?'"

Is there any existing copy of William Archer's blood-and-thunder drama written in Australia: "The Jeweller's Daughter, or the Assassin of Paris"—and was this play suggested by one of E. T. A. Hoffmann's tales?

We spoke last Sunday of Archer's relations with Shaw, but forgot the latter's letter to Archer in which he wrote: "Your analysis of my limitations! Why, you stupendous ass, you draw a line through my plays which represents your own limitations in your most fatuously lazy mood, and you proceed to explain that everything outside that line is more Shawism!"

July 12 1931

WITH AN INDEX

"The novel 'Ragged Banners' is whimsically indexed as if it were an actual biography."

"Whimsically?" All good novels, especially those of many pages, should be indexed. An early edition of "Sir Charles Grandison" is provided with as full a one as Birbeck Hill's to Boswell's Johnson. Why should an admirer of Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Hardy, be obliged to hunt through volume after volume to find some side remark, some acute observation, moralization, description? In one of Thackeray's novels he inveighs against the male ballet dancer. Is it in "The Newcomes"? But what a waste of time in finding the passage! Balzac's novels should be indexed, especially "Cousine Bette," if only for the remarks about the artist's life and the ways by which a wife can keep her husband contented, satisfied at home of an evening. There is an index of characters in Balzac's novels, as there is a similar

scau and his fair initiator glorify this supper? At Soleure, he informed us, the beefsteak in a humble restaurant was incomparable—"vaseline princeps," to quote an enthusiastic clerk in Boston, who, commending a play, recalled vaguely his Latin. A lake, a sunset, a mountain, Eustacia sitting at the table—what wonder if there is illusion about the food and the wine?

July 12 1931

TABLE ILLUSIONS

One of the world's most appalling bores is the man returning from a trip "abroad" who tells his victims where they should dine or sup and drink in foreign cities. "You should go to——'s for duck, and to——'s for partridge and cabbage"—and so on through the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Tears bedew his cheeks when he speaks of Madame Poulard at St. Malo and her omelettes that are no more. Speak to him of Chatcaubriand, ask if he saw his tomb, and he will reply: "Chateaubriand? Oh, he's the fellow that gave his name to a beefsteak, isn't he? Was his restaurant anywhere near Madame Poulard's?"

Now that she is dead, there are knowing persons who give her recipe—but these recipes differ, one from the others. Did the secret lie in a dash of cream just before serving? It took courage for one to write recently that the Poulard omelette was the same as any French omelette—compare Mark Twain's story of the jumping frog; that the guest at Madame Poulard's was impressed by her personality and her skill in the management of a long-handled frying pan. No doubt the scene, the locale also contributed illusion.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that he never tasted such trout and chicken, and never drank so delicious Burgundy as one evening at Chambery. Did not the remembrance of Rous-

...x for Dickens and Proust, though Proust ...s badly in this respect. The elder Dumas ...ds an index of characters.

Too many biographies, autobiographies, historical books and books of travel are published ...hout an index. Christopher Morley is to be ...sed for adding one to his delightful "John ...tletoe." Is there a wholly adequate one in ...glish for Rabelais, Montaigne, or Sir Thomas ...owne? That in the old Bohn edition of Sir ...homas is not full enough. Plutarch's "Morals" ...eds a better index than the one now at hand. ...e boy for indexes that are as good reading ...the text was old Philemon Holland: Witness ...index to Pliny's "Natural History."

ANTI-TOBACCONISTS

Michael Kellcher of the Bronx is a butcher trade, but he is evidently a man of refinement and holds the female sex in high esteem. ...r when he saw Mrs. Pearl Barton walking ...th a cigarette in her mouth, though she was companied by her young son, he told her to ...row the cigarette away. She paid no attention to him. He thereupon "slapped it" from ...r lips. In court his only defence was that the ...ght of a woman smoking on the street seemed ...him improper.

A good many years ago Joseph Howard, Jr., ...ho forged a proclamation of President Lincoln, and afterwards was a voluminous writer ...r newspapers, walking in Broadway, New ...ork, met a man smoking. He stepped up to ...im, snatched the cigarette or cigar from his ...outh, and said: "How dare you, sir, pollute ...od's pure air?" There was no answering blow; ...o forced appearance in court. Nor was Howard, the son of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a ...rivileged character.

Are there not even now western towns where ...t is a civic offence to smoke in public, as it was once in Boston? But even in those towns no policeman, no member of a vigilance committee would pull what has been described by fanatics as "the filthy weed" from an offending mouth.

The adorer of women, the lover of the good, pure and beautiful, is not disturbed so much by women smoking, even on the street, as by the fact that so few smoke gracefully or as if they enjoyed it, in private, in restaurants or on summer hotel verandas. There is a hurried inhalation, an almost instantaneous ejection; then a holding of the cigarette at a distance, lest the odor should offend. In advertisements the dear women do this better.

July 13 1931

TRIBUTE TO PHILIP HALE

The article on Philip Hale, which we ...rint from the Sunday edition of the New York Times, is a deserved tribute to an accomplished gentleman whom the persons best qualified to judge have held in the highest esteem ...or a generation. A tenth of Mr. Hale's scholarship and knowledge of music and the drama ...as been sufficient to give many persons a wide ...eputation for erudition and authority. The ...hought which he has often put into a single ...ymphony program study would be expanded ...y many writers into a solid volume which ...ritics would praise enthusiastically.

Mr. Hale has been satisfied to remain a ...ewspaper man. He is appreciated deeply here ...nd abroad almost in spite of himself, for he has ...efused year in and year out to leave Boston ...r even to write books. At an age when many ...would wish to retire, he has all the vim and ...nergy of a youth, and a prodigious capacity ...or work. Best of all, he writes with a simplicity, directness and clearness which make ...everything he does delightful to read. The ...ribute to him in the Times will be displeasing ...o only one man, Mr. Hale himself. If he were ...here—he is on a vacation in his native Vermont—he would already have protested against a ...eprinting.

THE GREETER

Will the supplement to the great Oxford ...ictionary include the word "greeter" as it is ...sed today? When and where did "greeter" ...acquire its present significance?

There are banks, there are corporate bodies, promoters, who have on their staff of officers a professional greeter, a man who by his ingratiating manner, his petrified smile, his hearty unctuous voice makes the stranger, the possible client or customer, feel when the glad hand is outstretched that he is at that moment a man of importance.

The greeter is born, not made. He is a marked boy at school. At college he has a hand as well as an eye for the students' secret societies. Sometimes in the business world he overdoes; he does not merely shake the stranger's hand, he milks it. As an entertainer—at the company's expense—he shines at table and satisfies his own taste and appetite.

He is a reservoir of information when he shows the stranger the places of historical interest. He has an infinite number of anecdotes and stories which he tells after he has ascertained how far he can go without shocking his companion's susceptibilities. His laugh is of a contagious nature. His confidential remarks are smooth; when he expatiates on the resources of his company he has a menagerie voice; he roars in his enthusiasm—putting his hand in confirmation of a statement on the stranger's knee when he would be particularly confidential—roars as the carnivora at feeding time.

The Greeter—he deserves a capital "G"—is now an American institution. The Oxford dictionary cannot afford to overlook him.

BOSTON SYM...

Philip Hale's Scholar... Conspectus

July 12 1931

By OLIN DOWNES.

THE latest volume of the most brilliant and informative program notes written today, annotations engrossing to layman and musician alike, is at hand. The reference is to a bound volume of the programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which are compiled and edited by Philip Hale. These books appear every Springtime, at the close of the Boston Symphony season. They are eagerly awaited by this writer, because they are unparalleled in the completeness, the extent and variety of their information, and they are written equally with painstaking accuracy and fascinating style.

There are no program books that equal them in these characteristics on either side of the Atlantic, and this is said with knowledge of the admirable program annotations of other writers than Mr. Hale in this country. No other American of whom we know has done so much and such scholarly research in the countless different directions suggested by the programs of a Boston Symphony season. No one wears his phenomenal learning so lightly and so well. Mr. Hale has put musical research on a new foundation in America, and has established a standard of work that European musicologists must respect and in most cases envy. We go so far as to say that if only one work could be saved from the English literature on music, and everything else destroyed, we would vote for the preservation of the thirty-odd volumes of program notes which Mr. Hale has compiled. We would do this because of the fact that by a close perusal of these volumes we could get a remarkably rich perspective of the musical developments of centuries, and could reassemble most of the details by following out the "leads" and the references afforded by these papers.

* * *

Mr. Hale does not stop with a few data concerning the history of a given composition, dates of first performances, or analytical notes concerning the content, form and instrumental characteristics of the score. He affords a background of the composer's creative personality, often of his manner of living and working, his artistic tendencies, how contemporary opinion greeted him, and the prevailing temper of his times. Here is the fruit, not merely of voracious reading but reading digested, assimilated, and its essence, plus much original thought and ripe judgment, passed on to the reader. Aside from their direct usefulness and value for the concertgoer, the Boston Symphony program books are a mine of reference for the musical writer or investigator, and constitute the book of books, where music is concerned, for a rainy day. The indebtedness of every American student and writer to these volumes is obvious and would be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by them. Finally, and crowning accomplishment of all, Mr. Hale, throughout these brilliant notes, keeps his hands off the mind of the reader. He assembles the information, often affords a digest of authoritative opinions about the music, while keeping his own conclusions wholly aloof from the business. This although Mr. Hale is a critic of intense convictions, which he is equally fearless and incisive in expressing. His program books alone and aside from his masterly labors of nearly half a century as music critic would entitle him to lasting rank in the history of American music.

Read Mr. Hale on almost any subject and you will find him engrossing. Concerning Gluck's air, "Che faro senza Euridice," a beautiful air, dramatically quite untrue to the situation, the remark of the composer is quoted: "Let any one make the slightest change in the movement or in the art of expression, and it will become an air for the Marionette Theatre." Boyé, author of "Impressions musicale mise au rang de Chimères," a work published in Amsterdam in 1779, is source of the remark that "the manner of this song has been found so gay that a very pretty country dance has been made out of the air," and he says that the verse beginning,

> Jai trouve mon Euridice,
> Rien n'egale mon bonheur,

fitted to Gluck's air "would be much more suitable." However, when Legros sings this air as it is at the opera with the words, "J'al perdu mon Euridice," "he has the ability to correct its faults by tones so pathetic that tears flow, hearts melt, at the frightful situations which he feigns to experience." It is the problem in a nutshell. Citation of the first American performance brings biograph and anecdote of the singer Felicita Vestvali, "Vestvali the magnificent," as described by Richard Grant White and mentioned spitefully by Berlioz. And then read Berlioz in the Revue et Gazette Musicale of 1841 about Haydn; the characterization of Haydn's London manager, Salomon, for whom the twelve symphonics were written: the many tales and legends of Penelope, induced by consideration of her air, "Thou far-darting sun," from Max Bruch's "Odysseus"—this and much more, a great deal more, in a single program.

* * *

Read, apropos of Beethoven's Seventh symphony (ignoring for the moment, in the following connection, the Eighth) of Mälzel and his amazing musical instruments—not only his metronome and panharmonicon, which he was alleged to have sold in Boston for $400,000—a statement which caused the Count de Pontécoulant to exclaim, "I think there is an extra cipher"—but of his arrival in New York with his musical timekeeper, his automatic chess player, rope dancers and violoncellist. Or read, pending the performance of Mussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exposition" in Ravel's instrumental version, Calvocoressi's words on Mussorgsky's rhythm.

Discussing Debussy's music, Mr. Hale knows well the futility of pedantic analysis, and is so acute as to quote by way of introduction to a score the words of the ancient Plotinus, about fire. "But the simple beauty of color arises when light, which is something incorporeal, in reason and form, entering the obscure involutions of matter, irradiates and forms its dark and formless nature. It is on this account

that fire surpasses all other bodies in beauty, because, compared to the other elements, it obtains the order of form; for it is more eminent than the rest, and is the most subtle of all, bordering as it were on an incorporeal nature."

* * *

Read of the "Magic Flute" legends; or those of the "Flying Dutchman," apropos of Wagner's overture; or Mozart's procedure with the tempo of the G minor symphony; or the sketch of "Mahler the Man"; or the note on waxen images occasioned by the performance of Charles Martin Loeffler's "Pagan Poem." Or the quotation of the excellent words of Paul Rosenfeld on the subject of Sibelius:

"Others have brought the North into houses and there transmuted it to music. And their art is dependant on the shelter, and, removed from it, dwindles. But Sibelius has written music innocent of roof and inclosure, music proper indeed to the vasty open, the Finnish heaven under which it grew. And could we but carry it out into the northern day, we would find it undiminished, vivid with all its life. For it is blood-brother to the wind and silence, to the lowering cliffs and the spray, to the harsh crying of seabirds and the breath of the fog, and, set amid them, would wax, and take new strength from the strength of its kin."

It is better to express encomiums of this work than to attempt, in a brief article, to quote in representative fashion from its pages. The volume can be ordered by any one from Symphony Hall, Boston. The present volume has especial interest in that it begins with the first concert of the fiftieth anniversary season of the celebrated orchestra, conducted by George Henschel, who conducted the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Music Hall, Boston, Oct. 22, 1881, and returned to conduct the fiftieth anniversary concerts of Oct. 10 and 11, 1930, in Symphony Hall, when the program that opened the career of the orchestra was repeated, with the single exception of Wagner's "Meistersinger" prelude substituted for Carl Maria von Weber's "Festival" overture. The notes in the first program regarding the history of the orchestra briefly recount these incidents. The author of these program notes should properly have been entrusted with the task of writing the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has been treated by far more amateurish, less informed and less skilled hands. It is a task which Mr. Hale could have completed as no one else. Possibly he was asked to do it, and declined, with the utter unwillingness to compile a book which has always characterized him. History does not relate. The program books are Mr. Hale's history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and they say more for the fame and standing of that institution than many a blazing journalistic tribute to its management or conductors.

WITHOUT A CAP?

The charter just passed in England by the National Conference of Labor Women bars the servant's cap on the ground that it is a badge of servility. "There are many domestics today who will accept a job only if they are not required to wear the little white cap, and there are others who are no longer content to wear the conventional blue uniform."

The trouble with many domestic servants in this country, as in Great Britain, is that they think their labor servile. They are ashamed of their position. They should regard it as an honorable position. No more warring with proper pride, than work in a factory, in a department store, or as a stenographer in an office.

Many of these servants should wear a cap if only for the sake of coquetry. Cooks should certainly wear some sort of one. "Only a woman's hair," wrote Swift, treasuring Stella's lock; to which some forgotten humorist—was it the Burlington Hawkeye man?—added, "And yet we do not like to find it in the soup." Waitresses, chambermaids, parlor maids, certainly look neater, are more pleasing to the eye of the master of the house, his guests, stray visitors, when a cap crowns the head. Look at the pictures in Punch from the time it paid attention to the servants' hall and the mistress's drawing room. What would the parlor maid, as she, dusting, and avoiding the embrace of the comic butler, as they give forth the exposition in the old-fashioned comedy, be without a cap, even if there were no fluttering capstrings?

KEITH-BOSTON

"Up for Murder"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Monta Bell; directed by Monta Bell and presented by Universal Pictures with the following cast:

Robert Marshall	Lew Ayres
Myra Deane	Genevieve Tobin
William Winter	Purnell B. Pratt
Herk	Richard Tucker
Mrs. Marshall	Dorothy Peterson
Collins	Frank McHugh
Maid	Louise Beavers
City Editor	Frederic Burt

It is almost a pity that Lew Ayres distinguished himself to so notable a degree in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Perhaps if he had not started so brilliantly, becoming a star after only two films, one would not be inclined to expect such a lot of him. By no means is he the only one who should come in for criticism, however, for it behooves Universal to get him some suitable stories, not to rest content with remaking old silent pictures and expecting Mr. Ayres to make them timely. Current at the Keith-Boston Theatre is "Up For Murder," which fans of recent date can recall as a silent film, "Man, Woman and Sin," co-starring John Gilbert and Jeanne Eagels. Monta Bell wrote and directed the first version as well as the second, and he may be credited with doing as good a job as any one could with rather thin material, but even he cannot escape the fact that Lew Ayres is too young and unsophisticated to pair satisfactorily with the worldliness of Genevieve Tobin.

Save for the not altogether probable conclusion, the film follows the same course as "Man, Woman and Sin." Robert Marshall, cub reporter on a big newspaper, falls in love with Myra Deane, society editor and mistress of William Winter, the editor-in-chief. Heedless of the warnings of his fellow reporters and angry at the gentle advice proferred by his mother, Bob becomes more and more enamored of Myra, even taking the savings he and his mother had shared to buy her a bracelet. Faced at last with the truth, he goes half out of his mind and kills Winter in Myra's apartment. To save the reputation of the paper, Winter's assistant, Herk, arranges to have it appear that Bob committed the murder because his radical views were not shared by Winter. The boy is convicted and faces execution, when Myra comes forward and frees him by telling the real truth of the matter. Free from prison, Bob forgives Myra and one is left to suppose they are married.

Lew Ayres, far better as the aspiring reporter than he was as the tough bruiser in "Iron Man," is very good for the most part, though he cannot yet endow the dramatic climaxes with sufficient feeling to make them really moving. Considerably more convincing was Genevieve Tobin as the most charming society editor we have ever seen. She is still a bit too elegant with her diction, but she gave an intelligent satisfactory portrayal of a selfish woman stirred at last by an unselfish devotion. Dorothy Peterson, looking old enough to be Mr. Ayre's sister instead of his mother, gave a very sweet performance, even a bit too sweet, while Richard Tucker and Purnell B. Pratt did well enough in small roles. Frank McHugh was the usual inebriated reporter without whom no motion picture newspaer is complete.

The eight-act vaudeville program is headed by Armida, the tiny Mexican screen star and dancer, and includes Howard, Fine and Howard and Ted Macke in "Cut the Act"; Harry Cardiff and Mary Wales, travesty artists, in "Divorce"; Sis and Buddy Roberts in "An Impromptu Revue," assisted by Madge Whiteside, Victor Dunn, Isabelle Lubow and Iva Ketchell; Sandy Lang in "A Skating Classic," assisted by Emeralde Sisters and Pattie Lee; Will Aubrey, "The Bard of the By-Ways"; the Lester and Irving Trio, all round athletes, and Jimmie O'Brien and Jack Hewitt, billed as "Songland's Sons."—E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Their Mad Moment"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the novel by Eleanor Mercein entitled, "Basquerie," directed by Hamilton McFadden and Chandler Sprague and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Esteban Urruty	Warner Baxter
Emily Weldon	Dorothy Mackaill
Miss Dibbs	Zasu Pitts
Madame Urruty	Nance O'Neil
Sir Harry Conger	Lawrence Grant
Suzanne	Nella Walker
Stancia	Mary Doran
Nacio	Leon Janney

Eleanor Mercein Kelly, visiting the South of France for an extended period, became deeply interested in that mysterious race known as the Basques, whose past history is shrouded in complete mystery and who native speech defies efforts to trace it to any sources. Seizing on the indubitably romantic aspects of these proud, aloof people, she wrote a book called "Basquerie," which, in the guise of pleasant fiction, managed to give an interesting idea of the life and customs of an aristocratic Basque family. Off-hand, it sounds as though here would be the opportunity for an interesting and unusual motion picture, but "Their Mad Moment" (as "Basquerie" is now called), current feature film at the Modern and Beacon Theatres, ends by being just a conventional screen romance, which all too obviously takes place in Southern California instead of in southern France and the Pyrenees mountains. The novel, as you may have gathered, reaches the screen in the most fragmentary state, although the remnants are pleasingly enough acted by Warner Baxter and, less successfully, by Dorothy Mackaill.

Emily Weldon, whose stepmother has brought her to the Riviera in order that she may marry some wealthy man, meets and becomes greatly attracted to a handsome young Basque, Esteban Urruty. She thinks him a peasant farmer and, despite her growing love, refuses to entertain seriously the idea of marrying him, having promised her step-mother to accept the proposal of Sir Harry Congers, very British, wealthy and dull. None the less, she accepts Esteban's invitation to go with him to his home and meet his grandmother, a stately old matriarch without whose consent no Urruty may marry. Accepted as Esteban's fiancee by the Urruty family and retainers, Emily becomes aware that she has no place in so simple and hard-working an existence and leaves in desperation that same night. She almost marries the unpleasing Sir Harry when Esteban comes to her just before the wedding and carries her off, to her gasping amazement, on board a most enormous and palatial yacht. So the poor girl gets everything—money as well as romance—for Esteban is far richer than Sir Harry—and everything ends in a rosy glow.

Warner Baxter, as is now the customary thing to say, was a pleasing, fairly glamorous Esteban, and would have been better had the director and the scenario writer permitted him to suggest his Basque antecedents a bit more extensively. He still remains, however, one of the very few screen players who can make love with charm and finesse. As the undecided Emily, Dorothy Mackaill seemed curiously heavy and rather bored with the whole affair, nor was the camera overkind to her appearance. Nance O'Neil was seen again as one of those austerely handsome dowagers who must by now come almost as second nature to her. We had an all too brief glimpse of the engaging Leon Janney and Zasu Pitts offered some languid comedy. E. L. H.

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July 27 '931

MAGINARY PORTRAITS

n New York there is a portrait of Molly S k, the wife of Gen. John Stark, to whom a roic but homely saying in the hour of dan- g s attributed. Philadelphia believes she has a rtrait of her. There is little resemblance b een the two. This has led to controversy. Th wife of a descendant is certain that the Ne York portrait was painted by Copley from life Maj. Hammond, director of the New Hamp- hi Historical Society, says that the two sit- er were not the same woman: "In my opinion ne her is a likeness of the wife of Gen. Stark. . If Molly Stark had the disposition—and he noney—to hire a famous portrait painter to immortalize her strong but probably by no me s beautiful features on canvas, she has not bee correctly described in legend and story."

he fact that she raised a family of eleven ch ren, did much of the housework on two far s, and accompanied the general on some of his ampaigns, is no reason why she should not ha sat for a painter, Copley or one unknown to me. Less celebrated women in her time, bl ed with many children and cursed with ro n work at home and on the farm, sat for pa ers, who though their names have not co down to us, had a certain talent, and at the worst achieved a rough sign-board yet sp ing likeness.

ppose that the two portraits are imagi- na as Marcel Schwob wrote his imaginary l ve of men and women, ancient Elizabethen and later mortals; the lives of Lucretius, Em- pe les, the Clodia loved by Catullus, Capt. Kid Cyril Tourneur, to name only a few. (This de ltfully fantastical book should be trans- lat into English; an edition de luxe; and here is om for illustrations, portraits by a sym- pa tic, imaginative artist). Are not the biog- ra ical sketches by Tacitus imaginary for the mo part? Are we sure that the busts and coi of Greeks and Romans give faithful like- ne s of emperors, statesmen, soldiers, women of h degree? Did not the painter give Oliver Cr well a few warts more than he demanded? Did talanta resemble the woman whose picture in company with Meleager, delighted Tiberius as hung in his bedchamber, but excited the ndignation of Philemon Holland translating the na ous gossip of Suetonius? Imaginary por- ra were demanded by Sir Thomas Browne, as t t of Bajazet entering his cage. Blake not only painted or drew worthies long dead, they a r him in his visions.

.j. Hammond has been unable to find an ntic likeness of Molly Stark. Why not ac- he two that purport to be her portrait? they differ is of little importance. A l likeness would no doubt be disappoint- o the lover of the beautiful Molly would ger be a heroine. One can look on Lely's its of women and wish that he had visited court of Charles the Second; had he seen women in the flesh, he might have turned as Rousseau from the Italian beauty.

reat portrait painter strives to show pos- from hints given him by the sitter's face dy, how she should or might have looked.

SHAVEN AND SHORN

Alvin Eaton, mail carrier of Potter Place, N H., thinks his mustache is the height of so ething. It measures 27 inches from end to nd."

me naturally asks how Mr. Eaton wears it. Dr ping? After the manner of William Hohen- zo rn, defiant? Waxed? Bedecked with rib- bo ? Arranged as by a mandarin of the old sc ol? Does Mr. Eaton drink from a mustache cu

he mustache was long associated in New Er and with Sons of Belial. A young man, re- tu ing from Boston in the '40's, to visit his fa er in a Vermont village, was greeted at the do : "Come in, you goat." For to be shaven an shorn was to be respectable.

r. Bagshawe writing to a London journal ask why there is a persistent campaign in Eng- d against men with a beard or even a mus- he. He objects to modern cartoonists ridi- ing nature's "facial adornment"; or is there 'subtle plot on the part of the press and of vertisers of razors to turn us into a nation say, shaven grooms and valets." Mr. Bag- we would probably object to the glorious dcor sport of "Beaver," if it were still played. In 1855 Walt Whitman shouted his prefer- e for a bristling beard: "Washes and razors foo-foos." The civil war saw the apotheosis of whiskerage. Today a man, however impec- cably dressed, sporting burnsides, piccadilly weepers, Galway sluggers, an Uncle Amos chin herbage, mutton chops, would excite inevitable attention. For many years, although a judge was expected to be bald and clean shaven, a physician lost caste if he was not beared like the pard. Fashions in facial hair change. The man is indeed brave who disregards them. Would the late Trader Horn have met with sensational success if his face had been smugly smooth?

"SO LONG"

John Galsworthy in "The White Monkey" says that "so long," as a word of farewell, came into use at the time of the Boer war. He speaks probably of the use in England, but Mr. Mondfort, writing to the Observer of London, says he often heard it used by young men in Liverpool as early as 1893. He asks whether it was imported from the United States, or was a corruption for "salaam."

This speech of farewell is undoubtedly of American origin. It has been in common use among the Negroes in the South for many years, yet one of the Observer's correspondents thinks it is a corruption of the final syllables of "nous nous allons"; but what would a Frenchman make out of these three words? This derivation is as absurd as the one from "salaam."

"So long" is found in American books as in familiar speech; it is equivalent to "au revoir," "auf wiedersehen." It expresses the hope of another meeting, soon or long deferred. R. B. Cunninghame Graham dedicated his "Horses of the Conquest" to Pampa: "My black Argentine—who I rode for twenty years without a fall, may the earth lie on him, as lightly as he once trod upon its face. Vale . . . or until so long." And so Cunninghame Graham may hope to ride Pampa on a higher plane. (Mr. H. W. Fowler, who is never so happy as when he picks flaws in the writings of famous authors, would sniff at Cunninghame Graham's "who I rode.")

"So long" is more intimate, more friendly than "Good-by," even when the original "God be with you" is in the speaker's mind. Nor is it a rowdy term, as the over familiar, slap-on-the-back "Howd'y."

July 21 '931

EMBARRASSED MARY

Miss Mary Garden has brought suit against a Parisian perfumer. She had given him permission to name one of his wares after her. He was not content with that; he gave her name to almost everything in his shop. She now asks that he be prohibited from using her name; that "he be ordered to reimburse her for the damages and embarrassment she has been caused."

How has she been damaged by this complimentary publicity? Is Miss Garden easily embarrassed?

Did Henry Clay or any one of his relatives object to his name being given to a cigar? Was a box of these cigars ever given to the Great Compromiser? There was the Poet's cigar, the cover decorated with the portrait of William Cullen Bryant. Did he cry out in verse or prose? Would he have refused an advertisement of this cigar in his newspaper, the Evening Post? Was there not a cigar named after President Arthur? Was his dignity thus impaired? There is the peche Melba. Was that illustrious singer offended? Did she not eat the peach with an increased relish? Robert Burns unfortunately did not live to see the cigar that still bears his name.

See how many women today, women of the titled and untitled aristocracy, give their patronage by signed and published letters often with portraits to face powders, lotions, tooth washes, shoes, intimate lingerie. Are they paid in cash, or in a constant supply of the articles, free of charge? Or do they recommend them in a philanthropic spirit, believing that their sisters will be benefited; knowing also that those who are snobs will rush to use what Lady Gushington puts on her toilet table for daily use.

Nesselrode did not strive to jail the man who named a pudding after him. Does not one eat Washington pie with a reverent thought of the great George—if the pie is well made, the jelly abundant? Why should Miss Garden get excited over the name of a perfume, a sachet, a delicately scented soap? She has not in the past shunned publicity. She has always been ready, yes eager, to tell the public what she thinks about art, politics, marriage, dress, literature, fellow-artists. What greater publicity can there be when her name gives perfume to the faces, hands, bodies and dress of those who otherwise might know her only as a singing woman? To think that at this late day she should be embarrassed!

July 24 '931

BALKIS AND A DESCENDANT

The Princess Asfi Yilma believes that she is a direct descendant of Balkis, Queen of Sheba. It was natural, then, that she should represent that glorious woman, who visited King Solomon to ask him hard questions, at the Famous Beauties ball last month at Dorchester in England. The princess refused to black her face. She said Balkis was a fascinating brunette, "like other Arab women."

Strange tales have been told of Balkis in the Koran, and by Gerard de Nerval, Flaubert, Anatole France and Dr. Mardrus. She is the heroine of Gounod's opera named after her and of Goldmark's gorgeously oriental opera, but there is no minute description of her face and body by story-teller or librettist. She was not an Arab; she was an Ethiopian, belonging to a race which according to scriptural authority cannot change its skin; she was therefore in all probability black but comely, like the Sulamite that found favor, as did Balkis, with Solomon, the most accomplished amorist of his time.

Sir Ernest Wallis Budge, the Egyptologist, is convinced that Balkis was black. (His name tempts a pun.) Perhaps she was not coal-black, though even then she might have been a superb statue in ebony; perhaps she was a desirable octoroon, quadroon or mulatto.

For a long time Cleopatra was thought to be "dark complected." Tennyson pictured her as swart; so did the painter Gerome; but deep thinkers are now agreed that she was a blonde.

It is unfortunate that there is not more about Balkis in the Old Testament. Some of the books in which Solomon figures are referred to in the Bible, but they have not come down to us. One must go to the Koran and to the Rabbins to read of the curious experiment made by the King in Jerusalem to learn if Balkis were perfect from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. It is to be hoped that the committee at Dorchester did not subject the princess to that test.

"MISS" OR "MRS."

The women deputies of the Prague Parliament have handed in a bill under the terms of which every young girl who passes the age of 21 may apply for the title "mistress" on the ground of vocational, family or political considerations.

Many American women writing about a business matter or to the editor of a newspaper sign their names without the prefix of "Mrs." or "Miss." If an answer is required, how should the correspondent be addressed? If she is a wife or widow, will she be flattered by being regarded as one unwedded? If she is a spinster, will she be offended by the suggestion that she should be, and probably is, a wife? And if an "emancipated female," though married, insists on being known by her maiden name, would it not be well to address her without any prefix?

In years gone by "mistress" was a title given indiscriminately to wedded and unwedded women. "Mistress Prue" might be a girl of 16. It is a pity that this stately word has been abbreviated into "Mrs." On the other hand, "Mister," written out for "Mr," seems to the eye comical if not impertinent. "Mistress" today, through the debasement in meaning, would be offensive; but "Miss"—"a saucy miss"—was at one time a synonym of "light skirt," "lady of pleasure." Nor has "madam" escaped ignominy.

There has been confusion in France. If a man is in doubt about the status of a woman should he address her as "mademoiselle" or "madame"? The former term was thought by some to be the more complimentary, especially if the woman had passed the roaring 40's, while others were sure that those who had not been married would prefer the latter as giving them at least the illusion.

July 27 1931

A GHOST OR TWO

BY PHILIP HALE

Several anthologies of ghost stories have been published recently. For one of these anthologies Walter de la Mare has written a preface. Among

the authors are Algernon Blackwood, Lord Dunsany, L. P. Jacks and Edith Wharton.

Was it William Blake who, when he was asked if he believed in ghosts, said, "Yes, I have seen so many of them"? There are men today, men of scientific mind, who will not say contemptuously there are no such things. It is not necessary to believe that ghosts can be photographed, although Conan Doyle showed a photograph taken in an English house. One coming suddenly across a spectre seldom has a camera in hand.

The ghost in modern fiction is not one of dismal groans and clanking chains, nor is it an apparition that chills the blood; more to be dreaded is the suggestion of a ghostly visitor. In E. T. A. Hoffmann's "Majorat," it is the mysterious scratching on a wall that leads one at night to look over one's shoulder. In Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows" it is the recollection of the man in a boat whose warning cannot be clearly heard by those about to camp for the night on the river bank.

The most fear-inspiring ghost story of the old-fashioned order is Bulwer-Lytton's "The Haunted and the Haunters," otherwise known as "The House and the Brain." Did not Thackeray admit that it terrified him? There is a mass of creepy detail, as in Wilkie Collins's "Haunted Hotel."

To the present sophisticated generation the suggestion of the supernatural, as some maleficent force, intangible, unseen, excites greater uneasiness; the unwillingness to look in a mirror lest a dreadful apparition is at one's shoulder; the thought that some one is close at heels as one goes up a dimly lighted staircase. There is a room in a certain house not many miles from Boston where one seated, though the sun streams through the windows, begins to feel uncomfortable and soon must leave to find a human being, a dog, or even a cat for company. It would be hard for a sensitive person alone at night to read Henry James's "Turn of the Screw."

It is easy to laugh at those affected by tales of ghosts; to prefer ghosts as treated by Frank Stockton and Oscar Wilde, subjects for merriment; to smile at the ghosts appearing in the Elizabethan dramas; the ghost in "The Corsican Brothers," calling for revenge and provided with an appropriate milady; the apparition in Laparra's opera played here too seldom in the days of the Boston Opera Company; but ghosts, friendly or hostile, have been seen through the ages—there is a capital ghost story in one of the younger Pliny's letters. It is not given to every one to see them; witness the case of Hamlet and his mother.

July 27

"TO QUOTE QUOTATIONS"

At a school exhibition in Essex county, New York, many years ago, two pupils entered a debate on some burning question of the time. One quoted freely from Jefferson, Webster, Clay, and here and there a familiar poet. When the other arose, he began in a high-pitched voice: "We didn't came here to quote quotations."

A liberal use of quotations by an essayist is supposed by some to indicate a paucity of original ideas, or an inability to develop in an original manner even what in its essence may be a platitude. Hazlitt, the prince of essayists, has been reproached for his "dropping into" quotations as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry; especially as Hazlitt was notoriously inaccurate in his quotations, not having the patience or always the opportunity to verify them, for a man cannot carry a library with him into the country for a short sojourn. Memory often plays queer tricks.

There are essays that seem to have been written chiefly for the quotations; to show the writer's wide reading. It was not so with Hazlitt; the quotations in his writings were apt even when they were not letter perfect; it was not so with Montaigne; nor with Alexander Smith, neglected today by the many.

A writer in Candide has proposed a parlor game. One begins: "Who knows this line: 'Every man has two countries' . . ." They all say, "I do," "I do." The first then gives the line: "Every man has two countries, his and then France." The second substitutes "patries" for "pays" and "la sienne" for "le sien." No one quotes the correct line: "Every man has two countries: his country and France." No one in the company will name the author. The line will be attributed to this one or that one; but the author was Emile Blemont, now known only by this line, from a poem recited at the Comedie Francaise in 1889 apropos of the world exposition.

One may well ask, why be so particular about the precise wording of a quotation, when the idea is the thing essential to point an argument, to confirm, or explain? Was it Cobbett who said, "When a writer comes to his adjectives, I tremble for him"? Now here is an example of lax quotation. The present writer is not sure that Cobbett was the one that trembled; he does not insist that what Cobbett or some one else said is quoted literatim et vebatim. Yet the idea is there; a writer should be careful in his choice of adjectives and not feel obliged to pepper and salt his essay, editorial, sermon, oration with them. There is so much that can profitably be left out in writing an article; cluttering "ands"; adjectives that do not lend emphasis or give color to the noun.

Swift is the great example for those racking their brains for adjectives. It is said that Kinglake, at work on his history of the Crimean war, would leave blank spaces; take a horseback ride; then, returning, fill in the spaces with adjectives he had thought of during his ride. In a quotation the substitution of one adjective for another may destroy the force or the beauty; a change in the order of the words may be ruinous. Walt Whitman wrote: "The large few stars." The "few large stars" is weak and ordinary in comparison, yet nine out of ten, quoting, would speak or write the words in the conventional order.

July 30

STEEL, QUILL AND MACHINE

A hundred years ago Perry patented his steel pen. There had been pens of metal before that, the pen of iron. Quills had been tipped with a jewel; gold had been preferred by high-born gentlemen, but Perry was the inventor of the steel pen sold and used today whatever the name of the maker. In England Perry's name still stands on nibs, though here it is probably as unfamiliar as Hood's ode addressed to the inventor:

O! Patent Pen-inventing Perrian Perry
Friend of the goose and gander,
That now unplucked of their quill feathers wander
Cackling and gabbling, dabbling, making merry—

Perhaps some respecter of the past, some despiser of new-fangled things, still writes with quills; perhaps in some village law office a bundle of quills stands by the sand-shaker for blotting. There are perhaps some who from affectation write with a quill, as there have been rich men who carried a silver watch of the variety known as "turnip" with a leather shoestring for a guard.

Many found pleasure in cutting and fashioning their quills. Hood did not forget the result of their labor:

One very curly
And split like endive in some hurly-burly;
The next unslit and square at end, a spade;
The third incipient pop-gun, not yet made;
The fourth a broom; the fifth of no avail,
Turned upwards, like a rabbit's tail.

Did Lady Dedlock's lover write with a quill when he copied law papers for Snagsby? How about Bartleby the scrivener in Herman Melville's strange tale? In the law offices along the Hudson river, up to the late seventies or early eighties of the last century, all legal papers were written in long hand by the coypists, usually with a steel pen, but the members of the firm had not wholly abandoned the quill in preparing their affidavit and their briefs; the squeaking and the spluttering could be heard in the outer office by the clerks.

It was in 1833 that one Progin of Marseilles patented a "Typographic machine," the forerunner of the typewriter, the destroyer of personality and privacy. "Let the script be a person's own; the clarification can come after," wrote one dismayed and chilled by "the gaunt face" of the machine. Once the machine is mastered, the writer, say rather the player, loses conciseness and force of expression; a sentence grows into a long paragraph. Wit is blunted; sentiment seems silly; affection is perfunctory, insincere, when they all pass through the impassive machine.

To Eustacia longing to hear from Archibald, even a postal card written with his own hand and with guarded reticence is dearer than pages of typed protestations. For all she knows, he may have dictated these pages to a coquettish stenographer, who, smiling, mocking, puts her notes into the proper shape for transmission, leaving room for Archibald to sign his name.

July 24, 1930

The Man Who Blunders May Be a Good Waiter

To the Editor of The Herald:

A third edition of H. W. Fowler's "The King's English" has been published. The Periodical, a bulletin of the Oxford University Press, gives a list of the 30 authors most often cited by Mr. Fowler for their transgressions. Corelli comes first, 44—and who next? Ralph Waldo Emerson, 39. The list includes Meredith, Scott, George Eliot, Morley, Macaulay, Bagehot, Stevenson, Kipling, Bryce, Dickens, who with Borrow, is near the head of the offenders, and others, good men and true.

Is not Mr. Fowler too "beastly particular?" What enjoyment does he derive from literature if he reads only to pick flaws? Do the 38 transgressions of George Borrow dim the splendor of "Lavengro" and "The Bible in Spain?" Emerson has been a wise counselor to many men, that philosophising Yankee who lived with Grecian sages and Indian mystics, fellow townsmen in Concord. Dickens could be a sloppy writer, but there is the storm in "David Copperfield," the ride of Jonas Chuzzlewit, the opening chapter of "Great Expectations." One is amused to find Mr. Fowler allotting 12 transgressions to Richard Grant White, who was never so happy as in pointing out the faults of others.

The writer without "transgressions" is often a prig; a dull man or affected. Xenophon mars his account of the memorable retreat, when, relating the joy of the soldiers at arriving in sight of the sea, he stops to consider whether the word "thalatta" should be spelled with two "t's" or two "s's."

Boston, July 20. S. J. GORDON.

"Effie Gallows"

"Effie Gallows," a play in three acts, dramatized by Claire Spencer from her novel of that title; produced at the Oceanside Theatre, Magnolia, Wednesday evening, with the following cast:

Young Man	Robert Henderson
Nettie Malloch	Virginia Stone
Fiddler	George Houston
Effie Gallows	Pauline Lord
The Stranger	Vernon Steele
Mrs. Weir	Harriet Eelis
Ernest Weir	Raymond O'Brien
Minister	James Shelburne
John Gallantly	William Williams
Mrs. Murray	Meta Roudin
Provost	Donald MacMillan

"Effie Gallows" is a melodrama of Scotland in the 90s. It is based on the familiar theme of a betrayed woman who is left to face the consequences alone. It departs, however, from the modern method of introspective discussion and psychological analysis, and confines itself to a rapidly moving plot through a series of episodic scenes. As is often the case when a play is made from a novel, it suffers from lack of construction, but this does not detract from the beauty of the separate episodes. The dialogue is skilful and to the point. The speeches are never long. The intimate scenes are poetic and moving, but when the action demands larger groups the entrances seem abrupt and intruding. Here again the difficulty arises of crowding a long story into the time and place of the theatre.

The play is given a splendid production. Under the direction of Vladimir Rosing, with the fortunate assistance of that poignant American actress, Pauline Lord, and a splendid supporting cast, a high standard was set for the season. Stewart Chaney, who designed the sets, has caught the period with authority and supplies the background needed for such a romantic play. His use of color is well defined but never as the expression of experiment. He also designed the curtains and props for the theatre, a charming hall done in light green walls and white woodwork. The plain lines are broken by use of the material stencilled in modern designs. The acoustics are splendid—allowing the players to speak naturally and quietly.

"Effie Gallows," in spite of its defects, is a splendid vehicle for Pauline Lord. Possessing a beautiful voice, perfect diction and a tempo of acting excelled by none, Miss Lord moves through this play, at times a charming and whimsical heroine, and then a frightened bewildered woman caught by love and forced to erratic decisions. Her acting is introspective, making a decided contrast to the objective style of her supporting cast. George Houston as the fiddler has a part suited to his talents and is given some of the finest dialogue in the play. His acting is natural, and he keeps in restraint a role which might have dominated several scenes. The finest characterization in the play fell

to the versatile hands of Harriet Ellis, who gave a convincing portrayal of the bitter and revengeful mother.

William Williams as the youthful husband of Effie Gallows brought a fine understanding to a weakly written part, the most difficult of the play. He played it with force, being called on to keep the dramatic tension in some of the scenes' weakest moments. The minor characters were well wrought and physical contrasts were deftly denoted. The humor bordering on the burlesque was never overdone.

Vernon Steele as the Stranger and the man who "done her wrong" played a small part, but gave it its proper tone. The production was interspersed with Scotch songs beautifully sung. Special mention should be given to James Shelbourne as the tolerant clergyman, also to Raymond O'Brien, Virginia Stone, Robert Henderson, Reta Roudin and Donald McMillan.

A large and fashionable audience opened the season with great enthusiasm. Mr. Rosing and Miss Lord are to be congratulated on a successful collaboration. A late start and a hot night are not conducive to acceptance of old fashioned melodrama—but no doubt the audience welcomed romance again, after so much of gangster land. The play has its last performance on Saturday night. Monday sees the production of "Second Man," a comedy by S. Behrman.

JEAN RICARD.

METROPOLITAN

"Confessions of a Co-Ed"

An all-talking screen drama based on an anonymous novel of the same name; directed by David Burton and Dudley Murphy and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Dan	Phillips Holmes
Patricia	Sylvia Sidney
Hal	Norman Foster
Peggy	Claudia Dell
Adelaide	Florence Britton
Lucille	Martha Sleeper
Mildred	Dorothy Libaire
Sally	Marguerite Warner
President	George Irving
Jean Winslow	Winter Hall
Dean Marbridge	Eulalie Jensen
Mark	Brude Colman

The background of "Confessions of a Co-Ed" might have been a burlesque theatre or a night club, or even a cross-section of what is frequently termed "high society." For, removing the familiar campus of a co-educational institution, or its sorority houses or its "lovers' lanes" or its severely decent deans and matrons, this story of an unhappy triangle has been told repeatedly in many another setting, with many another variant as to treatment and climax. Those who expected one more studio conception of sophomoric frivolities and sentimental entanglements found something more, thanks to some excellent acting by Miss Sidney, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Foster, the three parties to the triangle. More and more are we convinced that Miss Sidney is the Fay Bainter of the screen; that in her eloquent features, her low-pitched voice and her economic use of gestures are all the essentials of an actress of finest quality. Certainly she has brought to the screen a technique all her own, and one which we rise to applaud.

Dan, a seasoned collegian, has tired of Peggy, a fellow student, as the story opens. In Patricia he sees a new conquest. He delivers his stock platitudes of endearment. While she knows he is fickle, she falls in love with him, despite Peggy's jealous counter-schemes and Hal's valiant rivalry. Peggy is thrown out of college when caught in an escapade with Dan, in Hal's car. Hal tells the dean that Dan was the fellow, after Peggy had refused to betray him. So Dan also is fired out, though not until he and Patricia have spent several hours alone in a game warden's cabin. Following Dan's abrupt departure for South America, Patricia yields to Hal's entreaties, marries him. She had written him a note telling of her indiscretion with Dan and its vital consequences, but Peggy, still the schemer, had not delivered the note. When Dan returns three years later, Hal, now a lawyer, stages a vindictive scene, and Dan learns for the first time that Patricia is not only a mother but Hal's wife. The subsequent developments and denouement make the climax of the picture.

In contrast to the innate fineness of Patricia's character, as Miss Sidney reveals it, are the craven attributes of both Dan and Hal. Mr. Holmes, whose profile is strikingly handsome—and we fear Mr. Holmes knows this—is an ingratiating Dan; and Mr. Foster mitigates as far as he can the despicable traits of Hal, his room-mate in college by the way. There are several pretty girls for the mise-en-scenes; and some spirited shots of winter sports in the foothills and of speeding motorists in the episode of the wrecking of Hal's car in its flight from a motorcycle policeman.

W. E.G.

"Murder by the Clock"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Henry Myers from a story by Rufus King and a play by Charles Beahan; directed by Edward Sloman and produced by Paramount with the following cast:

Lieutenant Valcour	William Boyd
Laura Endicott	Lilyan Tashman
Phillip Endicott	Irving Pichel
Officer Cassidy	Regis Toomey
Jane	Sally O'Neil
Mrs. Julia Endicott	Blanche Friderici
Herbt. Endicott	Walter McGrail
Thomas Hollander	Lester Vail
Miss Roberts	Martha Mattox
Chief of Police	Frank Sheridan
Medical Examiner	Frederick Sullivan
Police Captain	Willard Robertson
O'Brien	Charles D. Brown
Hollander's Valet	John Rogers
Nurse	Lenita Lane
Coroner	Harry Burgess
Watchman	Guy Oliver

"Murder by the Clock" contains several phases not calculated to encourage one's equanimity in hot weather. In the first place Lilyan Tashman, superb in light persiflage and caustic comment, is cast as an evil woman who plans murder with diabolical precision, by the clock, as it were; a woman who knows no genuine sentiment, who uses her lovers for her own sinister ends. Secondly, William Boyd, one of the screen's best rough and tumble fighters and villains, is asked to portray a police lieutenant with hunches which are discouraged by his superiors; he does have a scrap with a husky half-wit at the close of the picture, but it is staged in a cemetery vault, with blurred shading, and he has to call on two other officers for help. In the third place, what promises to be the most polished characterization in the film, that of old Julia Endicott, mother of the half-wit, is snuffed out at a too early moment. Karl Strauss's photography in those early scenes in the Endicott vault and the Endicott mansion, with Miss Friderici as the dominating figure, is impressively effective. With her demise story and performance and picturization lose much of their appeal.

Julia Endicott, fearing burial alive, has installed in her tomb a signal which, set going, mourned like a weary fog horn. She hated her nephew, a drunkard, and despised her son, a moronic giant conscious of his great strength and with a homicidal complex. Yet, making her will, she leaves her estate to the weakling nephew. His wife, Laura, by mere power of suggestion, brings about the murder, first of the haughty Julia, then of her own husband, and finally of her unrequited lover, Hollander, a sculptor. In fact, Herbert Endicott, the husband, is murdered twice, thanks to fictional discovery of a potion which restores life temporarily at least to one decreed officially as deceased. There are moments when so much intricate and overlapping evil is abroad that one's mind is unable to follow and to accept every detail. Even the director seems to have lost himself in the maze. But in the end Lt. Valcour proves his hunches, the malignant Laura is cornered, and justice seems about ready to adjust the scales. If the finger-print system had not been ignored, the crimes might have been solved much earlier.

Miss Friderici was the rich old beldame to the life, imperious, querulous, hateful of life yet fearing death. Miss Tashman and Mr. Boyd play a fairly exciting game of combative wits. Mr. Pichel makes the half-wit a plausible fellow, inciting sympathy rather than abhorrence. Miss O'Neil and Mr. Toomey, assigned to comic relief, find the going hard indeed. The others are the usual lay figures of screen melodrama.

W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Son of India"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Ernest Vajda from the novel by F. Marion Crawford entitled: "Mr. Isaacs"; directed by Jacques Feyder and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Karim	Ramon Novarro
William Darsay	Conrad Nagel
Mrs. Darsay	Marjorie Rambeau
Janice	Madge Evans
Dr. Wallace	C. Aubrey Smith
Juggat	John Miljan
Rao Rama	Nigel de Brulier

Ramon Novarro gives much for your money in this his latest picture; romance, color, fancy horsemanship, a tiger hunt, an enraged elephant killing the brigand who wounded it, and the odd spectacle of a youth, none other than the fascinating Ramon himself, emerging confusedly but indubitably from burial alive. It is to be regretted that along with all these concomitants of a film so finely textured he does not lift his voice in song. Many beautiful melodies have been woven from the mystery and mysticism which is India's; but none has been utilized here, more's the pity.

However, Mr. Novarro is to be congratulated, for he again has scaled the heights of romanticism and attained at least a personal triumph as Karim, the son of Hamid, the jewel merchant. He has been favored with settings both ornate and spacious, with a role suited well to his sturdy physique and his throaty speech, and with text to utter which often has the limpidity of moving verse. If his story ends in a minor key he perhaps is not to be blamed. It is said that the original screen version provided for a happy union of the gallant son of India and Janice, the American girl who was willing to sacrifice all to be his mate. The existent

The Theatre

July 26

By PHILIP HALE

Grace Moore is now the wife of a Spanish moving picture actor. His name is Parara, which rhymes with "Ta-ra-ra." It seems that her admirers wonder whether he is a tenor, for when she was asked, presumably by a "sob-sister" in search of copy, what type of a husband she would choose, she answered, "anything but a tenor."

She spoke without reflection. There are manly, virile tenors, as well as the Beeping Willies of the stage. There have been and are truly heroic tenors, well-equipped by nature. It would be easy to name them. There are lyric tenors who do not deserve Hans von Buelow's remark when he was displeased at a rehearsal in Hanover: "You're a tenor. A tenor is not a singer, he's a disease."

In the early years of the opera the chief singers were male sopranos and male contraltos besides the women singers. There was little use of the true tenor voice. Mozart thought of a baritone for "Don Giovanni." In "The Marriage of Figaro" the tenor has a minor role. In "Don Giovanni" he is of a little more importance. Little by little Don Ottavio began to assert himself. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was written for Duprez, not for a soprano, and the mad-scene. Meyerbeer favored the tenor except in "Dinorah." And so on till the tenor was a dominating figure. Some have been surprised that Verdi made Othello a tenor, but he had in mind the amazing voice and commanding gesture of Tamagno. And this is to be said: in Italian opera from the fifties the baritone was frequently called on to portray the hated rival of the tenor or an out-and-out villain, scheming and treacherous, or revengeful and bloodthirsty.

A man may be a man in spite of the fact that he is a tenor.

At the Burgtheater, Vienna, Ernst Reinhold, described as "actor, writer and scientist," sitting all alone in front of a red velvet curtain, played the whole of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" in English and by heart. It was said to be a remarkable performance. And the actor made faces also. "Reinhold's demoniac Richard, in facial expression a work of high art, will long dwell in the memory."

We doubt if he equalled Barry Sullivan in making faces that would throw a baby into fits: his faces, sneers, hellish laughter, ominous mutterings, physical violence, roaring of lines—Sullivan was surely incomparable in this role as understood by actors of the old school. The famous Kirby—the idol of the old Bowery—"Wake me up when Kirby dies"—was effeminate by the side of Sullivan.

Mr. Joe Graham has contributed an interesting article on stage salaries to the Observer. It was suggested by the story of Richard Tauber—a singer in operetta—who arriving recently in London, engaged at a salary of £1500 a week, lost his voice after two performances, sought a cure on the Continent and reappeared triumphantly.

Mr. Graham remembers when the highest salary paid a member of the almost world-renowned Haymarket company was £12 a week, paid only to Madge Kendal, to her husband and to W. H. Chippendale. Mr. Graham also remembers calling in 1889 on a manager of provincial theatres, who said: "Miss Allyn starts her farewell tour on August bank holiday. I can offer you the heavy lead. What about terms?" Mr. Graham asked £10 a week. The manager replied: "My dear sir, I should expect to get a good little working company for that."

"The rapid inflation of London salaries first started when dramatic authors began to insist on the engagement of particular artists. Lynx-eyed, quick-witted agents soon put the selected ones wise to the situation, and when 'approached,' as the favorite term ran, they naturally made full use of their inside information." Mr. Graham was the first manager to offer Wilkie Bard a pantomime engagement. Twenty pounds was offered and accepted. Three years afterward he gave him £60; three years after that, £150. "His last pantomime contract was for £300 a week plus another £300 for the usual fortnight's rehearsal."

"The cinema is, of course, mainly responsible for the leaps and bounds of certain salaries. But is it a healthy expansion? I think not. Timeo Danaos. It may have brought glittering prizes to the favored few, but what of the rank and file, where do they stand? . . . When in a theatrical club one sees bridge being played for 2d. a hundred points in the same room where a year or so ago, a 6d. toll for each jackpot at poker provided a fund which sufficed to keep a fatally stricken member in a nursing home for many months until his merciful release, one cannot fail to realize the obvious —'Elemental, my dear Watson.'"

It would be interesting to know the salary list at the Boston Museum in its palmy days; what Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, E. L. Davenport, Mme. Modjeska, Salvini each received when they first played in Boston; the salary list at the Repertory Theatre and the Copley, under the respective reigns of Jewett and Clive.

America reports a change in theatrical productions: Choruses must henceforth be demure, the desideratum being "modesty coupled with just the suggestion of an invitation to approach . . . To change from the standard of bold sex appeal aggressiveness to the new requirements of old-fashioned simplicity and demureness is a hard task for the professional ladies of the chorus. They are dazed by the sudden turn about and do not know what to make of it. They have no models to copy." The pessimism of that last sentence exceeds the worst things that have been said about the modern public. —The Observer (London).

French dramatists and players returning to Paris from Hollywood tell strange tales, if a Parisian journalist, M. Lazereff, reports them correctly. M. Achard had much to say about Chevalier's popularity in the United States. "There are Americans in Texas, or even in California, who do not know Hoover's name, but they know the name of Chevalier. The greatest American authors dream of writing scenarios for him."

M. Roger Ferdinand tells how adaptations are made from and for the French. "An American employe pronounces the word 'bootlegger' before a mirror. Standing before another mirror a French or Canadian employe looks at the word, which in French necessitates practically the same deformation of the mouth. Thus one finds the French word corresponding in pronunciation is 'bonne liquer.' The author making the adaptation must then end the French phrase corresponding to the English phrase which ends in 'bootlegger,' by 'bonne liqueur.'" Nor has the cinema dam-

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aged the theatre. "Even at Hollywood the theatres turn people away every night and at New York there are new openings every week."

Charles B. Cochran returning from Russia spoke of the theatre at Moscow. "My general impression is that the producers are too experimental; in their desire to break away from the conventional they often lose sight of the essentials. The better type of European theatre has left that stage behind." He talked with Stanislavsky, "now a charming courteous, handsome old man, wearing a sad and wistful air. . . . He told me that the man who had just sung the chief part would be a super in tomorrow's production, and as we talked that actor and the other members of the company were playing hand-ball in the courtyard outside the window.

"I gather that a director is called over the coals unless a certain amount of propaganda gets into the entertainment."

Mr. Cochran was struck by the number of very young children in all the theatres he visited. Outside the Opera House is a notice which reads: "In order to be pre-eminent we must know all things. It must not be forgotten that the arts are an important part of civilization. Cultivate the arts—visit the opera." Mr. Cochran wondered how these young people living in drab conditions, owing to the five-year plan, react to the magnificence of "Boris Godunov," in which the pre-revolutionary stock costumes and furniture are lavishly displayed.

In Germany he saw "the best play that has been presented for years, 'Hauptmann von Koepenick.'" It is founded on the hoax that amused all Europe some years ago. The play is a satire on the power of the uniform. Mr. Cochran is doubtful whether it would suit London.

The Vienna theatrical managers, owing to the growing competition of the "talkie" and of broadcasting, intend to prevent all actors, actresses and singers, who are engaged by them at a fixed remuneration, from co-operating in any film productions or broadcast performances. "The actors' representatives hold that the existing agreements do not contain such a clause, while it is contended by the managers that those agreements were made at a time when the tremendous development of the film and broadcasting was not at all foreseen."

Ruth Draper: "It is not mimicry, it is not caricature; it is not in the world's representative sense, acting. It is fluid criticism, continuous and pitiless, drawing its strength less from Miss Draper's power to represent a particular woman or to suggest the presence of beings invisible in her drama than from the genius with which she draws her audience, which is mankind, into her critical net. You begin as an external observer: you proceed, as often in the theatre, to that condition of subjective illusions in which you are identified with the person represented; then you advance a stage farther, feeling, knowing, perceiving the chosen character as you would feel and know and perceive her if you yourself were one of the ghostly persons of the drama. You criticise her—the lady opening the bazaar, the spoiled wife in the motor car, the eager copyist in a Florentine church—and your criticism of her is suddenly transmuted into self-criticism. It is a disconcerting and illuminating miracle."—London Times.

We quote from "By the Way" by "Beachcomber."

A SHAKESPEARE SUCCESS

"Eavesdropper" writes:

Stuetitia Cabstanleigh and "Fop" Tracey (who hunts with the Cardiff) were in the stalls at the first night of "A Date with a Jane," Mr. Wal Hogwasch's subtle and tasteful adaptation of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" with music by Swampski.

Dans the foyer during the ent' acte somebody said to Stuetitia, "But I thought you'd thrown over young Tracey long ago.

"You know how a girl throws."

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version is less tolerant. It makes Karim the victim of his own accepted philosophy—that of all the commandments gratitude is the greatest, and it leaves an emotional audience stunned at the harrowing spectacle of two worthy lovers parting for all time while youth is still theirs.

When Karim and his father are nearing Bombay, with a fortune in jewels hidden in their saddle bags, Juggat and his brigands attack and slay Hamid and his guards. Rao Rama, a gaunt mystic, to whom Karim has done a well-meant favor, saves the youth by digging a hole and burying him alive, a thin reed thrust between the lips and emerging from the earth giving him breath. Rao Rama's act was one of gratitude. When later, in Bombay, a young American named Darsay saved Karim from an unjust accusation of theft by an unscrupulous dealer in gems to whom Karim had tried to sell a priceless diamond, Karim offers the gem to him in gratitude. Dorsay declined the gift, but Karim still is in his debt. In time Karim becomes the wealthiest dealer in gems in Bombay, leads a British polo team to victory, is accepted in social circles. Meeting Janice, he falls in love. She adores him; but young Darsay, summonsed by a worried aunt, invokes the almost forgotten theme of gratitude, and Karim takes renunciatory leave of his beloved.

Miss Evans, once a child star of the screen, later a stage ingenue, makes her debut in a talking picture. She does well in lightly sentimental scenes, is inclined to overstress those calling for deeper emotional moods. With Mr. Novarro she is asked to carry four-fifths of the performance. The others, bearing names well known on the screen, do their small bits adequately. The picture has been mounted lavishly, and Mr. Feyder's direction has been skilful and nicely paced throughout.

W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"The Common Law"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by John Farrow from the novel by Robert W. Chambers; directed by Paul L. Stein and presented by RKO Pathe with the following cast:

Valerie West.....Constance Bennett
John Neville.....Joel McCrea
Carmedon.....Lew Cody
Sam.....Robert Williams
Mrs. Clare Collis.....Hedda Hopper
Stephanie.....Marion Shilling
Querido.....Paul Ellis
John Neville, Sr.....Walter Walker

It is all very well to be told that the motion picture industry has an unlimited source of supply in the novels and plays written in years gone by. It is another thing to fit such themes into current usage and acceptance. There must be a master mind at hand to dress and decorate and even alter them; otherwise today's audiences will scoff at or yawn over the out-moded product. So, "The Common Law," which 10 years or more ago was considered a daring novel by a frankly incisive and very popular author, in that it discussed companionate marriage and defiance of the conventions, is now become, by screen adaptation, a polite, languid comedy instead of vital, worthwhile drama with a problem and a solution. Neville, senior, voices the only intelligent deduction in the story—that love is apt to be selfish, but that it must hold to the conventions for the sake of the future. And in the end the lovers, Valerie West, who has a past, and John Neville, Jr., who has only a stubborn disposition linked with a fondness for painting, choose the conventions and marriage by a justice of the peace. Nothing very new, or very exciting about that.

Though young Neville's studio in Paris is the scene of the earlier action, there is about it an air of placidity and reticence quite at odds with our boyhood conceptions of artists' life in the Latin Quarter. Valerie, who has left Dick Carmedon and an easy existence, would be a model. She is taken in by Jack Neville, and at once poses as a nymph. The two fall in love and Jack is about to present the engagement ring when a wise friend, Sam, drops a hint of Valerie's former relations with Carmedon. Ensues the quarrel, with Valerie on her way and Jack sulking in his studio. Later they meet, make up, travel across the ocean to the Neville home. Clare Collis, Jack's sister, tries to separate them—they are not yet married—you see—but old Neville, shrewd and kindly, likes Valerie and gives her sound advice. In the end, Jack wakes up, thrashes Carmedon, who during a yachting trip, had invaded Valerie's cabin while drunk, locses the launch and carries his love ashore for the wedding.

Miss Bennett faces no exacting tests for her frail histrionism here. She even confines herself to not more than two tearful close-ups, a sign of gradual advancement in her art. The posing situation is met cleverly. Supposedly reclining au naturel in a sylvan glade, she actually does not appear. Mr. McCrea, addressing her, talks straight ahead into the audience. One's imagination must supply the rest. Mr. McCrea is rather boyish, but undoubtedly sincere as the student, Mr. Cody does the caddish Carmedon smoothly, Miss Hopper is a feline plotter, and Mr. Williams is splendid as sapient Sam. But, sub rosa, the acting palm really belongs to Mr. Walker as the elder Neville. There is a character study done expertly and without fuss.

W. E. G.

July 27 '33

Philip Hale Requests Covered Bridge Data

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Schoharie county (N. Y.) board of supervisors, in a reverential spirit, with commendable regard for the years in which our forefathers lived, moved and had their being, have decided that the covered bridge spanning the Schoharie river at Blenheim shall be preserved as it stands. They have resisted the temptation to sell it to Henry Ford, who wished to move it to Michigan for his museum. Is the little house for the tollkeeper at one end of this bridge still standing? What has become of the wooden gate and, later, the chains that barred entrance until the toll was paid? Is the interior of the bridge decorated by circus posters and advertisements of remedies for suffering man and beast?

The contractor that built this bridge of native oak and pine 76 years ago when craftsmen took pride in their work was a Vermonter, Mr. Nick Powers. He required his daily potion of strong drink. The tale is told of a jug still hidden in a stone wall of the supports, put there when the president of the Blenheim Bridge Company, a fanatical prohibitionist, was to make a visit of inspection.

Mr. Powers, as I have said, was a Vermonter. In that state today there are covered bridges, usable, and abandoned but carefully preserved. "Dry as a covered bridge." This simile still holds good, but what made the bridge glorious to boyish eyes, has departed. No longer is the interior decoration permitted by the authorities in certain parts of the state. Gone are the posters of successive circus companies, when there was question of the bridge supporting the weight of even one elephant and the gaudy chariots. Gone are the pictures of daring acrobats, the dashing bare back rider in short skirt, the irresistible clowns, the master of ceremonies in scarlet coat, whip in hand, with a heavy and probably dyed moustache. Where now are the advertisements of liniments, patent medicines, farm implements, sales of horses? Alas the stallion Abdallah no longer stands at the near by town "at panic prices." The bridge is not so dusty as it was in former years. One misses the clattering of hoofs. One misses the peculiar, individual smell of the bridge.

One of the finest covered bridges in New England was over the Connecticut river, on the road from Northampton to Hadley. The tollkeeper was a fine specimen of the old New Englander. He had lost an arm by a railway accident, but he was a cheery soul, interested in local, national and European politics, ready to talk with those driving as he collected toll. He brewed what boys regarded as a delectable beverage, a root beer that was not sickishly sweet. It could be taken home in tightly corked stone jugs, or it could be drunk on the premises: a refreshment after swimming in the river: a cleanser of dusty throats, for the cloud raised on the road might have guided pursuers as the cloud raised by Israelites on their march to the promised land. No modern smoke screen was comparable to it. Is this bridge still standing and in use? The tollkeeper long ago crossed the Styx; but the memory of his root beer is still cherished by some to whom it was finer than the waters of Gelum or of the river Jordan.

PHILIP. HALE.

Sudbury, Vt., July 24.

July 27

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Lady Who Dared"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Kenneth Saunders from the story by Kathryn Scola and Forrest Halsey; directed by William Beaudine and presented by First National Pictures with the following cast:

Margaret Townsend.....Billie Dove
Charles Townsend.....Sidney Blackmer
Jack Norton.....Conway Tearle
Julianne Boone-Fleming.....Judith Voselli
Seton Boone-Fleming.....Cosmo Kyrle-Bellew
Farrell.....Lloyd Ingraham
Butler.....Ivan Simpson
Chambermaid.....Mathilde Comont

Miss Dove is either very clever or very fortunate; clever if she picks her own screen mediums, fortunate if a friendly director picks them for her. In the days of the silent films she was a very beautiful figure. In fact, the stilted dialogue of "The Lady Who Dared" refers repeatedly to her as beautiful and charming. In the talking pictures Miss Dove finds speech a tax, a test and a tribulation; so cannily she speaks as infrequently as possible. For the rest she is content with pantomine, effective enough but not wholly modern.

This brings us to South America, where in a seaport city Miss Dove, with her wrinklings of a troubled brow or an appealing quiver of rosebud lips, is seen as the lovely wife of a stolid and very earnest vice consul representing the United States government. Charles Townsend takes his position more seriously than he does his wife, with the result that, bored and distraught, she throws herself in the path of an adventurer named Jack Norton, a smuggler of drugs and an unwilling member of a small group of blackmailers, a man and a woman known as the Boone-Flemings, and a pseudo-butler. Forced to play his despicable part in the plot, Norton is photographed as in fond embrace with the innocent Margaret Townsend. He contrives to shield her face, but she does not know that, until later. It becomes her desperate mission to recover the damning photograph.

In her visit to the Boone-Fleming's quarters and to Norton's hotel room she portrays by pantomine and with frugal speech the dilemma of a woman whose reputation is endangered. In the end Norton reveals a chivalrous side, tells her his unhappy story, and through her connivance is allowed to leave the country rather than serve a term in prison. The scene in which Norton protects her and incriminates himself as she hides in his bath room, while her husband and secret service men search his effects, is good melodrama of the old school. The rest is sheer artifice, couched in phrases which are labelled "polite" but are far from brilliant.

Mr. Tearle does the best acting though his is a grim and unheroic role. Mr. Blackmer has no difficulty in playing the stupidly complacent husband and Miss Voselli is excellent as the "brains" of the blackmailing gang.

The stage show is headed by Belle Bennett, the popular screen actress who excels in "mother" roles. In a commonplace sketch she appears, garbed in black, as an aged waltress who discovers a long-lost son in most impossible fashion. Then, radiant in white silk gown and ermine wrap, she reappears, to tell her audiences in cheerful and fluent monologue how she had achieved such success as she knows and how those of the younger generation may encompass like success. And for those who have never seen Miss Bennett in person, may we add that she is fair to behold, and of exceptional intelligence and poise, as added gifts.

W. E. G.

MODERN—BEACON

"Goldie"

An all-talking screen comedy, adapted by Gene Towne and Paul Perez; directed by Benjamin Stoloff, and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Bill.....Spencer Tracy
Spike.....Warren Hymer
Goldie.....Jean Harlow
Constantina.....Lina Basquette
Dolores.....Maria Alba
Russian Girl.....Eleanor Hunt
Wife.....Lelia Karnelly
Husband.....Ivan Linow
Gonzales.....Jesse De Vorsky
Barker.....Eddie Kane

Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer give Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe one better, or to be precise—two better, in this knock-about and very rowdy comedy of two sailors, girls in every port and endless waterfront saloons. The prescription seems to have been, six "sides" of gusty repartee, then biff bang, and repeat ad lib. The scrapping is often exciting, with the two nautical clowns slamming into each other or cleaning out a dive against formidable odds. Generally the quarrels start over a girl, and they end as quickly as a New England thunder storm. The sun comes out, the two "pals" lock arms and all is roseate until something else comes between them.

Mr. Tracy, as Bill, is the cunning one. Spike the stolid foil. Bill, using a signet ring, marks his female conquests

us parts of their anatomy with a heart encasing an anchor. Spike picks up his identifying insignia in every port he touches, and it exasperates him. This is when the two boys are cruising separately. When they decide to travel together, they put behind them amorous adventures in various lands. They even quit seafaring and take to lighthouse keeping, while Spike moons over Goldie, a Coney Island girl who now is doing a high-dive in a carnival show in Calais, France. Craftily she conceals Bill's proprietary mark by a wrist bracelet, tries to get Spike's roll and plays up to Bill, who had not seen her since the Coney Island days and was now pleased to call her a tramp. In his efforts to save Spike from her clutches Bill again invites fistic reprisals. Finally, with Goldie exposed and a last glorious saloon free-for-all, the boys quest forth for new fields.

The humor is rough and to the point. "I know many an honest girl," says the dumb Spike, "who earns an honest living doing wrong things!" "You ought to see her dive," protests Spike when Bill depreciates Goldie's talents. "I don't care where she lives," is Bill's retort. But to be quite fair about it, there are many bright moments and sayings in "Goldie." The two men work hard, and they are amusing solely by contrast of looks and speech. Among the girls is Miss Harlow, who appears late in the film, yet early enough. She is the only actress living who apparently can make a 200-foot live into a small tank of water and emerge with unimpaired make-up and dry hair. Perhaps platinum locks are water-proof. W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"La Canzone dell 'Amore"

"La Canzone dell 'Amore" ("The Song of Love"), taken from "Silenzio" ("Silence"), a novel by Luigi Pirandello; directed by Gennaro Righelli and produced in Rome by Cines-Pittaluga as the first talking picture in Italian, with the following cast:

Lucia	Dria Paola
Anna	Isa Pola
La Governante	Mercedes Brignone
La Padrona di Casa	Olga Capria
Enrico	Elio Steiner
Il Padre	Camillo Pilotto
Ninni	Nello Rocchi

It is unfortunate that Pirandello should have been chosen as sponsor of this first Italian talking and singing photoplay. A playwright expert at character dissection, he becomes static when transposed to the screen. He will not hurry, so the director of the film musts needs pursue a deliberate pace, all too deliberate in this instance. Furthermore, Italian suns, though genial enough, are trying to the eyes when the roving camera attempts to recreate them on a white screen; and in this instance the photography is none too clear. So, with very slow tempo and very piercing light rays, "La Canzone dell 'Amore" must rely on individual performances to justify any success it may attain either among its loyal compatriots or American audiences who seek artistic oddities from all ends of the world.

After a series of views of the grandeurs of old and new Rome, the story opens noisily with a garden party in honor of Enrico, a young composer who has just received his diploma. Anna, an ambitious blonde, would ensnare him, but he favors Lucia, of the dark eyes and more sensitive features. A message sends Lucia to the country, where she learns that her mother has died in childbirth, leaving a bambino and a mystery as to the identity of the paternal parent. Lucia takes the baby home, parts tearfully from Enrico, goes to work in a music shop, and engages a plump and jolly matron as the child's governess. Anna seems to have acquired Enrico, who still loves Lucia. When the little boy is about 3 years old, the father, obviously of great wealth, appears to claim him, to give him advantages which Lucia cannot command. Enrico, calling at Lucia's home, sees the man's card on a table, rushes to upbraid him for ruining Lucia's life, as he believes, and learns the truth from the man. Back to Lucia Enrico speeds, in time to prevent her from throwing herself from her rooftop, to beg forgiveness, and to pledge his life to her happiness.

Dria Paola, evidently an actress of considerable talents, is burdened with a lachrymose role, yet contrives to depict depressing emotions convincingly. Elio Steiner is manly as Enrico, and Isa Pola as Anna sings the theme melody, "Song of Love," with clear and agreeable voice. The best characterization actually is by Mercedes Brignone as the cheery governess. With improved technical equipment and with broadened wisdom in its application, Italy undoubtedly will send us better pictures than "La Canzone dell' Amore." W. E. G.

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METROPOLITAN

"The Magnificent Lie"

A screen drama based on a story "Laurels and the Lady" by Leonard Merrick, adapted by Samson Raphaelson and Vincent Lawrence; directed by Berthold Viertel and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Poll	Ruth Chatterton
Bill	Ralph Bellamy
Elmer	Stuart Erwin
Rosa Duchene	Francoise Rosay
Larry	Sam Hardy
Jacques	Charles Boyer
Pierre	Tyler Brooke
Clarence	Tyrrell Davis
Stage Manager	Jean del Val

The chief mitigation of the depressing spectacle of a blind hero on the modern screen is the invariable fact that before the picture ends said hero will regain his sight and live happily ever after, generally with the girl of his dreams. In "The Magnificent Lie" this almost holds true. Bill, a survivor of the world war, later stricken blind, did not acquire the dream girl, in this instance a rather faded actress with a soothing voice. He was content with a singing girl out of a New Orleans cafe, a girl wary and a trifle tough, but with a pretty talent for throaty recitative and for mimicry. And in the end, just to prove our contention, Bill regained his sight and his sense of proportions, losing in turn a few illusions which had not brought him much anyway.

"The Magnificent Lie" serves Miss Chatterton well. Hers is not a deeply emotional role, yet in it she may be a cynical cabaret crooner with an acidulous tongue and a faculty for unerring appraisal of male weaknesses; or a grande dame of the theatre, Gallic as to speech and manner, capable of stirring a nondescript audience with her delineation of a moribund Camille. If, like the incomparable Dietrich, Miss Chatterton realizes the value of exhibition—say of her shoulder blades or of a shapely leg, who can blame her? Sound assets should never be concealed.

When Rosa Duchene, the actress, visited Bill in a French hospital and addressed him as a "charming guy," Bill beamed, recovered, and cherished her smile and her voice for years after, when he was a forester out in the West. He went blind just as Rosa arrived in town, to play Camille. Two men of her company, Jacques and Pierre, with Poll's help, play a mean joke on Bill, palming her off as Rosa. The joke was on Poll, however, since she fell in love with the helpless Bill and nearly lost him. The joke also was on Rosa, who long ago had forgotten all about Bill and was about to make sport of him when he passed out in a drunken stupor engineered by the wily Poll.

Rather a mixed plot, but given a gilding of clarity through fine performances by most of the players. Mr. Bellamy made Bill a fellow of manly, sensitive, whimsical qualities. Mr. Hardy was admirable as Larry, the cafe owner who wanted Poll for his own. Miss Rosay was alluring as the actress, and Mr. Boyer and Mr. Brooke plumbed the comic depths of Jacques and Pierre. But it was Mr. Erwin as the loyal Elmer, Bill's pal, who created something really substantial in miniature portraits. He reminded one strongly of Will Rogers, plain, blunt and humorous without self-consciousness. There should be a special gallery for display of such characterizations. The talking pictures are disclosing quite a number of them these days. W. E. G.

'FIVE YEAR PLAN' OPENS AT MAJESTIC

Aug 4 Aug

Russian Film Is Informative And Entertaining

The progress to date of soviet Russia's effort at achieving her industrialization almost overnight is depicted in a swift-moving film of the educational, news-reel type, called "The Five Year Plan," which opened at the Majestic theatre yesterday.

The film, presented by Amkino, is of the silent variety, with occasional captions and otherwise accompanied throughout with an explanatory lecture in English. Essentially informative, the picture, the first of its kind, presents in rapid, graphic fashion a pictorial record of the results thus far attained in a vast experiment being watched with interest by the entire world.

The hustling, thriving activity and grim purpose which set the pace and supply the spirit of the present day Russian workers are everywhere depicted in the kalaidoscopic film—in the glimpses into the vast industries, fisheries, oil wells, cotton and grain fields, the great cooperative, collective farms and state farms as well as the modern railroads, airplane lines and power plants that are likewise being projected

The Theatre

Aug 2

By PHILIP HALE

M. Jean Lasserre has written for the amusement of Parisians an article entitled "The Vogue of Realism in the United States." He gives as his opinion that the cinema wields an enormous influence. "It is the strongest religion, the only one that is not cut up into sects or distributed among clubs. The cinema comes before Christian Science and baseball."

The time has passed in the United States of the sentimental film with blonde heroines, "femmes fatales" and young heroes with slicked hair. This film was killed when the "talkie" appeared; for then it was observed that the blonde heroine was as nasal in speech as newspaper boys on Broadway; that the young hero had a Polish accent. The young blonde, the woman with the alluring eyes, the little cousin of Valentino were in spite of these faults suddenly revealed by the progress of the cinema as acknowledged players of talent. They were experienced, they were favorites of the public. Some of them were the first to make the cinema's reputation.

The blonde heroine, thanks to the ingenious writers of scenarios, is no longer the daughter of Vanderbilt or a member of the Four Hundred. Her mother is no longer seen at Mrs. Harriman's or with the old cousins of old Rockefeller. The woman with the seductive eyes is no longer the heiress of a Spanish grandee, or descended from one of Charlemagne's bastards. They all have given up lace or satin gowns, collars of pearls or diamonds. Fewer Rolls Royce automobiles and more street cars are seen on the screen. The luxurious stateroom on the S.S. Bremen has been left for the emigrant's cabin or lumbering wagon. Good-by to Florida's beaches where English majors beat automobile records. There are cafeterias, buses and factories. Thus was born a year ago, cinematographic realism.

The other arts have been influenced by this realism. In the United States the most cultivated and vigorous minds think it their duty to go with the crowd, not to lead it, at least not to form its taste. The public likes realism in "sonorous" appearances; it was flattered by recognizing its fathers in the conquering bearded men that sought an Eldorado in the West or a huge field on which to place a ranch. Seated in his velvet chair, feet on marble or a Persian rug, dropping his cigar ashes into a vase of Sevres or Pompeii, the American citizen saw in this western film the story, the symbol of his own rise; on the screen—Indians and cooking in the open; he in the hall with his marble and his dollars. No one in the world is vainer than an American; vainer than a mulatto or a tragedian. Formerly he was shown pictures of other worlds than his. He liked them, but he was not a participant. Now one celebrates his fortune, his glory. He sees his rude beginning and his present state. The success of cinematographic realism has imposed itself on all those who wish to attract the public.

"A man who exhibits naked women in a music hall does it for the 'glorification of the young American girl'; war-films are for the glorification of the American soldier. There's the life of Abraham Lincoln for the glorification of American politicians. There are the famous Childs restaurants for the glorification of the American sandwich. Whoever writes, wishing to be read, should do it for the glorification of the American citizen."

Images of realism, even crude realism, of men eating. They make a noise in eating; they pick their teeth. Here no rare roast beef, nor litres of red wine, but tea, coffee, cream and cakes.

The citizen is flattered by finding his thoughts expressed in so vigorous a fashion. By preference one makes men talk whose children have every chance of becoming millionaires; wharf men, those who have lost their civic rights, the police. Authors, if they write for the theatre, are served by actors of a race that is not found in France, a truly marvelous race, actors who play as Negroes dance, untaught, violently, pleasingly, naturally. There are also familiar scenes in which the picturesque element is to be detected: Wall Street, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Chicago loop. The citizen who passes by each day, going to his office, is proud of this decoration of his life. He is a part of its force. There is this poetry in humble things, as easily seized as a girl of the streets, as a heavy and spiced meat; he breathes it in the huge pages of his newspaper filled with pictures of thieves, abandoned children and assassins. For the only American popular literature is that of newspapers. So much the worse for it. So much the worse for the people.

The literary and artistic manifestations of this realism are otherwise not at all shocking. They do not war with the habitual spectacle of American life. There is that charming pupil of M. Andre Maurois at Princeton who adds two chapters and in French to "Candide"; but there are also his football comrades; football, in comparison with which the Rugby of the Bordelais is a sport for young ladies. M. Maurois went one day to lecture at Bryn Mawr, "the most elegant and the handsomest college for young girls." He had a great success. These young girls are cultivated and charming; "they are also drunk nearly every evening. There is no place for indignation; not even for astonishment. Their fathers are known in finance, benevolence, politics, or business. But it should not be forgotten that the grandfathers killed old Indians, raped their daughters and lynched Negroes on Sundays after church. That explains many things."

We have translated freely the article by M. Jean Lasserre, which contains many truths though often colored for the sake of the article. Where did he learn of the deplorable conduct of girls at Bryn Mawr? He should have visited Mt. Holyoke and Radcliffe. No doubt he would have found them cesspools of iniquity.

There is in London complaint of theatre manners. "No other place, so far as I have observed, seems to have such a bad effect on the behavior of some ordinarily decently brought-up people. Wails rise to high heaven about the people who come in late and spoil the first act for others; of the people who

talk in a hissing whisper, and of those who unwrap the sweets which they seem to require for nourishment, having, one supposes, come away without their dinners. But even more surprising is the behavior of the multitude who go in and out, climbing over the already crowded and very reluctant knees of their neighbors without a word of apology. This is quite a common crime, though so far no punishment has been devised to fit it. There are noble exceptions—those who do go in and out, but always to the accompaniment of smiling apologies which soften the knocks you receive. The other kind of both sexes and all theatre-going ages, regard your unfortunate person as an obstacle to be surmounted with as much ease as possible and with no more regard for your sensations than if you were a chair."

The ideal theatre, of course, will have only end seats.

The habit of munching candy in Boston's theatres has increased of late years to an amusing degree. It was formerly confined to those who sat in the upper gallery; to the young people in the cheaper seats. Last season the munching was often seen in the orchestra seats, and even when the prices were high. One had become accustomed to seeing young women, presumably well bred, combing their hair, painting their faces, turning their lips into a scarlet gash; but they had until recently abstained from eating in the theatre. Nor were they daunted when the play was produced solemnly by the Theatre Guild or the Professional Players . . . They munched the more vigorously.

They cannot stop Mme. Ganna Walska from giving recitals. At her last one in Paris her costumes, which were changed according to the groups, were favorably criticised. For Mozart, she wore "a magnificent Second Empire" costume—why "Second Empire" for 18th century Mozart?—for Schubert an old-fashioned gown of puce. One of the critics had the audacity to say that her voice was not so sure as her taste in dress; that her artistic resources were of the slightest. On the other hand the Japanese tenor M. Fujiuara was warmly praised by these critics: "A Japanese Schipa."

Walter Rummel, a pianist, esteemed in London and Paris, recently played music by Chopin "in colors." There was a yellow halo around his head when he played "nostalgic" pieces; a sepulchral blue light for the Sonata with the funeral march. M. Claude Dore found that these Loie Fuller effects were better suited to the fountains at Vincennes than to "the dreamy brow" of M. Rummel, and that Chopin, the chief one interested, would have found these colors in bad taste. M. Dore also objected to the titles given by Rummel to various pieces: The Dream, Homesickness, Tragedy, Death, Joy, Victory, especially as Chopin's inspiration was subjective, not at all of the program order. M. Dore also regretted that Alfred Cortot had set a deplorable example by giving titles to Chopin's Preludes.

Max Reinhardt, a passionate Rotarian as well as a producer of plays, addressed the International Rotary Congress at Vienna. He spoke about the future of the theatre. There are good actors, but "the only inspiring factor, good plays, is lacking, and our really dramatic times are reflected in them but scantily. Our only hope is the actor. I think not only of the professsional actor, but of the actor-dramatist; all great dramatists always are and were born actors. If we wnt genuine theatre, the oldest, most powerful, uniting all the other arts, the public also must play its part: An audience is not only an economical necessity, but the supreme necessity of theatrical art. The future will completely revolutionize the theatre."

Reinhardt predicts that the space between stage and audience will be diminished. The actor without make-up will stand in the midst of the audience. The old costumes, eaten up by moths, will disappear, as well as the expensive, antiquated wealth of scenery. "In this point the cinema has beaten us long ago, although it can never result in that mystical connection between the stage and the audience."

UPTOWN, OLYMPIA AND FENWAY

"The Smiling Lieutenant"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson from the novel by Hans Muller entitled: "Nux Der Prinzgemahl"; directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with music by Oscar Straus, and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Niki	Maurice Chevalier
Franzi	Claudette Colbert
Princess Anna	Miriam Hopkins
Max	Charles Ruggles
King Adolf XV	George Barbier
Emperor	Con MacSunday
Adjutant von Rockoff	Robert Strange
Orderly	Hugh O'Connell
Baroness von Schwedel	Elizabeth Patterson
Count van Halden	Harry Bradley
Master of Ceremonies	Karl Stall
Joseph	Werner Saxtorph
Lily	Janet Reade
Bill Collector	Grauville Bates

Mr. Lubitsch, whose one picture of last season, "Monte Carlo," did not land him among the 10 best directors chosen by a reviewers' poll, seems reasonably assured of a high place in the next alignment, even if he does nothing else but "The Smiling Lieutenant." For here this audacious German, with his wealth of continental lore, his flare for sardonic and flippant humor, his ability at caricature which gives no offence, has done himself proud. Moreover, with the inimitable Chevalier to point tipped jests, to sing patter songs as only he can sing them, and to illumine many a scene with his beguiling pantomime; with two such clever actresses as Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert, blonde and brunette, to play the sentimental heroines; with an Oscar Straus score of melodic beauties and of apt synchronization of musical accompaniment to action; and, finally, with really sumptuous and fascinating scenic embellishment by Paramount, he has given us screen operetta in many ways superior to "The Love Parade" or to "Monte Carlo."

Mr. Chevalier, who may be recognized any time by his perfectly tailored uniform or his dinner jacket and straw hat, or even by his saucy pyjamas, to say nothing of that irresistible grin which disarms the most critical, has the role of Niki, a gay young lieutenant in the Austrian emperor's guards. Just as he is deeply enmeshed with Franzi, who plays the violin and leads a woman's orhestra in a Viennese beer garden, he incurs the wrath of the Princess Anna, come with her silly father, King Adolf XV of Flausenthurm, to visit the emperor. Niki's wink, intended for Franzi, had been intercepted by Anna and interpreted as base impudence. She would have him punished, but his ravishing smile and his bold speech sweep her off her feet and she would carry him off to Flausenthurm as her consort. Niki prefers the gayety of Vienna and the warmth of Franzi's kisses to cold castles and a bride who is ignorant of a lover's ways and dreses like a mediaeval spinster. There is an impasse until the two girls meet, slap each other's faces, weep, and concoct a scheme by which the princess charms Niki into a proper boudoir mood, and Franzi melts from the picture.

Miss Hopkins gives a very amusing portrait of the gawky princess, untutored in love but determined to learn. Miss Colbert, in a less exacting role, appears to play the violin skilfully, is wholly satisfying. Mr. Barbier is very droll as the doddering old king. Mr. Ruggles, as Max, a friend of Niki's, has only two small bits in the earlier footage, and then disappears. All the minor parts are excellently played. Nor should we overlook Mr. Lubitsch's camera, which flits about ceaselessly, giving rich pictorialism to the sly director's puckish fancies. To miss "The Smiling Lieutenant" is to miss a rare treat of sophisticated wit, of entrancing music and of highly polished performance.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Reckless Hour"

"The Reckless Hour," a screen drama adapted by Florence Ryerson from the play "Ambush," by Arthur Richman; directed by John Francis Dillon and produced by First National Pictures and Vitaphone with the following cast:

Margaret Nichols	Dorothy Mackaill
Edward Adams	Conrad Nagel
Myrtle Nichols	Joan Blondell
Walter Nichols	H. B. Warner
Allan Crane	Walter Byron
Harriett Nichols	Helen Ware
Harry Gleason	Joe Donahue
Jennison	William House
Mrs. Jennison	Dorothy Peterson
Howard Crane	Claude King
Stevens	Ivan Simpson
Rita	Mae Madison

A glamourous Dorothy Mackaill, an inspiring H. B. Warner and a convincing Conrad Nagel lift "The Reckless Hour," a story of a perfidious lover and the misery he brought to the victim's family, from the commonplace almost to the level achieved by the stage play, "Ambush," from which it was taken. The play was produced by the Theatre Guild in 1921.

The dramatic possibilities of the cinematic version seem atrophied when one considers the gripping human interest story as developed on the boards. Because of the sharp divergence of the two productions "The Reckless Hour" may be considered as following the theory that every cloud has a sterling silver lining, while in "Ambush" an ironic denouement precluded any possibility of a sugar-coated ending.

As Margaret Nichols, Miss Mackaill portrays a beautiful cloak model who succumbs to the dilettante Allan Crane, played by Walter Byron. Sensing his perfidy, Margaret refuses to marry him, and her father is forced to pay for her confinement and subsequent recuperation. To recoup his savings thus spent on his daughter, the father makes a poor investment and is wiped cut and left practically penniless. Meantime, the daughter becomes the model of Edward Adams (Conrad Nagel), who falls in love with her and intends to marry her. In a desperate effort to help her father, Margaret agrees to accompany Adams to Europe without benefit of clergy if he pays her $5000 and no questions asked. The father learns of this arrangement and in a bitter scene denounces the offer, only to learn with surprise that the money is to be his as a gift from his new "son-in-law" to be. It is hardly necessary to add that Margaret feels relieved. The wedding ceremony follows.

Miss Mackaill shows a fine sense of feeling for her role. Never once does she lapse from believable drama into maudlin emotionalism. Mr. Nagel gives a finished performance as the affluent artist who does not permit disillusionment to spoil the happiness of two persons. Mr. Warner, as the father, adds another splendid characterization to his notable list. Mr. Byron as the fickle lover and Miss Blondell as Margaret's flippant and worldly-wise sister deserve praise among a well-chosen and adequate cast.

Well balanced vaudeville has as its chief attraction Miss Dorothy Stone, talented daughter of Fred Stone, the dancing comedian. Dorothy, making her debut in the varieties, though she has graced several of her father's musical comedies, brings to her dances a refreshing loveliness and youthful verve. She contributes a gypsy number, a brilliant tap dance and a beautiful ballet novelty. Charles Collins as her dancing partner shared in the generous applause accorded Miss Dorothy.

C. L.

"The Girl Habit"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Owen Davis and Gertrude Purcell from a play by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton; directed by Edward Kline and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Charlie Floyd	Charles Ruggles
Sonya	Tamara Geva
Lucy Ledyard	Sue Conroy
Mrs. Ledyard	Margaret Dumont
Tony	Allen Jenkins
Jonesy	Donald Meek
Huntley Palmer	Douglas Gilmore
Warden	Jerome Daley
Warden's wife	Betty Garde

Paramount has not been kind to Charles Ruggles in sending him forth in his first starring exhibition with such worn material as "The Girl Habit" reveals. About every situation made familiar in farces of the past 20 years has been resurrected. Such primary plot as there is, that of the efforts of a gay young bachelor to break away from all his girl friends when he becomes engaged to the pretty daughter of an exacting society matron, is soon lost in the frenzied whirl of madness which seems to afflict all concerned. Mr. Ruggles, expert farceur that he is, seems to age steadily in the 80 minutes which pass while the picture is being shown. He works hard, employs all the nice subterfuges and expedients of a resourceful comedian, and emerges with little to his credit save the satisfaction of having done the best he could under trying circumstances.

Charlie Floyd, about to settle down with Lucy Ledyard as his bride, would recover some damaging letters from Sonya, an alluring shop girl. When he is struggling with her for the letters, her husband, a gangster named Tony, surprises both by an unexpected entrance. Thereafter he would kill Charlie, who, alded by his dumb valet, contrives after many attempts in getting himself committed to jail for accosting a woman. Since Tony also has been jailed by suburban police, he makes Charlie's life miserable both within the prison walls and later when they are released. In the end Tony learns that Huntley Palmer, a crooked lawyer, who wanted to marry Lucy and her money, had planned to frame Charlie and had used Sonya as an unwilling accomplice. Presumably Tony and his gang put Palmer on the spot, though the film does not go any further. It has stopped, mercifully, on the reconciliation scene between Charlie and Lucy.

Mr. Ruggles sputters and gurgles, disguises himself often, falls into awkward situations and falls out again, manfully but unhappily. We prefer to recall the many fine characterizations he has given the screen in the past. Miss Geva, though an accomplished dancer, is here confined to the speech and action of a minor role. Margaret Dumont, borrowed perhaps from the Marx Brothers, is again the stately dowager, and Miss Conroy, a newcomer, is an attractive ingenue. Donald Meek, a skilled comedian in his own rights, is wasted as Jonesy, the perplexed valet.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Acht Tage Glueck"

"Acht Tage Gluick." ("Eight Days of Happiness.") a German talking picture by J. Vajda and A. Zsoldos, with music by Max Niederberger; directed by Robert Wiene and produced by Emelka-Konzern with the following cast:

Kurt	George Alexander
Annie	Dina Gralla
Enrico	Joseph Schmidt
Count	Angelo Ferrarie
Valet	Karl Baumann

One of the merits which may be attributed to these foreign films is the broadening effect created by its scenic backgrounds. One week we are in Paris, the next in Rome; now in Berlin and now in Vienna. It's as good almost as a Cook's tour, and always one can listen to a pretty little story, comic, romantic or even tragic while drinking in the beauties of these foreign cities which our abbreviated purses may not permit us to visit. The locale of "Acht Tage Glueck" is Berlin at the opening. Anni Rosen, a bright German maedchen, has won a prize of three thousand marks in a typewriting contest. She would fulfil a cherished ambition, go to Vienna. She must have a secretary, and conveniently enough Kurt Weldingen, a wealthy young man with a smudge of a mustache, and a six-foot valet, applies for and gets the position. They travel to Venice first class, are lodged in a luxurious hotel, and for eight days revel in the gayeties of a city notable for its gondolas, its music halls and its tenor balladists. It seems remarkable that Annie's three thousand marks, at the present rate of exchange, could have gone so far.

Kurt discovers that he is very fond of Annie after Tonelli, a singer with a voice like Caruso's, and after one Conte Orsino, show keen interest in the vivacious German girl. Annie likes Kurt for his nice ways, but when she learns that he is rich and that William, whom he introduced as a prosperous coffee merchant from Java is his valet, she checks out hastily and flees back to Berlin, this time third class. Kurt follows, finds her at her counter in a travel bureau, convinces, her that his intentions are honorable, and buys two tickets, for Venice.

A lightly sketched romance of the familiar Cinderella school, as lightly narrated, to accompaniment of many authentic glimpses of Venetian waterways and architecture and of music given chiefly to Joseph Schmidt, a tenor who has little to do with the story but whose voice, admirably recorded, is well worth going to the Fine Arts to hear. Mr. Alexander as the pseudo-secretary is a comedian of deft touch, with a gift for pantomimic expression. Miss Gralla's most effective assets are her sparkling eyes, an agreeable voice, and an ability to prefer simplicity over artifice in technique. Mr. Baumann was amusing as the burly valet.

W. E. G.

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on a large scale in keeping with the general plan of revolutionizing and stopping up the whole economic life of the country.

The purpose of the plan, "to provide a higher standard of living for the worker," is several times emphasized in the lecturer's description, and the attention of the audience is called to America's indirect participaton in the plan through the lending of her engineering and industrial experts and through the large-scale use by the Russians of American motor cars, tractors and machinery.

Work is the essential and almost exclusive theme of the picture with its interestin glimpses of workers on mechanized farms, in rubber plantations

in sub-tropical Central Asia, in the bleak timber lands of northern Siberia, in coal and iron mines, and of other workers at diversified occupations in widely scattered parts of this vast country.

As an informative presentation giving glimpses of a unique experiment, the picture holds its element of interest alike for those in sympathy with the theories and tenets forming the background of the plan, and for those not in sympathy with the five year plan but aware of its scope and significance.

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BURN THEM

A collection of letters dated in colonial days has been found in an old desk at Hamden, Ct. One was sent by John Trumbull, a relation of the painter, to his sweetheart in Hartford. "The two had had a lovers' 'spat,' and, according to the letter, John was seeking to make it up. He succeeded, as other epistles in the collection show." It is said that Yale University will acquire the collection.

John's sweetheart should have burned his letters, not kept them for the eyes of the curious, and possibly unsympathetic. It may be that, as Emerson said, everybody loves a lover, but the most faithful, the most passionate wooer and wooed, should not be exposed long after their lips have turned to dust. The weaknesses of the wooer are ruthlessly exposed.

Many regret that John Keats's letters to his Fanny have been published. Letters written in the stately manner of earlier centuries, especially those showing the reticence of so many New Englanders, though their hearts were beating wildly as they wrote; letters describing everyday events with only a word of longing, a word of protestation, may be of interest to historians and students of sociology; letters written hotly by young lovers, are as cold veal in the next century.

Martin Van Buren, that fox in politics, said that he would rather walk ten miles to talk with a man than write to him. Lovers are not always within walking distance; they must write; having written they should destroy what they receive. Mr. Justice Avery spoke from the bench not long ago: "I do not suppose anybody but a lunatic keeps a copy of his love letters." This remark might be annotated in several ways.

Aug 3 1931

DOUBTFUL EXPERIMENT

It is reported that English hostesses are trying an anti-tipping experiment this summer. To appease their servants they will give them an extra sum when on account of guests there will be extra labor. "In several houses there are printed notices in the guest rooms requesting that no gratuities be given members of the staff." This experiment is regarded as "interesting." It is when one is told that a male guest spending a week-end at some of the larger country mansions must tip the string of servants to the extent of anywhere from three to four pounds.

This report crosses the Atlantic every summer. In some of our newspaper composing rooms it is probably kept in type, standing as a "plug" in time of need. But it is always interesting to know the result of an experiment, for the tipping evil has grown in this country, until those with a slender purse think twice before accepting an invitation, though the hostess sign herself, "Yours cordially."

Even those who are "blessed with this world's goods"—to quote a preacher at the funeral of a rich parishioner—often rebel against the custom of tipping; not so much on account of the expense, as for the disagreeable relations that the practice establishes between the domestics and the guest. He would gladly tip if he were not expected, almost forced to cross the palms of the many servants. If he is a shy man, he hesitates about the proper amount to give. He does not wish to be thought stingy; he is afraid of being extravagant. If he thinks himself a man of importance, he wonders how much that importance is worth in the eyes of chambermaid, butler, "inside man," chauffeur and the rest. If he is rich only in brains, he realizes that he is of little worth in the eyes of even the caddy.

It is an excellent idea to display the notice "Please do not tip, etc." next the notice "Please do not wipe razor blades on the towels"; but what will be the attitude of the domestics toward the guest, if they do not receive extra money from the hostess? Will they serve him with the same alacrity and efficiency? Will they not be "snooty"? Not that the butler will joggle the soup plate to the injury of Mr. Johnson's best shirt. Not that the butler will snort contemptuously if Mr. Johnson has a second helping of some attractive dish; but will the guest experience the same brotherly and sisterly attention from butler and chambermaid, as if there were the expectation of something more than a windy "thank you" at the end of the visit?

It's all wrong; of course it's all wrong. The practice of tipping has grown and broadened to an alarming extent. Not every free and independent American citizen would now be indignant at the offer, as an insult to his proper pride. Too many would say, "Insult me again."

Aug 4 1931

PLACE NAMES

"The United States mails today carry letters to Liberty Centre, Libertyville, North Liberty, New Liberty and West Liberty in Iowa. Other libertarians dwell in the land of the tall corn and live in villages whose names bespeak their devotion to Liberty, but the postoffice department compels them to get their mail under another name."

Some weeks ago the New York Sun commented thus on an article published in American Speech. The article was by Allen Walker Read; the subject was the place name Liberty in Iowa. Some of these villages were first known by more descriptive, more individual names. Liberty in Clarke county was once Hickory Point. North Liberty in Johnson county was at first Squash Bend. As the story goes, it was settled in 1842 by Josiah Crawford, who lived on a diet of pumpkins and squash. When a postoffice was established there in 1857, the foolishly sensitive residents managed to have the name of the town changed.

The genteel person has done much harm by changing names of towns throughout the land. He has sometimes been influenced by his desire to curry favor with a rich man. He has found Indian names of towns, mountains, rivers low and vulgar. Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks, known to some native guides as the "Adriondacks," was much more imposing when it was called by its Indian name. And in that region the hamlet known as Edmonds Pond has been for some years Cascadeville. The name of Edmonds—or was it "Edmunds"?—should have been preserved. An old man, he was sunning himself when his daughter called to her little boy and told him to gather some chips. "You go to hell, old woman. Get your own chips." Edmonds chuckled. "Good boy, Asel. Chip of the old block."

"Ville," pretentious and ridiculous, has a peculiar fascination for the genteel. One can pardon the schoolmaster or his friend who sprinkled names taken from the biographical dictionaries of ancient Romans (Pompey—Horatio Seymour came from that hill-town, but the inhabitants have not abandoned Caesar's rival. Stephen A. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vt., but the name of that pretty village is still Brandon.) These villages whose names end in "ville" often merit Mr. Chesterton's denunciation: shabby or ugly houses, ill-kept lawns, a general air of negligence and disregard of the beautiful.

A thriving village or town has given its name with the prefixes North, South, East and West to outlying districts: "North" was once known locally as "Pancake." Confusion thus arises. A friend tells you carelessly that he lives "in the Newtons." He does not particularize. So with the Yarmouths, the Haddams, the Dennises, the Rindges in New England; so it was formerly with the Ossipees, until it was found out that travellers were uncertain at which station to leave the train; or did the genteel person make his appearance with what he thought were more romantic names? No New Yorker has demanded that Utica should have another name because a poet once characterized it as "pent-up."

Aug 6 1931

CHEESE AND THE PRINCE

By PHILIP HALE

The Prince of Wales, O he leads a busy life, very different from his predecessors, the companion of Falstaff and the "fat friend" of Beau Brummel. There is no need of a Matt Morgan to portray him with cruel irony as his grandfather was shown in the Tomahawk saying to the ghost of George the Fourth: "Go on, I'll follow thee." No, the present prince is here, there and everywhere, the commercial traveller par excellence. And at home? At Eastbourne recently in one afternoon "he made a speech at the town hall, saw a lifeboat put out to sea, laid a foundation stone, unveiled a memorial tablet, attended a military display and a parade of ex-service men, inspected the Soldiers and Sailors' home, visited the college where he looked at a cricket match, had tea with players, motored to the aerodrome and flew away."

And in the evening of that day he spoke at the dinner of the Land Agents' Society; spoke at length and wisely about cheese.

"Why," he asked, "are most English cheeses made up in such an unwieldy form?" The cheeses that look like millstones and are apparently as heavy. They will not go into a luncheon basket. If the family is small, they may easily grow stale before they are eaten. The dairy farmers should, as the prince suggested in an eloquent burst, give the public cheeses in a small and portable form like those of France, Italy and Switzerland. "The massive cylinders of Cheshire and Stilton are better suited to the baronial mahogany of the past than to our constricted flats and skimpy furniture." There were shouts "Hear! Hear!"

The American visiting London is impressed by these huge cylinders of cheese wheeled towards him, as the beef and mutton in certain restaurants. He looks on the cheese with awe. He may not say of it as Artemus Ward said of the Tower of London, "It's a sweet boon," but he regards it as an English institution like cricket. It symbolizes Great Britain, the empire, the dominions. It may not be the tie that binds the various countries, but it typifies the solid and enduring qualities of the race.

Some of the foreign cheeses that the prince would have the dairy farmers imitate are frivolous affairs, cut into little pieces as by a stingy inn-keeper. Better the Edam of Holland, a country to which the prince did not refer; the Edam that served the gallant Dutch admiral as cannonballs, when, attacking English ships, he found his ammunition low. Nor did the prince wish his countrymen to imitate, even in size, cheeses of Germany that put foreigners to flight only by the smell. In his desire to change the form of Cheshire, Cheddar, Stilton he is no longer a cheese-bound Conservative. Has he joined the Liberal party?

Aug 9 1931

UNIFORMED HOSTS

The New York Custom Cutters Club has decreed that "a host should wear a coat of blue with green lapels, or of wine with red lapels, or some such color combination for the purpose of identification." It is annoying for the master of a house to be taken for a waiter, or for a guest personally known to him and to the others who have been invited. If he wears the uniform proposed, there will be no awkward mistakes, like those portrayed years ago by Du Maurier in Punch. The Mulligan shouted to Mr. Perkins at his wife's ball, as reported by Thackeray, for more champagne.

The host, in conventional evening dress at a large party, is exposed to critical and unpleasant remarks from those who have no personal acquaintance with him; remarks from those at a loss for conversation about his personal appearance, his rooms furnished in "abominably bad taste," his pictures, even his wife and daughter. For not every husband of a woman possessed with the mania of entertaining shows by his carriage and deportment that he is the master of the house, so that tongues are guarded in his immediate neighborhood. He may have a diffident, crushed, apologetic air, fitting one who hopes to pass unnoticed; not resenting it if a guest not knowing, addresses him: "Stupid, isn't it? What a crush! What a bore!"

For some husbands a convict suit, as for one condemned to hard labor, would be the thing.

Aug 11 1931

PLAIN COOKING

At a meeting of the Roxburghshire education committee "a proposal was submitted which would have the effect of including cookery as a 'frill' or luxury subject at the continuation classes, and would involve the charging of a higher fee. . . ; It was contended that plain cooking was not done, that it was a matter of iced cakes and things succulent. Lady Strathedén was asked what elementary cooking was. 'Possible lunch for a possible future husband,' she promptly retorted."

Unfortunately she did not name the dishes to be served the possible husband if he should lunch at home. In London he would go to a

club, a hotel, or a restaurant, of which there are many grades; nor is the luncheon of a London business or professional man the hearty "dejeuner" of the French. Lady Stratheden was probably referring to luncheons for men in small towns or villages.

"Plain cooking" that is palatable and nourishing is not easily found. It is not easy to obtain good bread even in private houses where the cook is paid an absurdly high price. Naturally simple meats and fish are too much "fussed up." The frying pan plays too important a role. There is quantity enough—but the quality? Luncheon with many business men is a stand-up affair, or a matter of perching for a few minutes on a high chair in front of a counter. A good many years ago at a favorite restaurant in Water street the hurried luncher ate a roast-beef sandwich, a chocolate eclair, and washed them down with two or three glasses of beer. There has been improvement. Many take more time for luncheon; even talk about other matters than the business of the day.

The English are probably not the hearty feeders they were in past years. The privations imposed upon them by the world war led to comparative abstinence. Good King George the Fifth set an example. Would any English family today sit down to the dinner described by a simple country parson, the Rev. James Woodfords, on Jan. 6, 1797, after cake and mead?—

We had for dinner a fine Cod's head ans Shoulders broiled with Shrimp sauce and Anchovy ditto, Pea Soup, rost Leg of Mutton, a very good, tender Ham, and a Couple of Chickens Boiled, Greens, etc. Afterwards 3 rosted Partridges, Maccaroni, a boiled Damson Pudding, Mince Pies and Raspberry T. Poor desert, only dryed apples.

Or consider the dinner on April 20 of that year, a dinner that included "haddock soup, tongue, veal, beef-steak patties, pudding, leg of mutton, turkey, trifle, raspberry tarts and crab." There was no French chef; there were no foreign kickshaws. Plain cookery. And in those years there were three-bottle men. Talk about the "spacious days" and stomachs in the time of Queen Elizabeth! There were heroes at the dawn of the 19th century.

A SINGING EARL

The name sounds Gilbertian—the Earl of Tankerville, who died on July 9, was known as "the Singing Earl." He had a "fine tenor voice" and had studied with Sbriglia. The obituaries do not state whether he ever gave public recitals or sang in opera under his own or an assumed name.

Italian and French noblemen have sung in opera. There was Mario, who, according to Owen Meredith, could soothe with a tenor note a soul in purgatory. He married Grisi, who, when some would-be wit said to her, "I suppose your children are Grisettes," replied, "No, Marionettes." Singing teachers have regarded tobacco as injurious to the voice, but Mario, as well as Charles Santley, the baritone, was an inveterate smoker, consuming daily an incredible number of cigars.

Castelmary, the baritone—that was his stage name—was also a man of high degree. Why he turned opera-singer is not known. Mario needed the money that his romantic face and appealing voice brought to him. Castelmary, an accomplished actor, often applauded in Boston, married Marie Sasse, a temperamental soprano famous in her day. They separated, but this was not the tragedy in his life: a tragedy referred to by his friends the De Reszkes but not disclosed to the world. Castelmary, it may be recalled, died in Edouard de Reszke's arms during a performance of "Martha" on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House.

Passionate press agents have ennobled many singers whose origin was humble. Then there is the list of female singers who have married noblemen, so called; some of them blackguards at heart; others only greedy for money, as the first husband of Adelina Patti.

METROPOLITAN

"The Secret Call"

"The Secret Call," a screen drama adapted by Arthur Kober from William C. DeMille's stage play, "The Woman"; directed by Stuart Walker and produced by Paramount-Publix with the following cast:

Tom Blake ..... Richard Arlen
Wanda Kelly ..... Peggy Shannon
Jim Blake ..... William B. Davidson
Phil Roberts ..... Charles Trowbridge
Grace Roberts ..... Jane Keith
Matt Stanton ..... Selmer Jackson
Bert Benedict ..... Ned Sparks
Jim Nelligan ..... Jed Prouty
Bob Barnes ..... Charles D. Brown
Frank Kelly ..... Harry Beresford
Fillmore ..... Larry Steers
Vera Lorraine ..... Elaine Baker
Gwen ..... Frances Moffett
Maisie ..... Claire Dodd
Ellen ..... Patrica Farr

Twenty years ago the stage play, "The Woman," was considered successful chiefly because of the traditional Belasco atmosphere and detail which draped its rather maudlin and melodramatic narrative. As a screen drama of today that same story is as tenuous as the telephone wires which figure so conspicuously in its telling. In fact "The Secret Call" is a switchboard story, with Wanda Kelly directing much of the action from her stool as "operator No. 1" in a Washington hotel. It is difficult to see wherein either Arthur Kober, a Broadway wise man of the theatre, or Stuart Walker, a capable stage director from the Cincinnati and Indianapolis repertory theatres, have enhanced their reputation as screen adaptor or director in this their first joint effort. Handicapped by a plot which in the first five reels indicates to the most unimaginative what is going to happen at the end, inexperienced in use of the roving camera, and guilty of lapses into inane dialogue and ill-proportioned action, they approach their big scene like shaky novices and then in a panic reduce the climax to a mere flash, impotent, unconvincing, almost ludicrous.

Wanda Kelly, in love with Tom Blake, son of an unscrupulous politician, vows revenge when the elder Blake frames her father and causes him to commit suicide. She "accepts a position" as telephone operator in the Washington hotel used by Blake as working headquarters, and aids Bert Benedict, reporter on a newspaper which is fighting Blake and championing a reform bill sponsored by Senator Matt Stanton. Blake, in checkmate, obtains data which would involve Stanton in a scandal, years ago, with a woman. All he lacks is the woman's name. As switchbord operator Wanda knows it because Stanton's warning call and the call from the woman's husband were to the same number; the home of Blake's daughter, now wife of Phil Roberts, one of Blake's henchmen. In Blake's desperate efforts to learn the name he threatens Wanda, keeps the newspaper men in feverish anxiety, gets nowhere, until the daughter confesses. With a wry glance at the hysterical Wanda, he embraces his erring offspring and announces his retirement from politics. Which gives Wanda and Tom an opening for renewal of their courtship and the outmoded final clinch, still popular in Hollywood's best studios.

The play was a brave if ineffective dissertation against graft. The screen version is a hodge podge of telephonic conversations and melodramatic situations. Mr. Arlen, likable in westerns, is a lethargic lover. Miss Shannon of the summer crop of screen "finds," is pretty, has a musical voice and perhaps will be able to act, with more practice. Of the others, one name and character seems worth remembering, that of Ned Sparks as the frozen-faced reporter.

W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Sporting Blood"

"Sporting Blood," a screen drama adapted by Charles Brabin, Willard Mack and Wanda Tuchock from Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story, "Horseflesh"; directed by Charles Brabin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Rid Riddell ..... Clark Gable
Jim Rellence ..... Ernest Torrence
Ruby ..... Madge Evans
Tip Scanlon ..... Lew Cody
Angela ..... Marie Prevost
Ludeking ..... Hallam Cooley
MacGuire ..... J. Farrell McDonald
Uncle Ben ..... John Larkin
Sammy ..... Eugene Jackson
"Tommy Boy" ..... By Himself

Glorification of the American thoroughbred has been brilliantly achieved by Director Brabin in this finely told story of a Kentucky foal raised on a bottle until provided with a foster mother, sold as a promising colt and thereafter subjected to the ups and downs of life much as are we poor mortals. The picture as a whole should become the screen epic of the horse, for it has been drawn and performed with a winning spirit of sincerity, sympathy and understanding. It should be to the screen what Charles V. Dazey's melodrama, "In Old Kentucky," was to the stage decades ago. Before the picture is 24 hours old as far as Boston is concerned, we commend it to all who love or admire horses, who would appreciate at least temporary surcease from sin and sex, from gangsters and gun-toters.

Willard Mack had a hand in the adaptation, and we suspect that his is the unerring pen which wrote the dialogue, crisp, natural and ever-befitting character or situation. Mr. Brabin's part was to coach his players, white and black, in catching and retaining the moods of the story, and to dovetail ever so neatly and skilfully his own camera's shots with those of the newsreelers assigned to great Kentucky race meets. That he has done one splendid job will be admitted by all who see "Sporting Blood." From the opening scenes of the Rellence stock farms, with its spacious fields, its romping mares and colts, its clean, leisurely atmosphere, through the exciting race-track episodes to the ingenious yet perfectly plausible conclusion, Mr. Brabin has kept a clear head, has never faltered or surrendered to a temptation to be cheap or to resort to claptrap. Evidently, he imbued in his players that same enthusiasm for verity and simplicity, for without exception performance matches direction and narrative.

"Tommy-Boy," the colt whose dam, "Southern Queen," fell in the mud and rain, broke a leg, gave birth to the future Kentucky Derby winner, and was humanely shot, is the real hero of the picture. About his career are entwined the romance of Ruby, a manicure girl, and young Riddell, employed by Tip Scanlon, a crooked gambler and manipulator of horse races. In and out of their affairs move minor figures, the gamblers who killed Scanlon when his tip set them back "65 grand"; the vulgarian Angela, whose indulgent husband bought "Tommy-Boy" for her because she liked his jockey's colors; the shrewd old breeder, Jim Rellence, who wept when "Southern Queen" died and who loved every horse on his farm though he wouldn't admit it; and Uncle Ben, the wise old Negro trainer, and Sammy, his boy. These various characters are admirably portrayed, with special credits to Miss Evans as Ruby, who had so much in common with "Tommy-Boy," who acts with fervor and sincerity; to Mr. Torrence as the kindly old stock breeder, and to John Larkin and Eugene Jackson, the Negro players. Mr. Gable as Riddell is his usual smiling self. "Sporting Blood" is as refreshing as an east wind, as clean as a hound's tooth. It is one of those pictures one can view twice, without boredom.

W. E. G.

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OCEANSIDE THEATRE
Magnolia

Notorious Lady by John Enten for the first time on any stage.

Emily Phipps ..... Han
Blanche Potter ..... De
Elizabeth Parker ..... Leo
Tulio ..... Robert H
Julia Farr ..... Cora Will
Ellen ..... Susan Wigg
Charles ..... George
Lucy Farr ..... Margert
Peter ..... William W
Tommy ..... Raymond
Harriet Wentworth ..... Mata

Here is another sophisticated ing-room comedy of daring dialog small happenings. Fifteen yea when divorce was less usual tha Julia Farr left her husband and in New York to lead the life of patriate in Paris. After her hus death she returns to her daughte has grown up in the meanwhile. does not entirely relinquish her life, however, as she brings ba Italian secretary under her wing old friends are determined to look the past, for Julia is bea and charming, also in 15 years th ference in standards of Paris an York has become negligible. Ho the presence of the secretary stumbling block to acceptance by world, and therefore to the posit her daughter. Julia has confi her daughter's young man tha has really been a good woman. however, may have been a sort gagement present. This notoriou manages her difficult situation a daughter's affairs so well tha daughter elopes with the right enabling the mother to remain and free, "like Peter Pan."

The author, who is 26, makes York society matrons speak with ciness and flavor which is untradi but adds enormously to the hun the piece. There is plenty of goo logue, a smack of romance, whic workable recipe for a full house.

Cora Witherspoon as Julia we perb, the essence of feminity an extremely silly woman who got her way and was adored, sh bewilderingly convincing. With wh riety of color she spoke her line how untheatrical and hackneye gestures. Hers was the only majo the others all fell in behind. Henderson, whose portrayal of th ian secretary was admirable, Houston, as the withered ba proved that he could be success character parts as well as playi hero. I criticise Margaret Ada the straight-laced daughter becau was too pretty. The four societ trons, Doris Rich, Harriet Eells, Roudin and Leone Sousa kept th po of the play from lagging a coming monotonous. William W and Ray O'Brien, as two insign college students, were good, C causing some of the most hearty ter of the evening.

One of the greatest contributi the success of the Oceanside T has been the scenic director, S Chaney. On a small stage, wi facilities and many obstacles, b ing talent and being uncompro he has turned out sets as good in New York.

A distinguished first-night a attended.

(From Yesterday's Last Editio

COLONIAL

"Free for All"

"Free For All," a comedy with two acts and eight scenes: book Hammerstein, 2d, and Laurence score by Richard Whiting; settings ald Oenslager; staged under dire Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, and prod Schwab and Mandel; first perform any stage at the Colonial Theatre evening with the following cast:

Tom ..... Pe
Sam ..... Gu
Stephen Potter, Sr. ..... Edwa
Joe Butler ..... Ru
Gracie Maynard ..... Thelm
Anita Allen ..... Ve
Marie Sinnot Lil
Michael Byrne ..... Pete
Marishka Tarasov ....
Andy Bradford ..... Don
Joan Sumner ..... Dor
Steve Potter, Jr. ....
Miss Gibbs ..... Dorot
Dr. Raymond Allen ..... Ph
Vergil Murkatroyd ..... Charl
Mrs. Ida Jones ..... Jea
Pete Webber ..... Se
A Miner ..... John
Terence Canavan ..... G. I
Silver Dollar Kate ..... Grac
A Reporter ..... A
Jim Allison ..... E.
A Parson ..... Edwa

The movies have shown us, w or less authenticity, that studer educational institutions can more odd pranks than our fat mothers ever dreamed of. T

The Theatre

Aug 9 1931

By WILLIAM E. GREENOUGH

William A. Brady, who since he started his producing career back in 1888 has nurtured, chided and castigated the American stage more earnestly and more frankly than any other producer of his days, has succumbed to the soothing breezes of Cape Cod and become a soothsayer of good cheer. Not always has he been thus. Not so long ago Mr. Brady, safely out of New York and sheltered by the four walls of a room in a Buffalo hostelry, sounded the doom of the theatre in melancholy tones. There were no good plays, he averred. None of the seasoned authors was interested, Hollywood was luring the ablest of the actors, and the managers were sitting idly by while their industry was facing ruin.

On many other occasions Mr. Brady has made gallant effort to revive a wilting drama. Lacking the picturesque vocabulary of Mr. A. H. Woods, he still has given bluntly eloquent voice to his ministrations. Now, speaking from Dennis, where the Cape Playhouse supplies entertainment to summer visitors of high social rank and to such of the home-towners as are interested, Mr. Brady looks about him and observes oracularly, "It seems to me that the cycle is swinging once again to the legitimate stage." His presence in Dennis was due to a natural inclination to witness the initial performance here of his talented wife, Grace George, in the title role of her very substantial success of last season, St. John Ervine's comedy, "The First Mrs. Fraser." Impressed by the turn-out of first-nighters, Mr. Brady became enthusiastic. "The increasing number of small theatres in sections which have large summer populations, and the enthusiasm with which their offerings are received denotes, I think, a renewed interest in the legitimate stage. The theatre movements of Newport, R. I., Southampton, L. I., Provincetown, Westport, Ct., and other similar resorts, all are receiving splendid support this season."

Mr. Brady might have added to his list the Oceanside Theatre at Magnolia, the two theatres at Rockport, one semi-professional and the other experimental; the Berkshire Playhouse in Stockbridge, the Surry Playhouse in Maine, the Mariarden Civic Theatre at Peterborough, N. H., and the Barnstormers trouping around Tamworth, N. H. He might also have noted the number of untried plays which these summer theatres are testing, and the amazing total of names which are considered of some importance in the regular theatrical seasons, now listed in the various casts of these and other plays. It cannot be that all of these players, many of whom have just rounded out 40 weeks or more of steady and compensating employment, have sought these resorts for a needful livelihood. It might well be that they have seen opportunities to aid the sacred cause, to bestir a public which had become indifferent. Whatever the reason, the effect is plain. The attendance at these summer playhouses has increased, the acting standards have improved. And it is to be hoped that Mr. Brady has prophesied truly as to the future. One so fearless and enthusiastic as he deserves encouragement, and vindication.

Boston's theatrical season opens tomorrow evening, with a first performance on any stage, at the Colonial, of Schwab and Mandel's newest musical comedy production, "Free For All." These shrewd showmen who a year ago fled Broadway, vowing to labor no more in a field basely surrendered to the talking pictures, have reconsidered their rashness and taken on new courage. This is a wholesome sign, for at present there are no more discerning and intelligent producers of light entertainment than they. If in their new piece one finds no great names among the performers there is no need for trepidation. Stars have been known to emerge from the back row of the chorus, and the truly great comedians, singers and dancers of the future may be found in the ranks of the unpedigreed. There are advance reports that Mr. Whiting has written several entrancing melodies for "Free For All"; and it is common talk that the production boasts a revolving stage. At least Messrs. Schwab and Mandel are humane employers, for they chartered the entire deck of the steamer New York for passage of their company to this city last Friday night, as partial amelioration for blistering dress rehearsals later.

Incidentally, it is understood that the Colonial Theatre has bookings for nearly 40 weeks for the season of 1931-32, a welcome offset to a sparse record for last season, when the house was dark for more weeks than Manager Lothian cares to recall. The Tremont has not been so well blessed to date, but doubtless that popular house will come into its own in due time.

The Shubert theatres, particularly the Plymouth, are in process of refurbishing, with little stress as yet on bookings. When subscribers and the general public interested in the plays to be presented this fall and winter by the Professional Players first enter the Plymouth they will be astounded, and delighted. The interior will be resplendent in bronze and green, with new carpetings, new chair upholstery, new lighting fixtures and other improvements. From the outside the metamorphosis will be equally striking.

By way of New York come persistent rumors that the Repertory Theatre, one of the most beautiful, and one of the most abused of local playhouses, has an even chance of renewed life; that a stock company of high standard will be established there, and that the best plays will be presented. Since the collapse of the Jewett regime this house until recently has been kept open by one of the mortgage holders, with second or third run motion pictures as attraction. There seems reason to believe that if the stock company idea materializes there will be no further hint of re-opening the doors of the Hollis Street Theatre, which faded from the theatrical horizon early last winter.

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mained for the Messrs. Hammerstein and Schwab to disclose that communism has invaded the collegiate mind, that in this law-abiding land, so-called, there are groups of enthusiastic youngstes of both sexes who are theoretically as red as they make them. It is debatable if Leland Stanford University will feel honored when it learns that it has been singled out as the spawning place of such un-American tenets, although that same temple of knowledge might well be proud to own Mr. Whiting's stirring theme song, "Free For All," as its campus warcry. Also it might feel flattered in matriculating such a bevy of pretty girls as graced this newest production of Schwab and Mandel.

The authors do not confine themselves to jest and satire aimed at sovietism. They take derisive pleasure in jibes at the professional psychcanalyst, with his tests and his use of such impressive words as claustophobia, dual peronality and libido. And just to show that they read the papers, they devote some time, some rather valuable time by the time they get to it, to mocking at Nevada's divorce mill, with its affiliated industries—the open bar and the gambling hall. Last evening's performance ran a full three hours, a decent average for a first-night dress rehearsal as such performances really are With courageous cutting and judicious junking the end of the week will bring a more compact and more steadily amusing entertainment. The material is there, in abundance and overflowing, both as to wit and melodic interlude of song and dance. With compression, "Free For All" should be able soon to go into New York and take its haughtly place with the select group of musical pieces already on the ground.

Steve Potter, Jr., son of "Rambler" Potter, who took a fortune out of a Nevada copper mine, has little of his father's affection for money and power. His ambition is to become a clever magician, doing tricks with cards and rings and rabbits. Though tentatively affianced to Anita Allen, daughter of the famous psychoanalyst, he has become involved in a love affair with Marie Sinnot, editor of the student red publication, "Free for All," and recently expelled from the university for her radical utterances. Marie has fascinated several other students with her siren song. Old Potter, incensed when he finds the youngsters airing their views and drinking cocktails in his dining room, orders them out, including Steve. Later, with Dr. Allen, he plots to ship them to the long-abandoned "Rambler" mine, agreeing to give them all the profits they can show in working it. The boys live in one community house, the girls in another. That is part of Marie's philosophy, it appears. Of course there are quarrels and jealousies and nocturnal invasions which Pete Webber, the sheriff, terminates by compelling each couple to be married at once. He adds that, being in Nevada, they can be divorced in six months. Within that period Steve proves to his father that he has many qualities hitherto concealed beneath a magician's mask, turns to Anita, his true love, and sees Marie lugged off to jail, to join her revolutionary father. There are many minor complications too complex to be mentioned here.

The production is worthy of the men who put forth "Good News," "Follow Thru" and other musical comedy hits. The settings, spinning on a revolving stage, include the Potter dining room at Pala Alto, Cal., Dr. Allen's office in Sacramento, the Rambler mine shaft and community houses, and a speakeasy, all in Nevada. The last of principals is long, with no cluttering chorus. Some of the characters are not introduced until the second act, now encumbered with matter which may well be eliminated. Mr. Whiting has written several original and exceptionally well scored tunes, notably the reprise, "Free for All," "Just Eighteen," "Nevada Moon," a dainty waltz number, and "When Your Boy Becomes a Man," sung gustily by Miss Johnson, who seems to be new, and good. Her voice, and that of Mr. Higgins stand out. Dancing honors fall to Mr. Tomkins and Miss Groday. Russ Brown clowns noisily and in low comedy vein as the perpetual student who by his father's will receives $10,000 a year as long as he remains in college. Mr. Haley, a comedian of cleaner methods, apt in delineation of a youth of almost moronic intellect, scored consistently with many of the best lines and funniest situations. Mr. Collins was amusing as a "Red" Irish miner, who turned out to be a bigamist. Miss Loff, for beauty rather than vocal brilliance, Miss Marsh in a pert soubrette role, Tamara, with her Russian ballads and her eyes of mystery, and Miss Bond with her excellent acting as the assertive propagandist, excelled among the female players. W. E. G.

Aug 16 1931

KEITH-BOSTON

"Mother's Millions"

"Mother's Millions," a screen comedy-drama adapted by Winnifred Dunn and Gene Lewis from the stage play of the same title by Howard McKent Barnes; directed by James Flood and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Harriett Breen.....May Robson
David Talbot.....James Hall
Tom Breen.....Lawrence Gray
Faire Breen.....Frances Dade
William Remington.....Edmund Breese
Maria Peppy.....Lillian Harmer
Mrs. Talbot.....Leah Winslow
Peggy.....Elinor Flynn
Detective Burke.....William L. Thorne

May Robson, who has played 47 consecutive seasons on the American stage, chiefly as a character comedienne, makes her screen debut in "Mother's Millions," a stormy little farce-comedy evidently intended by its author, Howard McKent Barnes, as a sketchy study of the late Hetty Green, America's wealthiest woman in her day. Miss Robson, who has a marvellous faculty for impersonating elderly women, brings to this part the full equipment of her ripened art as an actress. She is one of the few women of the stage who are not afraid to pencil in wrinkles where they do not exist, to wear ill-fitting clothes, to submerge her individuality in the role in hand. Nevertheless there is this distinction between Miss Robson and Marie Dressler that other character comedienne of national fame. Miss Dressler's wrinkles are real and she is not ashamed of them. And when she appears in a farce or comedy or drama one forgets that she is acting; whereas it is quite obvious that that is exactly what Miss Robson is doing. Nor is she always scrupulous as to methods in gaining an extra laugh. To score that laugh she often steps out of character for a second, yet is shrewd enough to step back as quickly.

As Harriett Breen, Miss Robson endeavors to show us the soft femininity and the maternal hunger and pride behind the brusk, hammering speech, the bitter philosophies and the crabbed features of this remarkable factor in the history of Wall street. Her ambition is to develop in her son and her daughter an independence of will and a sound process of reasoning which shall fit them to inherit the Breen millions. Unfortunately her motives are misunderstood, and her offspring seem not only to fear but to hate her. Even Maria, the drab servant, sees in her mistress only a miser, a misanthrope and an unnatural mother. But Harrlett, undisturbed, goes about her business, acquires railroads, wheat crops and other practical commodities, bests her arch-enemy, Remington, in litigation and in the market, and while seeming to be hostile, actually engineers the matrimonial fates of Tom and Faire, her children.

As a characterization Miss Robson's Harriett Breen is very amusing, even though it may lean toward exaggeration and over-emphasis of temper and of feminine acumen. Lines and situations are steadily bright, and so provocative of laughter. Frequently the best of these lines are lost because of faulty vocal recording. This was particularly true of Miss Winslow, as the extravagant mother of David Talbot, Faire's lover. In all else, the screen version is an admirably photographed replica of the stage play. Miss Dade and Mr. Lawrence play daughter and son naturally; Mr. Breese is the crafty Remington, and Mr. Hall, much overweight, is a ponderous lover. Almost matching Miss Robson's performance, and in sharp contrast to it by its complete absence of artificiality, is the very human servant of Miss Harmer. If she isn't another of those rapidly multiplying screen "finds" we have missed our guess. W. E. G.

PARK

"Enemies of the Law"

"Enemies of the Law," a screen melodrama based on a story by Charles Reed Jones, directed by Lawrence C. Windom and presented by Sherman S. Krellberg with the following cast:

Florence Vinton.....Mary Nolan
Larry Marsh.....Johnnie Walker
Eddie Swan.....Lou Tellegen
Lefty.....Alan Brooks
Jack.....Harold Healey
Tony Catello.....Dewey Robinson
Murray.....Barry Townley
Burns.....Robert Pitkin
Babe Ricardo.....Bert West
Joey Regan.....Danny Hardin
Blackie.....Gordon Westcott
Spaghetti Joe.....Jack Renault
The Big Shot.....John Dunsmuir
Walter T.....Doe Doe Green

Mary Nolan, who seems to have many ardent champions who deprecate her inability to obtain a screen role which shall adequately reveal her histrionic talents, will have to look beyond "Enemies of the Law" for any triumphs accruing to her. As Florence Vinton, employed as a detective by a district attorney seeking to free his city from the rule of racketeers and gangsters, Miss Nolan is asked to participate in no end of preposterous situations, to give voice to the most inane speech. Fiction of very commonplace quality has been entrusted to players quite obviously miscast or unsuited for their parts; slight aid has been vouchsafed in the way of direction, and the photography and the cutting have been added factors in reducing the picture to insignificance.

Johnnie Walker, whose screen appearances have been limited, and Lou Tellegen, the French actor who seems to have fallen to low estate in the theatrical world, play as rival gangsters. Miss Nolan, whose assignment has been to locate and to identify the "Big Shot," the brains of the malefactors, becomes interested in Larry, one of the rival leaders, and tries to induce him to quit and go straight. If he had any intention of so doing, it was frustrated by his sudden death by an enemy's gun. On this pathetic note, after many listless episodes of violence, the film ends, and the audience turns its relieved attention to the more honest and the far more interesting unfolding of a western picture, "Partners of the Trail." W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Bockbierfest"

"Bockbierfest," or "Venus im Bade," a German comedy, with music by Anton Profes; directed by Carl Bosse and presented with the following cast:

Livius Heintz ..... Ludwig Stoessel
Priscilla Heintz ..... Margarete Kupfer
Hedwig Heintz ..... Margot Walter
Seidl ..... Hans Adalbert von Schlettow
Raumert ..... Jack Mylong-Münz
Frieda Panke ..... Ida Wust
Emmi ..... Trude Brionne
Caesar Duft ..... Kurt Lilien
Mullicke ..... Lucie Engelke
Soubretto ..... Gertie Kutschera
Eccentric dancer ..... Fritz Steiner

A jovial satire on prohibition is "Bockbierfest," with its singing crowds, it melancholy white goat, its little group of "drys" who drop into the "wet" festivities and linger to become very wet indeed. At times it also partakes of the quality of burlesque, not the coarse sort, but sheer rollicking good fun. When there is occasion for music Herr Profes provides it; and in addition there is a mischievous little story, admirably told and acted by several of the cleverest players in the German studios at present. And if anything further be needed to induce you to enter into the festive spirit of the picture, there is in the lobby of the cosy little Fine Arts Theatre, the cutest little bar, presided over by a plump German maid, who will serve you pretzels and near-beer in yellow mugs which refreshes but does not intoxicate, because it isn't that kind of beer.

Livius Heintz, a manufacturer of porous underwear comes to Berlin to attend and anti-alcoholic convention and to visit his daughter, a student, in love with Raumert, a brewer. Livius, so informed, forbids the marriage and stamps off to the hotel lobby, where he encounters Frieda Panke, a former sweetheart who has just signed up as a diving Venus for Herr Duft, a vaudeville agent. Caught in a telephone booth with Frieda, he has to introduce her to his family as one of his best customers. That evening, at the Bockbierfest, Frieda and her daughter, Emmi, meet Seidl, a genial, generous giant, a dealer in hops. Frieda cannot tell him that Livius is Emmi's father, but she can fib, so she invents a husband and father in one, whom she refers to vaguely as a captain of an ocean liner. Seidl, smitten by pretty and good-natured Emmi, would meet the captain, so Frieda persuades Heintz to assume the role, even measuring him for his uniform. That scene alone is screemingly funny. The next evening brings mirth-provoking complications, with Heintz so silly drunk in his resplendent uniform that he falls into the tank where Frieda is about to perform as a very shapely Venus. His daughter, recognizing him, would tell her mother about the scandal unless Livius consents to her marriage to her brewer. So all ends happily.

One needs not know a word of German to realize that here are a half-dozen very amusing characterizations, with Herr Stoessel and Fraulein Wust carrying off the chief honors. The latter resembles in startling degree the Marie Cahill we knew in her best days as a comedienne. The others are good, Fraulein Engelke making even the lowly janitress stand out as a comic creature in her brief scenes. The extra players are skilfully employed, the mise-en-scenes are true to place and occasion, and the music is lively and melodic. One number, "Heut ist grosses Bockbierfest," sung repeatedly by the merry-makers, reminds one of a collegiate football marching song. Once only, it is to be regretted, a male quartet sings splendidly a tune called "Ich denk an meine Jugendzeit." Four voices as fine as these would stop the show on an American stage. W. E. G.

MODERN-BEACON

"A Holy Terror"

"A Holy Terror," a screen drama based on Max Brand's novel, "Trailin'"; directed by Irving Cummings and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Tony Bard ..... George O'Brien
Jerry Foster ..... Sally Eilers
Kitty Carroll ..... Rita La Roy
Steve Nash ..... Humphrey Bogart
William Drew ..... James Kirkwood
Thomas Woodbury ..... Robert Warwick
Butch Morgan ..... Stanley Fields
Tom Hedges ..... Richard Tucker
Jim Lawler ..... Earl Pingree

George O'Brien gallops and shoots his way through another pleasant little western in the role of Tony Bard, a New Yorker planted in Wyoming and there encountering exciting adventure and mellifluous romance. He is supposed to be searching for the man who killed his father. He arrives by airplane, and it is his awkward landing, when he crashes into the dwelling of his future bride as she is emerging from the bath, that opens the way for the courtship to follow. Of course, being a crack polo player, he knows something about horses, but Steve Nash and Butch Morgan, two mean cowboys, don't know this when they sell him a vicious pony which he subdues and converts into a submissive and exceedingly fleet carrier. Nash and Morgan naturally become his enemies, but it is not in the cards that they can outwit, out-shoot or out-ride the doughty hero.

In the course of the picture he finds the man he sought, masquerading under the name of William Drew. This man, it turns out, was Tony's real father; and he did not kill Woodbury, who was supposed to be Tony's parent, though he had plenty of reason for violent reprisal in that 25 years back Woodbury had stolen both his wife and his son, none other than this same talented Tony. By the time these explanations were forthcoming Tony and Jerry Foster had become very friendly, with marriage just around the corner.

The picture, as is typical of Fox westerns, has been splendidly photographed. There is much tingling action, and there is little in presentation or performance at which to cavil. Apart from Mr. O'Brien's virtuosity as a horseman, we were impressed chiefly by Mr. Kirkwood's admirable delineation of the recluse Drew. W. E. G.

Jul 15 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Huckleberry Finn"

An all-talking screen comedy drama adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt from the novel of the same name by Mark Twain; directed by Norman Taurog and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Tom Sawyer ..... Jackie Coogan
Huckleberry Finn ..... Junior Durkin
Becky Thatcher ..... Mitzi Green
Sid Sawyer ..... Jackie Searl
Jim ..... Clarence Muse
Aunt Polly ..... Clara Blandick
Widow Douglas ..... Jane Darwell
Junior ..... Eugene Pallette
Senior ..... Oscar Apfel
Mary Jane ..... Charlotte V. Henry
Ella ..... Doris Short
Miss Minnie Watson ..... Lillian Harmer
Judge Thatcher ..... Guy Oliver
Finn ..... Warner Richmond
Mrs. Thatcher ..... Cecil Weston
Abigail Prentice ..... Eileen Manning
Teacher ..... Frank McGlynn

Under new direction, Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher are with us again, in a continuation of the sentimental and piratical adventures of the two precious juvenile heroes of Mark Twain's immortal tale. Again the puffing, screeching river boat streaks up and down the Mississippi; again Tom leads in imaginative excursions; again Huckleberry reveals himself as a lad misunderstood by his neighbors, yet capable of making the right decision when the time comes to make a crucial choice of action. Those who saw in John Cromwell the ideal director for such a film, in which atmosphere, fidelity to character and text, and consistency in holding to all three were essentials to success, may question if Mr. Taurog has done as well. They may complain that with new situations and certain added characters he has permitted an unnatural or forced levity, a tendency to travesty, to mar an otherwise excellent picture. Yet must they agree that as screen entertainment for the masses, who are not too meticulous, this Paramount sequel is good and wholesome fun for young and old alike.

Here we see Tom torn between adoration of the demure Becky and the fascinations of a fishing trip with Huckleberry. We see the latter, caught drawing slanderous pictures on his slate, forced to stand shoeless before the class and to proclaim his ignorance as he tries to bound Pennsylvania. He cannot even spell the word. We see the boys, accompanied by the faithful Negro Jim, drifting down the river on their raft, rescuing those two oily gentlemen of fortune, Senior and Junior, who use them as dupes in an attempt to steal $14,000 from orphaned Mary Jane and her sullen sister Ella. Huckleberry has his tragic moments, as when his no-account father beats him and locks him in a shack; or when from sheer love of Mary Jane, he submits to application of a mustard plaster, penalty of one of his deceits. Through all one senses that fine comradeship which Mark Twain so feelingly depicted, and which these two youngsters, Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan, now vitalize through intelligent and understanding performances.

To most of the scenes Mr. Taurog has brought homely realism, especially in his portarits of the widow Douglas, played by Jane Darwell, and of Miss Watson, by Lillian Harmer. Senior and Junior, one felt, could have been better done, since Mr. Pallette and Mr. Apfel are experienced screen actors; and the scene in Mary Jane's cellar, when Huckleberry spilled barrel after barrel of apples on the floor in his frenzied search for the treasure-box, rang false because of its noisy and exaggerated action. But there you are: if the audience liked the picture as a whole, who are we to spoil its pleasure! W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"Pardon Us"

An all-talking screen comedy directed by James Parrott and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Stan ..... Stan Laurel
Oliver ..... Oliver Hardy
Warden ..... Wilfred Lucas
Tiger ..... Walter Long
Warden's Daughter ..... June Marlowe
Instructor ..... James Finlayson

Joining the ranks of comedians who would be stars, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy are now to be seen in their first full-length picture, "Pardon Us," now current at Loew's State Theatre. As is the case with their shorter efforts, everything they do is hailed with shouts and shrieks of laughter, applause and every indication of pleasure. Their antics are cut from the same cloth as in the past; they mingle bewilderment, innocent rapture and blank dismay—their three main expressions—in the proportions that experience has taught them will best please the spectator. Judging by the response from the spectator en masse, they know their business. The minority report ventures, none the less, that prison riots are hardly a subject for mirth, and fooling with automatic chaut-chaut rifles is not the sort of pastime best suited to keep the young idea busy and happy. It also ventures that Laurel and Hardy seem funnier in short subjects than in a long feature: the lack of variety in their humor becomes apparent when spread over too wide an area.

A brief flash at the beginning shows them preparing to enter the beer business, and this is followed almost immediately by their arrival in jail. Much is made of Laurel's possession of a loose upper tooth, which causes him to make irreverent noises at all sorts of persons from the desk sergeant to the warden. After a brief stay in prison, they escape—no one knows how—and journey to the South, where they disguise themselves as negroes through the simple expedient of blacking their faces. They also make pets of the bloodhounds sent to trail them. Sent back to prison once more, owing to Laurel's unhappy tooth, they become involved in a prison riot and so mishandle an automatic rifle that they subdue the riotors and receive a pardon. The final fadeout finds Laurel asking the warden if he won't place an order with them for a couple of barrels of beer.

Any extended comment on the acting of the two star performers is hardly necessary at this late date, when every one who goes to motion pictures is familiar with each gesture, tone of voice and expression. The outstanding novelty is when Hardy turns seriously sentimental and tries his hand at singing a pseudo negro spiritual, "Lazy Moon." It sounds extraordinary on paper, but his voice is acceptable and the tune is fair enough. Laurel remains the more amusing of the two; but not even he can make 15 minutes of scrambling around on a bunk really funny. His bemused expression and gentle voice still remain his great assets. "Pardon Us" is advertised as a satire on prison dramas, but there is so much exaggeration at every point that it is difficult to see where the satire starts and another Laurel and Hardy comedy ends. E. L. H.

Jul 17 1931

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Transatlantic"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by Guy Bolton and Lynn Starling; directed by William K. Howard and presented by the Fox Film Corporation with the following cast:

Monte Greer ..... Edmund Lowe
Judy Kramer ..... Lois Moran
Henry Graham ..... John Halliday
Sigrid Carline ..... Greta Nissen
Rudolph Kramer ..... Jean Hersholt
Kay Graham ..... Myrna Loy
Handsome ..... Earl Foxe
Captain ..... Claude King
First Officer ..... Crauford Kent
Hudgins ..... Billy Bevan

Like Noah's Ark, "Grand Hotel" has taken to the high seas. Impressed by the stupendous success of Vicki Baum's stage play, Hollywood has transplanted to the screen that novel idea of dramatizing what purports to be a cross-section of humanity, the virtuous and the sinful, the industrious and the slothful. In the play the action was confined to the rooms and the lobby of a Berlin hotel. In the film, a modern ocean liner makes the setting for intrigues, romance, a near-murder and a corking pistol fight between the hero, if he may be so designated, and a rival gangster, staged of all places in the engine room of the ship. The story as a whole is a deftly camouflaged bit of hokum; but the performance is another matter. And best of all, the picture is a monument to William K. Howard and his cameraman, Jimmy Howe, the one a perfectly good American, the other a Chinese whose knowledge of photographic values on the screen is something to be admired in superlatives. Without Mr. Howard's inspired direction and his ability to lift the players up by their bootstraps, so to speak, so that they play the game to the hilt, it is doubtful if "Transatlantic" could pass for more than a routine screen melodrama. As it is, it becomes one of the greatest novelties of the new cinema season, pictorially.

At the outset Mr. Howard has caught superbly the excitement, confusion and orderly procedure among passengers and ship's personnel respectively. The steamship Transatlantic is about to sail. Friends throng the pier, passengers are rushing aboard. The camera sweeps up and down the ranks of men and women, picking out individuals, groups, with startling effect. Once clear of her convoys, one meets the principal characters in the little drama to be unfolded, the while the serious business of operating a big liner is being demonstrated. Monte Greer, a gambler, Robin Hood and Raffles merged in one, fleeing from a vice probe in New York; Rudolph Kramer, a German-American lens grinder and his pretty daughter, Judy, off for a vacation after years of saving and privation; Henry Graham, forestalling the failure of his bank by absconding with a fortune in sound securities; his wife, proud and patient though knowing of his affair with Sigrid Carline, a Swedish dancer and adventuress; a crooked gambler known as "Handsome," and his ugly associates in iniquity, primed for blackmail, theft, even murder. These are not typical of all strata of humanity, but they serve for the picture's purposes.

Greer at once defies the gangsters after refusal to join in their schemes. An observant and very cheeky fellow, he contrives to befriend Graham's wife by allowing the banker to catch him embracing the dancer, thus driving him back to a loyal better-half. He tries to save old Kramer from a charge of attempting to murder the banker on learning that his life savings have been lost; and one by one he bests the gangsters, disarming them or wounding them, until he comes to "Handsome," deep in the engine room. Theirs is a pretty fight, but it seems strange that for a long time the engines appeared to be running themselves, with not a mechanic in sight. Again in port, justice triumphs. "Handsome" confesses to the attempted murder and theft. Graham has forgotten the dancer, and Judy and her father depart, with the amount of their savings presented to them by the grateful and gracious Mrs. Graham. Greer, the knight with bandaged arm is left alone. "The little world," which Hudgins, the cockney steward, has prattled about in his frequent dissertations aboard ship, has disintegrated.

Mr. Lowe, a trifle smug, plays the lone wolf smoothly. Many will insist that Earl Foxe as "Handsome" surpasses him in debonair silkiness of vicious speech and deportment. Mr. Halliday is the guilty banker to the life, and Mr. Hersholt gives a finely conceived performance as the lens-grinder. Mr. Bevan is an amusing prattler as Greer's cabin steward. Miss Nissen proves herself a better dancer than actress. Miss Moran is appealing in a flimsy role, and Miss Loy, cast out of her usual species of roles, comes through nicely. W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"High Stakes"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by Willard Mack; directed by Lowell Sherman and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Joe Lennon ..... Lowell Sherman
Dolly Lennon ..... Mae Murray
Dick Lennon ..... Edward Martindel
Murray ..... Charles Coleman
Anna Cornwall ..... Karen Morley
Judge Hennessy ..... Alan Roscoe

Lowell Sherman is a clever man, and the most lukewarm admirer of his acting ability must admit that he has made a place for himself in motion pictures that any actor might envy. He has caused the producers to believe that, on the strength of his previous stage experience and his intimate knowledge of clever theatrical effects, he is entitled to direct any films in which he chances to appear and have, as well, a say about the casting and the development of the plot. The not unnatural result, as one may observe in "High Stakes," current feature film at the Keith-Boston Theatre, is that Mr. Sherman builds up an effective plot of which he is indisputably the pivot. He works out a delightful part for himself and enjoys it thoroughly. He makes "High Stakes," in short, a good program picture, which suffers only from its pretty obvious resemblance to a stage play. Little use is made of the camera as a means of telling the story, reliance being placed on the frequently neat dialogue and self-explanatory action.

Mr. Sherman plays the part of Joe Lennon, dilletante playwright and younger brother of Richard Lennon, recently married to a wife nearly 30 years his junior. Joe distrusts this blonde, cooing damsel, Dolly, by name, who talks nothing but baby talk save when she slips accidentally into the slang of the race track. His suspicions are confirmed when he catches sight of her ardently embracing a slickly handsome youth whose pretentions at being a friend of Dick Lennon's South American partner are obviously fraudulent. The disillusionment of his brother is not an easy task, as Joe finds, for Dick, blinded by his fondness for Dolly, as well as his desire for a son, will listen to nothing. In a fashion slightly reminiscent of the mouse-trap scene in "Hamlet," Joe relates to Dolly and her lover, in the course of a dinner party, the plot of his new play. It strikes

The Theatre

Aug 16.

By WILLIAM E. GREENOUGH

Made cognizant of the opening of another theatrical season in Boston through the first-week performances at the Colonial Theatre of "Free for All," a new Schwab and Mandel musical piece, the Messrs. Shubert have sprung gallantly to the aid of the cause with announcement, more or less definite, of their own intended contributions to local entertainment during the months ahead. Including that expensive pile of masonry known as the Boston Opera House, they have under their direction six playhouses in Boston. Consequently theirs is the difficult problem of keeping all or at least the majority of them alight. Being at times cautious showmen, they decline to invite disaster too early in the season. To them August apparently is a dread month, a period belonging to the beaches and to nocturnal petting parties. They readily admit that George M. Cohan is the only producer who can mount a musical comedy in Boston in mid-summer and escape with his raiment untorn. They will therefore ignore August and concentrate on September for their initial offerings.

To the Majestic, on Labor day, Sept. 7, Lew Leslie, who has found profit in exploiting Negroid humor, will bring his latest musical show, "Rhapsody in Black," with Ethel Waters, the Ruth Etting of her race, as star. A week later, on Sept. 14, the Shubert and the Wilbur will join the ranks of the employed, the one with "Meet My Sister," a musical comedy by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and Ralph Benatsky, with a cast which may include George Grossmith, and again may not, since casts have a way of changing after eight months of usage; and the other with "The Vinegar Tree," one of last season's substantial successes, with Mary Boland, for four weeks prior to a coast-to-coast tour. To the Wilbur, likewise, on Oct. 12, should come Louis Weitzenkorn's ruthless melodrama, "Five Star Final," in which tabloid journalism is pilloried by a man who has worked at the trade.

Again to the Wilbur, on Nov. 2, "Alison's House," Susan Glaspell's play which won the Pulitzer prize for 1931, thereby causing much lamentation among the drama experts of New York. Meantime, after what seems aeons in aeons, Al Jolson will re-enter Boston as "Monsieur Al," given a new name but still the dashing minstrel of old, in "The Wonder Bar," programed as "A continental novelty of European night life," and announced for the Shubert Theatre stage on Oct. 5. That seems to be all at present, unless we inquire timorously as to the Plymouth. There, we are informed, the Professional Players will open their second season on Oct. 5 with Pirandello's play, "As You Desire Me," with Judith Anderson in the leading role.

The first definite announcement concerning a long anticipated visit by Milton Aborn's Civic light opera company is at hand. The fact that Mr. Aborn is coming at all is good news. For weeks we have been asked if Boston was to enjoy a cycle of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas this fall, and we could not answer. No one seemed to know. There was question in New York on which side of the fence Mr. Aborn would land, in the Shuberts' or in the Erlanger offices. Apparently that much has been settled. The Colonial Theatre, an Erlanger house, has been selected; the time late in September or early in October. The Colonial is a beautiful, spacious theatre, with a very large stage, adaptable to heavy productions; but the Tremont, so far neglected in the New York allotments, seems the ideal house for such an organization as Mr. Aborn will bring here. It also has a roomy stage, it is now attractively furnished, and its acoustics are well nigh faultless.

However, that is a minor point. The chief cause for regret and resentment is found in the preliminary schedule of operettas. In a four weeks' engagement Mr. Aborn proposes to give us a fortnight of a double bill, "Pinafore," preceded by the little known "Trial by Jury." For the second fortnight he suggests "The Mikado." Now, it is a matter of record that Winthrop Ames, before he retired, brought to Boston a series of splendidly mounted productions of these pieces, admittedly two of the most popular and familiar in the Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. They are always good, but there are so many more which contain exquisite melodies and scintillating lyrics! Why should we be denied opportunity after all these years to hear again "The Gondoliers," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "Iolanthe," "Ruddygore"; even "The Pirates of Penzance" or "Patience"? Mr. Aborn's troupers have done most of these during the long and successful New York engagement. Are the respective stage settings so expensive or massive that to transport them would be a ruinous undertaking?

Even with Fay Templeton as Little Buttercup in "Pinafore," or with Frank Moulan, William Danforth and Herbert Waterous in "The Mikado," it is extremely doubtful if Greater Boston can support either operetta for two weeks' pull. With all the essential properties at his disposal, and with a cast well schooled in Gilbert and Sullivan patter and song, it should not be difficult to split each of the four weeks, thereby giving us eight instead of two operettas. Such an apportionment would fill the theatre at every performance.

Mr. William Seymour, writing from South Duxbury in answer to a recent query propounded by Mr. Philip Hale in these columns as to salaries in the Boston Museum in its palmy days, and as to salaries received by Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, E. L. Davenport, Salvini and Mme. Modjeska when they first played in Boston, shares such knowledge as he has of theatrical ledger secrets of those days. "I may be able to give you a few items," writes Mr. Seymour. "I did know the salaries of the many companies in which I was the stage director or manager, but I kept no record of them or have forgotten most of them. What I inclose (the lists) are from the old ledgers of the Howard Athenaeum, when my father-in-law, E. L. Davenport, was the manager thereof, 1859-60; and my journal of the tours of Lawrence Barrett, 1873-74-75. His was one of the first travelling companies to tour this country, without scenery or properties, and each member of the company furnished his or her individual wardrobe.

"When Mr. Jefferson began to dictate terms he asked, and received, $100 a performance. When I produced 'King Lear' for Jarrett & Palmer, at Booth's Theatre, New York city, in 1876, Lawrence Barrett (King Lear), received $1000 per week, and E. L. Davenport (Edgar), $500 weekly. The other salaries of the cast scaled from $150 down to $25. When Mr. Barrett was leading man at the Boston Museum, 1858, his salary was $38 weekly. My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. James Seymour, were Irish comedian and soubrette at the Old Howard, under Henry Willard's management, 1853, at a joint salary of $35 per week. Mr. Davenport was the leading juvenile at the 'Old Bowery,' New York, under Thomas Hamblin, in 1840, at a salary of $18 per week, and a benefit. Edwin Forrest began at the same theatre, under Charles Gilfert, 1828, at $20 per week; but it was quickly increased to $40. When I was general director for Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, I received a letter from William Horace Lingard (1903) asking for an engagement and suggesting, as an equitable salary, from $60 to $75 per week, according to value of the part, with one first class steamship fare from England to America.

"I doubt if many salaries at the Boston Museum reached three figures. Jack Mason received $20 per week when he came here in 1870; but he got $200 when he acted with Annie Clarke in her star engagement, he having a special line on the program (1887). I left a salary of $100 per week in San Francisco in 1879, to come to the Museum for $50, and a benefit."

Mr. Seymour appends other figures as follows: From the ledger (account book) of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, week of Aug. 18, 1860, management of E. L. Davenport: Rent, $104.15; salaries, $518.50; gas, $53,44; orchestra, $107; operatives (stage hands, etc.), $101; front of house, $36.50; newspapers, $40.25; printing, $90; bill posting, $11; police, $6; supers, $9.25; properties, $5.60; sundries, $11; extra carpenter, $5.75. For that week the gross receipts were $1201.70. No star, the stock only. The week of Sept. 3, 1860. Edwin Booth began a four weeks' engagement. The receipts for that week were: Monday, $478.30; Tuesday, $368; Wednesday, $437.65; Thursday, $445.75; Friday, $513.15; Saturday, $339.20; total, $2582.05. Mr. Booth received, as his share of the six performances, $871.42. The companies' salaries for the engagement were augmented to $547.50; the supers to $19.75. Mr. Booth's share for his second week was $1047.52. The stock company comprised Lawrence Barrett, Dan Satchell, John McCullough, Harry Langdon, J. A. Smith, Frank Aiken, W. H. Curtis, W. J. LeMoyne, Walter Lennox, J. W. Blaisdell, Walter Bera, etc. Mrs. E. L. Davenport, Josie Orton, Oriana Marshall, Annie Clarke, Mrs. Sylvester and many others, and all for the small sum of $547.50. The seating capacity of the Howard was about $600, including admissions.

"From the Journal-Diary of Wm. Seymour: In the winter of 1873 (to be exact Dec. 15th), Lawrence Barrett, after a disastrous winter in New Orleans, the year before, began his travelling tour with the following company:

	Salary
John W. Norton (Leading Man)	$75
Harry Meredith (Heavies)	50
John P. Sutton (1st Old Man)	40
George Morton (Char. and 2d heavies)	30
Frank Oakes Rose (Juveniles)	40
M. B. Curtis (2d Comedian)	30
Walter F. Edwards (2d Old Man and Resp.)	30
John Davis (Utility and Property Man)	20
Wm. Seymour (1st Low Comedian and Stg. Manager)	50
Louise Hawthorne (Leading Lady)	75
Mrs. H. P. Grattan (1st Old Woman)	45
Josephine (Mrs. Robert) Craig (Juv.)	40
Mrs. L. E. Seymour (2d Old and Char.)	30
	$575

"Thomas W. Davey (Mrs. Fiske's father) was our manager, and Marcus R. Mayer our advance agent. Our repertory consisted of 12 plays—ranging from Hamlet down to the Man o' Airlie. The next season, with a slightly augmented company, our salary list was $665. And our season opened in Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug. 25, 1874, and closed May 15, 1875, at Bridgeport, Ct., during which time we travelled 13,677 miles, not going further West than Kansas City and Omaha, or further north than Minneapolis and St. Paul."

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home so exactly that Dolly faints, and next day begs Dick to take her abroad. Joe, however, gets Dick out of the house on a pretext and confronts Dolly with the truth, forcing her to sign a paper relinquishing all property and marital rights and to leave the house. This is not accomplished without the aid of a business-like revolver—handled in a very unbusiness-like manner, by the way—and Dick learns his lesson, while Joe indulges in some heavy sentimentalizing.

Mr. Sherman, holding the centre of the stage for a good two-thirds of the picture, has a delightful time and is frequently amusing, though scarcely young enough for the part he assumes. He pretends to be half-tipsy much of the time, which gives him an excellent opportunity to indulge in bibulous badinage, but he springs his climax with excellent effect. Mae Murray, affected and tiresome as ever, trails around in gorgeous dresses and prattles like the meandering brook. Edward Martindel is forced to be excessively platitudinous and uxorious as the unobservant Dick, but a small role is pleasantly handled by Karen Morley.

The double headline vaudeville program boasts the appearance of Miss Kitty Doner, celebrated male impersonator, in a new sketch entitled "The Little Cobbler"; and Eddie Deas, genial Negro genius of jazz, with his Hollywood Inn orchestra. Also on the bill are Johnnie Berkes and Vesta E. Wallace, offering their new skit, "Who Started This?"; Nelson Clifford and Marie Marion in their comedy classic, "Just Dumb"; and Charles Carrer, de luxe trickster.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Honeymoon Lane"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Barney Sarecky from the stage play of the same name by Eddie Dowling; directed by William James Craft and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Tim Dugan	Eddie Dowling
Mary Baggott	June Collyer
"Dynamite"	Raymond Hatton
Gerty Murphy	Ray Dooley
Tom Baggott	Noah Beery
Mother Murphy	Mary Carr
King of Bulgravia	Armand Kaliz
Paulino	Adolph Milar
Arnold Bookstein	Lloyd Whitlock
"Noisy"	George Kotsonaros
Betty Royce	Corliss Palmer

Eddie Dowling is more than a mere song writer or author of simple musical comedies. He is a bright young business man. This must be so, since he has convinced such an exalted organization as Paramount that his former stage piece, "Honeymoon Lane," would make acceptable screen fare, even though reduced musically to one song, that sugary little ballad bearing the same title as the play itself. Mr. Dowling sings this once at the opening, as he sits in a studio automobile and makes diffident love to Miss Collyer. Thereafter one hears no more tunes, sees no prancing chorus. Only the dialogue and action of the original remain. There are certain musical comedies which will stand such treatment because of the strength and appeal of the original narrative. "Honeymoon Lane" is not one of these. It resolves itself, when deprived of choral and musical decoration, into a very crude bit of writing, combining some specious moralization about motherly influences and a great deal of slapstick comedy from Ray Dooley as an overgrown rustic hoyden and from the Messrs. Hatton and Kotsonaros as a pair of city thieves planted in a rundown hotel in Florida. There are moments when the audience, waiting patiently for a chance to laugh, is rewarded by a particularly ludicrous bit of low comedy. But, as a whole, "Honeymoon Lane" is a pitiful relict of its former stage self.

There is no need here to repeat the bromidic story related by Mr. Dowling, that of a young gambler who plays straight to win the love of the niece of a crooked gambler and is aided in his efforts by "Mother" Murphy, owner of the Hope Springs Hotel, and, incidentally, by visiting royalty in the person of the King of Bulgravia and by one Rothstein, a New York gambler, whom "Mother" Murphy restores to health by her maternal ministrations, but more potently by her famous cherry pies and the tonic qualities of Hope Springs water. Miss Carr plays the mother in routine fashion, and Mr. Kaliz is amusing as the King, who mas-

querades as Mr. Antonio and gets lots of fun out of the lark. Ray Dooley scratches herself industriously, indulges in baby talk and clowns it to the limit. Of the others there is nothing specific to say. We still think that "Honeymoon Lane" is a pretty tune W. E. G.

PARK

"Mother and Son"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by Wellyn Totman; directed by J. P. McCarthy and presented by Monogram Pictures with the following cast:

"Faro" Lil ..... Clara Kimball Young
Jeff Payton, her son ..... Bruce Warren
Joe Connors ..... Gordon Wood
Maurine Winfield ..... Mildred Golden
Mr. Winfield ..... John Elliott
Jameson ..... Ernest Hilliard
Faro Dealer ..... "Steamboat" Simon
A Broker ..... Thomas A. Curran
A Barker ..... "Cheyenne" Mussellman

Lillian Payton, known to the Nevada of 1910 as "Faro" Lil, has invested the money made from a gambling house in safe securities which will permit her and her only son, Jeff, to live comfortably. For 21 years she is happy and her boy grows up in the lap of luxury, meeting wealthy, attractive people and eventually falling in love with Maurine Winfield, daughter of a shady broker, who makes money out of other people's bad luck on the stock exchange. Without warning, the market crashes and Lil finds herself cleaned out. With the help of Joe Connors, an old sweetheart, she returns to Nevada, where gambling has now been legalized, and opens new gambling rooms, calling the place "Helldorado." Out to Reno come Winfield and his daughter, with Jeff, the latter being completely ignorant of the way his mother makes a living. Winfield breaks the news to him, and Jeff begins to turn against Lil. To cure Jeff of gambling, Lil tells Joe to clean him out, only to have the boy lie to her about his losses. Fate at last puts Winfield where Lil wants him: he is under the necessity of winning a large sum immediately or losing everything he had previously won on the market. He fails to win, tries to commit suicide, and the full truth comes out. Lil regains the affection of her son, who at last recognizes her true worth.

Clara Kimball Young heads the cast of "Mother and Son," a Clara Kimball Young looking slim, handsome and vivacious. Her work, as one has every right to expect from so experienced an actress, is vigorous, reasonably varied and often interesting, causing one to regret the curious lameness of the dialogue and the overstrained melodrama of many of the situations in which she finds herself. One can't help wishing that the director had made more of the contrast between the Nevada of 1910 and that of 1931—evidently the spectator was supposed to consider the first a hale, hearty and primitive spot in contrast to the mad and artificial recklessness of the present day when divorces can be picked off the tree like ripe fruit and gambling is merely to fill up the gaps left by something not to regained. Most of the action passes in the Nevada of today, and there is much discussion of the ethics of stock-market gambling and other sorts. Other parts in the film are handled acceptably by Bruce Warren, as Jeff, Gordon Wood, as Joe, and Mildred Golden, as Maurine.—E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

Owing to insistent demand from those who failed to see "Sous les Toits de Paris" during its earlier showings at the Fine Arts Theatre, the management of that house has decided to offer it once more as feature attraction for the current week. This light-hearted and amusing comedy, with its pleasing incidental music and clever camera work, is probably the most successful French picture ever shown in this country. Made under the direction of Rene Clair, an imaginative young director who knows how to make his camera tell the story without undue dependence on the dialogue, the picture tells the simplest sort of story about two French youths who love the same flirtatious girl and have mild adventures trying to win her favors. The Paris we see is the Paris of the lower classes; neither the apache nor the tourist sections. Albert Prehjean, a debonair player frequently resembling Chevalier, takes the leading role, and others in the cast are Pola Illery and Edmond Greville.

Aug 2nd 1931

LOEW'S STATE

"Guilty Hands"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story of the same name by Bayard Veiller; directed by W. S. Van Dyke and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Richard Grant ..... Lionel Barrymore
Marjorie West ..... Kay Francis
Barbara Grant ..... Madge Evans
Tommy Osgood ..... William Bakewell
Rev. Hastings ..... C. Aubrey Smith
Aunt Maggie ..... Polly Moran
Gordon Rich ..... Alan Mowbray
Spencer Wilson ..... Forrester Harvey
H. G. Smith ..... Charles Crockett
Harvey Scott ..... Henry Barrows

Bayard Veiller has shown that it can be done, that the same brand of hokum which has stood by him so staunchly in his plays for the stage can be employed with like success on the screen. We use the word hokum in this instance with more than ordinary respect, as defining the skilful application of sure-fire expedients, situations and solutions, regardless of their age, to the medium in hand. Thanks to Mr. Van Dyke's almost scholarly direction, to some exceedingly impressive photography, and to Lionel Barrymore's superb performance in the leading role, "Guilty Hands," should prove one of the outstanding hits of the new cinema season. It is one of those pictures which easily might be deemed worth seeing twice, in order to pick up certain phases which have escaped a first view.

Mr. Veiller is expert in planting ideas, in hypnotizing his audience into a belief in the improbable. He would have us believe that a pretty girl who had never had an unclean thought, who had been brought up carefully by a devoted father, could suddenly throw over a nice youth and agree to marry a man more than twice her age and known to be a beast with women. Accepting that premise as logical, he has the girl's father, Richard Grant, a former district-attorney who had sent 50 men to the electric chair and who as a criminal lawyer subsequently had saved as many more from that same chair, demonstrate in dramatic fashion his frequently voiced assertion that under certain circumstances murder is justifiable, and also that it is possible to kill a person and escape detection. It is in the development of this dual theme, with its extraordinary conclusion, that the author of "Within the Law," "The Thirteenth Chair," and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," concerns himself. Plays dealing with the more intricate phases of crime always have been Mr. Veiller's forte. He has dressed them invariably with pungent, natural dialogue, led up to his climaxes with a wizard's skill, and revealed rare inventiveness in more than one dramatic dilemma. That he has been able to transplant to his first screen play that same technique which brought him fame and fortune in the legitimate theatre is a hopeful sign for the screen in general.

Mr. Barrymore dominates the entire run of the picture by personality and performance. Only an actor who has mastered every trick and shade of his profession could endow Richard Grant with such human qualities. His voice, his facial play, his graphic pantomime, his flawless delivery of the most exacting speeches are enlisted to assure a memorable characterization. His eyes speak volumes when, just after Grant has slain Gordon Rich, the daughter informs him that because of a certain incident she had decided not to go through with the marriage. And when he addresses an imaginary jury and savagely convicts Kay Francis, as Rich's discarded mistress, of the murder, he rises to histrionic heights too seldom observed on either screen or stage. We are sometimes inclined to believe that here is the greatest of the Barrymores.

The other players are of minor consequence, Kay Francis having the most difficult task of registering suspicion, horror and anguish through most of the action. Miss Evans plays the abnormal daughter prettily, and Mr. Mowbray is properly nervous as the libertine who is about to be killed. W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Rebound"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Horace Jackson from the play of the same name by Donald Ogden Stewart; directed by Edward H. Griffith and presented by RKO Pathe with the following cast:

Sara ..... Ina Claire
Bill ..... Robert Ames
Evie ..... Myrna Loy
Liz ..... Hedda Hopper
Johnnie ..... Robert Williams
Lyman ..... Hale Hamilton
Mr. Jaffrey ..... Walter Walker
Mrs. Jaffrey ..... Louise Closser Hale
Les ..... Leigh Allen

Not since "Holiday" has a play been transferred to the screen with such fidelity as "Rebound," current attraction at the RKO Keith Theatre. This may be explained in part by the fact that Edward H. Griffith directed both stories and directed them, furthermore, with notable success. If "Rebound" is not quite up to "Holiday," the fault must be laid at the door of the playwright, Donald Ogden Stewart. For "Rebound" as it comes to the screen is a clever, frothily entertaining comedy, well acted, amusing, occasionally moving, and only just a little bit too obviously "smart." None the less, it remains essentially a stage production rather than a cinematic triumph, for there is little action and an abundance of conversation—witty conversation, of course, but static conversation inevitably. The film will amuse the more fastidious motion-picture lover, but our guess is that it will seem too quiet to those individuals who demand lots of excitement. We enjoyed it greatly for the ease and the nonchalance of the story, for the informality of the atmosphere and for the acting of Ina Claire and Robert Williams in particular, not to mention the excellent supporting cast.

Sara Jaffrey loves Bill Trucsdale, who describes himself as "the great lover," Bill loves Evie Lawrence, and the engaging Johnnie Coles loves Sara. The story gains impetus when Evie throws Bill over in order to marry Lyman Patterson for his money, and Bill marries Sara on the rebound. During their honeymoon in Paris, Bill encounters Evie once more and finds her almost as fascinating as before. Immediately they start a flirtation which leaves Sara desperate and humiliated. Back in America, this state of things goes on, until Sara in desperation implores Bill to love her and to cease making her so miserable. He, of course, with masculine obtuseness, refuses to see what she is driving at. Sara, furious at her own weakness, and self-abasement, is brought to her senses when she sees Johnnie, on his knees before her, begging for her love. She realizes that love has made her small and foolish, that she has humiliated herself for nothing. Though still loving Bill, she tells him that she needs him no longer, that she has learned her lesson and is getting a divorce. In the end Bill follows her to Paris and they decide to make another effort.

After Ina Claire's brilliant success in "The Royal Family," it was only natural to expect another fine performance in "Rebound." For the most part, one's hopes are fulfilled. Miss Claire makes a perfectly understandable, lovable heroine, moreover, despite her very natural moments of disillusionment.

The camera man did not treat her any too kindly, nor were all her costumes well chosen, but these handicaps matter surprisingly little, in view of her excellent acting. To our minds, the gem of the production was Robert Williams as Johnnie Coles, a character which he played in the stage production as well. He shows us a sensitive, charming, affectionate boy, hiding his feelings beneath flippant cynicisms. The moment when Johnnie goes on his knees to Sara was the high point of the picture, and it roused genuine sympathy. Mr. Williams may be a newcomer to films, but he will probably be old and gray before they let him go. Robert Ames is a satisfactory Bill, and Myrna Loy makes Evie quite attractive enough to explain his aberrations. Other members of the cast, notably Hedda Hopper and Louise Closser Hale, were quite satisfactory. E. L. H.

METROPOLITAN

"Bought"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Charles Kenyon and Raymond Griffith from the story by Harriet Henry, entitled "Jackdaw's Strut"; directed by Archie Mayo and presented by Warners with the following cast:

Stephany Dale ..... Constance Bennett
Nick Amory ..... Ben Lyon
Dave Meyer ..... Richard Bennett
The Mother ..... Dorothy Peterson
Charles Carter, Jr. ..... Raymond Milland
Carter, Sr. ..... Arthur Stuart Hull
Natalie Ransome ..... Mae Madison
Mrs. Chauncey ..... Maude Eburne
Mrs. Sprig ..... Clara Blandick

If there are many more pictures with heroines no better than they should be, we shall not be at all surprised to hear that there has been a rebellion among screen fans. "Bought," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, is another of the series. The fact that it is better than most is due to various things, such as the good acting of Ben Lyon and Richard Bennett, even at times to that of the pulchritudinous Constance Bennett, and the plausible, if not precisely imaginative, direction of Archie Mayo. There are no twists to the plot that can not be guessed several reels in advance, and the greatest suspense is derived from wondering what variety of fashionable gown the heroine will don next. We should like to go on record with the statement that Miss Bennett actually slaps a young man in the face for making a dishonorable proposal to her and does it with a good deal of honest conviction and not a single tear.

Stephany Dale, whose parents were never married, has the very definite ambition to win a rich husband and those comforts which have been denied her through poverty. She is assisted in her upward climb by David Meyer, whose interest in her is easily explained by the fact that he is her father. Stephany, of course, ignorant of this fact, snubs him continually and is extremely rude, even when he gets her a position that means an introduction into high society. There is also a budding author, Nicky Amory, whom Stephany turns down, although she really loves him, to marry a gilded youth, Charles Carter. In general, you will gather, she behaves in a thoroughly snobbish and disagreeable fashion, lying about her parents and ignoring her old friends. Having spent a night with Carter, she tells him the truth, and he, of course, suggests a trip to Paris without benefit of clergy, only to be slapped in the face. Stephany, having learned her lesson, goes back to work, and before long we see her reunited to Nicky, a reconciliation brought about by the angelic Mr. Meyer, whom Stephany at last recognizes as her father. In other words, the little girl eats her cake and gets an even better one besides.

This picture, the first one made by Constance Bennett during her summer vacation at the Warner Brothers studios, will probably be a great success. Miss Bennett wears her usual assortment of beautiful clothes and talks in her usual off-hand manner. Having learned something about emotional restraint she is also improving in her dramatic scenes. So far as the portrayal of character is concerned, we greatly preferred the work of Miss Bennett's father, Richard Bennett, who was acting before she was born and hence might well be expected to know more about it than she does. His part is very lachrymose and the producers endowed him with a disfiguring nose that is certainly not his own, but he is sincere, sympathetic, even lovable. Ben Lyon is very likable as Nicky Amory, described as "that scribbling chap," but the so-called "society people" cultivated by the ambitious heroine are pretty bad.

E. L. H.

Aug 24 '31

UPTOWN OLYMPIA

"Young as You Feel"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Edwin Burke from the stage play by George Ade, entitled: "Father and the Boys"; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Lemuel Morehouse ..... Will Rogers
Fleurette ..... Fifi Dorsay
Billy Morehouse ..... Donald Dillaway
Tom Morehouse ..... Terrance Ray
Mr. Marley ..... Lucien Littlefield
Dorothy Gregson ..... Lucile Browne
Rose Gregson ..... Rosalie Roy
Lamson ..... C. Henry Gordon
Colonel Stanhope ..... John T. Murray
Robbins ..... Brandon Hurst
Mrs. Denton ..... Marcia Harris
Fleurette's Husband ..... Gregory Gaye

Will Rogers twirls a mean cane, juggles an opera hat dexterously and struts like a minstrel on parade in this rejuvenated tale of a rejuvenated meat packer in Chicago. He may not play the role of old Lemuel Morehouse as the late William H. Crane played it, back in 1910, but it must be considered that few of the present-day movie patrons ever heard of Mr. Crane, while everybody knows Will Rogers. If he chooses to pitch his comedy at a more rakish tilt he is well within his rights. George Ade himself, the Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman of his day, probably would be able to laugh at the Rogers portrait of the man whose life was ruled by dyspepsia pills until a pert French girl entered therein and gave him a new viewpoint on existence.

The adapters have changed a few names, but otherwise have held with commendable fidelity to the original story. Of course there were no transcontinental airplanes in 1910, but screen plays above all things must keep up to date. Lemuel Morehouse had two sons, Tom went in for society stuff, dances, art which was apt to be spurious. He paid $20,000 for an indented slab of stone which protested at being labeled "Death of a Fawn." Billy, sturdier, was a golf addict. Neither cared for the meat packing business, though they were firm members. When Tom staged an unveiling party, old Lemuel met Fleurette, engaged as a singer, as she was changing her clothes in his bedroom, quite innocently of course. This is one of the many ludicrous scenes in the picture. Fleurette liked Lemuel at once, and he liked her because she was lively, willing to talk. Lemuel never had any one to talk to him, not even at breakfast, his most depressing meal. She persuades him to step out, to show his boys something. He suddenly bursts forth in sartorial splendor akin to that of a racetrack tout, sported a cane, kept away from his office, had the boys and old Marley worried. The boys buckled down to work, though, and mean time fell in love with two pretty southern girls up on a visit. They chased Lemuel to Colorado, where he had trapped a swindler who would fleece Fleurette in a realty transaction. After an unfounded blackmail scare, involving Fleurette and her newly arrived husband, Lemuel told the boys to carry on while he proceeded to Paris, taking his new friends and old Marley, decked out with a toupee, along with him.

The Theatre

Aug 23 By WILLIAM E. GREENOUGH 1931

In recent years, chiefly because of the national importance attached, often undeservedly, to certain products of the Hollywood studios, our theatres have been put to strange uses, have housed odd entertainment. One theatre in particular might be cited as governed by such a fluctuating policy that, though E. H. Sothern once appeared there in a revival of "Lord Dundreary" and though it has sheltered more than one musical comedy, revue or melodrama, one is continually in doubt whether it should be referred to as a "legitimate" theatre or a motion picture resort. A second theatre, one of the most honorable in theatrical traditions and always one of the most popular, has been threatened more than once with loss of good reputation by the utilitarian policies of the New York agencies controlling ist bookings. Last season, for instance, it suffered heavily through lack of "straight" attractions, was dark week after week, re-opened to a magician or to a long awaited silent picture, perhaps the last of the old order. A third theatre, of minor importance and difficult to find, has been dumping ground of the odds and ends and discards from New York and way stations.

In the minds of local theatre-goers, certain houses can be catalogued with fair accuracy, because these houses have consistently followed a certain trend. At the Colonial and the Shubert theatres, for instance, we expect elaborate revues or musical comedies and operettas done on a large scale. At the Wilbur or the Tremont one should find what are called the intimate comedies, with or without music, with small casts. So fixed is the status of the Plymouth that to encounter there any enertainment requiring an orchestra would tax credulity. The Professional Players and the type of attractions booked there previously have aided in this situation. Yet of all these theatres, named or unnamed, only the Shubert may be said to merit definite listing as one which has held without any major deviation from a fixed policy as to the nature of its offerings from season to season. Quite likely, if any defence of lapses from such fixed policies seemed necessary, the booking offices in New York would retort that, given more ample supply, it would be easier to keep each theatre to its specific type; and that, conditions being as they are, we are lucky to see any kind of a play in any sort of a theatre. Well, the "Save Our Stage" movement is now on. Perhaps the season of 1931-32 will bring stabilization and prosperity to the theatre, as to other industries.

Evidently some such thoughts have perplexed Mr. Sydney W. Carroll of the London Daily Telegraph. Referring to the re-opening of the Adelphi Theatre with "Grand Hotel," he asks: "Is it desirable for a theatre given over for a period of years to musical plays or revues to switch over and become a theatre for straight drama, or vice versa? In this particular instance I imagine that the reason why the manager has altered his original intention of staging "Grand Hotel" at the St. James Theatre and announced that it will instead be given at the Adelphi is mainly economic.

"The production of "Grand Hotel" will most certainly be an expensive one. From the very nature of the work it is bound to be elaborate and costly, and it is therefore desirable, if not essential, that the financial capacity of the theatre in which it is given should be considerable. The St. James is not a small theatre. Its approximate seating capacity amounts to over 1200. The Adelphi is over 1500 and four rows of extra stalls are, I am told, occasionally added. Assuming the piece plays to capacity, this difference on eight performances would mean a considerable increase in the total receipts.

"Whatever special advantages there may be in this particular instance, I am not in favor, generally speaking, of the random haphazard policy in production that attends so many of our better-class houses. There can be no doubt whatever that it is an advantage to a theatre as it is to a business to, have a fixed, constant, and definite policy from which no deviation ever occurs. A house given over to farce, as is the Aldwych, acquires a reputation for that class of work, and inevitably develops a clientele of folk interested in that form of entertainment. The public likes to know roughly the sort of thing it is going to be offered. In my view the theatre has suffered considerably from the practice which sprang up and flourished during the war-time period of using the first theatre that presented itself for whatever play came along, no matter what its character or its class.

"I am a firm believer in fitting the play to the theatre every time. A piece with a large cast cannot develop itself so well or secure its best effect in a diminutive theatre with a small stage and an equally small auditorium. A striking example of this occurs in "Inquest," certainly one of the best murder and mystery plays now being performed in London, but terribly handicapped by being given without a proper pit or gallery in the little Windmill Theatre. It is equally faulty technique to place a comedy with one scene and about five characters on a stage that calls for a large canvas.

"I have heard some skilled theatre folks say that provided the play is a good one it can be produced in any size or any class of theatre. From this I dissent emphatically. It is, of course, possible for a piece to make such a startling hit that the public will insist on going to see it in the most unlikely spot far away from everywhere, with uncomfortable seats and in dirty, discredited neighborhoods, but the ideal should be sought for with every production, and part of the problem must be the selection of an ideal locale.

"It should be the aim of every theatre manager to give a certain character to the playhouse under his control. Not only should it be arranged and decorated by him with individuality and a note that personally associates the place with his own character and ideals, but he should endeavor to pursue a line of conduct in its productions that will emphasize his own individuality and give it a specific and unmistakable tone identifiable only with himself. I think our playhouses, taking them in the mass, are a dreadful lot of buildings, constructed without any regard to elegance, comfort, convenience, or individuality. There are, of course, a few exceptions, and, generally considered, theatrical arrangements in London are very much better than they are in Paris, but if I had my way I would pull down and rebuild nine-tenths of the London theatres, insist in each of them upon the restoration of the pit and the gallery, the backbone of the theatre, and allow no one to own a theatre who did not view the possession of it as a responsibility to art as well as a responsibility to his pocket. Why we allow men with very few qualifications other than the possession of worldly wealth to monopolize the property in public institutions having so great an influence on the public mind and spirit I cannot understand."

By cutting the engagement of their new comedy with music, "Free for All," from three to two weeks, Schwab and Mandel have left the Colonial Theatre dark for at least [illegible] Despite the heavy cost of tra[illegible] season's schedule had reckoned with. their production, first to Philadelphia for one week, and thence to Atlantic City for another, these restless showmen figured that eight performances in each of these cities might net them a greater profit than a third in Boston. Also, it is possible that they calculated shrewdly that it would be well to allow the players to memorize again certain lines which had been stricken out here by the local censor. New York is bound to hear the worst as well as the best in these stage pieces, and the fact that one community cracks a moral whip does not mean that all communities will do so. Therefore, Philadelphia, which is broader than it used to be, and Atlantic City, which has just seen and blushed over George White's "Scandals" and Earl Carroll's "Vanities," will have opportunity to pass judgment on various jests and observations in "Free for All," which in the minds of many Boston theatre-goers skated perilously near to vulgarity and ribaldry.

Aug 8 1931

THE NOSE AT TABLE

Gourmets of Paris object to the presence of women at table because too many of them use perfumes, whereas the nose should be gratified at dinner only by the savory odors of the dishes. "When a gourmet eats soup he desires to smell the odor of the soup, not that of roses, lilies or violets." These disciples of Lucullus should welcome Mr. Marinetti's opinion that in futurist cookery flavor and curiosity should not be the only stimulants to appetite. "Each kitchen is to have its 'ozonificator' that will spread the savor of the food through the air and follow it to the tables."

The disciples would also agree with the Italian poet and eminent futurist that speeches—"we have with us"—should be abolished at dinners; but they would shudder at his wish that speeches and toasts should be replaced by "delicate doses of poetry with ingredients of music"; nor would they be satisfied with food that can be taken with the fingers or "simply aspired with the breath," though Mr. Marinetti assures them that "one mouthful must lift the guest into the third heaven." Why not up to the seventh heaven? Why should the elevator stop at the third floor?

The odor of food is not always pleasant, and one welcomes a whiff from neighbor at table, the delicately scented Eustacia or Adelaide with her suggestion of the odor di femina. Nor in our houses and apartments is there often need of an "ozonificator." Cabbage, cauliflower, turnip, onions, bacon; certain East Indian fruits; mutton and game that are high enough to suit the epicure; certain fish are recognized as soon as the street door opens. The smell of cabbage ascends the stairway, invades the bedrooms on the top floor. Where the kitchen is in the basement, the waiter may be dumb, but it is eloquently odorous. As for the accumulated smells in long frequented boarding houses, feeding troughs for undiscriminating, wretched, but ravenous mortals—Balzac described them for all time in "Pere Goriot."

One would say that these Parisian gourmets might object to the presence of women at table because they distract attention that should be paid solely to the food. Talk should be limited to "A little more, thank you"; "Try this"; "I can recommend that." Gobble, gobble. The word "gourmet" is often a euphemism for "gourmand."

In these days of frank and free conversation when no subject is unfit for ladies' ears or tongue, an anecdote, a jest told piquantly by a fair table companion may season a dish that is inherently flat, tasteless, unprofitable. At tables where wine is no longer served, the smile, the perfume, the proximity of Mrs. Golightly may be more intoxicating than burgundy, champagne or any "hot juice of the Tuscan grape." May not the most delightful dinner be one at which the male is unmindful of the food he eats?

Never pretending to be any great shucks as an actor, Mr. Rogers assumes a dual role in simple yet significant manner. As the rutted dyspetic, fed by rule and clock, he rails morosely at vitamins. He wears plain clothes which do not fit him, purses his features into troubled lines. He fusses and scolds and lacks decision. As the new Lemuel he patronizes classy tailors, manicurists and barbers, smirks, is gallant to women, even tries to dance and to smoke cigarettes. Both portraits are richly decorated with Rogerian humor. Mr. Littlefield as Marley, the querulous partner; Mr. Hurst as Lemuel's fastidious valet, and Mr. Dillaway and Mr. Ray as the two sons deserve special mention. Fifi Dorsay is steadily vivacious, though prone to laugh too much. Her one song, "The Cute Little Things You Do," is a catchy bit of rhythm which you will whistle as you go out. W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Run Around"

An all-talking screen comedy based on the story, "Waiting at the Church," by Alfred Jackson and Barney Sarecky; directed by William Craft and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Fred ..... Geoffrey Kerr
Evelyn ..... Mary Brian
Howard ..... Johnny Hines
Margy ..... Marie Prevost
Lou ..... Joseph Cawthorne

The most spectacular attraction at the Keith-Boston Theatre this week is, of course, the personal appearance of Edward G. Robinson, justly celebrated portrayor of gangster roles. In the excitement caused by Mr. Robinson, however, the feature picture should not be overlooked. "The Run Around" is a very amusing mild little comedy, photographed in much the best technicolor we have ever seen and most agreeably acted. For the first time, skin tones look almost natural, having lost that distressingly brick-red hardness that has been so noticeable in the majority of pictures filmed in color. Green trees are a natural green and materials have ceased to look like futuristic exhibitions. In short, this film proves conclusively that technicolor has a promising future, if it continues to make such strides forward.

Margy and Evelyn, pretty but impecunious chorus girls, decide that the only way to bolster up their failing finances is to capture a millionaire. Evelyn, having attracted the attention of the good-looking Fred, sets out to win him by new methods. She won't take jewelry, she won't let him kiss her good night, and she cooks him an excellent Sunday dinner. Finally she introduces an elderly vaudeville actor, Lou, as her father, and he pretends to believe that she and Fred are married. Fred's friends get suspicious of Lou, make him drunk and ask him too many questions. The truth comes out, but Fred's little plan for revenge does not materialize, for Evelyn confesses before the trumped-up wedding can take place, and Fred marries her in good earnest. Not many demands in the way of acting are made upon the cast, but Mary Brian and Geoffrey Kerr handle the romantic leads pleasantly, while Joseph Cawthorne and Marie Prevost, the latter considerably over-weight for beauty, contribute considerable amusement. Our private opinion is that Miss Prevost deserves a role in which she will not be called upon to eat every other minute.

Mr. Robinson, America's favorite criminal actor, received an uproarious welcome from the audience on Saturday afternoon. He gives an amusing talk, interspersed with scenes from his various films: "Smart Money," "East Is West," "A Lady to Love" and "Little Caesar," about the manner in which he first became an actor of gangster parts. Up to the time that "The Racket" was produced, he swears that he played only middle-aged or elderly gentlemen, with side whiskers, but once he appeared as Nick Scarsi, he was hailed at once as the ideal "menace." He declares that crime doesn't pay, because he dreams about his parts at night and even tried to carry his film manners into everyday life. The climax of Mr. Robinson's brief appearance was his acting of the last few moments of "Little Caesar," when the beaten gangster snarls at Flaherty over the telephone for suggesting that he was a coward.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"Children of Dreams"

An all-talking and singing screen drama; story by Oscar Hammerstein, 2d, music by Sigmund Romberg; directed by Alan Crosland and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Molly Standing ..... Margaret Schilling
Tommy Melville ..... Paul Gregory
Gus Schultz ..... Tom Patricola
Hubert Standing ..... Bruce Winston
Sarah Standing ..... Alison Skipworth
Dr. Joe Thompson ..... Charles Winninger
Gertie ..... Marion Byron

A pleasing operetta, done in routine but fluent manner, is "Children of Dreams," a romance of the apple orchards of California set to music. Neither in treatment nor presentation does it point to any new screen technique. On the contrary, it contains all of the vexing problems which from the first have beset those who would attempt to emulate the stage in settings, smooth continuity and effective ensembles. On the stage two lovers sing a duet undisturbed. They are permitted to proceed to the last high note without interruption. On the screen the camera cuts in on them, picks up a scene here and a group there, flits back nervously to the lovers. One doesn't know whether he likes the tune or not, because the mind is asked to rove with the camera and is thus distracted. One moment a close-up reveals the hero's features on a large scale; the next moment we see him in another position, suddenly become Lilliputian. It is not the sort of thing we are used to in staged musical comedy. It is not quite fair to the composer or to the performer.

However, "Children of Dreams," according to its mould, is well acted, well sung, and for the greater part agreeably recorded. Messrs. Hammerstein and Romberg, called to Hollywood to write "Viennese Nights," lingered on to create this newer piece. Their hero, Tommy Melville, meets Molly Standing during the apple-picking season. Tommy is a restless youth, Molly's parents are itinerant harvesters. Just as the young folks are about to be wed by a justice of the peace Molly's father returns, very drunk, to confess to the loss of $3400 which the orchard owner had sent by him to be banked. To save her father from jail Molly accepts the offer of a rich widow, prompted by her son, who would send her to Europe for voice culture. Molly progresses rapidly to an operatic debut in New York, is proclaimed in other cities as a brilliant artiste, finally reaches California again, with her now very smugly pompous parents. An old neighborhood doctor, Joe Thompson, sensing Molly's unhappiness, smuggles her from her hotel, eludes her teacher, manager and relatives, and drives her out into the country, again bedecked with apple blossoms. Of course Molly encounters Tommy, quite accidentally, and of course she renounces her art, forgets her artistic temperament, and elopes with her lover on the front seat of a tiny house on wheels. It is all very pretty and very sweet.

Miss Schilling sings splendidly, both in unpretentious ballads and in operatic excerpts. In fact, though Paul Gregory is the better known vocalist, his share in the story is much less exacting; a pity, for his is a resonant dramatic tenor voice. Mr. Winninger, who one learns is preparing to return to the stage, plays the wise old doctor amusingly.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Die Privatsekretaerin"

An all-talking German comedy picture; story by Franz Schultz; music by Paul Abraham; directed by William Thiele, produced in Germany and presented by Greenbaum-Emelka with the following cast:

Vilma Foerster ..... Renate Mueller
Arvai, the bank director ..... Hans Thimig
Hasel, a bank clerk ..... Felix Bressart
Klapper ..... Ludwig Stoessel
Boarding House Matron .... Gertrude Wolle

Probably the German directors haven't heard that musical films are no longer fashionable in this country, for they keep right on turning them out and the public keeps right on turning out to see them. "The Private Secretary," now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, has, so they say, been running in Berlin as long as "Zwei Hertzen" has in New York, and that is something like nine months. Like its more famous predecessor, "The Private Secretary" tells an amusing little story in a very simple manner, without any camera tricks or pretentions to high art. The music comes in quite logically, some times as a part of the action, some times as a background to the thoughts of the characters. It is pretty tinkling music, not at all hard on the ears, and the theme song ripples merrily along to the refrain of "Ich bin zo glucklich." We suspect that if your acquaintance with German is extensive, you may be able to understand some of the slightly naughty jokes, but the story is sufficiently obvious for the experienced observer to have no difficulties in unravelling it.

In true Cinderella fashion, Vilma Foerster comes to the big city to make her fortune. She has only 20 marks in her pocket, but her real assets are a pretty face, a good head on her shoulders, the ability to work and the ambition to please. She wheedles Hasel, a bank clerk, into getting her an appointment with Klapper, manager of the employment bureau in a big bank, and the latter gives her a job. Angered at her refusal to have respond to his advances, Klapper finds fault with her work and keeps her overtime. One night, while working late, she is assisted by a personable young man whom she takes to be an employe like herself, but who is, in reality, Arvai, director of the bank. They go, afterward, to a cafe, where Hasel is directing his glee club, and enjoy themselves greatly. Next day, Vilma discovers Arvai's identity, and, more than half in love with him, determines to be his private secretary. Arvai, greatly amused at her manoeuvres, falls in momentarily with the plot—his real secretary is out of town—and invites Vilma to take dictation at his house. During tea, he asks her to be his mistress, only to have her slap him and run off, crying bitterly, while he rolls on the sofa, shrieking with delight, for he is now sure that she loves him—Vilma-Cinderella, completely disillusioned as she thinks, is packing her bag to go home, when Arvia comes to ask her to marry him.

This pleasant little fable is delightfully acted. Renate Mueller does excellent work as the romantic Vilma, showing genuine dramatic and comedy talent, along with a pretty face, and a pleasant singing voice. Hans Thimig, member of the famous German family of actors, enjoys himself greatly as the humorous bank director and could teach Hollywood some lessons along the line of well-tailored clothes for men. Felix Bressart contributes an excellent caricature of the well-meaning, blundering Hasel, with his passion for music and his devotion to Vilma, and the fat pompous Klapper is well played by Ludwig Stoessel.

E. L. H.

PARK

"The Lady from Nowhere"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by Barney Gerard and Adrian Johnson; directed by Richard Thorpe and presented by Chesterfield with the following cast:

Marion ..... Alice Day
John Conroy ..... John Holland
Millie ..... Barbara Bedford
Barstow ..... Phillips Smalley
Rigo ..... Mischa Auer
Jones ..... James Burtis
Felix ..... Bernie La Mont
Col. Snowden ..... Lafe McKee
Chief ..... Ray Largay

The strange consequences which ensue when a secret service operative chances to protect a girl who turns out to be a member of the counterfeiting gang that he has been assigned to break up, are the foundations of the plot of "The Lady from Nowhere," current screen attraction at the Park Theatre. Of course, John Conroy could hardly guess that the mysterious Marion was acting under orders from Barstow, head of the counterfeiters, who desired to establish the identity of the man set to block his activities. Neither could he have guessed that before long he and Marion would be in love and their affection would lead them into strange situations. Marion, be it understood, was only with the gang from compulsion, and found the attentions of Barstow, who wished to marry her, quite as unpleasant as those of his right hand man, the sinister Rigo. Matters come to a climax when Marion turns against her associates in order to save Conroy from going to his death at a fake rendezvous. By means of some clever work with a dictaphone, Conroy is able to find out all he wants concerning the counterfeiters, to hand Rigo over to the police, and to kill Barstow in a hand-to-hand combat. He clears Marion of suspicion and is about to marry her at the final fade-out.

The plot may sound unduly involved, but as unfolded upon the screen it is surprisingly interesting, well acted and plausible enough to satisfy all but the most captious. The subject of counterfeiting is not one that the screen has handled much of late, hence it lends rather an air of novelty to "The Lady from Nowhere" to have this particular form of not very violent crime at the bottom of nefarious doings. Throughout a large portion of the picture, the dialogue is pitched on a calm note, and there is commendably little shrieking by the cast. More than that, the chief villain is not very terrible, melodramatic figure and his intentions towards the innocent heroine are strictly honorable. Again, the hero is not a completely dunder-headed youth who blunders triumphantly through all obstacles in true cinema fashion; on the contrary, he makes occasional mistakes but he also uses his head. The acting is quite up to the picture. Alice Day, slimmer and more animated than in many months, is an attractive figure as the ambiguous heroine, and John Holland is a manly and pleasant hero. Mischa Auer is effectively, even dramatically bizarre, as one of the counterfeiters, and the others as satisfactory.—E. L. H.

Aug 29

METROPOLITAN

"Secrets of a Secretary"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by George Abbott from the story by Charles Brackett; directed by George Abbott and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Helen Blake ..... Claudette Colbert
Frank D'Agnoli ..... Georges Metaxa
Lord Danforth ..... Herbert Marshall
Sylvia Merritt ..... Betty Lawford
Mr. Merritt ..... Burton Churchill
Mrs. Merritt ..... Mary Boland
Dan Marlow ..... Arrill Harris
Dorothy White ..... Betty Garde
Charlie Rickenbacker ..... Hugh O'Connell
Daly ..... Barry McCullum

How easy it is to assume that a motion picture must be good, if only for the important names attached to the roster of those concerned in its making. And how easy it is to be wrong! Here is a screen narrative adapted and directed by a past master of stagecraft from a serial story printed in one of the popular-priced weekly periodicals under title of "The Social Secretary." Here is a cast which in cold print is imposing, including as it does names to conjure with in the theatre! Herbert Marshall, the English actor, seen in Boston a year or so ago with Edna Best in "The High Road"; Mary Boland, coming here soon in "The Vinegar Tree," an actress with genuine comic spirit; Burton Churchill, a character actor of varied talents; Claudette Colbert, who has been deemed worthy of roles opposite Chevalier; Frederic March and Edward G. Robinson; Georges Metaxa, a newcomer from Rumania and London, who has acted and sung opposite Peggy Wood in "Bitter Sweet"; Betty Lawford, a dependable player from our own American stage.

Given such richly pliant material one expects a performance of superlative merits. That, in truth, is the way "Secrets of a Secretary" starts off, with a dash and brilliancy all too short-lived. Ominously there creeps in a hint of melodrama to come; and before one knows it the gangster element has entered, with its threats and reprisals and its grim trail of blood. Police motorcycles emit their rending screeches, a thieving, blackmailing ne'er-do-well lies dead in a cheap hotel bedroom, and the heroine is accused of a murder it is obvious she did not commit. From the moment the racketeers show their evil heads the picture loses its identity, becomes a hybrid. A group of splendid players has been sacrificed on the altar of shoddy sensationalism.

Miss Colbert as Helen Blake has the role of a young woman left penniless by her dying father through financial reverses. Merritt, an old family friend, employs her as a social secretary to his wife, a plain-spoken but ambitious matron who would marry her daughter, Sylvia, into a title, that held by Paul, Lord Danforth. Before the change in her fortunes Helen had secretly married D'Agnoli, disinherited son of a wealthy cattle owner, a cruel, treacherous fellow who preys on unwise women. When he learns of Helen's plight he deserts her, takes up with Sylvia, a catty, wilful young thing who though betrothed to Lord Danforth is "crazy" about D'Agnoli. She does not love either man. When Lord Danforth arrives, she slights him, cancels engagements with him, to be with her gigolo. Naturally the British guest meets and falls in love with the Merritt secretary, and she with him. Her confession of folly with D'Agnoli and her later attempt to shield Sylvia when she is found in the room of the murdered gigolo, do not cool his love for her. He confronts Sylvia with the truth, that Helen had changed gowns with her, that she had been with D'Agnoli. Merritt's influence obtains Helen's release from the police, the actual murderer leaps to death from an open window, Paul and Helen embrace, and Sylvia is carted off to the far east by her discomfitted parents.

With such dramatic futilities the players strove bravely to give them an appearance of plausibility. Miss Boland was amusing in her caustic comments. Mr. Marshall must have wondered if that sort of stuff was what he had come all the way from England to do. Miss Colbert was radiantly attractive in a blond wig and party gown in the first gay scenes, thereafter reverting to her own dark tresses and a wistful expression intensified by iniquitous close-ups. Mr. Metaxa, of saturnine profile, sang a Spanish song, acted a sullen role effectively. The sufferings of the others were less consequential.

W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"This Modern Age"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler from the novel by Mildred Cram entitled: "Girls Together;" directed by Nicholas Grinde and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Valentine ..... Joan Crawford
Diane ..... Pauline Frederick
Bob ..... Neil Hamilton
Tony ..... Monroe Owsley
Mr. Blake ..... Hobart Bosworth
Mrs. Blake ..... Emma Dunn
Andre de Graigon ..... Albert Conti
Marie ..... Adrienne D'Ambricourt
Alyce ..... Marcelle Corday

Ever since Joan Crawford rose to prominence in films, it has been no secret that she is an ardent admirer of Pauline Frederick, but not until the screening of "This Modern Age," current feature picture at Loew's State Theatre, have the two actresses ever played together. The word goes that Miss Crawford was so pleased at the selection of Miss Frederick for the role of the heroine's mother, that she was on hand to watch every scene that the older actress played, whether she herself was in the sequence or not. It is interesting to see the two together for Miss Frederick, in spite of the passage of years, is always an expert, interesting actress, and shows by every word and gesture that her long experience on the stage has taught her a number of

luable things. We congratulate Miss awford on her excellent choice of a odel. If possible, we should like to ngratulate her on her vehicle, but if e truth must be told, "This Modern e," adapted from Mildred Cram's vel, ""Girls Together," does not ount to much. Without question, it l be popular, on the strength of ss Crawford's great vogue, but to us rings hollow and insincere.

Valentine, brought up very strictly by r dead father, comes to Paris to live h her divorced mother, Daine, a ndsome lady of easy morals living on e protection of a wealthy Frenchman, dre de Graigon. For a time they very happy. Valentine plays around h a happy-go-lucky, brainless set of -nothings and sees a great deal of ny, a good-natured, alcoholically inned youth who, in the manner of kind, offers everything but marriage. norant of the life her mother is really ding, Valentine meets and becomes gaged to Bob Blake, son of very rait-laced New England parents. He is who discovers the relations between iane and De Graigon and breaks the ws to Valentine, begging her at the me time to come away with him and married at once. Indignantly she fuses to leave her mother, and breaks grily with Bob. Diane, having sent e Graigon away and settled down to e simple life with Valentine, finds the ild breaking her heart for Bob. ccordingly, she calls back her lover nce more in the hope that her action ill drive Valentine to Bob, instead of hich it drives her to Tony and a eek end trip. In desperation, she ppeals to Bob, and he, realizing the nselfishness of her motive, goes with er to reclaim the wanderer.

In the role of Valentine, Joan Crawrd gives another of her intense, earnt and slightly breathless performnces. She has become a blonde since er last film, but not all the make-up n the world can hide her very dark n, which makes a curious contrast in e lightness of her hair. She has, owever, as we are glad to report, filled ut a bit and looks far more attractive s a result. We are still waiting for a lm in which she is not asked to display he major portion of her anatomy—it's o longer a novelty, nor does it strike is as being in the best of taste. In the ole of Diane, Pauline Frederick gives sympathetic, plausible performance, he more effective for its restraint. Monroe Owsley contributes another of his carefree, bibulous young men and makes him decidedly amusing, while Neil Hamilton, stiff-backed as ever, is he winning young hero from Boston. The setting and costumes are very dressy, the direction as good as the story deserved. E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Caught Plastered"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted by Ralph Spence from the story by Douglas MacLean; directed by William Seiter and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Tommy Tanner.....Bert Wheeler
Egbert Higginbotham.....Robert Woolsey
Peggy Morton.....Dorothy Lee
Mother Talley.....Lucy Beaumont
Watters.....Jason Robards
Chief Morton.....DeWitt Jennings
Flint.....Charles Middleton
Clark.....Bill Scott
Miss Loring.....Norah Cecil
Miss Newton.....Josephine Whittall

Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are up to their old tricks once more in "Caught Plastered," current feature picture at the New B. F. Keith Theatre. The pun suggested by the title would lead one to suspect that liquor was mixed up in the story, and, though this is emphatically the case, the two comedians are entirely innocent of being under the influence. There is a curiously arranged plot: sometimes you will be lost completely in its convolutions, again, there will be no plot whatsoever, all action having been halted to allow Wheeler and Woolsey a chance to remind us that they used to be in vaudeville. They even go so far as to put on a sample act, supposed to be a satire on all the ancient jokes ever perpetrated, but sounding very much like the humor that they offer as a regular thing. The joke that seemed most appreciated was Mr. Woolsey's remark that he should hate to hit a moth with a moth ball because if he did it would be sure to cry, and that there was nothing upset him more than hearing a "moth bawl." We trust that the point does not escape you.

On this occasion Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Woolsey appear as two stranded vaudeville actors, Tommy Tanner and Egbert K. Higginbotham, who arrive in a small western town, completely broke, and set to work to help a nice old lady, Mother Talley, run her perfectly useless drug store. Their innocent efforts are handicapped by the efforts of an unscrupulous individual named Watters, who wishes to acquire the property on which the store is built for some nefarious purpose of his own and is trying to foreclose on some notes of Mother Talley's. Worse than that, though deep in the confidence of Police Chief Morton and anxious to marry his daughter, Betty, Watters is hand in glove with the bootleggers who are making Morton's life miserable. When Tommy and Egbert seem on the point of making the store a success, Watters arranges for them to buy a certain lemon extract, which, though the innocents know it not, is 50 per cent. alcohol. Business booms with the introduction of the lemon sodas, booms so loudly that Morton is called in, and Tommy, Egbert and Mrs. Talley are put under arrest for running a speakeasy. Of course, this would never do for a comedy, so Tommy and Egbert sally forth, unearth the man who sold them the stuff, show up Watters, save Mother Talley and help Morton so effectually that he allows Betty to marry Tommy.

The acting in this sort of story matters comparatively little. The admirers of Wheeler and Woolsey won't need to be told to go to see "Caught Plastered," for they know they will enjoy it. For those who find them less than excruciating, no advice is necessary. Mr. Woolsey smokes his cigar less than usual, Mr. Wheeler is called on for much more pathos than usual, and Dorothy Lee is pert, pretty and amusing as usual. DeWitt Jennings plays another police captain in his usual way, and Jason Robards offers some suave villainy. E. L. H.

BATTLE IN BOSTON

(From N. Y. Herald-Tribune)

Dispatches from Boston telling of an impending Gilbert and Sullivan war in which two rival companies will simultaneously present operas of the Savoy tradition, while probably not indicative of any particularly significant trend on the Tremont street scene, at least forecast a fortnight or so of animation in the city long considered little better than a theatrical poor farm. Beginning Sept. 21, Milton Aborn's Civic Light Opera Company, so successful in its New York presentations, will hold forth at the Colonial in competition for patronage with a popular price Gilbert and Sullivan cycle at the Lyric.

Thus, for the first time in many moons will Bostonians have the opportunity of selection from two dramatic bills of a similar nature, and, even if synchronously presented "Pirates" or "Iolanthes" seem something of a redundancy in a city where stage fare is notoriously lean, the well bred residents of Beacon street and the Avenue can be trusted not to indulge themselves beyond a seemly and genteel sufficiency.

Now, too, is a time to test the critical capacities of those most scholarly reviewers, Mr. Hale and Mr. Parker. In hot haste let "H. T. P." abandon the groves and concert halls of Munich, beloved as his summer vacation land, where the mind lies fallow and the senses are soothed with Bach and Laubenheimer. Bravely let Mr. Hale gird on his opera cloak and sally forth from the elegance of "The Herald's" new editorial rooms armed with amazing Latinity and erudition. A battle of the muses impends. Let dinner be served a little early, since Boston must be in its orchestra stalls by 8:15. If Mr. Parker and Mr. Hale disagree, then let the apple of municipal approbation be bestowed by City Censor Casey—that is, if he can be lured from the purlieus of the Old Howard, where "Hi, Ho, Everybody!" is the impending attraction.

Aug 31

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"An American Tragedy"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein and others from the novel by Theodore Dreiser of the same name; directed by Josef von Sternberg and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Clyde Griffiths.....Phillips Holmes
Roberta Alden.....Sylvia Sidney
Sondra Finchley.....Frances Dee
District Attorney.....Irving Pichel
Samuel Griffiths.....Frederick Burton
Mrs. Samuel Griffiths.....Claire McDowell
Gilbert Griffiths.....Wallace Middleton
Myra Griffiths.....Vivian Winston
Clyde's attorneys.....Charles B. Middleton
Emmett Corrigan
Mrs. Asa Griffiths.....Lucille La Verne
Mrs. Titus Alden.....Fanny Midgely
The Judge.....Arnold Korff
The Coroner.....Russell Powell
Earl Newcomb.....Imboden Parrish
Deputy Sheriff Kraut.....Ricard Kramer

The majority of authors who sell their novels to the makers of talking pictures are apt to relinquish all rights and to attempt no interference when their works are put into screen form. Not so Theodore Dreiser. Having sold "An American Tragedy," his massive and depressing two-volume novel, to Paramount, he was not content with the handsome sum paid him, but demanded further that his suggestions be followed in the adaptation and that he be consulted on every debatable point. When these privileges, as he claims, were denied him, he tried to prevent the showing of the picture, now running at the Uptown and Olympia theatres, and failed. Nevertheless, all the discussion makes it hard for a reviewer wholly to ignore Mr. Dreiser's

The Theatre

Aug 31 '31

By WILLIAM E. GREENOUGH

Where does bad taste, license or what you will begin and end on stage or screen? Is there any striking difference in standards for each? and if so, why?

These are not questions for round-table discussion. They bob up casually as one, for instance, contemplates two recent visitors, "The Smiling Lieutenant" and Chevalier of the motion pictures, and "Free for All," the first of this season's crop of musical comedies; that is, the first as far as Boston is concerned. Censorship, which is supposed to exert in each field a disciplinary and elevating effect, is one thing for the screen, another for the stage. Mr. Will Hays, it is reported, prepares diligently every few months an impressive list of don'ts for the movie studios, which are nicely printed, scanned once, and apparently thrown away. For our local screen there is a quietly conducted department at the State House which passes on each first-run motion picture, ordering cuts wherever deemed necessary to preserve the moral tone of the neighborhood. Often such cuts weaken a picture's continuity, but that is the producer's look-out.

In "The Smiling Lieutenant" there were slight manifestations of censorial protestation. Perhaps Ernst Lubitsch's sardonic humors were too subtle for the official observers, and thus were permitted to reach the masses. Those who saw the picture may recall that audacity and flippancy were its outstanding qualities; that Chevalier said and did things which, coming from any other screen comedian, would be reproved as in bad taste. In fact, the London screen reviewers complained of the bad manners repeatedly evinced in the film's course. Said one: "Did it occur to none of the makers that their happy ending was a coarse humiliation of every one concerned in it? They treat it as if it were a gallant jest, leaving us, while Mr. Chevalier trots between a bedroom and a brandy bottle, plunged in the embarrassment one might feel in witnessing the incomprehensible rites of a savage tribe." M. Chevalier, in truth, should be known as a boudoir comedian. His eyes invite amours, his speech and manner are lures to dalliance. When Franzi, the girl violinist, is told by Chevalier that he plays the piano, she suggests a duet. "Yes," he exclaims, "I love chamber music!" Later Franzi leaves a garter for naughty Niki, in memory of their meeting. "It was lovely while it lasted," she writes. That was after their first acquaintance, when Niki had suggested that they breakfast together. "First tea," she countered, "then dinner, and then, maybe, breakfast!" A formula which later was put into effect. There were many other bits of daring dialogue or of impudent pantomime. Only Chevalier's disarming personality and his unquestioned artistry saved "The Smiling Lieutenant" from a smart spanking.

For our stage we have Mr. Casey, from City Hall, to sit in on first-night performances, with a companion to take notes on dialogue, scene or characterization which might meet with official disapprobation. The following day Mr. Casey and the theatre folks sit down in amity. Agreement as to objectionable features is reached, and the second night brings a performance lily-white and, probably, a bit less sparkling. Note the case of "Free for All," at the Colonial, for instance. On the opening night, when the final curtain fell at 11:20 o'clock, the audience heard lines which were denied to others to come. "What beautiful speeches he made," observed Silver Dollar Kate, Nevada speak-easy proprietor, of her late husband, a politician. "And how G— d— tired I got of hearing them," she added vehemently. The audience gasped at that one; and of course the next night brought a greatly modified oath. But there were other instances of highly mottled coloring, such as references to bulls and bears and progeny, or to prospective wives, vacuum cleaners and demonstrations. These were unmolested. The word "lousy," applied to express contempt or belittlement, was permitted to remain. So was part of a jest which in its entirety is as coarse and obscene as that antiquated narrative about the farmer's daughter.

These few illustrations are cited to bolster wonderment that two men like Mr. Schwab and Mr. Mandel, who no doubt take pride in their output and in their reputation for professional respectability, should deem it necessary to besmirch, or to allow to be besmirched, a production in every other essential both clean and harmless to morals. For years Ed Wynn, that most garrulous and inventive of zanies, has insisted on cleanliness in his shows. Joe Cook prospers in his musical comedies without resort to smut. Fred Stone amassed a fortune, founded in goodly measure on the axiom that clean shows are possible and leave more precious memories with old and young. It is fallacious to contend that today's audiences demand salacious garnishings with their stage entertainment, that they are too sophisticated for anything less. The average audience in New York, Boston, or any other large city is no more richly endowed with sophistication than the average visitor from Keokuk or Jonesport.

In the good old circus days rival tent men would cut into desirable territory ahead of each other, regardless of previous schedules, in order to acquire the cream of the countryside cash. Nowadays that sharp practice seems to have been adopted in theatrical circles, whenever visions of profit to the early bird arise. Sometimes there is an edge of spite in the manoeuvre. Whatever the motive, bitterness frequently is engendered. A current instance of hostile booking might be discovered in the announcement that the coming month will see two theatres in Boston appealing to all good lovers of Gilbert and Sullivan to come to the aid of their operettas. To the Colonial, three weeks hence, despite honestly intentioned protests from this column that the Tremont would have been a preferable asylum for such gay offerings, will come Milton Aborn's Civic Light Opera Company for a month, with a redoubtable troupe of comedians and singers soundly versed in these imperishable pieces. "The Mikado" for the first fortnight, "Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury" for the second, are the bills, an injudicious and perhaps costly error. Two weeks of "The Mikado" will seem like a long time, when there are so many other Gilbert and Sullivan gems unsung. However, that is a matter for others' consciences.

A second organization is planning to creep into Boston ahead of the veteran Mr. Aborn, to open also with "The Mikado," and to do not only "Pinafore" but many of the operettas which we are yearning to hear, such as

"Iolanthe," "The Gondoliers," even "The Yeomen of the Guard." This group will slash prices to the scale which prevailed in the nineties; yet it promises adequate productions and casts. The theatre will be the Lyric. While the identity of the sponsors of this enterprise has not been disclosed, it is permissible to recall that for some time past a theatrical firm in New York which in all the years has never been friendly with the Erlanger folks has shown interest in the training of a local body of choristers for just such a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan. It also might be deemed significant that only this new season Mr. Aborn, with the exception of Winthrop Ames the only stage director who knows how to put on these masterpieces, transferred his allegiance and affections to the Erlanger camp, to the chagrin and vexation of his former allies. Meantime, like the strolling jester in "The Yeomen of the Guard," we wait and sigh for a verse and a tune turned only as those two happily paired Englishmen could turn them!

"It is sung to the moon by a lovelorn-loon,
Who fled from the mocking throng-O!
It's a song of a merryman, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad and whose glance was glum,
Who sipped no sup, and who craved no crum,
As he sighed for the love of a ladye."

complaints, and the film must needs be judged from a double standpoint; as a picture and as a screen version of a celebrated book.

From the former point of view, we are inclined to doubt whether the film would rate any especial attention, were it not for its excessive publicity. Josef von Sternberg directed, and, it must be confessed, directed baldly and in a decidedly pedestrian manner until he came to the trial scenes, which were intensely interesting, even striking, without showing any excessive originality. The sordid story of Clyde Griffiths, the cowardly weakling, who is forever running away from trouble; who ruins one girl and then decided to abandon her—even to kill her when he finds she is to have a child—because he has become infatuated with a rich society girl, provides pretty depressing material. With the exception of one character, the betrayed Roberta Alden, no one stirs your sympathy; Clyde is a weak-kneed cad and Sondra a pretty nonentity. It was hard to escape the feeling that actors and director alike were groping in a murky fog of words; plodding, heavy, inarticulate words that almost defied translation into dramatic and realistic terms. There was a minimum of grimness and an almost complete absence of driving conviction.

Judging the picture on the grounds of its lack of similarity to the novel, there is less cause for complaint. Mr. Dreiser maintains that the picture fails to indicate that Clyde's tragedy was the fault of society, not of his own weakness. We are ready to maintain that this salient point was by no means proved in the novel. However you look at it, Clyde is a weak vessel, and society is hardly to blame for his misdeeds. As the film stands, it is a faithful, almost a literal transcription of the story, leaving out a great deal of the protagonist's early days. This omission was probably necessary, for a film that takes an hour and a half to run can hardly give you the meat of a ponderous book. The sense of massive power that led one to admire the exhaustive study that went into the book is, of course, missing from the picture, but the main outlines of the case are there. Mr. Dreiser transcribed a deal of "An American Tragedy" from the court records of an actual trial, so it might be fair to say that Paramount and Mr. Von Sternberg may have worked from Mr. Dreiser's sources rather than from his finished work.

The acting is of mixed quality. In the leading role, Phillips Holmes is faced with an extraordinarily difficult assignment, and his failure to achieve complete success is not altogether surprising. In the earlier sequences he was almost automatic; uncomprehending, stiff, bewildered. During the brief instant in the boat when he decides not to drown Roberta, he began to grasp the character of his part, and in much of the courtroom scene he was very good. The real honors went, however, to Irving Pichel as the district-attorney. His performance was forcible, striking, never exaggeratedly melodramatic, but hard, bitingly sardonic and completely satisfying. Sylvia Sidney made an excellent Roberta, and Frances Dee did well enough in the role of Sondra.

E. L. H.

MODERN AND BEACON

"The Great Lover"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Gene Markey and Edgar Allen Woolf from the play of the same name by Leo Ditrichstein and Frederick and Fanny Hatton; directed by Harry Beaumont and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Paurel ..... Adolphe Menjou
Diana ..... Irene Dunne
Potter ..... Ernest Torrence
Carlo ..... Neil Hamilton
Savarova ..... Olga Baclanova
Finny ..... Cliff Edwards
Stapleton ..... Hale Hamilton
Rosco ..... Rosco Ates
Losseck ..... Herman Bing
Mme. Neumann Baumbach ..... Else Janssen

If Adolphe Menjou could govern his screen future, he very likely would ask that his portrayal of the role of Jean Paurel, operatic baritone, make distinctive 17 years ago by the late Leo Ditrichstein, be accepted as his swan song in such parts. Until Mr. Menjou startled us with the virility of his conception of the managing editor, Walter Burns, in the rowdy "The Front Page," he had been playing the aging roue and philanderer in countless pieces. "The Front Page" was a severe test, and highly decisive triumph, for it showed that after years of suppression Mr. Menjou had a pretty talent for other kinds of acting. Now, in "The Great Lover," he slips back into character, as it were, and what a brilliant portrait he unveils. He brings to Paurel that same polish, unction and assurance which marked the creation given to the stage by Ditrichstein, a player who excelled in romantic comedy and in amorous roles.

The Hollywood modernists have changed several names in the cast, have modified or re-pointed certain situations which might now seem too daring or outmoded. But by and large they have given the director, Harry Beaumont, free rein, with resultant smoothness and effectiveness of performance. At the beginning we see Paurel, with his solicitous and wholly undeceived valet, Potter, played superbly by Ernest Torrence, returning from Italy for a new season of opera in New York. "You are the only woman I have ever met who completely thrills me," is his favorite expression for those of the fair sex who hover about him. He makes love by routine until he hears Diana Page of Ohio, returning from vocal studies in Milan, as from her adjoining stateroom she joins her voice with his in a duet from "Don Giovanni." Marvellously enough, Miss Dunne and Mr. Menjou seem actually to do their own singing. Paurel praises the voice, must know the singer. He promises her an audition with Stapleton, the impresario, busy with a temperamental flock of operatic birds of all nations. That scene, with its noise, bickering and jealousies, is vastly amusing. As their acquaintance grows Paurel realizes that for the first time in his life he really loves a woman. He becomes honest with himself, to his valet's consternation. He coaches Diana for a debut with him, has Giulia Savarova, on old flame, ousted from the prima donna role. Diana, grateful for his aid, allows him to announce their engagement, though her heart is with a compatriot, Carlo Johns, who, as Carlo Jonnino, is Paurel's understudy. After the first act, Giulia tells Paurel she has seen Diana in Carlo's arms. Paurel, furious, berates Giulia, calls her a liar, becomes so excited that he loses his voice. The next day, knowing from his physician that his singing voice has left him, and realizing that Diana loves Carlo, Paurel makes the gallant gesture, blesses the two youthful lovers, and is soon purring his familiar greeting into the telephone to a last year's admirer.

Mr. Menjou's facial play is something worthy of keen study. His egotism, his mercurial nature are constantly mirrored in his countenance. When he realizes his double loss, of voice and love, he ages before one's eyes. It is such acting which gives us hope for the talking pictures of tomorrow. Miss Dunne, likewise, gives a finished delineation, with never a false note in a charming creation. Mr. Torrence is capital, with his use of the pronoun "we" in references to love, art and kindred matters. Mme. Baclanova, a welcome if infrequent visitor, is admirable as the jealous Russian diva. Even Mr. Hamilton, less automatic than usual, makes Carlo a youngster of mettle. Nor should two musing bits by Herman Bing as the Wagnerian baritone and by Else Janssen as a plump Aida be overlooked. In fact one of the attractive factors in "The Great Lover" is the shrewd skill with which each minor role has been cast. W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"The Woman Between"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the play by Irving Kaye Davis; directed by Victor Schertzinger and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Madame Julie ..... Lily Damita
John Whitcomb ..... O. P. Heggie
Victor Whitcomb ..... Lester Vail
Doris Whitcomb ..... Miriam Seegar
Helen Weston ..... Anita Louise
Mrs. Black ..... Ruth Weston
Barton ..... Halliwell Hobbes
Buddy ..... Lincoln Stedman
Mrs. Weston ..... Blanche Frederici

In "The Woman Between," a highly emotional, rather complicated love story, now showing at the Keith-Boston Theatre, Lily Damita makes one of her infrequent screen appearances. Handicapped by a decidedly peculiar plot and by an ill-defined character, the glamorous Lily is handsome and interesting enough to warrant your attention, even your applause, for she acts convincingly and wears an assortment of costumes varying from extreme evening styles to smart sports attire. Although one sees more than is really necessary of her backbone, there is also quite a bit of her face, and she has acquired sufficient lack of camera-consciousness to occupy herself with acting, not merely posing. It is fair to surmise, on the evidence of the story, that "The Woman Between" has been taken, fairly literally, from a very intense stage play. Whatever the dramatist's original plan may have been, we could wish that the scenario writer had allowed us to be a little surer of the heroine's purpose; in other words, that he had indicated beyond question that her passing affair with the son of the man she married was only that and nothing more. As it is, the spectator is left wondering which man she really loved.

John Whitcomb, a middle-aged financier with two almost grown children, marries as his second wife, a Parisian model, Madame Julie. His friends snub her, his daughter Doris, dislikes her and his son, Victor denounces him and vanishes. Julie, to prove that she did not marry Whitcomb for his money, sets up a dressmaking establishment to support herself. Returning home after one of her business trips abroad, Julie has a flirtation with a young man who calls himself Paul Niles. That same night at dinner, Julie discovers that he is the long-absent Victor, now reconciled to his father. Doris, a preternaturally suspicious and observant young woman, suspects that there is something wrong between her brother and her step-mother, and finally accuses Julie of infidelity to her face. The latter, torn between her affection and gratitude toward her husband and her desire for Victor, denies the accusation. Victor becomes impatient, tries to tell his father, at last urges Julie to elope with him. Doris departs in tears to marry a childhood friend, leaving a note for her father denouncing Julie. Julie, however, touched by Whitcomb's devotion and his plans for making her happy, lets Victor sail for South America alone, gives her husband the letter and sees him destroy it unread.

Lily Damita's is, of course, the central role, and she fills it with much success. Of a rather piquant and unusual prettiness, less emaciated than some of her less wise associates, she provides a pleasant change. O. P. Heggie, forced to be almost excessively uxorious, fills the role of the husband with reasonable success. Miriam Seegar, as the suspicious Doris, contributes what is possibly the best playing in the film, making a perfectly understandable character out of unpromising material. In the role of a romantically-inclined young girl, Anita Louise looks very pretty and acts satisfactorily. Lester Vail, very stiff as to backbone, does well enough as Victor.—E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Stage Struck"

An all-talking German comedy-operetta adapted by Roda Roda from a farce by Bernhard Buchbinder entitled: "Er und Seine Schwester;" music by Jara Benes; directed by Carl Lamec and presented by Tobis with the following cast:

Anny Spatz ..... Anny Ondra
Letter Carrier Spatz ..... Vlasta Burian
Sabine Velden, singer ..... Berthe Ostyn
Haynau ..... Hans Goetz
Julian Holt ..... Andre Pilot
The conductor ..... Jara Benes
The stage manager ..... Paul Wuertenberger
The postmaster general ..... Roda Roda

Perhaps it is the speed with which American films are developed that makes the humor of such pleasant little German operettas as "Stage Struck" ("Buehnenfieber") now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, seem more than a little leisurely. French, English and German pictures alike see to it that there shall be no obscurity in their jokes, and accordingly they are worked for all the laughter that there is in them. However, it is such pleasant, good-humored fun, deriving from situations discarded in this country but still capable of amusing, that it seems captious to find fault with it on the ground that it is a bit slow. Perhaps it is the very simplicity, the unabashed sentiment of "Stage Struck" that make it such a pleasant way to spend an hour or so. The music, as it is scarcely necessary to remark at this late day, is integrated into the story in a delightfully nonsensical fashion; the postal clerks stamp letters and toss packages around in time to their singing, backstage rehearsals are heard between snatches of a telephone conversation, and the chorus keeps where it belongs—on the stage during a performance.

The plot is so typically a Cinderella romance in outline that its ending is obvious from the opening reel, but this does not make it any the less agreeable. Anny Spatz, sister of Letter Carrier Spatz, desires two things above everything else; to become an actress and to win the favor of the handsome young matinee idol of Vienna, Julian Holt. Her chance, hitherto remote, is given her when Sabine Velden, prima donna of Holt's new revue, refuses to play her part. Spatz, with great presence of mind, manoeuvers all the other candidates for the role out of the way and brings Anny to Holt. She proves her ability to play the role to the satisfaction, not only of Holt, but also of the unknown librettist, who turns out to be the postmaster-general. Everything looks promising when Sabine discovers who it is that wrote the show and in a panic tries to get back her part. She enlists the help of the backer of the show, Haynau, who is her lover, and when Spatz frustrates her first attack, she gets Haynau to withdraw his money. Threatened with the loss of their wages, for Spatz has had to paper the house on the opening night, the cast and the stage hands walk out. Determined that Anny should have her chance, the indefatigable Spatz brings in his friends from the post office to fill the places in the orchestra pit and on the stage. Despite all that the opposition can do, the first night is a great success. Anny wins the fame so dear to her heart and more than that, she wins her handsome actor-manager, for Holt succumbs to her charms off stage as well as on.

The acting of this cheerful nonsense is in exactly the right key. Anny Ondra, petite, vivacious and charming, plays the rococo heroine with a delightful mingling of artifice and nature. In fact, she is so ideal for the role that the only fault the most captious can find with her is her excessive use of make-up. Vlasta Burian, a newcomer to the best of our knowledge, in this country at least, clowns successfully and happily the role of Spatz, and indulges in some extraordinary contortionist feats along the way. His by-play is original and most amusing. Andre Pilot, a handsome and engaging young man, is the ideal choice for Holt. The music, while nothing remarkable, is pleasant to the ear, and the singing voices of most of the cast are all that anyone could ask.

E. L. H.

PARK

"Night Life in Reno"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the original story by Arthur Hoerl; directed by Ray Cannon and presented by Supreme Pictures Corporation with the following cast:

Ellen Wyatt ..... Virginia Valli
John Wyatt ..... Jameson Thomas
June ..... Dixie Lee
Roy Carlton ..... Arthur Housman
Mrs. Carlton ..... Carmelita Geraghty
Gwen ..... Dorothy Christy
Garrett ..... Clarence Wilson
District Attorney ..... Pat O'Malley

The stage has its chronicle plays, based on the news of the hour, and apparently the screen is realizing that pictures can be given the same treatment. With the notoriety given to Nevada's divorce mills, for instance, it was inevitable that Reno should figure as the scene of a filmed melodrama. Like most chronicle plays, the processes of the narrator are far less rational or finished than those employed by the playwright who constructs a play carefully, with an eye constantly fixed on sound technical methods to make his product read and act plausibly. "Night Life in Reno," crudely written, staged and acted, is among the first of these chronicle pictures. It has for characters a young couple who have become estranged through the wife's jealousy of another woman; a rich New York clubman who eventually is shot fatally by an exasperated spouse; an unscrupulous lawyer who specializes in Nevada divorces and is quick to play both ends against the middle; and a few other characters thrown in for local atmosphere or for social decoration. If there is a moral, it may be found in the premise that petty marital jealousies are apt to lead to unpleasant consequences and that a husband or a wife should count twice before purchasing railroad tickets to Reno.

A group of undistinguished players known to be capable of better things has been assigned to this trivial screen fiction, and strives honestly to give it a semblance of probability. But as an indictment of present-day marriage and divorce conditions it is not a document of much weight.

W. E. G.

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T THE BAPTISMAL FONT

r. and Mrs. John R. Ginn, living near
nan, Ga., named their sixteen children in
betical order, beginning with "B"—Brodie
nding with "Q"—Quaver. The report gives
me beginning with "A" Perhaps A is not
iving. The parents think that this alpha-
l order easily calls to mind the relative

. and Mrs. N. W. Bowman of Cutler, Cal.,
d another system. Their sixteenth child
nzil. The other thirteen children living are
amed with a capital D. Daisy, Delbert,
Doris, and so on. One misses Delilah,
character has recently been rehabilitated
ne woman in her way, a zealous patriot.
there a bright-eyed boy whose name is
He should have been the thirteenth.
did Mr. and Mrs. Ginn find the names
n, Hassie, Ithmar, Kester? They even took
n" from Portugal.

artus, Quintus, Sextus, Septimus are
that have been given at baptism, and
mes in New England, without thought of
in birth.

s believed that Mr. Py of Newcastle, Ind.,
the shortest name in the United States
he death of H. P. Re of Coldwater, Mich.
Ir. Py familiarly addressed by rude play-
"Ah there, Custard," or "I say, Squash,"
nce" or "Apple"? We regret to add that
jailed on July 21 charged with stealing
ctric drill. Mr. Fin Ax of Indianapolis
en more fortunate. He is apparently at
and has not been cutting up. Ten to
has often been called "Hatchet."

MADAM TUSSAUD'S RIVAL

To the Editor of The Herald:

Miss Lillah McCarthy (Lady Keeble) is engaged in a campaign for a "National Temple of Poetry." She wishes to "conquer England for poetry and put the poets back on their pedestals as national heroes." Verse-speaking societies will meet there; verse-speaking men and women will find an audience there. About 300 people will recline on low divans and loll in luxurious armchairs. while poets recite at least twice in a week. Shelves along the walls will hold volumes of poetry. There will be alcoves for "special" poets, what Artemus Ward called "boss poits." (But who is to select the poets of this rank?)

It is not stated whether the reciters will be costumed in a supposedly poetic manner; open shirt collar after the manner of Byron; hair dishevelled; whether their eyes will roll in fine frenzy, expectant of the applause to follow. Nothing is said of the refreshments? Ambrosia, nectar, honey-dew, the milk of Paradise? Or ham sandwiches and draughts of stout? This Temple of Poetry will be one of the sights of London, especially when the poets are at large or stationary within its walls of oak. It will rival in attractiveness Madam Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors.

E. D. BERRY.

Boston, July 27.

SHIRT-SLEEVE LAWS

The Florida Senate in extra session, having
ortant revenue measures to consider, re-
ved their coats. Was this on account of the
y heat, or because the senators wished to
p for business, as they would for poker or
reading of Sunday newspapers? Is a sena-
expected to be always dignified? Iago did
think so. Is dignity merely a matter of a
ck coat? Perish the thought! Yet would the
ges of a supreme court command the same
pect if, shedding their gowns, they should
in Seymour coats and checked trousers?

Before the Prince of Wales addressed the
0 members of the Manchester Chamber of
nmerce, making a speech to boost trade, he
uested that toppers and formal morning
ts should not be worn by the members. Sack
ts and slouch hats or bowlers for business.
might be argued that our present senators,
te and national, are chosen or appointed
efly for reasons of business. One cannot
agine Webster or Calhoun stripping off his
t to address the United States Senate,
ugh his collar were wilting by external and
ernal heat; but one cannot easily imagine
bster or Calhoun in the Senate of today.

Shirt-sleeve diplomacy, once sneered at, has
nieved much. The result of shirt-sleeve legis-
ion in Florida may lead to action rather than
k in the traditionally solemn bodies of other
tes, and in the Senate of all Senates.

A DREADED REVIVAL

Sep 4

By PHILIP HALE

It is said that puns are coming back into fashion, with the bustle, the hour-glass figure and other Victorian enormities. This is sad news, for although the punster has been with us for countless years, he has for some time been avoided by persons in their right minds. If only the dramatists will not be encouraged by the revival to frame dialogue after the manner of John Brougham, H. J. Byron, and less conspicuous writers of burlesques. Would an audience today endure for a moment the puns in "Ixion," "Kenilworth," "Robinson Crusoe," even if Lydia Thompson with her British Blondes were come to life and launch them with a reassuring smile. The horror of those English burlesques! No wonder that an English journalist recalling them was moved to write: "If Legs and puns were the main elements of burlesque—the former, I admit, admirable of their kind; the latter, as a rule, absolutely excruciating in their idiocy." Even the fashion in "legs" has changed. Emily Soldene, returning to London from her journalistic adventures in Australia, deplored the change from beef to pipe-stems.

The incorrigible punster in private life will point the shuddering victim to Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood, but they were men of genius, glorifying the pun, as Victor Hugo glorified it, citing the one in the Gospels which is the foundation of a mighty Church. The question put to Oliver Wendell Holmes: "What is the cosine of Noah's ark?" is worthy of the two masters just named, but the questioner was an inmate of an asylum for decayed punsters. Even Lamb's puns were not always appreciated. Thomas Carlyle, whose general characterization of Lamb is to the dyspeptic's shame, spoke of them as a "ghastly make-believe of wit." There was once a current saying: "He that makes puns, will pick your pocket."

In these days the habit of punning is a mental disease. Talk with a punster. Brilliant as you may be, rise to a height of eloquence, blaze in epigrams, quote from the ancients and the learned of today—he will be thoughtful—you are sure he is impressed—then he will take a word in your final sentence and evolve a wretched play upon the word. He will lead the conversation to a point for the indulgence of his contemptible verbal ingenuity. He will not be discouraged. He reads only to exercise his passion. Yet he escapes personal violence. Easygoing men and women even encourage him; invite him to teas, receptions, dinners; speak of him as "that witty Mr. Thudicum." It is reported that a notorious offender has for some been been meditating a pun on "relativity." Einstein's name is too easy.

The punster is a prominent figure in the cage reserved in zoological gardens for bores. The keeper feeds him on words, at the hour when the great cats, less to be dreaded should they escape, roar for their meat.

Sep 5 1931

NOTICE BOARD SCENERY

Tourists in northern Vermont and New Hampshire this summer find a difference as regards wayside signs or notice boards. In northern Vermont there is an effort, often successful, to ban them. In northern New Hampshire they do violence to the natural scenery. There are not only the customary recommendations of various forms of tobacco, soaps, perfumes, shops, inns, welcomes to towns and invitations to come again—ogling billboard women urging the passerby to purchase; instead of mountain nymphs, dryads and fair forms arising from streams and lakes, there are also miles of signs, all for one purpose, the securing of motor-driving tourists for a night's lodging in private house or cabin, with a meal or two—"chicken and beefsteak dinner," supposed to be a seductive lure. On the road from Conway to Chocorua one finds a sign: "75 cents with radio." Who could resist? One frequently sees that hideous word "Eats," hideous, though of respectable age; to be classed with "Ye Gifte Shoppe." One might say: "No one objects to 'drinks,' why be snooty about 'eats'?" Yet we would prefer to read: "A good meal of victuals."

It is true that there are not many signs couched in terms of "extravagant floridity." E. V. Lucas recently spoke of a notice he saw in a Camberwell window. The heading was "The greatest event in the history of the world." The notice went on to say that "Cohen of the Lane" was about to open a branch in that shop, from which Mr. Lucas deduced tailoring. This Camberwell notice puts to shame any eulogy by a Hollywood press agent, or any jacket of a book that is announced as "epoch-making" or "thrilling"—to borrow the favorite word of W. L. Phelps, professor at Yale, in his reviews of detective stories.

A most flagrant insult to beautiful scenery is to be observed at Lake Winnipesaukee. The tourist, stopping at Meredith or Wiers, expecting to dilate with the proper emotion, viewing the lake, sees on the opposite bank a huge sign of an apparently real estate nature. As this sign reads, its precise meaning is dubious, but, like Massachusetts, "there she stands"—a sign visible to the naked eye for miles, that is not the only sign that may mislead. Not a few have stopped at wayside booths and cabins to find that "chicken dinner" is not what they fondly expected. Some one should write an essay on the cabin life of New Hampshire in 1931; how some of the cabins advertise hot and cold water; others are heated. Sanitary plumbing is sometimes overlooked, as it was neglected in the cabins in which the sturdy ancestors in colonial days lived and moved and had their being.

Sep 6

FANCY—"FAN"?

When Englishmen writing at ease to London's Sunday newspapers are tired of asking the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, or who wrote "Eternal silence laughs along the shore and spectral Negroes bleach upon the floor," they inquire into the derivation of familiar words or phrases. Thus the readers were assured not long ago that the Americanism "Sam Hill"—"Like Sam Hill"—is a euphemism for the devil. And so one might say that "By heck"—attributed by alleged humorists to the New England countryman—is an abbreviation of "By Hecate," a divinity of dark and sinister power.

The Observer gave the word "fan" as short for "fanatic"; this seems to many of us absurd. Is W. F. G. Scott more reasonable in saying that "fan" is a relic of the prize ring? "The Noble Art of Self-Defence was known as the 'Fancy'; the contestant you favored was 'your fancy,' and those who attended to back their fancy were known as 'fanciers' or 'fans,' usually the latter. The word 'fan' was then transferred from boxing to other sports." Mr. Scott does not support his statements by quotations showing the shortening of "fancy."

It is true that pugilists and their backers were known as "the fancy" over a hundred years ago. Hazlitt in his essay "On the Conversation of Authors," arguing that one cannot make companions of servants, or persons in an inferior station of life, says "You may talk to them on matters of business, and what they have to do for you (as lords talk to bruisers on subjects of fancy, or country squires to their grooms on horse racing)." He puts "fancy" in italics as if it were a foreign word, as "double-entendre" on the same page, or colloquial and not to be used by genteel persons.

"The Fancy" was once associated in this country with pugilism. FitzJames O'Brien, in a poem about a prizefight, first published in Vanity Fair in the early sixties, describing the brutal faces of those about the ring, calls these spectators "the fancy." (Is the term still employed by "pugs" and sports in this country?)

As "the fancy" sometimes, pulling revolvers or life preservers, broke up a ring, so "fans" have been known to throw bottles at baseball umpires or attack them as they were leaving the field. That does not prove that "fan" is a shortening of "fancy"; nor is there any proof as yet that baseball players or their supporters were known as "the fancy."

A ONCE FAMOUS WEEKLY

The merger of the Saturday Review with the Spectator—suggesting a mixture of vitriol and oil—will be regretted by those who read the Review in its great days; as they mourned the passing of the Pall Mall Gazette. It is true that the Saturday Review never lost an opportunity of sneering, editorially and in reviews of books, at everything that was thought and done in the United States, while the Spectator was always friendly. The Saturday Review was even more bitter than Blackwood's Magazine when Charles Lever in his department vented his contempt for everything American.

But what a great weekly the Saturday Review was in its palmy days! What brilliant contributors—Freeman, Lang, Traill, Churton Collins, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir James Stephen and his sons, not to mention others. Max Beerbohm succeeded Bernard Shaw as dramatic critic. John F. Runciman was the fearless music critic who warred against the hidebound

Academicians, roared and thundered. Ernest Newman quoted William Blake apropos of Runciman with his sledge-hammer violence: "Did He that made the lamb make thee?"

The glory of this weekly passed. The editors after John Douglas Cook, with his ability in recognizing writers of marked literary ability, were Walter Tollock and other more or less competent men—among them the late Frank Harris—but they were without Cook's flair. He had his peculiarities. Disliking the colon and the semicolon, he allowed only the comma and full stop; differing from Henley when he was an editor of a weekly that was too short-lived, his punctuation was delightfully his own.

The Saturday Review with the ficeting years lost its vivacity, yet it was read eagerly on the continent. The Germans favored it greatly before the world war, because it had once described war as a "biological necessity."

Sep 7 1931

CONSIDER THE BALD

Mr. Richardson of Chicago, planning a motion picture, advertised in a newspaper as follows:

"Wanted—Fifty baldhcaded men, neat appearing; one day's work; apply 10 A. M."

No one called on him. The bald-headed in Chicago are apparently shy. Were they afraid that hoodlums, fellows of the baser sort, and even rude boys would shout as they did years ago to Elisha, "Go up, thou baldhead," knowing that bears in Chicago would not come forth as avengers from the caverns beneath the skyscrapers or from Lincoln Park?

There is not this timidity in Japan. Not long ago many bald-headed Japanese met in congress at Nagatoro for the sake of comparison and a possible prize. It is reported that one man took out a $500 insurance policy on his shining dome. There were all varieties of shapes: some spherical, some with crevices and fissures, some that ran up to a peak. There have been, there are, many remedies for baldness. Some of them in the 17th century were extraordinary; some were repulsive, requiring courage in the application. Baldness, if the head is symmetrical, is not to be feared. In spite of the old wheeze overworked by alleged humorists, no bald-headed man should be loath to sit in a front seat in the theatre. There are offices that should be filled by the bald-headed. A judge has the greater appearance of wisdom. A physician, on the other hand, until recent years was expected to be full-bearded. The absence of hair on the cocoanut of a scientist, a learned college professor, was thought to show his intense mental concentration. But a bald-headed man wishing to inspire respect should not indulge in whiskerage. A chin beard, goatee, burnsides, spinach, mutton chops, Piccadilly weepers, Galway sluggers, even a moustache (toothbrush, one standing and defiant or soup-strainer)—these are contradictory, incongruous. The bald should be close-shaven; there should be hairless harmony.

COMING SHOWS

By PHILIP HALE

The Stratford Players will be in Boston for two weeks next month; the Abbey Theatre company will leave Dublin in October for its third tour in the United States. This is good news for theatrcgoers who are not wholly satisfied with reviews and musical comedies.

The repertory of the Stratford Players for the coming engagement at the Tremont Theatre will include three plays that are not too familiar. "Measure for Measure" has not been to the liking of everybody. The subject is thought by the squeamish and the ultra-genteel to be "unpleasant": the action has been called clumsy if not preposterous; yet the play contains pages of high poetic flight; and if the duke's behavior is unaccountable and the heroine unsympathetic, Lucio is an entertaining fellow. Walter Pater thought it worth while to write at length about this play and in a most appreciative, engaging manner. "Winter's Tale" may be considered first of all a story that should please the young, with its oracles, "unreasonable parents," lost heirs, "shipwrecks and man-eating bears, princes in disguise and pirates and shepherdesses, recognitions by jewels and letters"; and as all true lovers of the drama should be young in spirit, the causeless jealousy of Leontes, sudden as it is, should appear to be wholly reasonable. In the first part of "King Henry IV" the spectator makes merry with Falstaff — incomparably greater than he is in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"—Pistol, Bardolph, and Prince Hal rejoicing in the error of his ways.

The Manchester Guardian, announcing the tour of the Abbey Theatre company, named the twelve plays that will constitute the regular repertory. The Guardian is mistaken when it says that only the one-act plays by Yeats, Lady Gregory and Synge have been performed by this company in the United States; Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World" was produced here by the company and what an absurd row it caused! One of England's shrewdest dramatic critics wrote over 100 years ago: "You may praise the generosity of the English, the prudence of the Scotch, the hospitality of the Irish, as long as you please, and not a syllable is whispered against those sweeping expressions of admiration; but reverse the picture, hold up to censure, or only glance at the unfavorable side of each character (and they themselves admit that they have a distinguishing and generic character as a people), and you are assailed by the most violent clamors, and a confused babel of noises, as a disseminator of unfounded prejudices, or a libellor of human nature." The booers and hissers in Boston and other cities could not bear the idea that a foolish, swaggering Irish lad in a spirit of boastfulness could calmly lie and say that he had killed his father. They wished the Irish people to be represented as in plays by Boucicault and less ingenious and thievish dramatists with song and dance and scenes of sentimental mush alternating with screaming against England. The gorgeous dialogue and the racy humor of Synge escaped these violent objectors.

A SINISTER PROPHECY

In connection with Bernard Shaw's ridiculous comparison of conditions in Soviet Russia with those in America, the prophecy of Frenchmen fifty and more years ago is interesting. Ferdinand Brunetiere in his "Le Roman Naturaliste" reviewed an extraordinary novel, "What to Do?" by Tchernychefsky, and headed the chapter "Un Roman Nihiliste." He had this to say in conclusion:

Four centuries of slavery have led some 4,000,000 of serfs to put aside their will power and for a long time offered only the satisfaction of material appetites as the object of their desires. One might say, furthermore, that an indestructible base of communism is in the Russian peasant's nature; and so, while the western aberrations of communism belong in a way to the kingdom of dreams and pure imagination, one is tempted to see in the declamations of Russian nihilism the quasi-scientific formula of a race's traditional aspirations. The evil that one can qualify as insignificant in the west is perhaps very serious in Russia. It is evidently not for us to solve similar problems, but does it not seem that Montesquieu had a suspicion of these questions on which the future of Russia hangs when he let fall this terrible remark: "See, I beg of you, how industriously the Russian government seeks to depart from despotism, a heavier weight on the rulers than on the people"? It has lessened the great military force, diminished penalties for crimes, established courts, begun to know the laws, and instruct the people. But there are particular causes that will perhaps lead back to the misfortune which it wishes to avoid.

Sep 10

"OVER THE HILL"

"Franklin county, Illinois, is so poverty stricken the poorfarm may have to be abandoned."—A. P. dispatch.

"Over the hill to the poorhouse." Is the author of this poem and others once popular, included in books of recitations, spouted by schoolboys on "speaking day," still read? The poorhouse — once associated with foreclosed mortgages, the sheriff's sale—discomfort, ignominy. Perhaps not so forbidding, so dreaded a home of the unfortunate as the workhouse pictured in one of Lady Gregory's one-act comedies.

There are poorhouses in our eastern states that to outward view are true havens of rest, where the wicked (creditors) cease from troubling. There is one in West Barnstable, fair to the eye, well kept, pleasingly situated, apparently more desirable for a summer sojourn than certain more pretentious cottages and "bungalows." Thirty years ago the inmates of this poorhouse were to be seen riding along the sandy roads perched gaily on their own bicycles. They had not lost their self-respect; they looked well nourished.

"On the town." This old phrase has two meanings. The women in the poorhouse were the less to be pitied. Towns in either case are not always sympathetic nor generous. Yet such is the feeling of independence that some would prefer the street; prefer death to the poorhouse; accepting what in the eyes of the world is the still greater shame.

Sept 11

"GENTS" AND "GENTLEMEN"

Sep 11

By PHILIP HALE

Men of every party in England are agitated over the question whether the lords of the "pubs" say at the closing hour: "Time, gents," or "Time, gentlemen." In the happier days of our own country "the barkeeper never forgets to greet the old man with a smile"—a moral ballad for which the late George Chadwick wrote appropriately sentimental music; but the announcement of the closing hour was, as a rule, not verbal; it was in the form of lowered light, overturning of chairs and tables. There was a fine courtesy; there were rules of etiquette strictly observed in barrooms of the better class. No self-respecting barkeeper would have addressed his customers of high social standing as "gents."

This discussion in England followed the forbidding by the town planning committee at Oxford of the exhibition of a hairdresser's notice that he "cuts gents' hair." The committee wished "gents'" changed to "men's." The hairdresser did not meekly bow his head; he insisted that he was using a common and recognized colloquialism.

It has been remarked that "gent" once denoted a condition in life as when lawyers used the term and Washington Irving wrote "Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." C. C. defines the gent of later years as one "who wears pants and loud ties, chinks his money and takes his donah to the pictures." On the other hand the abbreviation "gent" appeared often on tombstones years ago. The Oxford hairdresser has his defenders, who insist that "gent" should be tolerated, at least as a trade term, being old-established, defining a shade of meaning, convenient as a label. "Burns and Byron found it a useful rhyme and even the Gentleman's Magazine could speak in 1783 of 'the modern gent.' The judge's definition, 'A gent? That's something short of a gentleman, isn't it?' may stand." But would Oxford dons and undergraduates, patronizing the hairdresser, be content to be classified as "gents"?

Was the difference between the two words in years past one of money as much as manners? Albert Smith in his book "The Gent" satirized the gent's cheap but shrieking clothes and his bogus jewelry. Prof. Earl in his "Philology of the English Tongue" says that a court of justice blighted the vogue of "gent." Two young men brought before a magistrate described themselves as "gents." The magistrate said that the designation was little better than "blackguard." And so a song in a burlesque by H. J. Byron in the '60s showed that the word was in disrepute:

When boys were boys, and gentlemen not "gents,"
When shops were shops and not "establishments."

Both terms were recognized in an old music-hall song:

"Time, gentlemen, time, gents, time, gentlemen, please!"
The landlord would roar as he stood at the door.

In the United States "gents" was for a long time favored on signs and in common conversation. Richard Grant White sneered at it in vain. Eyes fell upon "Gents Furnishing Goods," "Gents Suits"; in summer hotels the guests were directed to the "Gents Walk." "Men" has largely replaced the odious word.

Sep 16

UNFROCKED

Earl Spencer requested male guests at his daughter's wedding not to wear "silkers" (plug hats, stovepipes, cylinders, toppers) and frock coats. No doubt some of the guests exclaimed, "For this relief much thanks." Others may have regretted that they were not allowed to appear in "proper form." There are sticklers in Boston for the traditional wedding dress, yet the sight of a man under the blazing sun, with top hat often of a discarded style, with

coat tightly buttoned, sweating his way
nity or the New Old South excites pity,
laughter. The unhappy man looks as if
re in need of sympathy. (By the way,
as the wedding-guest clad when the An-
Mariner buttonholed him to tell of his
e adventure?)

ere was a time when physicians were ex-
here and in England to wear a frock
s they were expected in this country to
rded, as in Moliere's time: Toinette advis-
gan to be his own physician reminds him
e has a beard: "The beard is more than
n making a doctor." In England the
coat, they say, is worn habitually only
dertakers' assistants, "perhaps from a
l interest in things that have ceased to
English cabinet ministers wore this coat
many years ago, and judges had it under
obes in court. Who invented this coat?
ho invented the "Congress gaiter"—the
sided boots known in English slang as
as"—boots favored especially by fat
kward in stooping to tie or button? Is
m "Prince Albert" coat now heard in the
shop?

KOUSSEVITZKY IN PARIS

By PHILIP HALE

There is naturally curiosity about the pro-
ms that Dr. Koussevitzky will arrange for
coming Symphony season. Will there be an-
er festival? He has already paid tribute in
s manner to Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Sch-
t. Will he conduct works by "old-fashioned"
posers who have been more or less neglected
ring the last ten years? There are interest-
works in the orchestra's repertory that have
umulated dust on the shelves of the library.
the European members of the advance
rd working feverishly for the conductor?

Arthur Hoeree, whose life of Dr. Koussevitzky
announced for publication, talked with him
t month in Paris. The substance of the con-
sation was published in Candide of Aug. 27.
Koussevitzky said that he purposed in the
ty-first season of the Boston Symphony Or-
estra to perform a symphony by Ferroud,
rks by Florent Schmitt, Stravinsky, Toch,
rpenter and by "young Martelli, who interests
e greatly." He will repeat performances of
oussel's suite in F and his third symphony.
here will be "monumental works" as Mahler's
th and ninth symphonies, "for which the
blic is now prepared. Have you noticed that
enity has returned? With the close of the
ar, life changed. Ears again being patient
refer the grand forms to amusing little pieces.
ocesses have passed. One is now simpler, more
lassic." Nothing about Bruckner, yet Dr. Kous-
evitzky is an honorary member of the Bruck-
er Society founded not long ago in New York.
erhaps ears are not sufficiently "patient" to
ndure his symphonies, though they contain
ome eloquent pages.

Dr. Koussevitzky was loud in praise of the
oston orchestra. Allowing Mr. Hoeree to hear
record of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" symphony
s played by the orchestra, he exclaimed: "Lis-
en to those double basses! What a body of
trings! Hear those horns!" And as the record
ontinued, Dr. Koussevitzky, listening at first
in the famous posture of the melomaniac dog,
egan later to gesture as if "with an invisible
aton" he were directing the players and "favor-
ng the explosion of the brass."

Mr. Hoeree reminded Dr. Koussevitzky that
hen the latter brought out Honegger's "Pacific"
n Paris there were "seven minutes of indescrib-
ble enthusiasm." Dr. Koussevitzky in his turn
emembered that when he conducted Ravel's
Valse" at Madrid, the manager was obliged
o come on the stage to demand silence, "for
he delirious audience prevented me from going
n with the program."

He told Mr. Hoeree that he himself had suf-
ered too much from the bolsheviks to brook
he insult offered to Toscanini by the Fascists.
He therefore refused to conduct the four con-
erts announced at the Scala.

"And now, dear Mr. Koussevitzky, will you
ome back to us some day with your baton?"

"Who knows? Perhaps next year, for I greatly
ove France, my second country."

And some of us had fondly thought that Bos-
on was in his eyes his second home. For in no
ther city is he more warmly appreciated as a
onductor and loved as a man.

SUMMER SNOBBERY

Earnest students of sociology gain valuable material for essays by listening to the conversation in the lounges and on the verandas of summer hotels. Mrs. Bingley Bangs is told that a newcomer, the charming Mrs. Golightly, is also a Bostonian. She has seen her at the opera; she has read paragraphs about her in the "society columns" of the newspapers; but she is not personally acquainted with her. She does not hesitate to approach her, smiling. "So you, too, are from Boston. You live on Commonwealth avenue, don't you? Well, I"—she throws heavy emphasis on "I"—"I live on Beacon Hill." She does not say whether her street is Myrtle or Chestnut. As though a street should give distinction to a dweller in it. Yet there is street snobbery in Boston, as in Philadelphia and in Albany, N. Y. One may live and be respected in the Back Bay—a vague term; but not on the other side of Newbury street, the region once described by "Sandy" Browne as the small-of-the-Back Bay.

Or Mrs. Jones learns that Mrs. Ferguson comes from Convent, N. J., a town listed as desirably "residential." She is not slow in asking if Mrs. Ferguson knows Mr. and Mrs. Lillicum, "a charming couple," thus striving to establish her own position in society—for Mrs. Jones's acquaintance with the Lillicums is of the slightest—a chance introduction—and Mrs. Jones murmuring—one regrets to mention it—"pleased ter meet yer."

Mrs. Hogerboom is from Chicago. Her husband is prominent in pork, a worthy soul, but not regarded by haberdashers as one of "our best people." His wife has not entered the promised land; she views it, longingly from afar. Chattering Miss Buttin, impressed by diamonds and a grand and supercilious air, asks Mrs. Hogerboom if she is acquainted with the Snootys in Lake Forest. "No, I do not know them," with what Artemus Ward described as a "flashing nostril." And so Legrandin, in "Swann's Way" when he was asked if by any chance he knew the ladies of Guermantes, recited "No, I do not know them" with a separate stress upon each word, as though the absence of relations with the Guermantes family might very well have been not forced upon, but actually designed by Legrandin himself, might arise from some family tradition, some moral principle or mystical vow which expressly forbade his seeking their society. "No, I do not know them; I have never wished to know them."

These comedies of manners are played in other seasons, for snobs, climbers and social busybodies are of all months, but they are seen to peculiar advantage in summer hotels when guests from Chestnut Hill or the more sacred districts of the Back Bay are forced on rainy days, through sheer boredom, to mingle condescendingly with dwellers in what the Social Register —that subscription "dictionary of the untitled aristocracy"—regards as mean streets.

AUDIENCES AS CRITICS

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Barnowski, a theatre manager in Berlin, disgusted with the critics engaged by the newspapers, would have the audience the judge; not by crowding the playhouse, not by staying away; nor does he say whether the audience should criticise a dress rehearsal or a first performance. The spectators should write out their opinions, they should also offer suggestions concerning the plot, the situations, the dialogue, so that the dramatist might profit, change, eliminate, enlarge.

How many in an audience would be able to give reasons for their judgment? It would not be enough for Mr. Barnowski if Herr Mueller wrote: "Brilliant," if Mme. Oberlander wrote the condemnatory German word corresponding to our "bum." Even professional critics, who are obliged to write their reviews in what Clement Scott called the "red-pepper hour of journalism," either give a snap judgment without detailed explanations for it, contenting themselves with telling the story; or discuss chiefly the performance, especially if there is in the company a "star" to whom they wish to pay tribute. If these critics write a more elaborate and painstaking review for the following Saturday or Sunday, the first impression which is usually sane, has weakened; the critic may have listened during the week to contradictory opinions that have influenced him, though he thinks he is still bravely independent. He certainly does not write with the gusto vivifying his first article.

Spectators who have paid for admission are as a rule a thankful public. They do not wish to feel that their money has been thrown away. Deadheads are often the least easily pleased, the first to whisper to their neighbors "rotten." The more intelligent promptly condemn, pardon, or enjoy, but ask them the reason why, and they will stammer a vague opinion, or say, "You know, I never liked Mr. Heavysage in a light comedy part."

How many would be capable of offering a valuable suggestion? How would they make the plot more plausible? What situations would they change, and what would they invent? And the dialogue! They might object to needless profanity, lines that by their coarseness or scantily-veiled licentiousness cause the "guffoons" to roar their delight and the titterers to wriggle in their joy; but could they supply a dozen dramatic lines, or bring down the curtain on an epigram? What dramatist would pay heed to the audience as critic? Young Mr. Smallwood in the matter of gravy was adamant. So is the self-respecting dramatist in the matter of his playwriting. Mr. Pierre Weber said not long ago that Parisian dramatists hold audiences in contempt. "It is this that justifies what they give the public."

Sep 17

GERMAN EFFICIENCY

A German, according to a dispatch from Berlin, has invented a treatment for diseased teeth that will do away with the dreaded "boring needle." The sick tooth is covered with a capsule which exposes only the part to be scraped. A few drops of a certain acid are put on the diseased spot and in a few minutes the unhealthy part can be removed without pain. The filling is put in twenty-four hours after the first treatment.

European dentistry was not highly regarded in the eighties. American students in Germany suffered unless they could afford to visit American dentists, exiled there for their pecuniary advantage. There were two in Berlin. One of them was Dr. Sylvester, a howling swell and a genial gentleman who cared for Bismarck's teeth and for those of other prominent statesmen, army officers and those welcome at court. A high liver, a staunch friend, hospitable, he killed himself. In Dresden Dr. Jenkins plugged the teeth of the Austrian court and cared for Richard Wagner's. Siegfried Wagner, a boy, expecting to be an architect, often visited his dentist at his home. And so in Rome an American dentist of lesser polish prided himself on caring for the teeth of the beautiful Queen of Italy, as Dr. Evans in Paris was a friend of Eugenie and aided her in escaping after the surrender at Sedan.

Perhaps this German's recent discovery may be the most remarkable in the history of dentistry since the inventions of Dr. Tushmaker of Boston. (John Phoenix was his biographer.) This Dr. Tushmaker was the first to insert small cog-wheels in the back teeth for the more perfect mastication of food. He was the original discoverer of the method of filling cavities with a putty which, hardening, caused a tooth to ache so that it had to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two fees for the same job. But his crowning invention was an instrument that would pull anything. "It was a combination of the lever, pulley, wheels and axle, inclined plane, wedge and screw. The machine was put over an iron chair, made stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building." The patient was clamped into the chair, the forceps connected with the machine was attached to the tooth; the dentist in the rear took hold of a lever four feet in length.

The first patient's head was snapped clean from his shoulders, for the roots of his tooth extended down the right side, through the right leg, with two prongs under the sole of the foot. The roots were decayed; surgeons swore mortification would have set in; the jury reported a cast of justifiable homicide. The machine drew out the skeleton of an old lady from her body. Good Dr. Tushmaker took her home in a pillow case. She lived for seven years and was known as the "India Rubber Woman." The contractor of the Boston custom house bought the machine and found that a three-year-old child could by a single turn of the screw raise a stone weighing 23 tons. Small machines made on the same principle were used—perhaps still are used—in hotels and restaurants for boning turkey. Yet Dr. Tushmaker has no tablet, no statue as a memorial in Boston. Even his name is not mentioned in the annals of American dentistry.

Sep 18 1931

PUBLISHED LETTERS

By PHILIP HALE

If George Bernard Shaw had died first, would Ellen Terry have published their correspondence with a jocose—some might say "smart-Alecky" —preface? She was not clamorous for the spotlight. She certainly would not have given Shaw's opinion of Henry Irving to the world without adding Irving's opinion of Shaw, for Sir Henry must have freed his mind about the critic and his criticisms.

It was stated in a dispatch from London that Shaw and Miss Terry corresponding for thirty years never met but twice. This reminds one of Tchaikovsky and his generous friend Mme. Meck. They exchanged confidences in letters; Tchaikovsky's were often an explanation of his works, a revelation of his tortured soul; they never met face to face; it was her wish. Mme. Meck had the greatest admiration for the composer's genius; but she was not an Ellen Terry to address him as "darling," "poppett," nor when Tchaikovsky wrote in doleful dumps did she call him "a great man, a silly ass, a dear."

Will the memory of Ellen Terry gain by the publication of her letters? Will Shaw's letters to her divert attention from his foolish behavior in Russia and his absurd sayings and writings on his return to England? There are exchanges of letters which, published, show that the brilliant can be foolish, the learned stupid, the supposedly high-minded, mean and malicious.

The Comtesse de Noailles has edited with notes letters written to her by Marcel Proust. Not all of them, for she excluded those in which his keen observation of character and his gift for amusing portraiture would pain some persons now living whom he really liked and esteemed. In this instance the omission is to be regretted. One wearies of the constant adulation bestowed on the countess and her poems. Perhaps "some living" would be flattered by the thought that Proust noticed them at all, introduced them thus intimately to a "grande dame" and to the world at large. Even when he was warmest in praise, he preserved his critical sense. The countess respected it: "Marcel Proust is the only being who has made me change a line, cut out a stanza." It is to be seen whether Miss Terry profited by Shaw's remarks about her acting, costumes, general behavior; whether Shaw stopped for a moment to ask himself, "Am I really 'a silly ass,' as Ellen says?" Perhaps the few extracts from the letters that have been cabled give a false idea of the general contents.

There is an old saying: Never write a letter; keep those you receive. Is it not better to burn all letters? Protestations of affection may seem mawkish to strangers; wit at the expense of others, cruel; self-depreciation half in jest may be accepted at full value. "Burn this," is good advice for others than those active in politics.

Sep 21 1931

BAGGAGE LABELS

Many tourists in Europe return in the fall with trunks and suitcases decorated with labels announcing to those at home that they embarked on ocean liners and were guests at French, Swiss and German hotels. Do these labels excite envy in the breasts of those to whom a trip to some watering place in this country is an event? Do the labels impress our baggage men and hotel porters with the importance of the returning tourists? Do they not lead to the expectation of generous tips and extra charges on hotel bills in this country as in Europe?

The Great Western Railway Company of England has added a new label for the benefit of collectors. It is printed in yellow and black; it is almost four times the size of the ordinary label; half the space is filled with the head of Shakespeare. The words: "Passenger by Shakespeare Express London to Stratford-on-Avon" tell the world that the owner of the luggage has made a pilgrimage to the shrine. "Paddington Station makes no secret of the fact that this label is meant especially for Americans."

Some years ago there was complaint in England that the leaving of odd labels on baggage was a nuisance to the porters. There are Americans who dislike to have their newly acquired trunks and suitcases thus disfigured. There are also Americans who, having stopped at some second-class hotel, contrive to have the label of a "hotel de luxe" stuck on their baggage, just as a man who dines at a cheap restaurant in this country may be found flourishing a tooth pick at the entrance to a restaurant or hotel where the prices are forbidding to him.

A London journalist, apropos of the new Shakespeare label, remarks sourly that Americans are "eager to take their luggage home plastered all over with names of places they have visited, if only for an hour or two, and hotels they have stayed in. Railway porters say that they are always very particular that none of these mementoes shall be defaced. The Shakespeare label is sure to have pride of place, and no doubt its success will lead to the production of a small-scale national portrait collection."

Charles Dickens once wrote that an inn was to be known by the condition in which the oil and vinegar cruets were kept. Perhaps the status of a traveler is determined in the eyes of some by the labels on his baggage. The appearance of one's trunk or suitcase is thought by some not enough to determine the financial importance of the owner. In past years there were rich Americans who did not disdain to put belongings in a carpet bag. Perhaps today there are men of means who, having traveled widely, are content with the initials "J. S." (John Smith) printed on new or well-used suitcases for identification.

Sep 22 1931

DOORWAYS TO NATURE

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Fuller in his "Doorway to Nature" says that no one can call himself a lover of nature unless he knows how to use his feet. "Perhaps one can see mountains, rivers, prairies and oceans from a motor car; but he cannot possibly learn to know nature . . . the brain absolutely cannot take adequate note of surroundings at a pace faster than a walk; it will not form images that remain as memories." Even the "meek lover of nature might reply that there are scenes best viewed from a railway car. No one can appreciate the wildness of Crawford Notch, for example, either by walking or motoring through it."

In spite of Mr. Fuller's dictum, the motor car can serve those wishing to commune with nature by taking them to places which otherwise would not easily be accessible. The trouble with too many motorists is their craze for speed, their desire to emulate the Pharisees, who, according to Phoenix's pun, appear unto men to fast. A pedestrian on a country road, leaping aside to avoid being crushed by an automobile, yet has time to notice that the inmates are chattering, without regard to the scenery; only the dog with his head out of a window seems to enjoy the view; in fact, a woman, an indefatigable motorist in the White Mountain region, was heard to say that she did not care for views.

To enjoy forests, mountains, streams one must walk, but they cannot be approached with safety by travelled highways. Even country "dirt roads" do not offer the sweet security that Charles Lamb years before the invention of the motor car found in London's streets. The "hikers," making their way to some secluded spot, if such a spot is now to be found, have learned this to their cost. Stopping a moment to view a mountain range beyond a stretch of meadow, they hear imperative, arrogant tooting—sometimes the descendant of Jehu gives no warning; there is then the frantic jump into the bushes. Hazlitt, Stevenson, Walt Whitman, Bliss Carman have described the joys of the open road. The road is no longer open to those walking. For them the "doorway to nature" is often closed; slammed in their faces.

"REGISTERITE"

A correspondent calls attention to "expressions of the solemn eighties" that have gone out of use. Her list includes affianced bride, wife of his bosom, lord and master, numerous progeny, honored parents, a regular belle, a great lady-killer, a perfect dude, a lady-like manner, a genteel person, the silent tomb.

If the word "genteel" were used with its original meaning, one could not reasonably object to it. "Shabby-genteel" is still a defining word in characterization. There were other verbal expressions dear especially to newspaper men; they are now occasionally used in small town offices. "Fell with a dull, sickening thud," "till the wee sma' hours," "gallant fireladdies," were perhaps the most common.

There are words today overworked: exclusive as applied to a club or society; visualize, intrigue, well-known, clubman, prominent. One would think from reading obituaries that nearly all the men of importance in a city or a town are dead. "Exclusive clubs" sometimes number two or three thousand members.

A late coinage, used by certain editors of society columns, is "registerite," meaning that the name of the woman is to be found in the "Social Register" and that she has paid the requested fee; the "Social Register," that useful street and telephone directory, also indispensable as a "Who's Who" to those who wish to know addresses and family connections; but "registerite" is a snobbish term, employed with snobbish intent; also a silly term.

Sep 28

DOUBTFUL DEBUNKING

Some one made bold to say at a London conference: "Some of the most stupid men I have ever known have been millionaires." To which a writer in the Manchester Guardian replied: "Of course they are—that is, why they are millionaires. For besides being stupid they are not usually nice to look at. Again, their livers are usually wrong; they have to live on weak tea, bismuth and lightly boiled eggs. . . . Nobody loves them—and their wives go off with gigolos and head waiters. . . . Every time they open an orphanage they explain that they were far happier when they had no cares and thirty shillings a week. All this is universally recognized; it is perfectly well known that the average man would rather put his head in a gas oven than become a millionaire."

One might reply in a similarly jocose vein to J. H. Rosny, the elder, who insists that the great men of science, and many famous authors have childish minds, are easily the prey of sharpers, entertain absurd beliefs. Among authors, he cites Balzac, Hugo, Verlaine, Villiers de l' Adam, Dierx and Edmond de Goncourt. The last named believed all the extraordinary, incredible anecdotes told him by practical jokers, Lorrain, Huysmans, Mirbeau, who nevertheless admired him greatly. As for others named by Rosny, the "proofs" he brings against them are foibles, defects in character, even vices rather than marks of a childish mind. He speaks of Hugo's greed for money, but as Byron wrote, avarice is an old man's vice; and no one has written with greater eloquence in prose and verse than Hugo about the beauty of childhood. Balzac had his foibles: his pretension to nobility, as his unwarranted prefix "de" to his surname; his huge cane, his startling dress; but his dreams, his hallucinations of grandeur came from his imagination, and they were not those of a child. Goncourt did not show a childish mind in his collecting of art treasures. Verlaine was a victim of alcohol, weak, unstable, now repentant, wholly unpractical, but he could hardly be called childish, for he could be shrewd and malicious.

No doubt some men of great scientific attainments have needed a guardian in their daily walk. This goes back to the philosopher Thales. The absent-minded professor is a stock character in comedy and farce. But there have been many others, there are today, who are far from having the mind of a child, as is shown by their acumen in affairs of business.

Sep 29 1931

HOUYHNHNMS AS GUESTS

Horses were invited to be "guests of honor"—Oh hideous phrase!—at a testimonial dinner to Joseph E. Widener, racing man and principal owner of Belmont Park. They made due preparation: manes were braided, hooves oiled or gilded. This was not the first time horses were invited to dinners. At some of these feasts men sat on the horses and then were served. But at other dinners the horses were veritable guests, honored and at table. The question naturally arises, what dishes were prepared for them?

Captain Lemuel Gulliver, when he made an enforced visit to the Houyhnhnms and Yahoos, observed that the former had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which an old horse, a guest drawn on a sort of sledge by four Yahoos, ate warm; the rest cold. All of the horses sat on their haunches, in the stalls, with mangers placed circular in the middle of the

...t room. "In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger. So that each horse and mare ate his own hay and his own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity."

The Yahoos, unlike the practice at dinners in this country to which our Houyhnhnms were honored guests, were not admitted to the dining room; for, said the chief Houyhnhnm to Captain Gulliver: "You throw among five Yahoos as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself."

It would be interesting to know what was placed before the Houyhnhnms at the Widener dinner. Oats boiled in milk? Oatmeal, or some other form of breakfast food? One doubts if any self-respecting Houyhnhnm would eat the preparation that has whiskers and looks something like an old-fashioned pocketbook. The ancients inform us that there were horses who ate meat, even the flesh of human beings, but the blue-blooded racers at Mr. Widener's feast were undoubtedly too well-bred to clamor for beef, mutton or duck.

Sep 30

"WELL ROARED"

Harry Shelland informs the readers of the New York Sun that Edwin Booth never ranted or bellowed. Mr. E. A. Meyer, writing to the Sun, says that he heard Booth as Shylock in 1886 or 1887: "With what depths of feeling that magnificent voice of his did bellow and roar! Anything short of that would have spoiled the scene—it was magnificent and thrilling." Thus do old playgoers disagree. One might timidly ask Mr. Meyer if Shylock is a roaring, bellowing part. Mr. Shelland dilates on Booth's enunciation to inveigh against the mumbling, chewing of sentences heard today; the inarticulate reading of lines, which often, it is true, are hardly worth a clear, distinct reading.

In the "good old days" of the theatre a tragedian was expected to bellow whether he graced the American, the English, or the continental stage. Barry Sullivan was a fine example of the stentorian school; so was Mounet-Sully. E. L. Davenport, admirable as Hamlet and Brutus, never shouted; while F. C. Bangs, an excellent Mark Antony in other respects, playing with Barrett and Davenport, raised the roof when he let loose the dogs of war. Salvini and Rossi never roared in a manner to tear the lungs and rasp the throat. Women did not spare their voices in heroic parts. Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth at the Boston Theatre howled and shrieked in a manner to frighten her husband more than he was shaken by the appearance of the ghost with face streaked with red paint and an upraised finger pointing to his wounds.

There is roaring today on the French stage, and the dramatic critics ridicule in vain the vocal violence. Audiences in any country are impressed by the shouting of actors and singers—there are few spectators who appreciate subtlety in speech, song or action.

On the other hand, the enunciation of too many men and women on the American stage today is deplorable. Inarticulate, they think themselves as complying with nature, giving realistic effects. According to St. John Ervine, they are no better in London. When he is not complaining of the Oxford "accent"—"refaned" for "refined"—he would have the comedians speak intelligibly, so distinctly that the gods in the gallery would not be obliged to shout: "Speak up."

Oct 6 1931

HATTED AND HATLESS

By PHILIP HALE

The earnest student of sociology and the phrenologist find delight in the observation of the hatless in Boston's streets. Here as in London some dispense with hats, hoping that they thus may guard against baldness. Others believe that it is the thing to do; that they thus acquire a certain distinction even though they slush their hair with an ointment that is not so precious as the oil favored by Aaron for his beard. Nor are they concerned with the appearance, the contour of the head, though it may be flattened on top or may run up to a peak. Yet some decades ago the hatless inspired ridicule, even horror. Frederick Willis reminds us that Wilkie Collins once wrote: "Let him walk at noonday from one end of Oxford street to the other without his hat, and let everyone whom he passes be asked what they think of him, how many will abstain from deciding instantly that he is mad?" And so when Sir William Hardman's hat was blown over the railings in a London square, he called for a cab that he might conceal his "shameful nakedness."

There was a time when a man was known by his hat. Daniel Webster, Judge Levi Woodbury wore impressive hats. Senator Evarts was caricatured with his habitual "shocking bad" one. There are men today who for some years have had derbys of a peculiar shape manufactured for them. E. Winslow Paige of Schenectady, who was prominent in the lawsuits against the Canal Ring, sported a battered straw in the dead of winter. Oscar Hammerstein's huge hat made him a marked man.

Today there is a hideous standardization. Look about and note the forest of soft hats, whether they become the wearer or disfigure him. Here and there one sees a derby worn defiantly as a symbol of individuality, or in the spirit of

Jones likes his lettuces undressed.
D'ye ask the reason?
'Tis confessed
That is the way Jones likes them best.

Or the man may be gallant, wishing to salute a fair one with a sweeping gesture of the old school: an impossible salutation with a crush hat caught nervously in the middle or yanked awkwardly by the side! The hatter says: "This is the approved hat, Sir," and the "client" sheepishly accepts, not to be different from others in the matter of headgear.

'Tis fashion that makes cowards of us all. Running counter to fashion's decree, the poor wretch fears mocking scrutiny or the still more to be dreaded shout from some rude boy, "Where did you get that hat?" Few would have the courage to say with the man mentioned by Proust, when, wearing a hat of a bygone style, he was asked where he found his hats, who answered, "I don't find them, I keep them."

Oct 2 '931

DROOD'S ENDING

Another man has ventured to solve the mystery of Edwin Drood. The title of Edwin Harris's book is "John Jasper's Gatehouse." A London reviewer thinks it would be unjust to disclose Mr. Harris's theory, and finds it sufficient to remark that he has a "profound knowledge of both Dickens and Rochester" and has produced a "gripping" story and a "satisfactory" sequel.

American authors have endeavored to complete "Edwin Drood"; one was aided by spiritual communications. One or two of the continuations have been ingenious, but the imitation of Dickens's style in the humorous pages has been weak and tiresome. "Not a bit like it, Sir."

One might draw up an interesting list of books, novels, poems, that have been left unfinished. What would Thackeray have done with Duval? There are the incomplete romances by Stevenson, Hawthorne, Mary Webb. Would they have added to the fame of the authors? How would Coleridge have continued his "Christabel"? Is it not more beautiful in its unexplained mystery? Who regrets that Schubert left a symphony unfinished? Yet a presumptuous German had the courage to supply the two missing movements. Is Bruckner's symphony, which he dedicated to God, the less imposing because it lacks the finale?

"Edwin Drood" might, if Dickens had lived to complete it, be now ranked with his "David Copperfield" and "Great Expectations"; it might have sunk to the level of "Little Dorrit." Perhaps it is fortunate that Coleridge forgot to write down, in time, awakening from his dream, the other lines of "Kubla Khan." There are fragments more to be valued than complete and polished works. If all of Sappho had come down to us, she might not be hailed as the greatest poet among women.

Oct 4

HARASSING DOMESTICITY

A man in the circuit court, Chicago, gave several reasons some days ago why he wished to obtain a divorce.

(1) Vera, his wife, would not let him smoke in the house. No doubt the curtains would have suffered, but to compel Ernest to puff on the stoop or in the yard when the mercury is low would be regarded by any fair-minded judge as extreme cruelty.

(2) She would not let him play the radio or pay any attention to the family dog. The radio may be a nuisance; it depends on what comes out of it, and there are those who will sympathize with Vera. But not allowing him to pat Flash, Jowler or Carlo on the head, nor to please him by flattering words—this was surely unreasonable on Vera's part.

(3) She insisted on the written agreement by which his use of the family car was limited to one day a week and to transportation from and to his suburban home and a railway station.

(4) His monthly pay check was to be turned over to her. She in return promised to give up her favorite amusement of attacking him with a pistol, biting his finger, or bashing him on the head with a golf club.

(5) Vera was "very jealous"—and, of course, "without cause."

This was Ernest's account of harassing domesticity. Vera might say in reply that the cigars were of the Flor de Sewer brand, the pipe was foul, the cigarettes of the stinkadora variety; that ashes were thrown on the rugs and other articles of furniture; that Ernest would listen at the radio only to silly wheezes and foolish songs roared out of tune; that the dog, not housebroken, should stay out of doors; that Ernest was in the habit of using the car for joy rides with persons, male and female, unknown to her, but suspicious characters; that he was extravagant, and she needed the pay check to run the house; that she pointed a pistol at him in a spirit of playfulness; that the golf club gave him only a love-pat; that her biting his finger shows her amorous affection, as Napoleon tweaked the ears of fair ladies at his court.

Who first made use of that summing-up worthy of King Solomon: "Much might be said on each side"?

ORGANISTS AND MUSIC

Dr. John Erskine is best known to the public as the ingenious discoverer of certain facts about Helen of Troy and the truth concerning the wily Ulysses returning to his Penelope, but taking his time about it and meeting Circe and Calypso, both desirable, on the way. This entertaining story-teller is also a musician; that is to say, he has played a piano in public and is the president of a music school. Not long ago he gave it out as his opinion that "the best music of the future would come from the compositions of church organists." He expressed this opinion at a dinner of the National Association of Organists, who, having heard and approved, sat up straight and looked important.

What led Dr. Erskine to hold this opinion?

How many organists in the past have written "great music"? Bach, Handel, Cesar Franck—some would add Bruckner. Many composers have been church organists to eke out a living, but the organ did not inspire the compositions that gave them reputation.

Who now remembers that Beethoven in his early years played the organ? Take the rank and file of organists in this country, working for religious services or for film plays—how many of them have written music worthy the consideration of orchestral conductors, chamber clubs, oratorio societies, virtuoso pianists, singers in recitals?

It was more than a courteous, a merely complimentary act on the part of Dr. Erskine. Organists are sorely in need of encouragement. In church they are at the mercy of a committee whose musical taste is usually directed by the wives. If the soprano of the quartet makes a mistake, she turns and glares at the organist and thus wins the sympathy of the congregation. In church the organist's position is a little lower than the sexton's; in the film theatre, no matter what his own taste may be, he must shape it to suit the play, nor is his position ever sure.

Hearing Dr. Erskine, at least one organist said to himself: "I, too, am a man," and the next morning he began to sketch a symphony, a truly American work: The prelude: "A Democratic Convention"; slow movement, "Moonlight on the Hudson"; Scherzo, "The Bum's Rush," and the finale, depicting a baseball game a la Honegger. The symphony will be dedicated to Dr. Erskine.

What

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"DANBURY NEWS MAN"

By PHILIP HALE

"Revival of hat industry cheers workers of Danbury," says a dispatch.

It appears that the "current rage" for the Empress Eugenie style of hat lifted Danbury from "a slough of depression." Danbury is justly famous for its hats; for the famous law suit in which the sane and the mad hatters of the town were bravely interested; but Danbury was once known throughout the length and breadth of the land by the stories and paragraphs of the "Danbury News Man."

He was one of several newspaper men who vied in exciting the American public to laughter. The hideous word "columnist," the even more hideous word "colymnist" had not then been invented, nor were these daily jesters strictly "columnists" in the present acceptance of the term. There would often be only one story of a whimsically humorous nature. Sometimes there would be a few paragraphs scattered at random on the pages.

The Danbury News Man was one of a joyous band: contributors to the Burlington (Iowa) Hawkeye, the Detroit Free Press, the Toledo Blade, Texas Siftings, Norristown—was it the Herald? There were others, among them George F. Babbitt, who then scintillated in the Boston Post. Puck pictured them all in a front-page cartoon.

They were not the first, but George D. Prentice was no more, the predecessors of Babbitt on the Post were forgotten, and bankers throughout the state no longer subscribed to the Commercial Bulletin of this city, chiefly for its jests. Would these humorists wreathe New England's faces in smiles today? There was a liberal interchange of anecdotes and wheezes so that a Bostonian could laugh at what some days before had led men in distant cities to guffaw.

Here are two specimens of their art, not quoted literally.

"'Twas in the gloaming I led her to the drug store. The clerk asked, 'What syrup?' Winking at him, I said, 'Crusade.' My wife said, 'I'll have crusade too,' and I felt like the silent tomb." Now this jest—the substance is only given here—would require a footnote to "Crusade" for the benefit of the younger generation.

"Surprise is the chief element of wit. That's what makes a man laugh so when he sits down on a bent pin."

"Foolishment," the readers of today's humorous columns might say. But the readers in those years were not so sophisticated, not so difficult to please as the Browns, Joneses and Robinsons of 1931. These dead and gone jesters were widely read and quoted. They provoked laughter even at the breakfast table. They gave relief to the solemn platitudes of public speakers. Nor was credit always given to the newspaper perpetrators of the jests.

Oct 26 1931

TILTING THE HAT

By PHILIP HALE

Mayor Walker has succeeded the Prince of Wales and Admiral Lord Beatty as dictator of the style of Frenchmen's hats. One of the biggest Paris stores is advertising a soft gray felt hat with brim turned down at the rakish angle affected by Mayor Walker. With the hat is a card which reads: "As worn by James Walker, mayor of New York."—News dispatch.

In the first edition of "Leaves of Grass" (1855) Walt Whitman shouted: "I cock my hat as I please indoors and out," and in the portrait opposite the title page, the large slouch hat is tilted as became the free and independent New Yorker of that year. In 1867 Whitman changed "cock" to "wear," a change deplorable, lame, impotent. Without the portrait, he might be wearing the hat down over his eyes, or on the back of his head, a smug, orthodox citizen, no longer defiant of the conventions. And what would Mayor Walker be without this slant in headgear? In his stovepipe hat of ceremony—as he is pictured by the side of some distinguished foreigner—he is only a man on his way to a funeral or a wedding, traditionally dressed.

Years ago a hat well tilted was thought rowdyish, or the mark of a dissipated person. Boys affected this slant, and were reproved by unsympathetic parents. Young undergraduates thought that a tilted hat gave them the appearance of men of the world.

Now even elderly ladies, slaves of the changing fashions, think themselves young and irresistibly coquettish by reason of the slanting hat. Some women prefer the beret, heedless of the fact that Biscayan natives say they can pick out a foreigner by the way the head is fitted into the beret, for the man of the Basque country "drops it lightly on his head at a pronounced angle" where it remains and has the "authentic degage air." One reads that the Prince of Wales has acquired the knack. Why does not Mayor Walker procure a beret and practise the wearing, in the privacy of his home? Thus would he return the courtesy shown him by the Parisian hatters.

In London cocktail suits can be obtained at a West End dressmaker's. The suit has a turban to match. Now, the turban is a dignified stately head dress. It was respected by Moslems. In the houses of the rich it was placed on a chair at night. This kind of chair was never used for any other purpose. The woman's turban was formed of a takeeyeh, a tartoosh with a square kerchief of printed or painted muslin. And now the Turks, by command, wear the bowler or the "plug." No one in former years would have yelled to a Turk: "Where did you get that turban?" But we are no respecters of hats, though in headgear we are timidly standardized. In the theatre the derby is cramped under a seat; in the opera house the silker, placed in an aisle, serves as a football to late comers making their way in the dark.

Mayor Walker's manner of wearing his hat is not from any lack of respect for his office. That hat is a symbol of American spread-eagleism, bentting "God's own country," inhabited by "100 per cent. Amurricans."

Oct 28 1931

THE LATEST CURE

Sixty or more years ago in New England villages, tomatoes, English walnuts and mushrooms were thought to be unwholesome. (It was a time when sweetbreads and grapefruit were reckoned of little worth, if the latter were known at all). Now comes forward the press agent of the French Association of Mushroom Growers who recommends, yes, urges the "mushroom" cure. Thus:

> People whose digestions are so ruined that they can absorb neither meat nor milk, but who require something more fortifying than a general vegetarian diet, can be restored to health by eating a daily dose of mushrooms which can be progressively increased to over a quarter of a pound. . . . They contain every element of a complete food, and a man could very comfortably live on nothing else.

A quarter of a pound? Well, Mr. Vasiliva Karadjitch of Veles, Spain, recently ate 36 melons at a sitting; not to win a wager, but because he likes melons, and Dr. Louis W. Sambon, now no more, gave, during the world war, a luncheon a la Nebuchadnezzar: a salad of water chestnuts, egg and lettuce; a Chinese omelette thick with bamboo; spaghetti-like strips of clover, which, with a little flour added, were rolled into sheets; a jelly and blancmange each made of seaweed, eaten with a biscuit made of sunflower seeds. Why not three meals of only mushrooms? The human stomach is now inured to surprises.

But mushrooms are not for every stomach, not for every purse. Martial wrote: "To send silver or gold, a cloak or a toga, is easy enough, but to send mushrooms is difficult." The learned scholiast explained this epigram by saying that it was because they were rare, "or because the possessor of them was more inclined to eat them himself than to part with them," yet Antiphanes described his dinner as consisting of barley cake bristling with chaff, perhaps one iris-ulb "or a dainty dish of sow-thistle or mushroom or any other poor thing that the place affords us poor creatures." (So Prof. Gulick translates a passage in "The Deipnosophists" of Athenaeus).

The elder Pliny thought mushrooms a perilous food. "I wonder much what pleasure men should take thus to venture upon so doubtful and dangerous a meat!" The Emperor Tiberius Claudius, the captain of Nero's guard, Anneus Serenus, with divers "Coronels and centurians" died from eating mushrooms. Pliny called mushrooms "devises that our gluttons have invented to whet their appetite and stomach and to maintain gournamdize." The "fine-mouthed and dainty wantons who set such store by their tooth take so great delight to dress this only dish with their own hands that they may feed thereon in conceit and cogitation all the while they be handling and preparing the same." And so today our amateur cooks are proud of success with mushrooms, though unlike the ancient Romans they do not use fine knives and razon of amber in the ostentatious preparation.

Mushroom soup, once thought an extravagance, is now common, too common, not to be compared with the black bean soup that takes three days in the making and is eaten for three days. Served in other ways, mushrooms are almost as familiar as potatoes. To live exclusively on these excrescences of the soil? Perish the thought!

Jan 1 SUN 1945

LOEW'S STATE

"Politics"

"Politics," a screen comedy adapted by Wells Root and Robert E. Hopkins from a story by Zelda Scars and Malcolm Stuart Boylan; directed by Charles F. Riesner and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Hattie	Marie Dressler
Ivy	Polly Moran
Peter	Roscoe Ates
Myrtle	Karen Morley
Benny	William Bakewell
Curango	John Miljan
Daisy	Joan Marsh
Mayor	Tom McGuire
Nifty	Kane Richmond
Mrs. Evans	Mary Alden

Marie Dressler wears no silver helmet as did Lysistrata of Aristophanes's ancient Greek comedy. There is no clashing of cymbals, there is no determined procession of Thebans, Spartans and Corinthians in "Politics." But Miss Dressler wears, symbolically of course, a silver star in her reddish gray locks as token of her first stellar role. And there are torchlight parades of women voters to the blare of Sousa marches played off stage. Athens has become Lakeville, a small American city overrun with gangsters, the Acropolis has become the City Hall. Not a war against wars, but an uprising against corruption and hoodlumism is the issue in this bawdy farce, a farce leavened by the verity of characterization and the countless humorous touches which only Marie Dressler can give to any picture. At Loew's State Theatre yesterday the crowds were waiting eagerly before the doors were opened, conclusive token of the steadfast popularity of this plain, honest, lovable veteran of stage and screen.

Until tragedy struck at her next door neighbors Hattie Burns, a widow with a pretty daughter, Myrtle, was content to feed her boarders, a married couple whom we are to know as Ivy and Peter; and to keep her modest home comfortably clean. She had no concern in politics, made fun of Ivy, an enthusiastic and noisy campaigner. When Daisy, a neighbor's daughter, is killed by a gangster's bullets intended for Benny Emerson, a youth who was trying to go straight and knew too much, Hattie Burns arose in her wrath, denounced a treacherous mayor and agreed to lead the women in a reform crusade. To win, it became necessary to discipline husbands and lovers cruelly, to refuse to have anything to do with them during 24 hours of day and night. When the wounded Benny is discovered hiding in Hattie's attic, where Myrtle, who worshipped the lad, had been nursing and feeding him secretly, the enemy thinks it has spiked Hattie's guns. But a confession by the gunman clears the air, the husbands swing into line and Hattie is elected. Laden with racy lines, perhaps the most pungent is that of the tag. Hattie, in retaliation for Ivy's poisonous implications as to Hattie's age and childhood in a campaign speech, delivers this tag of priceless richness. We won't disclose it; you must hear it for yourself.

Miss Dressler is one comedienne who can depict stark emotions by a wrinkling of her features while uttering commonplaces. When Myrtle confesses her fondness for Benny Miss Dressler bares a mother's horror and grief poignantly while she mutters: "Get up! The floor is dirty; I haven't swept today." She is consistently within the character at all times. She has added another portrait to be placed beside her Marthy of "Anna Christie" and her Min of "Min and Bill." Miss Moran cuts up scandalously and is very funny as the female politician, and Mr. Ates, inclined to low comedy which borders on vulgarity, stutters his way through as the town barber. "Politics" may be set down as another Dressler hit and a guaranteed laugh-breeder.

W. E. G.

ROWING ARTISANS

To the Editor of The Herald:

According to the rule of the Amateur Rowing Association, any rowing man is debarred from taking part in the Henley regatta "who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty." And so no workers' rowing club has been repre-

cented since this rule was made in 1882, when it was not thought possible that a Labor government would be in power.

In the late '70s there was a great regatta at Philadelphia in which an English crew was represented. The victorious boat came from Albany, N. Y. An Englishman, greatly put out, was voicing his indignation at the Delevan House. "Why those fellows are artisans, only artisans." A canal man who was in the rejoicing crowd stepped up to the Englishman: "What's that? Artisans? That's a damned lie. They're all citizens of Albany."

Boston, July 26. HARRIET WEBB.

MORE ON THAT BRIDGE

To the Editor of The Herald:

Answering the article on covered bridges by Philip Hale in today's Herald, in which he asks if the old bridge is still in use between Northampton and Hadley, I would inform him that it was destroyed by a tornado more than 50 years since, and some two or three persons who had sought shelter in it from that storm lost their lives. It was replaced by a steel bridge that had no toll gate.

I thank him for his words of appreciation as to the one-armed tollkeeper, Hiram Day, who was a cousin of my father; and I recall with much pleasure the happy hours I spent as a boy playing around that bridge. But Hiram Day's root beer will never be forgotten by any one who ever tried it.

While it is very warm today, yet when I read that description, the recollections of that wonderful brew seem to make the thermometer drop several degrees.

ROBERT L. DAY.

Melrose Highlands, July 27.

Sep 5 '931

LOEW'S STATE

"The Squaw Man"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Lenore Coffee from the play of the same name by Edwin Milton Royle; directed by Cecil B. DeMille and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

James Wynnegate	Warner Baxter
Nat-U-Ritch	Lupe Velez
Diana	Eleanor Boardman
Cash Hawkins	Charles Bickford
Sir John	Roland Young
Henry Wynnegate	Paul Cavanagh
Shorty	Raymond Hatton
Mrs. Jones	Julia Faye
Sheriff Hardy	DeWitt Jennings
Big Bill	J. Farrell MacDonald
Little Hal	Dickie Moore
Tabywanna	Mitchell Lewis
Andy	Victor Potel
Grouchy	Frank Rice
Dowager Lady Kernill	Eve Dennison
Babs	Lillian Bond
Shanks	Luke Cosgrove
Clark	Frank Hagney
General Stafford	Lawrence Grant
Meadows	Harry Northrup
McSorley	Ed Brady
Pete	Chrispin Martin
Nick	Henry Stockbridge

When "The Squaw Man" was a stage play, back in 1905, and for many years thereafter, most of the applause from rapt audiences went to William Faversham, an English actor then in the heyday of his career, a player to whom gallantry and heroics came easily. He glorified Capt. James Wynnegate, who was to leave England and reappear in Wyoming and Utah as Jim Carston. He gave to the character a glamour and a sacrificial aspect which won the sympathies and the admiration of the fair sex particularly Nat-U-Ritch, the pathetic little Indian girl who twice saved his life, was perhaps unjustly relegated to minor consideration. In those early days the play was differently arranged. There was more stress on the major diversions of the West, hard drinking, gambling, hatreds ending in gunplay. William S. Hart, the original two-gun man of the silent pictures, had the role of Cash Hawkins, the villain. He made him a sinister, menacing figure, and Edwin Milton Royle, the author, kept him in the play's action until he just had to be shot down.

This is the second time at least that "The Squaw Man" has been set upon the screen. Unconfirmed reports have it that the two DeMilles, Jesse Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn first produced it in a stable, in the days when richly equipped studios were not dreamed of. Now Cecil DeMille has given it comparatively modern settings and dress, its adapters have created new sequences and new proportions, and the camera man, Hal Rosson, has shown us several new and very effective tricks in photography. But the most striking aspect of the picture is the elevation of the character of Nat-U-Ritch, through the machinations possibly of Mr. DeMille and assuredly through the wondrously fine performance by Lupe Velez. It is the one emotionally gripping portrait in the story, so sincere, sensitive and poignant that it lingers in one's memory to exclusion of all the others.

Wynnegate, alias Carston, leaves England suddenly when his cousin, Henry, Earl of Kernill, accuses him of being in love with his wife, Diana. Since this is true, and since Diana loves Wynnegate, the situation is unpleasant. When Henry confesses to Wynnegate that he has lost 10,000 pounds of a charity fund in speculation and is about to shoot himself, Wynnegate offers to take the blame, and sets forth for Wyoming. There he buys a cattle ranch, incurs the enmity of Cash Hawkins, befriends Nat-U-Ritch, daughter of a peace chief, Tabywanna. When Hawkins corners Wynnegate, now known as Carston, Nat-U-Ritch shoots through a window and kills Hawkins. Later, when the bad man's allies ambush Carston and wound him as he crosses a ford, she again saves his life, nurses him back to strength. His cowhands urge him to send her away, but her devotion and his gratitude combine to turn their lives to tragedy. He becomes a "squaw man," has a son whom he names Hal. In the seven years which elapse Diana's husband is killed in a fox hunt, confessing his misdeeds before expiring. She and her cousin, Sir John Applegate, journey to Utah, where they find Jim, are shocked at the situation, and urge him, if he will not return to England and a title, at least to give the boy his chance. Incidentally the sheriff has found evidence to convict the Indian girl of Hawkins's murder. Doubly beset, she offers prayers to the Great Father, watches little Hal's departure from afar, then creeps into his chamber and commits suicide with the weapon Carston had given her. In the final tableau we see her brave little figure crumpled at the bedside, while the camera moves downward to show on the floor, forgotten, the crude wooden horse the girl-mother had fashioned so lovingly as a birthday present for her white man's son.

Mr. Baxter, still sporting that tiny black strip which would be a mustache, plays the English exile with dignity, suavity and, often, with deep feeling. Miss Boardman as Diana, Mr. Cavanagh as the despicable Henry, Mr. Young as Sir John are severally admirable. The others are well chosen and competent. But to Miss Velez should go the palm for a moving, ineffaceable performance, made the more striking in the midst of such general excellence of acting.

W. E. G.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"Waterloo Bridge"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Benn W. Levy from the play of the same name by Robert Emmett Sherwood; directed by James Whale and presented by Universal with the following cast:

Roy Cronin	Kent Douglass
Myra	Mae Clarke
Roy's Sister	Betty Davis
Kitty	Doris Lloyd
Mrs. Hobley	Ethel Griffes
Mrs. Wetherby	Enid Bennett
Mr. Wetherby	Frederic Kerr
Old Woman	Rita Carlisle

"Waterloo Bridge," now showing at the New B. F. Keith Theatre, is interesting, not only from its decided merits as a film, but also in that it is the work of one of the most distinguished of motion picture critics, Robert E. Sherwood. In print, Mr. Sherwood has expressed his approval of the film version of his play, and having seen the play as well as the picture we are inclined to agree with him. The story is of the simplest, and the characters are not especially unusual, but possessed of a very appealing quality. Admittedly, the play was thin—there was barely enough material for two short acts—and what additions have been made to Mr. Sherwood's material are quite reasonable. Only the startlingly abrupt conclusion leaves one in the unsatisfactory position of being unable to decide what the director was driving at. It is not the conclusion Mr. Sherwood wrote, nor, it is reasonable to suppose, the one intended by James Whale, the director. In view of the splendid acting and the poignancy of the whole, however, this seems but a small matter.

Myra Deauville, to give her her stage name, is stranded in war-time London when the "Pink Lady" company disbands. She gets one brief job and then nothing. Following the path of least resistance, she joins the pitiful sisterhood who roam the streets after dark in the hope of attracting men to pay for the meager substance that will keep them alive. One night, during an air raid, Myra encounters on Waterloo Bridge a young Canadian soldier, Roy Cronin, back from the front on leave. She sees him as another "prospect"; he believes her to be a compatriot down on her luck. In Myra's cheap room they talk. At first, the girl uses the tricks of her trade to get money, but is seized suddenly with a revulsion of feeling and gives it back. Overwhelmed by something he fails to understand, Roy tells in every gesture, that he is in love but makes no motion even to touch her. At last Myra sends him away, aghast at her former purpose and realizing, albeit unwillingly, that she, too, is falling in love. Next day Roy returns, laden with flowers, begging Myra to come with him to visit his family. She refuses harshly, even turning down the friendly efforts of Kitty, a girl across the roof, who tries to get Roy to marry her. By gentle trickery, Roy does bring Myra to stay with his family, but once there, it does not take the distracted girl more than a moment to realize how impossible marriage would be, and she runs back to London. Roy following, learns from Myra's land-

The Theatre

Sep 6 '931

By PHILIP HALE

"Giuseppe Verdi: His Life and Works" by Francis Toye, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., is a stately octavo of 495 pages. There are interesting illustrations; portraits, manuscript score reproductions, quotations in notation from operatic scores, reproductions of letters, pictures of Verdi's birthplace and the composer in the garden of Sant' Agata. There is an uncommonly full index. Part I is devoted to the life of Verdi. Part II comprises an account of the 26 operas—the nature of the librettos with critical remarks on the text and the music; the ecclesiastical and miscellaneous works, and admirable pages on "Verdi the Musician."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Toye in his analysis of the various operas did not give with the date of the productions the casts in full.

In the preface Mr. Toye speaks of "the dreary repetition of the nonsense—for it is nonsense—about the 'guitar-like orchestra' in 'La Traviata' or 'Rigoletto'; 'Aida' was 'flashy' or 'empty'; 'Il Trovatore' just 'absurd.' . . . The essential unity of Verdi's output, its unfailing dramatic significance even when expressed in simple melodies, above all the unswerving artistic integrity of it all were not so much denied as ignored. Nor was the case" (in England) "helped by the fact that a musician of Toscanini's genius lavished so much care and enthusiasm on the performance of Verdi's music.

There was no merit to be gained by professing admiration for a composer whose music could be enjoyed by anybody gifted with any musical receptivity whatever." The opinions of Chorley and Davison on "La Traviata" and "Un Ballo in Maschera" seem incredible today. Davison, speaking of "La Traviata"—"its foul and hideous horrors"—found no value whatever in the music. Chorley was as bitter in his treatment of Wagner: "The years during which singer's music has been stamped into such trash by the Wagners of New Germany, and bawled into premature description by the Verdis of infuriate Italy." Mr. Toye says that these critics, honest, competent in their way, were hopelessly wrong; "but as regards Verdi, at any rate, they never sank to the imbecility of certain modern amateurs who regard him merely as the writer of pretty tunes."

Mr. Toye in the preface speaks of the revival of interest in Verdi in Germany. Verdi and Wagner headed the list of operatic composers whose works were performed in that country during the season of 1927-28. Verdi, 1513; Wagner, 1576. These figures were "nearly 600 more than that achieved by any other composer." In 1930 at the Vienna Opera, Wagner was responsible for 49 performances; Verdi for 46; no other composed reached the figure of 30. Operas practically unknown were revived and taken into the repertory as "La Forza del Destino," "Don Carlos," "Simon Boccanegra," "Nabuco," "Macbeth," "Luisa Miller," "I Masnadieri," "I Due Foscari"—the last two admittedly of the second order—were revived. In Italy a new production of "I Lombardi"; in New York "Luisa Miller." Even "La Battaglia di Legnano" (Rome 1849) which met with great success, partly from the patriotic spirit of the libretto—it was banned by the Austrian government when the revolution, which the opera intended to consecrate, failed—it was revived unsuccessfully in 1861 at Milan as "The Siege of Haarlem"—is announced for performance next season at Augsburg—the first performance in Germany.

The salient events in Verdi's life are told in music encylcopaedias and previous biographies and are known to all who are interested in the opera; but Mr. Toye's narration is much more complete and inspires even greater admiration for the character of the man and for the nobility of his artistic convictions. It has often been said that the directors of the Milan Conservatory were blind to Verdi's talent when they refused him admission. Grove's Dictionary says he was refused a scholarship. At a matter of fact, he was prepared to pay like any ordinary pupil; but he was not of the proper age; "he probably looked the peasant"; Verdi himself once admitted that the exercise he submitted was very poor. It has also been said that he had little or no technical training. This is wholly false. He studied in Milan with Lavigna, "one of those highly skilled craftsmen who were then remarkably plentiful in Italy." Verdi made a thorough study of harmony, counterpoint and fugue; he was obliged to know the works of Palestrina and Marcello.

The tragedy of his early life—the death of his two children and his wife within three months in 1840 when he was at work on an opera buffa; his flaming patriotism—these have long been known—Cavour sang "Di quella pira" when he heard that the Austrians had crossed the river Tessino—but Mr. Toye tells how Sir James Hudson, English diplomat, gave Verdi a letter to one of Garibaldi's officers, so that the composer might know where rifles could be purchased. Verdi at his own expense ordered in Genoa 172 rifles of English manufacture for the national guard at Busseto when there was talk of the return of the Austrian duchess.

There is a wealth of interesting information about the production of the operas, the obstacles put in Verdi's way by the censor, Verdi's refusal to violate his conscience as a musician when managers demanded changes; his long and happy life with his second wife, the singer Giuseppina Strepponi, who aided him in every way. When he was in a gloomy mood or in the fever of creation she felt the strain; "Oh God!" she once wrote to a friend, "Oh God, grant that Verdi shall compose no more operas!" Her death in 1897 left Verdi broken-hearted. Knowing that he was not a dogmatic unbeliever—he had built a chapel for her private use—she ended her will: "And now farewell, my Verdi. As we were united in life, may God unite our spirits in heaven."

Mr. Toye is not an undiscriminating admirer of Verdi in the many pages devoted to the operas. He is often shrewdly critical in his estimate of those that reveal the composer's genius and those that were merely pot-boilers. He cannot be enthusiastic over Edvira's cavatina "Ernani, involami," which was once in Boston a favorite concert aria: "It is spoilt by the second phrase and a superfluity of uninspired ornamentation." In "Rigoletto" the duet between Sparafucile and Rigoletto has "never been surpassed for atmospheric suggestiveness . . . 'Caro nome,' in reality a thing of genuine beauty, has been ruined by a succession of fatuous prima donnas. 'Rigoletto' remains even today among the finest manifestations of Verdi's genius."

But let us recall some of Verdi's sayings: "In the theatre excessive length is synonymous with boredom and of all styles the boring is the worst." The critic Filippi had been invited to attend the first performance of "Aida" at Cairo. Verdi wrote to him that his presence would be important in the way of publicity. "To me it seems that art practised in this manner is no longer art but a trade, a diversion, a sport, something to be run after, to be made, if not successful, at least notorious at any cost! The feelings roused in me are those of disgust and humiliation. I always remember with joy the early days in which, almost without friends, without any personal mention, without preparations, without any kind of influence, I came before the public with my operas ready to be shot at, only too glad if I were able to make some kind of favorable impression. And now what a pother about an opera! Journalists, singers, players, choristers and directors, etc., etc., all have to contribute their stone to make in this way a cornice of nonsensical trifles that add nothing to the merit of an opera and may quite possibly detract from its real value. It is deplorable, absolutely deplorable. . . . All I desire for this opera is a good and, especially, an intelligent production from the vocal, instrumental and scenic point of view. As for the rest—a la grace de Dieu. So I began and so I wish to finish my career."

He saw Iago for the opera "Otello" as "rather a spare, tall man with thin lips, small eyes set close together like a monkey's, a high, receding forehead and head well developed at the back. His manner should be vague, nonchalant, indifferent to everything, skeptical, pungent. He should throw off good and evil sentiments lightly, as if he were thinking of something quite different from his actual utterances." There is more of this analysis.

He chronicled Wagner's death greatly affected. "Sad. Sad. Sad! Wagner is dead! Reading the news yesterday I was, I say it frankly, bowled over. There can be no question. This is the passing of a great personality! Of a name that leaves a most powerful imprint on the History of Art."

In the last section of this book Mr. Toye gives a masterly summing-up of Verdi as man and composer. Verdi's own words in a letter give in a nutshell his belief:

"I should like a young man when he begins to write never to think about being a melodist or a futurist or any other of the devils created by this kind of pedantry. Melody and harmony should only be means to make music in the hands of the artist. If the day ever comes when we cease to talk of melody or harmony; of Italian or German schools; of past or future, etc., etc.—then perhaps the kingdom of art will be established."

He wished to see vocal, not string quartets popular in Italy. "Let us be frank; our art is not instrumental.

"In the Arts excessive (I say excessive) reflection stifles inspiration.

"One must belong to one's own epoch.

"Judgments are always diverse and useless, sometimes false. . . . If I told you that the composition in general seemed to me too much based on dissonance, you could answer, 'Why not? Dissonance as well as consonance is an element of music; I prefer the former, etc.' And you would be right. On the other hand, why should I necessarily be wrong?

"Everybody judges according to his personal feelings and the public interprets the judgment of others in exactly the same way.

"I admit the past and the present and I would admit the future, too, if I knew it and found it good."

"Otello," says Mr. Toye, "defined Verdi's predominant quality alike in his music and his life as that of putting 'the right note in the right place.' No praise could be higher, for in art as in letters, that quality is the monopoly of the true poet, the supreme master."

lady what the girl is, but goes once more to seek her, and finds her once again on Waterloo Bridge. Loving her still he makes her promise to marry him on the threat of desertion or worse, and the picture ends, extremely abruptly, with his departure for the front.

For all practical purposes, the film is a duet between Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass in the roles of Myra and Roy Cronin. There is no need of comparing their work with that of June Walker and Glenn Hunter in the stage play: it is more than good enough to stand by itself. Miss Clarke's task is perhaps the harder, for she must show the callousness necessary for a girl in her profession, yet convince one that she has sufficient imagination and sensitiveness left to welcome the devotion of a clean-minded, honest boy with an almost frightened joy and to give him up for his own sake. Perhaps Miss Clarke emphasized the sensitive side at the expense of the callousness, yet hers is a fine and very moving study. For Kent Douglass, we have nothing but praise. He gives Roy's innocence, his almost incredible unsophistication and his gradual consciousness of dawning love with beautiful simplicity and clarity. Not a word or a gesture but is wholly in character, and better than that is the sympathetic understanding with which the entire characterization is permeated. In smaller roles there is good acting by Doris Lloyd, by Frederic Kerr—once more a grouchy Englishman—and by Ethel Griffes. James Whale has done well enough with his suggestion of London during an air raid, but far better is his splendid handling of the players under his direction.

E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"Tabu"

A silent screen drama made in the South Seas; written by F. W. Murnau and Robert J. Flaherty; directed by F. W. Murnau; photographed by Floyd Crosby; musical setting by Hugo Reisenfeld; presented by Paramount with the following all-native cast:

The Boy	Matahi
The Girl	Reri
The Old Warrior	Hitu
The Policeman	Jean
The Captain	Jules
The Chinese Trader	Kong Ah

F. W. Murnau, whose death following an automobile accident near Santa Barbara, Cal., occurred last March, could have left no lovelier memorial to his own directorial genius than "Tabu." Irrespective of the romantic fiction with which he and Mr. Flaherty draped the picture, it will stand for some time to come as a masterpiece in photography. Seldom if ever has the camera caught so perfectly the natural beauties of the South Sea islands, their gorgeous waterfalls, their lagoons, their coral-carpeted beaches, their rich foliage, their lazily swaying cocoa palm trees. Against such pleasing background have been set groups of native players, trained for months before Mr. Murnau was ready to point a camera at them.

The tale itself is of the simple love of a boy and a girl, the one a bronze Apollo, the other beautiful, graceful and pure in heart. In fact, it is possession of these qualities which marks Reri, the girl, for the highest honor to be bestowed on any malden in these pleasure-yield islands of the Polynesian group, Bora Bora and others. The old warrior, Hitu, brings the calamitous tidings that Reri has been chosen by the tribal gods as one henceforth to be held sacred, to be a living goddess, to be "tabu." Death is the fate of any human who profanes this feminine paragon, henceforth to be above all fleshly desires. Thus, to Matahi and Reri Paradise became Paradise lost.

We see first groups of young men and girls bathing joyously, like children at play. They dive and race, slide down foaming waterfalls. With the arrival of Hitu, Matahi and Reri are broken-hearted, but later take part in the festivities in Reri's honor. But when Hitu sets forth with the girl in the little island schooner Matahi swims out and rescues her. They flee then for their very lives and happiness, since death is assured them if captured. On a nearby island Matahi plies his trade as pearl diver, spends his daily earnings on wine for his parasitic neighbors. When Hitu at last overtakes them they would buy passage on the next departing vessel, only to find that their debt to the Chinese trader far outweighs their pitiable resources. Reri, sacrificing love to save Matahi's life, agrees to return with Hitu. Matahi, not knowing this, goes at night to a forbidden spot where the choicest pearls are guarded by a huge man-eating shark. He combats and kills the shark, obtains a priceless pearl and returns elated, to find Reri gone. He swims out after Hitu's craft, and is drowned when Hitu cuts the rope which Matahi would clutch to climb aboard. Reri, imprisoned in the cuddy, sobs her heart out. The moon looks down in commiseration, the ceaseless surf breaks on a near shore, the picture ends.

Dr. Reisenfeld has given a scholarly, appropriate and melodic setting to the story. The players, despite all previous inexperience, are so intelligent and responsive to direction as to transcend any accusation of amateurishness. Worse actors have come out of Hollywood.

A companion piece is "The Brat," screen version of a stage comedy by Maude Fulton. Sally O'Neil has the title role of a tenement house waif who meets a successful author in a night court, enters his home as secretary, and remains long enough to tell his mother and his girl friends what she thinks of them, and to marry Steve Forrester, a black sheep younger son. Allan Dinehart plays the conceited author, Frank Albertson, Steve, and Mary Forbes, the mother. The most amusing part of the picture comes at the outset with **William Collier, Sr., as a night court** judge, and with Louise Mackintosh as a broken down tragedienne reciting Shakespeare as she is arraigned for shoplifting. It is said that the director, John Ford, urged Miss O'Neil to be herself, and not to try to act. It is obvious that she followed these instructions faithfully.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Le Million"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted by Rene Clair from the play of the same name by Georges Berr and Marcel Guillemand, translated from the French by Leo Ditrichstein and presented by Henry Savage at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, in October, 1911; directed by Rene Clair, photographed by G. Perinal and G. Raulet and presented by Tobis with the following cast:

Beatrice	Anabella
Michel	Rene Lefebvre
Sopranelli	Constatin Stroesco
Crochard	Paul Olivier
Prosper	Louis Allibert
The Singer	Odette Talazac
Vanda	Vanda Greville

If the French are wise they will employ every agency to keep Rene Clair in France and never, never let him come to this country. In his own land, free to work as he chooses, to select the players he wants, he can turn out such films as "Sous les Toits de Paris" and "Le Million," current attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre—films which no one has yet been able to duplicate, even to imitate. In Hollywood, he would be submerged or thrust aside by hordes unwilling or unable to understand his remarkably clever, fantastic and amusing ideas. In "Le Million," for example, he takes the simplest sort of comedy, hinging entirely on the pursuit of a lost lottery ticket, and he turns it into a veritable masterpiece of sly humor, intricate camera work, genuine farce and biting satire. Everything comes within his scope, even a suggestion of American football tactics, while the fun that he pokes at grand opera is devastatingly amusing.

Most commendably, M. Clair has circumvented the difficulties of an alien tongue for audiences in Great Britain and the United States, by introducing a sort of explanatory chorus: Two Englishmen in their pajamas sit by the skylight of a French studio in which a wild celebration is in progress, and at appropriate intervals one of them explains to the other just what is going on below. It is a delicate attention for which one should be duly grateful.

In the beginning of the story, Michel and Prosper, impecunious artists, are hounded by their creditors, and there seems to be nothing in view but expulsion when Prosper, seizing a newspaper, discovers that Marcel holds the winning ticket in a lottery worth 1,000,000 florins. The creditors execute jubilant dances and overwhelm Marcel with attentions. All at once that unhappy youth discovers that his coat, which contained the ticket and which he had given to his fiance, Beatrice, to mend, has been given by her to Crochard, a middle-aged man who was running away from the police. Crochard is a member of a criminal gang who run an old-clothes shop as a blind. They sell the coat to a tenor, Sopranelli, who is to sing that night at the opera and requires the coat for atmosphere. Prosper and Michel follow him to the opera house and attempt to regain the coat, first by themselves and then through the efforts of their lady-loves, Beatrice, who belongs to the corps de ballet, and a mercenary blonde, Vanda. Also in pursuit of the coat but ignorant of its value, are the members of the gang. There is a ludicrous chase all over the opera house, ending in a wild scramble, and the coat rides off innocently on the top of a taxi. In the end, Crochard, out of gratitude to Beatrice, restores coat and ticket alike.

Looking back over the production, we remember with joy the extraordinary agility and skill with which the camera was manipulated; the delightful absurdity of the incidental music—songs by the creditors, songs by the thieves, who divided everything with the police—and the hilarious burlesque of grand opera from the wrong side of the footlights. Nor should one neglect the actors. Michel and Prosper were excellently acted by Rene Lefebvre and Louis Allibert, and a young lady named Annabella made a charming Beatrice. Possibly the most entertaining performance **was that offered by Constantin Stresco** as the absurdly pompous Sopranelli, but there was no one who did not satisfy. Altogether, "Le Million" is a credit to the French, to Rene Clair, to his camera men and his actors, and should on no account be overlooked. E. L. H.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Travelling Husbands"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from a story by Humphrey Pearson; directed by Paul Sloane and presented by RKO-Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Ruby	Evelyn Brent
Barry	Frank Albertson
Ellen	Constance Cummings
Ben	Carl Miller
Joe	Spencer Charters
Hymie	Hugh Herbert
Pinkie	Frank McHugh
J. C. Wilson	Purnell Pratt
Martha	Dorothy Peterson
Daisy	Rita La Roy
Mabel	Gwen Lee
Vera	Lucille Williams
Walter	Tom Francis
Dan	Stanley Fields

Despite the title, "Travelling Husbands," the acting honors of the film now showing at the Keith-Boston Theatre go to two ladies: Evelyn Brent, the star, and Constance Cummings. The story itself is a fairly lurid but for the most part not sensational depiction of the life led by salesmen whose business calls upon them to do much travelling and practically no staying at home. If the picture is to be believed, these lonely Romeos make up for what they lose in home life by holding gay parties all night assisted by any number of obliging damsels of questionable occupation. If this fails to satisfy them, they may even try their hand at a disgruntled society girl or two. Truthful picture or not, the film is good melodramatic entertainment. There is comedy in large doses as well, but it is the melodrama which holds the interest. The bite of the last few reels is somewhat counter-balanced by a terribly sweet conclusion—everybody reforms and is just too good for words—but there is enough merit in what goes before for the director to be forgiven his lapse in motion picture conventions.

The plot covers so much ground that it is difficult to give an adequate idea of what happens. A group of travelling salesmen get together for a high old time in a big hotel, supervised in stern and unfriendly fashion by the hotel detective, Dan. They are assisted by a number of predatory damsels and finally by Ruby, a thoroughly experienced member of the sisterhood. The youngest of the men, Barry, has been forced to break an engagement with Ellen, daughter of one of his firm's most important customers, and Ellen, piqued and annoyed, accepts the offer of Ben Hall, an unpleasant Lothario, to see the sights. Eventually they wind up in Ben's room next to the gay party, and Ellen's screams for help bring Barry through the door to the rescue. There is a scuffle and Ben is shot, the blame falling on Barry. The whole party is locked in the suite waiting the verdict of life or death for Ben. Ben's wife is sent for and forced to hear the sordid truth from Ruby, Ruby who had been Ben's mistress, who had loved him devotedly and been given the air. In the end, Ben is on the road to recovery, Ruby confesses to the shooting and is saved from prosecution by the pleas of Mrs. Hall.

The acting is quite sufficient for the needs of the film, sometimes more. For the first few reels, it is Constance Cummings who holds the attention with her

portrayal of the pretty society girl whose father is too busy to give her any sort of attention. When the story gets around to Evelyn Brent, she takes command and never loses it. Her smouldering, disillusioned manner and sullen good looks stand her in good stead, and she makes something quite likeable out of the unhappy Ruby. Stanley Fields is excellent as a hard-boiled, shrewd and understanding detective, and Frank Albertson is once more the breathless and ingenuous nice boy. The assorted salesmen are capably portrayed by Hugh Herbert, Spencer Charters and Frank McHugh. E. L. H.

PARK

"The Mystery Train"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Hampton Del Ruth and Phil Whitman; directed by Phil Whitman; produced by Larry J. Darmour and released by Continental Pictures with the following cast:

Mrs. Radcliffe ..... Hedda Hopper
William Mortimer ..... Bryant Washburn
Ronald Stanhope ..... Nick Stuart
Joan Lane ..... Marceline Day
A crook ..... Jack Richardson
Bridegroom ..... Al Cooke
Archie Benson ..... Eddie Fetherston
Sheriff ..... Joe Girard

An avaricious society woman, a girl falsely accused of theft and posing as an heiress under an assumed name, an unsuspecting youth who falls in love with her, a valuable diamond and a fortune worth half a million dollars, are the principal ingredients in the melodramatic story, "The Mystery Train," now showing at the Park Theatre. The designing Mrs. Radcliffe, faced with the need of raising a considerable sum of money to cover her margins on the stock market, decides to find herself a daughter who will attract the attention of Ronald Stanhope, heir to a large fortune and the possessor of a fabulous diamond. Chance throws in her way, during the confusion following a train wreck, a beautiful girl, Joan Lane, who had been on her way to the penitentiary on a charge of theft. Mrs. Radcliffe decides to adopt her as her niece, for the time being, at least.

Her plans work out in a remarkably fortuitous fashion. Ronald falls in love with Joan, after they are thrown together at a week-end party, and asks her to marry him. Joan refuses, owing to her unhappy past, but Mrs. Radcliffe still has hopes of arranging a marriage. She takes the train for California, accompanied by Joan and by her attorney, William Mortimer. Ronald goes with them, still carrying the diamond. She plans to steal the stone on the way, but she is doubly thwarted, first by Joan, who warns Ronald, and second, by two crooks who have the same purpose as her own. The car in which they are all travelling becomes detached from the train and crashes over a steep embankment. Every one, save Joan, Ronald and Mrs. Radcliffe, is killed, and even the latter is dying, but before she dies she tells the two young people that they need have no further worries—that Joan is innocent and the charge against her is disproved.

Hedda Hopper, distinguished for her convincing portrayals of haughty society ladies, has the role of Mrs. Radcliffe. The fragile willowy prettiness of Miss Day is well adapted for her role, and Nick Stuart, as the impetuous suitor, proves an adept in the gentle art of pugilism. The fight scenes which bring the film to a close are exciting, and there are two effective train wreck sequences. E. L. H.

SLONIMSKY WINS FAVOR IN WEST

By ELIZABETH BORTON
[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7—Nicolas Slonimsky, conductor of the Boston chamber orchestra, composer and pianist, in San Francisco as the guest of the New Music Society of California, conducted a program of music by contemporary composers the other night at the Community Playhouse. A large audience gave signs of great interest in the music, and of hearty approval of the conductor, who has been honored recently in Havana and in Paris as a first-rate conductor, primarily concerned with the music of his contemporaries, which he is outstandingly equipped to interpret understandingly and accurately.

The program was as follows:

Three canons for four woodwinds (Riegger); L'Histoire du Soldat (Stravinsky); Washington's Birthday (Ives); Kammersymphonie (Weiss); Overture on Yiddish Themes (Prokofieff).

The above program is of particular interest to Bostonians, not only because it was conducted by a young Boston musician rapidly attaining world-wide fame, but also because it consists of important music as yet not performed in Boston. The most outstanding piece of music played was Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat," a boisterous burlesque, where it is not a bitter satire, of martial music, after-the-war hysteria, sentimental waltzes, nervous ragtimes, sultry tangos, and the yearning prayers of disbelievers.

However, with the help of an interpretation of the plot—something about a soldier attempting to regain the lost esprit of his life before the war, by means of a violin which had been sold to him by the devil himself, for the usual price of one soul—the music stands out as an ironic parody of all that follows war: the inflated pride of the victors not hurt in the fray, the bewilderment of those who stood up to shells and gas, the unavailing attempts to forget it all with wine, women, and song. But this is music so bitingly clever, so economical in effect, that it really needs little program. Stravinsky's poignant caricature of the story of a soldier is a musical "All Quiet On the Western Front," but an uproarious, and not a self-pitying one.

The players, good musicians, but not entirely at ease in reading modern scores (few indeed are) did very well under the authoritative and helpful baton of Mr. Slonimsky. It takes a conducter of no ordinary attainments to lead a group of players somewhat unfamiliar with the modern idiom in music, through the infinitely involved difficulties of a score like Stravinsky's "Soldat," Ives's "Washington's Birthday," and Weiss's "Kammersymphonie." Even the necessity of beating five against two did not trouble Mr. Slonimsky, nor was he so vain as to let the helpless players struggle it out alone unassisted. His right hand set the beat of five; his left, two. The players, unlike Boston musicians, who have a rather intensive training in playing modern music, had to apply themselves very seriously to the job in hand. That the music went so well after only two rehearsals proves the mettle of Mr. Slonimsky, who is not unused to tackling hard tasks and triumphing despite difficulties.

After the "Soldat," the audience was most pleased by Ives "Washington's Birthday,"—a spring idyll of a day, broken into by the simultaneous playing of two village bands afar off, and ending with "Good Night Ladies," in assorted keys.

Prokofieff's Overture on Yiddish Themes, in which Mr. Slonimsky played the piano part, also delighted the audience. Well-knit, intricate, beautiful music, it gave the audience a chance to relax a little, after the concentration demanded by the other pieces on the program.

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LOEW'S STATE

"Street Scene"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Elmer Rice from his own play of the same name; directed by King Vidor and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Rose Maurrant ..... Sylvia Sidney
Sam Kaplan ..... William Collier, Jr.
Abe Maurrant ..... Max Montor
Frank Maurrant ..... David Landau
Anna Maurrant ..... Estelle Taylor
Sankey ..... Russell Hopton
Easter ..... Louis Natheaux
Mae Jones ..... Greta Granstedt
Emma Jones ..... Beulah Bondi
George Jones ..... T. H. Manning
Vincent Jones ..... Matthew McHugh
Olga Olsen ..... Adele Watson
Karl Olsen ..... John M. Qualen
Shirley Kaplan ..... Anna Kostant
Alice Simpson ..... Norah Cecil
Willie Maurrant ..... Lambert Rogers
Dick McGann ..... Allan Fox
Filippo Fiorentino ..... George Humbert
Greta Fiorentino ..... Eleanor Wesselhoeft
Mary Hildebrand ..... Virginia Davis
Laura Hildebrand ..... Helen Lovett
Charlie Hildebrand ..... Kenneth Seiling
Daniel Buchanan ..... Conway Washburne

By all the accepted canons of his craft, King Vidor has made a truly great motion picture out of Elmer Rice's stage play. He has adhered soberly and wisely to the original intent, namely to present a drab tragedy enacted behind the walls of a typical brownstone front of a cheap apartment house in a New York side street of the early '90s; and in the approach to this tragedy to show graphically and truthfully the average traits, speech and action of a cross-section of humanity. A cosmopolitan picture of men and women of many races and creeds, using one entrance door to breeding places of intrigue, spite, discord, misunderstanding, quivering romance, overwhelming hatred and sudden, violent deaths. But never a peep behind that door, nor through the open or closed windows nor that dingy front of cement and stone. That was the striking aspect of the stage play—the entire action was in front, on the stoop, the sidewalk. Here life passed and repassed in kaleidoscopic sequences.

Mr. Vidor quite legitimately has taken advantage of opportunities for lateral expansion of his scene which camera and screen afford. He opens and closes his picture with glimpses of the towering buildings and the frowsy rooftops of New York. It is the dawn of a new day, a very hot day in June. His camera picks up stray snapshots, a peddler swatting flies on his patient horse's neck, a panting dog stretched in the shade, ice men chiselling their

The Theatre

Sep 13

By PHILIP HALE

"Schumann: A Life of Suffering" by Victor Basch, professor of aesthetics in the University of Paris; translated from the French (1928) by Catherine Alison Phillips, and "The Women in Wagner's Life" by Dr. Julius Knapp, translated from the German (1929) by Hannah Waller, are now added to Alfred A. Knopf's valuable series "About Musicians," volumes coming under the publisher's general head "In the World of Music." The two volumes are handsomely printed as was to be expected of Mr. Knopf. "Schumann" contains 243 pages besides those given to the index to Schumann's works and the index of names. There are four illustrations. The other large octavo volume contains 284 pages besides four pages for the index. There are 12 illustrations. The titles of certain sections of the book, "Take me, wild man of the woods," "Destined for me—lost to me," "'Twas thy exalted self-denying will," should not deter the reader that has often been disgusted by the sentimentalism and rhetorical extravagance of Germans writing about their composers from adding this dissection of Wagner, the lifelong amorist, to his library.

Wagner was a man of action; Schumann was a dreamer, whose reveries and perhaps his disappointments led to the insanity that threatened him in earlier years before, as Smetana, he heard one note constantly sounding, and angels making glorious revelations in wonderful music.

Clara Wieck was not Schumann's first love. As a young man he rhapsodized over Mme. Agnes Carus, writing about her after the manner of Jean Paul Richter, whose sprawling novels had a great influence over him through his life. Then came Liddy Hempel and Nanni Patsch, for whom he had calf-love. At Augsburg he fell in love with a Miss von Kurrer, who was already engaged. At Milan an English woman caused him to spend six days there instead of two. At Leipsic he had met Clara, who was then a child of nine years. At Heidelberg, where he was thrown into a "tumultuous and dissipated" life, he resolved to leave the law and devote himself to music. As the straining of a finger forbade the life of a piano virtuoso, his future was in composition.

"Clara's image," though she was still not more than a child, "remained indelibly stamped upon his heart," but he became engaged to Ernestine von Fricken. She was supposed to be the daughter of a rich Bohemian baron, Fricken, and of a Countess Zedwitz. (Henriette Voight, "a beautiful soul," was then attached to Schumann by "a feeling that was rather more than friendship, while his affection for her was of the same order.") Schumann and Ernestine were betrothed, until he wrote her, as a New Year's present on Jan. 1, 1836, a letter breaking off the engagement. It is said that this rupture "filled him with remorse for a long time afterwards." What was the cause of the rupture? Fickleness? He learned that she was not the daughter, but an illegitimate child of a manufacturer and an unmarried Countess Franziska Ernestine von Zedwitz. The child had been adopted by the Bohemian baron. Furthermore she was poor; Schumann had supposed that she was rich. After his nervous breakdown in 1833 the doctor had recommended him to marry, "which sheds a slightly hygienic and quite unromantic light upon this meeting of souls, described with such lyrical transports." Ernestine was unhappy at first. Fortunately for her she married six years later a Count Zedwitz, an elderly man who died eight months after the marriage. Schumann tried to make amends for his conduct by writing the young widow "an affectionate letter of condolence" and dedicating a book of songs to her.

The story of old Wieck's tyrannical behavior towards Clara, his incredible meanness in trying to hinder her marriage to Schumann, has often been told. He was afraid of her future if she was the wife of a musician whose compositions were then only slightly appreciated, but he undoubtedly thought her own career would be blasted and his reputation as a piano teacher might thereby suffer. The story has often been told, in sentimental as well as in a matter-of-fact manner, but never so clearly and without undue extravagance as by Prof. Basch. Fortunately Freud and his theories had not yet come to light, otherwise contemporaneous biographers might have charged Papa Wieck with having an "Oedipus complex" after the manner of Papa Barrett with his objections to the marriage of Elizabeth and Robert Browning.

The treatment of Schumann's musical life, his magazine and his compositions is almost subsidiary in this book to the story of Clara, maiden and wife. There is enough, however, in explanation of his artistic purposes, the origin of his compositions, his failure as a conductor, his last sad years. In 1837 Schumann had the idea of revenging himself for Clara's indifference by thinking of another woman, unknown by name to the biographers. Prof. Basch is sure that she was not Anna Robena Laidlaw, a young English pianist, to whom Schumann dedicated his "Phantasiestuecke," though he spent a great deal of time with her, and wrote to Clara he believed that Anna "bore his image in her heart." (When Schumann was in Vienna before his marriage, rejoicing in the sight of Viennese women, he wrote to Clara, so as to cheer her during his absence: "I am a great admirer of pretty women and pretty girls." He added, to pull out the sting: "Do not be alarmed if, when I see a pretty girl, I say to you: 'Look, Clara, what a lovely child(?).'")

But Clara also had her admirers, as Carl Banck, to whom Clara listened, and not unwillingly. They corresponded. She complained to him that Schumann in his music paper had said nothing about her piano concerto, but had allowed a contributor to say a few not very gracious words about it. Schumann, hearing of Banck's attentions, satirized him in an article, not sparing Clara, who as "Ambrosia" talked about Chopin and romanticism with "intolerable affectation, hammered out Liszt's waltzes rather than understood them," and darted amorous glances at Florestan, "since there was no other man available"; the hero was a "Herr de Knapp" (meant for Banck) "with his face, which is a flagrant proclamation of scandal, his baldness, and his nose, which is positively unmoral."

However cool Clara was in her piano-playing, as some said—Liszt once remarked that if any one wished to know how Schumann's music should not be played, he should hear Clara play it; but Chopin wrote in 1839: "If

you liked Clara Wieck you were right; she plays—no one better"; she was by no means cold-blooded. Unmarried, she wrote to Schumann: "When you kissed me for the first time I thought I should faint. Everything turned black before my eyes and I could scarcely hold the lamp that was to light you." Robert was kissing her while he was engaged to Ernestine. He was apparently an accomplished kisser, for after reading at sight with Clara six fugues of Bach for piano duet, he was so warmed that he noted in his diary that he gave Agnes Carus "a nice, soft kiss."

Clara was certainly a devoted wife after marriage. She must have been sorely tried at times, worried by his fits of melancholy even before insanity declared itself. He resented the fact that he was known chiefly as the husband of a pianist. At the Dutch court after Clara had played, Prince Frederick asked him whether he also was a musician, and on being answered in the affirmative, had asked: "What instrument do you play?"

She withstood all her father's arguments and threats; did not believe in the slanders—among them that Robert was a drunkard—he had been given to strong drink and immoderate champagne—and if she at times hesitated, she could also exclaim: "My love for Schumann is passionate, but I do not love him out of mere passion and exaltation, but because I consider him the best of men." She was indefatigable in making his compositions known.

It is to be regretted that after his death she fomented the controversy between the Leipsic conservatives and the Weimar school with Liszt and Wagner at the head, which culminated in the famous letter published in 1860 and signed by Brahms, Joachim and others, deploring and condemning the works of the leaders and followers of the so-called neo-German school. She was thus unjust to Schumann's friend Liszt, "unjust to Wagner's art, which she did not understand," unjust to Schumann, as she represented him as "a musical reactionary steeped in the academic spirit."

There are several pages about the friendship between Clara and Brahms which gave rise to scandal. Even a direct descendant of the Schumanns has asserted that Brahms was the father of her youngest child, "a vile posthumous calumny." Clara felt it necessary to give her children an explanation of the strange intimacy.

Prof. Basch's "Schumann" is on the whole the best life of the man and his Clara that has yet been published.

An account of "The Women in Wagner's Life" and of "Chopin's Letters," collected by Opienski and translated from the original Polish and French by Mrs. Voynich, published by Alfred A. Knopf, will appear later in The Herald.

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mean chunks of ice and children fighting for the small bits. A group of children chant "The Farmer in the Dell." Emma Jones, the gossip, appears. She speaks to Mrs. Fiorentino, the German wife of the Italian music teacher in the first floor front and right. The story becomes audible, the text of the play becomes the text of the film. The various characters enter, linger, disappear into the house or down the street; the Kaplans, Abe the communist Jew; his mobid, poetic son, Sam; his austere daughter, Shirley; the Olsens, Swedish janitor and wife; Sankey, the milk collector, married, father of two children, flirting with Mrs. Maurrant, and death; Mrs. Maurrant, a faded beauty of weak will; her husband, a surly stage hand with a righteous grievance against the meaching Sankey; Rose Maurrant, the daughter, loved by young Kaplan and pursued by Harry Easter, her employer; Mae Jones, a cheap shop girl by day and any lad's companion by night; her brother, Vincent, a rowdy chauffeur; Jones the elder, lazy, and like his spouse, a slattern in dress and speech. There are others of less importance. And there are the crowds which gather from nowhere when Maurrant, returning unexpectedly, lurches up the stairs to catch his wife and Sankey in flagrante delictu, and shoots them down. Later these same milling throngs assemble when the police capture the murderer. Not only that, but one sees the traffic blockades, the speeding ambulance, the Elevated station down whose stairs flutters Rose Maurrant, to fact a ghastly crisis in her life. Likewise, when Mr. Vidor would indicate the dawn of the second day, his camera peers into a score of windows, exposing their occupants in divers occupations, each revelatory of character and trades. Thus does photography, employed brilliantly, enhance the playwright's vision.

In many ways the filmed "Street Sceene" seems more powerful than its prototype. It kindles the emotions more quickly. By the very necessity of compression it sharpens its portraits, makes them seem more intimate, even more real than could the players in the stage play. At least eight of the latter are now recognizable in the picture, notably Miss Bondi, Miss Koostant, Miss Wesselhoeft, Mr. Manning, Mr. McHugh, Mr. Humbert, Mr. Qualen, Mr. Washburne. They need no added eulogies. Miss Sidney, as Rose, is unaffectedly fine; David Landau, as Maurrant, seems vastly superior to his predecessors; young Mr. Collier gives a highly sensitized performance as the Jewish boy who would sacrifice a career for love. Miss Taylor, too, overdressed and extravagantly made up, gives a superficial conception of Anna Maurrant. Against so much good acting, she appeared artificial and inept. "Street Scene" should and doubtless will rank high in this season's cinematic annals.

W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"Merely Mary Ann"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jules Furthman from the play of the same name by Israel Zangwill; directed by Henry King and presented by Fox, with the following cast:

Mary Ann ..... Janet Gaynor
John Lonsdale ..... Charles Farrell
Mrs. Leadbatter ..... Beryl Mercer
Peter Brook ..... G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Draymen ..... J. M. Kerrigan, Tom Whitely
Rosie Leadbatter ..... Lerna Balfour
Vicar Smedge ..... Arnold Lucy

The millions of Janet Gaynor-Charles Farrell fans should find no cause for complaint, for the most famous young lovers of the screen have returned to the atmosphere of sweet sentiment and gentle love-making that has caused their names to be blazoned all over the world. "Merely Mary Ann," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, is taken fairly exactly from Israel Zangwill's play in which Eleanor Robson made one of the greatest successes of her career back in 1903. This plaintive little romance of the boarding house slavey who loves the spoiled young musician is the right sort of material for this wistful couple who were last seen together, so very unfortunately, in "The Man Who Came Back." Yesterday's audience showed an inclination to laugh at some of the most sugary passages, but for the most part the film was received with great approval. Those who require something startling or violent in the way of entertainment will, we suspect, find "Merely Mary Ann" too quiet for their taste, but it is not difficult to forecast great success for the film. There is nothing violent, nothing cruel, nothing to make one think very deeply—it is sweet, gentle, childlike, innocent romance of the invariably popular sort.

Mary Ann—she has no other name—is a hard-worked slavey in Mrs. Leadbatter's boarding house, where her only joy comes from attending to the wants of John Lonsdale, an ambitious, carefree young composer, who refuses to write merely popular music and cherishes lofty ideas. He hasn't much money and on one occasion Mary is forced to sacrifice her cherished savings in order to permit him to keep his piano. Touched by Mary Ann's well-nigh doglike devotion, Lonsdale plays for her, allows her to keep her canary in his room and even kisses her in brotherly fashion. Eventually the interest of a friendly impresario enables him to leave Mrs. Leadbatter's cheerless quarters—where he was driven to the necessity of teaching Rosie Leadbatter music to pay his board—and to take a cottage by the sea, whither Mary accompanies him as a friend, companion, cook, housekeeper and inspiration. For a time they are idyllicly happy, but their Eden is invaded by Mrs. Leadbetter and the vicar from Mary Ann's former home, bringing news that Mary Ann has inherited a fortune. In her sweet innocence she offers to marry Lonsdale, but he refuses on the ground that he isn't good enough for her. She goes away and they do not meet again until the opening of his operetta, "Mary Ann," which he has written around their romance. The closing scene is in the cottage by the sea, where Mary Ann, come to find her lover, opens the door and hears him playing their favorite song, "Kiss Me Good Night, Not Good-by."

The play was written for a woman and the picture remains largely the property of the leading actress, in this case Janet Gaynor. Miss Gaynor plays her little slavey with a sweetness and gentleness that verge on the whimsical but are always appealing and never just sugary. Her voice has become increasingly pleasing and she does not sing. She is still the only actress of note on the screen who can be unaffectedly girlish and not unnatural. It is all right for an actor to be filled with boyish high spirits and lovable ingenuousness, but Mr. Farrell puts it on a bit too heavily for comfort. In his humorous, excitable moments he is better than in the love scenes. Beryl Mercer, cast for the first time in a totally unsympathetic part, is frequently amusing and never alarming. The best music provided by the production was the trilling of an indefatigable and melodious canary bird whose name does not appear on the program.

E. L. H.

NEW B. F. KEITH'S

"East of Borneo"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Dale Van Every; directed by George Melford and presented by Universal Pictures with the following cast:

Linda Randolph ..... Rose Hobart
Dr. Allan Clark ..... Charles Bickford
Prince Hashin, Rajah of Marudu ..... Georges Renavent
Niela ..... Lupita Tovar
Osman ..... Noble Johnson

Whoever is responsible for the backgrounds to "East of Borneo" is entitled to a tremendous amount of credit. There are crocodiles in their slimy pools, gaping their hideous jaws, there are leopards and tigers whose ferocity fairly freezes the blood, there is one of the slitheriest snakes we ever hope to see—enough to make one's hair stand on end, and for less gruesome moments there are any number of monkeys, large small and medium. These creatures, actually photographed in the jungle after months of toil and discomfort, are so authentic that they have the tendency to make shallow and artificial the story which serves as an excuse for the entire production. We are told that Universal's cameramen spent six months in the wild, steaming hot and dangerous interior of Sumatra and the Malay peninsula. In return for their Herculean labors and notable success, the studio might have seen to it that a better drama was chosen to supplement their endeavors.

Linda Randolph comes to the Malay jungle seeking her husband, Allan Clark, who had left her months before, thinking that she no longer loved him and wished to marry another man. She finds that he is 300 miles inland acting as court physician to a powerful native potentate, Hashin, rajah of Marudu. The latter is an urbane gentleman with a perfect command of English who believes himself descended from a volcano and who amuses himself by throwing his disobedient servants to the crocodiles. He entertains Linda at the palace and watches with interest her efforts to regain Allan's affections. He repulses her disagreeably, and the rajah, attracted by Linda's beauty, decides to take her for himself. Desperately, she appeals to Allan, and he tries to help her to escape. Their plan falls, for the rajah has had them watched. They are recaptured and Allan is informed that in the morning he may go free, provided he can outswim the crocodiles.

To save Allan, Linda attempts a dangerous game and lets the rajah make love to her as the price of her husband's release. At the crucial moment, her nerve fails her and she shoots him. Clark, summoned to extract the bullet, agrees to do so if Linda is allowed to go, and sets about his operation to the accompaniment of volcanic rumblings. The rajah's ancestral volcano is erupting, and the rajah, believing that the time has come for his death and the end of his kingdom, bids Allan and Linda to be gone while there is yet time. They try to save him, too, but he is buried under the falling walls of his palace, and they are hard put to it to make their way out.

With the attention of the spectator pretty well fixed on the animals, the actors are not called on for any particularly strenuous efforts. We thought that the best performance was given by George Renavent, a smooth and expert actor, in the role of the rajah. The part called for him to wear gorgeous robes, to purr and snarl in his speech—in short, to be the motion picture idea of a sinister eastern potentate. Mr. Renavent did all this and enjoyed himself thoroughly, while not taking things too seriously. Rose Hobart's rather intellectual acting and aloof beauty were at odds with the unintelligent character she portrayed, but she did endow Linda with considerable grace and charm. As the disillusioned doctor, Charles Bickford was strong, silent and ungracious, but he spoke and acted with a sort of stubborn conviction. An even more silent character was a stalwart native, picturesquely portrayed by Noble Johnson.—E. L. H.

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WILBUR THEATRE

"The Vinegar Tree"

By PHILIP HALE

"The Vinegar Trce," a comedy in three acts by Paul Osborn. Directed by Winchell Smith; settings by Raymond Sovey; presented by Dwight Deere Wiman. Produced at Parsons Theatre, Hartford, Ct., on Nov. 10, 1930; Play House, New York, Nov. 19, 1930. Mary Boland, Laura Merrick; Helen Brooks, Leone Merrick; Katherine Wilson, Winifred Mansfield; H. Reeves-Smith, Augustus Merrick; Warren William, Max Lawrence; Allen Vincent, Geoffrey Cole; Walter Colligan, Louis.

The cast last night:

Max Lawrence ..... Frederic Worlock
Augustus Merrick ..... H. Reeves-Smith
Winifred Mansfield ..... Jean Shelby
Louis ..... Walter Colligan
Laura Merrick ..... Mary Boland
Leone Merrick ..... Helen Brooks
Geoffry Cole ..... Allen Campbell

It is said that the title of this comedy symbolizes the heroine, Laura Merrick. Not that the Staghorn Sumac or Vinegar tree is carnivorous like the rubber plant; not that it bears traps for snaring heedless insects; but it affects the growing, the development of neighboring flora; and it has been described as "erratic, scatter-brained and utterly irresponsible."

Laura, married to a matter-of-fact rather grumpy husband, is not only light-headed, vague, a descendant of Mrs. Malaprop, and a relation of Dulcie. She has a dim remembrance of a lover in years gone by—was he a painter, a pianist?—at any rate he was a lover. Laura's sister brings an artist with her for a cislt. Winifred is the araist's mistress, but their relationship is not proclaimed from the housetops, nor is it whistpered in Laura's parlor, nor is it discussed at afternoon tea. Laura thinks she recognizes in Max her former adorer. She longs for experience—the experience of which Hattie Williams used to sing so knowlingly. Why should she not rekindle her flame and elope with him, for her husband Augustus is nearly unbearable. Laura has a daughter, Leone, almost betrothed. Her young man complains of her coldness; she is not even demi-virginal. What does dear Leone do? She will show her betrothed that she can embrace and palpitate on occasion, so she seeks to beguile the artist by luring smiles and wanton wiles. Here are the characters, there are misunderstandings, and understandings that come to naught; there are situations and lines, that are intended to shock those who long to be shocked—all of this making a most amusing comedy. To call it a farce would not detract from the play's merits.

The merits lie in the situations and dialogue, for there is no attempt at characterization as far as the preposterous men and women are concerned. They are on the stage only for the sake of Mr. Osborn's lines. Laura has had more sisters on the stage than in life. The men are fundamentally simple persons, stock figures in the theatre. Winifred might have stepped out of a Drury Lane melodrama. Are there girls today like Leone? A girl of uneasy innocence who might have met a gay seducer half way for the sake of finally gaining her boy lover with his foolish notions, desirous of a "passionate" mate. No, the strength of the comedy is in its lines.

The acting was capital throughout. Whenever the name of Mr. Reeves-Smith is seen on a playbill, the spectator is assured of a plausible, yes, convincing portrayal; one without too broad strokes; without overelaboration—one knows the man portrayed, with all his foibles, with what good there may be beneath the crust. In this instance, Mr. Reeves-Smith's Augustus Merrick is a finer fellow, more of a man than the dramatist had in mind.

Miss Boland, often inarticulate in the fury of her nonsense, was especially noteworthy in the first scene of the third act, when she was natural, when she really acted without a too evident purpose to act. After all, the chief interest in the play is in the passages be-

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tween Max and Leone. Miss Brooks might have made the part of Leone absurd, even offensive, by the effrontery of her declarations imposed on her by the dramatist.

This effrontery was accepted as the natural expression of a young girl longing to know and realize the full meaning of passion, as Juliet's outpouring of her longing for her mate seems inevitable and lovable, in the tragedy. In the comedy this outburst of Leone was adroitly tempered by Miss Brooks presenting the ludicrous side that is in every passion; presenting it without an appeal to the risibles of the spectator. She moved adroitly and gracefully on dangerously slippery ground, with feet unstained by mire.

And so Mr. Worlock gave the semblance of manhood in his great refusal. And so Miss Shelby was neither too soft, nor too hard in her scenes with Max and Leone, a mistress not too erotic, not too easily perplexed and cattish in her jealousy.

The audience was much amused especially by the first act, which is the best in point of construction and in dialogue; though the opening scene of the third is the most human.

LYRIC THEATRE

"The Mikado"

"The Mikado," comic operetta in two acts, the score by Arthur Sullivan, text by W. S. Gilbert; staged and directed by Frank W. Shea, and revived by the Messrs. Shubert with the following cast:

The Mikado of Japan	John Dunsmure
Nanki-Poo	James R. Liddy
Ko-Ko	Robert Pitkin
Pooh-Bah	Charles E. Galagher
Pish-Tush	William C. Gordon
Yum-Yum	Marian Palmer
Pitti-Sing	Berta Donn
Peep-Bo	Rosamonde Anthony
Katisha	Anne Yago

The Japanese invasion is on. The advance lines reached this city last evening, singing lustily. For the next two weeks those who know their Gilbert and Sullivan almost as well as they know their street numbers, and those of the younger generation who are willing to try to know and to like that never-disqualied twain, will be humming this and that from "The Mikado," one of the most melodious and rollicking of the dozen odd works of the master craftsmen of more than two score years ago. For it was on July 20, 1885, that Sidney Rosenfeld presented in the Union Square Theatre, New York, for the first time. Since then there have been many revivals, pretentious, worthy, skimped or shoddy, as the case might be. Through the decades, though, the music of "The Mikado" has never become obsolete, nor have the lyrics, particularly those delightful patter songs for which Gilbert was famous, become irksome or stale.

Last evening the setting was the Lyric Theatre, with scenic effects by Watson Barrett. The stage director was a young Boston music lover, Frank W. Shea. The female chorus likewise bore local imprint, having been selected and trained here. The male choristers might have come from anywhere; it was evident that they had been similarly employed these many years. The principals were chiefly singers and players who have been identified with various Shubert productions, for the most part productions of more modern trend and tempo. The orchestra, under Max Liebhandle, was of adequate proportions. The audience was large; not given to unrestrained enthusiasm, yet appreciative in a decorous manner of a meritorious if not brilliant performance.

It is not necessary to recount here the simple story of the sugary romance between Nanki-Poo, the wandering minstrel who actually is the heir-apparent to the throne of Japan, and Yum-Yum, the little maid from school; of Katisha, she of the caricature of a face who pursued him, or of Ko-Ko, the tailor who became lord high executioner of the town of Titipu; of Pooh-Bah, the haughty holder of all the town's offices who was not above a bribe; or the Mikado himself, a comic monarch with a grisly sense of humor in speech and song. These roles have been played by many of our most beloved and most skilled of comedians and singers since that first performance back in 1885. Their names would make an impressive volume of "Who's Who" in the Gilbert and Sullivan cycles. They were, and those of them still active are of the old school, expert in light touches of comedy, and in diction so accomplished that their audiences heard each and every spoken line, each and every delightful wittieism of Gilbert's incomparable lyrics. For years the alliterative trio, "To Sit in Solemn Silence," by Ko-Ko, Pish-Tush and Pooh-Bah, has been accepted as the test of perfect enunciation. Another would be the Mikado's song in which he would "make each prisoner pent, unwilling represent, a source of innocent merriment." Unction, silken rhythm, flawless timing are imperative essentials here, otherwise the Gilbertian shades and the specter of Sir Arthur will quiver with wrath and anguish.

With such traditions in mind, it seems permissible to state that of last evening's cast Mr. Dunsmure approached nearest to the ideals set up by a long list of predecessors. In voice, facial play and delivery he was the leering Mikado conceived by his satiric author. Mr. Galagher, likewise, was heavy, making a fetish of his high notes. Miss Yago was a conventional Katisha, Miss Palmer and Miss Donn were pleasing as Yum-Yum and Pitti-Sing. Mr. Pitkin, if he lacked the sly humor which always has been imputed to Ko-Ko, at least played him straight, without resort to buffoonery. W. E. G.

SHUBERT THEATRE

"Meet My Sister"

"Meet My Sister," a musical comedy in a prologue, two acts and an epilogue, adapted by Henry Wagstaffe Gribble from the original by Berr, Vernueil and Blum; music and lyrics by Ralph Benatsky; presented by the Shuberts for the first time in America at the Shubert Theatre, New York, on Dec. 30, 1930, with Walter Slezak, Bettina Hall and George Grossmith in the leading roles; produced last evening at the Shubert Theatre with the following cast:

President of the divorce court	Ronald Brown
Assessor to the court	James Martin
Clerk of the court	Peace Hughes
Eric Molinar	Walter Slezak
Dolly Molinar	Nancy McCord
Henriette	Katherine Skidmore
Charles	Boyd Davis
Marquis de Chatelard	Gerald Oliver Smith
Irma	Peggy O'Neill
Otto H. Finkel	Julius Campo
Footman	George Spelvin

Having had one musical comedy without a chorus, Boston was invited last evening to pass judgment on another musical comedy that didn't have a chorus when it left New York but has acquired one on the way. "Meet My Sister," which began an indefinite engagement at the Shubert Theatre last evening, is, properly speaking, a comedy with musical interludes, and its plot is not of the sort that requires the assistance of violent terpsichorean acrobatics. Probably the Merriel Abbott dancers were added to satisfy the supposed desires of the road for something more exciting than the original production offered, but the piece in itself has sufficient entertainment values to stand on its own feet and dispense with musical comedy routines. The plot, bearing a faint resemblance to Goldsmith's play about the shy young man who found it possible to make love to an eligible young lady once she disguised herself as a housemaid, is made thoroughly pleasing through the acting and singing of two talented young players, Walter Slezak and Nancy McCord, both of whom made last night their Boston debuts.

Dolly, Countess Sainte la Verne, in love with her shy librarian, Eric Mohnar, exhauts every device within her power to make him respond, and at last hits upon a diverting scheme. Knowing that he has been appointed professor of psychology at Nancy, she pretends to have a sister working there in a shoe store and gives Eric a present for her. Needless to say, she is her own sister. The plan works, Eric falls in love with her and in a few days they are married, but all is not as simple as that. In the prologue they are applying for divorce, in the epilogue Eric gives a pathetic account of his trials as a man of wealth: horse-back riding, golf, contract bridge, four hours of "The Flying Dutchman" and dull dinners—but before the curtain falls, he and Dolly have decided to try once more.

According to the program, Henry Wagstaffe Gribble—known whether he will or not as the author of "March Hares," adapted "Meet My Sister" from the work of three authors, two French and one German. It must be confessed that the results are not quite as brilliant as they might be, and some of the players seem to think it necessary to shriek their lines and throw the furniture around, but always for ample compensation there are Mr. Slezak and Miss McCord. The former, son of the famous tenor, Leo Slezak, proves his right to be known for himself by giving a genuinely delightful performance. To be sure, the music does not tax his voice, though he has one tuneful song, "My Ideal," which he sings in English, French and German, but he does everything with the most disarming zest. His comedy is never forced and shows throughout a genuinely spontaneous quality. For her part, Miss McCord is equally satisfying; her voice is of pleasing quality, she is most attractive to look at, and her bits of by-play and sentimental comedy are excellent.

For the rest, there is some astonishing acrobatic comedy by Julius Campo as the proprietor of the shoe store, some silly-ass humor made agreeable by Gerald Oliver Smith and some lively dancing by Peggy O'Neill.

Ralph Benatsky's score tinkles amiably along, the Merriel Abbott dancers display prodigies of energy and the settings suffice. Last night's audience appeared to have an excellent time.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Phantom of Paris"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Bess Meredyth from the novel by Gaston Leroux entitled: "Cheri-Bibi"; directed by John S. Robertson and presented by Metro-Goldwyn Mayer with the following cast:

Cheri-Bibi	John Gilbert
Cecile	Leila Hyams
Costaud	Lewis Stone
Herman	Jean Hersholt
Bourrelier	C. Aubrey Smith
Vera	Natalie Moorhead
Marquis du Touchais	Ian Keith
Dr. Gorin	Alfred Hickman

John Gilbert seems to be approaching man's stature in the talking films. Undaunted by his first inability to master microphonic mysteries, he has kept to his knitting, so to speak, studied like the veriest college grind, and now seems in a fair way to become as popular in the "talkies" as he was in the days of the silent films. He has conjured that ludricous lisp out of his system. He speaks distinctly and manfully. In fact, in this adaptation of Leroux's "Cheri-Bibi," he reminds one strongly of Ronald Colman, as far as personality is concerned. And no finer compliment can be paid any actor. Next he should strive to eradicate that trace of theatricalism which makes itself obvious particularly in strongly melodramatic situations, or when he is pitted against such polished acting as is revealed by C. Aubrey Smith during his brief appearances in this picture.

Cheri-Bibi was a young, ingratiating and very capable magician until his career was abruptly ended by a series of incidents which threatened his good name, such as it was, and his very life. He had fallen in love with Cecile, fair daughter of old M. Bourrelier, whose preference for the Marquis du Touchais as a son-in-law had so beclouded his judgment that he had made liberal provisions for him in his will. When, too late, he learned that the marquis was a rascal, he told him so bluntly, and hinted at a codicil. The marquis, enraged, shot the old gentleman through an open door, and was quite willing to permit accusation to fall on Cheri-Bibi, last seen with the murdered man. Cheri-Bibi naturally was indignant, because M. Bourrelier had insulted him when he asked for Cecile's hand. So Cheri-Bibi went to prison, escaped, sought refuge with old Herman, who made all his trick paraphernalia, and ultimately wrung a confession from the dying marquis who, meantime, had married and abused Cecile. Without witnesses the confession was useless; so Cheri-Bibi, with the aid of Dr. Gorin, concealed the corpse, had his own face altered, and bobbed up as the real Touchais. Ultimately he was able to clear his name, by the unwilling help of Vera, the late marquis's mistress, and presumably he lived happily ever after with his Cecile and the little boy who had been born to her a few years earlier.

Mr. Gilbert does several ingenious stunts, such as releasing himself from knotted ropes, handcuffs and ankle chains, part of the time under water in a huge tank. The picture moves along entertainingly thereafter. It would have been more convincing if the scenes prior to and immediately after the murder of M. Bourrelier had been less evasive. Careless cutting apparently had given the appearance of cheating on the part of the director and his players. Of these, Lewis Stone was smoothly satisfying as Costaud, a French detective. So were Mr. Hersholt as the loyal Herman, Mr. Hickman as Dr. Gorin, and Mr. Smith as the invalid Bourrelier. Miss Hyams as the unhappy Cecile was adequate. Mr. Gilbert was not a good double for Ian Keith, as the marquis. He made little effort to ape his deliberate speech and manner. Not even a Mack Sennett detective would have been fooled by such a palpable counterfeit.

W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"Personal Maid"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Adelaide Heilbron from the novel of the same name by Grace Perkins; directed by Monta Bell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Nora Ryan	Nancy Carroll
Peter Shea	Pat O'Brien
Dick Gray	Gene Raymond
Kipp	Hugh O'Connell
Mrs. Otis Gary	Mary Boland
Gary Gary	George Otis
Barrows	Ernest Lawford
Gwen Gary	Charlotte Wynters
Ma Ryan	Jessie Busley
Pa Ryan	Donald Meek
Mrs. Wurtz	Clara Langsner
Anna Ryan	Terry Carroll

Nancy Carroll, surrounded by a cast positively bristling with the great or near great of the stage, may now be seen in "Personal Maid," current screen feature at the Metropolitan Theatre. No wonder producers have such difficulty finding the actors they want when films carry off such popular players as Pat O'Brien, Gene Raymond (Raymond Guion), Huge O'Connell, Mary Boland, Ernest Lawford, Jessie Busley and Donald Meek. Most of them, we venture to suggest, would be happier in the theatre than trying to force credibility into so curious an assortment of situations as those that make up the current film. It starts off amiably enough with depicting the amusing vagaries of a very rich and slightly dizzy family. The mother is a fuzzy-minded ninny, the son a spoiled but likable lad, and the daughter has a habit of coming home in the wee small hours, after a number of drinks, and breaking china in the front hall. The light touch is lost, however, as the plot grows more and more involved, and the story winds up as a conventional triangle drama. The actors are good, so are many of the lines, but the situations don't back them up.

Nora Ryan, ambitious Irish girl from Tenth avenue, takes a position in the wealthy Gary family in order to learn about society. She attends to the mother's vagaries, escorts the son, Dick, newly expelled from college, part way to Virginia, and so impresses Gary Gary, Dick's chochetty grandfather, with her good sense and capability that he tries to get her to marry the boy. Nora, however, cherishes the desire to be a lady, and with some money given her by Gary Gary to redeem a ring Dick gave her, she buys herself some handsome clothes and has a fling. She also encounters Peter Shea, a self-made snob, business adviser of the Garys. He is attracted to her, but when he finds she is only a servant, he makes her dishonorable proposals. Old Mr. Gary dies, leaving his fortune to charity, Dick gets a job for himself and Nora joins him, realizing at last that she loves him.

Playing Nora, Nancy Carroll is poised, charming and unusually attractive in appearance, nor does she fail to show the necessary humor and occasional emotion called for by the vagaries of the rambling outline of the story. Mary Boland, as the scatter-brained Mrs. Gary, is extremely amusing, making one regret the smallness of her role. Pat O'Brien, with even less opportunity, causes the ill-defined character of Peter Shea to stand out, and Hugh O'Connell makes the chauffeur, Kipp, the most likable personage in the story. Gene Raymond, or, to give him his stage name, Raymond Guion, is something more than satisfactory as Dick, proving himself a juvenile who photographs nicely and acts better than he photographs. George Fawcett is a shade too much the eccentric, crochetty old grandfather with the heart of gold.

Alice White, the screen star, appears in person on the stage, and there is an elaborate revue, "Exotique."

E. L. H.

RKO KEITH'S

"Bad Company"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Thomas Buckingham and Tay Garnett from the story by Jack Lait entitled: "The Mad Marriage;" directed by Tay Garnett and presented by RKO-Pathe with the following cast:

Helen King	Helen Twelvetrees
Goldie Glorio	Ricardo Cortez
Steve	John Garrick
Butlr	Paul Hurst
King	Frank Conroy
Doc	Frank McHugh
Barnes	Kenneth Thomson
Emma	Emma Dunn
Henry	William V. Mong
Monk	Wade Boteler
Pearson	A. Herman
McBaine	Harry Carey
Buff	Edgar Kennedy
Prog	Robert Keith

Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez made such an excellent team under the direction of Tay Garnett in "Her Man," that it is not at all surprising to find the three working together once more in "Bad Company," current feature attraction at the RKO-Keith Theatre. This time, however, the locale is not Latin-America but New York and thereabouts, and crime is committed with machine guns and revolvers, instead of knives. In short, it is another gangster film, with the warfare springing from the two most common of causes: a woman and rivalry in the bootlegging business. It is a very gory business—we counted at least eight murders, not to mention the slaughter of a number of extras and not very novel. There is some satire, as in the preposterous wedding early in the story, and considerable use of flash-backs and symbolism.

Helen King, pretty and unbelievably innocent, marries Steve, a nice boy with whom she is deeply in love but concerning whom she knows nothing. The audience, however, learns before long that Steve is a henchman of Goldie Glorio, slippery, treacherous, overweeningly conceited and cruel leader of a gang of rum runners. Glorio gives Steve the sort of wedding that his luxurious lack of taste suggests, principally because Helen's brother Frank, is his chief opponent with whom he wishes to make an alliance. One look at Helen is enough to turn him into the worst sort of Judas. Desiring her for himself, he sends Steve to keep an engagement with the incorruptible police

lieutenant, McBain, who is waiting for Glorio aboard one of the latter's rumboats with a revolver. Steve isn't killed, only badly hurt, and Helen, frantic with terror, turns for help to Frank, only to find he is in the business even more deeply than Steve. His attempt to help her against Glorio only results in his death at the hands of that unpleasant individual. Determined to take things into her own hands, Helen calls on Glorio to kill him, just about the time when the police are forcing his headquarters armed with machine guns and bullet proof shields. She shoots him, as she believes, but the credit is taken by McBain, who has a sardonic sense of humor and a desire for revenge.

The central figure in the story is really Glorio, since he pulls the strings by which the other characters must dance. Ricardo Cortez does his best to make the man real, but despite the attempt of someone behind the scenes to attain novelty by showing Glorio to be an ardent admirer of his own statue and a victim of dyspepsia—so unromantic a failing—he cannot get rid of the carbon copy taint. Miss Twelvetrees, attired in a variety of fashionable costumes, looks mournful and tears several passions to tatters. From past experience, we know that she can do better than this, and we trust that she gets the chance. Frank Conroy, as the sacrificial brother, has one of the longest and most improbable dying speeches we have ever heard, but the indications are that in a good part he would be a good actor. Paul Hurst, as Glorio's butler, Harry Carey, as the determined McBain and Robert Keith, as a murdered police spy, are all good, and John Garrick is a satisfactory Steve.

E. L. H.

2.14.931

GREAT WOMEN—SINGERS OF MY TIME, by Herman Klein, preface by Ernest Newman; E. P. Dutton & Co. 244 pp.; 16 illustrations. $3.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Klein, having heard opera and concert singers for 60 years or more, thinks that the singers of today are not equal to those of 30 to 70 years ago. Mr. Newman is inclined to be of the same opinion. He believes that the fathers and grandfathers in London did not rave over certain prima donnas without good cause; he also is sure that the standard of singing was then higher; it was technically better and the singer counted for relatively more in the total effect, and the work for relatively less, than is the case today. In these days we may admire our singers, "but we do not worship them; for a journalist even to speak of a soprano as a diva is to raise a smile." The press agent and the gossipy journalist, without intending to do so, have made the singer a trifle ridiculous. One should not think, however, that the old singers were only anxious for individual display; that they regarded only vocal effects. There is abundant evidence that the best of them treated the dramatic ideas seriously. There is no greater, no more foolish mistake than the belief, too often expressed, that dramatic singing, the intention to portray drama in song, first came in with Richard Wagner and his exponents on the stage. Unfortunately one must depend on the contemporaneous judgment, for the gramophone came after Tietjens, Nilsson, Materna, Di Murska; after the best days of Adelina Patti.

It is doubtful whether Theresa Tietjens is any more than a name to the great majority in this country. Yet she once visited the United States. It was in 1876. Mr. Klein calls her the true successor to Jenny Lind, yet their voices must have had a very different quality. Tietjens was pre-eminently a dramatic soprano. From what one reads about her, she must have been "splendidly vigorous." She shared the fate of too many of her sisters. She grew exceedingly stout: yet her height and her dignity, her nobility of gesture, made one forget her weight. To her, Patti, Paulina Lucca and Nilsson. Mr. Klein, as musician and critic, pays high tribute, and in these chapters he is pleasingly anecdotical, taking advantage of his personal acquaintance with the last three. He admits that Patti failed as Carmen; ladylike, colorless and dull even in the singing of the music which did not suit her. He seems to resent the fact that her third husband, who inherited her great fortune, took it, her costumes, operatic scores, etc., to Stockholm, and gave scarcely a souvenir to any of her former friends in England. He is loud in his praise of Nilsson, even in her singing of Lieder, in which her "dreamy, poetic manner and lyrical fervor cheated one into the belief that she was actuated by deep feeling," so that when she sang Schubert's "Serenade" it sounded to him "like the mechanical sentiment of a lovely vox humana stop without its objectionable tremolo."

Speaking of Pauline Lucca's Marguerite, Mr. Klein remembers that when she took the part she was considered a "very forward minx." Gye, the manager, suggested that she might modify some of the business; she replied that she knew a great deal more about the character of the German Gretchen than did either French artists or English critics. Those who heard Lucca in this country will never forget her in "La Favorita." When we heard her in New York, her associates were Campanini, then in his early, glorious years, and that remarkable bass, Nannetti.

There are interesting pages about the eccentric Ilma di Murska, a phenomenal singer, a vocal genius, sensitive so that she sobbed in the wings when some one in the company had accused her of being 45, whereas she was only 30. She travelled with a Newfoundland dog who ate politely at her table, a monkey, two parrots and an Angora cat. She wore her blond hair reaching to her waist. No one approached her as the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute"; she was romantic and fantastic as Dinorah in Meyerbeer's opera; dreamy, weird as Senta, when Santley was the Vanderdecken.

Mr. Klein is especially enthusiastic over Zelia Trebelli. Albani's Elsa was a revelation. There are pages in appreciation of Lillian Nordica, "a hard-working, resolute, ambitious New England girl," who had "plenty of talent and common sense (save where her heart was concerned) in addition to a clever business mind." He tells of her progress step by step, her brilliant success in London — we cannot agree with Mr. Klein in speaking well of her Valentine in "The Huguenots"—her mistakes in attempting to portray Carmen—her disappointment at the results of her singing for the gramophone. He tells a queer story of Hammerstein's device to rid himself of her at the Manhattan Opera House. She detested tobacco smoke, so at a matinee he, his conductor, stage carpenters puffed so vigorously that she nearly failed to get through the opera. Mr. Klein fails to state that at the time she was pleasing neither the public nor the critics.

Sembrich, Melba, Calve — and then Mr. Klein goes back to Marietta Alboni, Scalchi and others. He was strangely pleased with Giulia Ravogli. (She and her sister inseparable on the stage were called by some rude person "the Revolting Sisters." Mr. Klein does not mention this.) Sembrich appealed to him chiefly as a Mozart singer. In her "mechanical method" there were tonal features that were "the outcome of a certain amount of imitation, conscious or unconscious," of Patti's. There is a fine description of Calve's Santuzza. Melba should never have attempted Wagnerian roles. If her voice retained its "silvery timbre and resonance for a period beyond the common, it was the result of her exceptionally unartificial, effortless method of producing it." The account of Schumann-Heink ends: "In October, 1926, she undertook a farewell tour and gave what was supposed to be her final recital in the city of New York." Mr. Klein should have italicized "supposed to be final."

The section "Great Wagnerian Sopranos" comprises pages about Mmes. Materna, Brandt, Sucher, Vogl, Reicher-Kindermann, Malten, Lehmann, Klafsky, Ternina. Mr. Klein says they were very great singers as well as great artists. "Their art was beyond criticism." What possesses Mr. Klein, who has shown elsewhere his intelligent fondness for pure singing, pure phrasing, etc., to make this statement? We have heard them all: Reicher-Kindermann in Berlin as Bruennhilde, a glorious voice, but a singer without nuances, at least none in that role; Sucher had passed her prime when she came to this country, but even then she showed true art; even Materna, Brandt, Malten, Klafsky, Vogl were given to shouting, screaming. Lilli Lehmann and Milka Ternina were truly great. Mr. Klein did well to add to his own tribute to Ternina the article by George Moore about her Isolde that was published in the Daily Chronicle. As for Therese Vogl, we heard her with her husband, the tenor, at Munich in "The Jewess" over 40 years ago. They fairly howled in the great duet, the one attempting to outvie the other. Mr. Klein asks, "Was there ever a greater Siegfried than Alvary? I doubt it." Never a more romantic one. Never a worse, unsupportable singer.

Mr. Klein has written a book that should appeal to all. There is not too much biography; not too much anecdotage. His own critical remarks are supplemented by extracts from reviews by Englishmen, Americans and others. The book is eminently readable. It is a pleasure to add, there is a full index of names

Sept 21 1931

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"Monkey Business"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from an original story by S. J. Perlman and Will B. Johnstone; directed by Norman McLeod and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Groucho	Groucho Marx
Harpo	Harpo Marx
Chico	Chico Marx
Zeppo	Zeppo Marx
Lucille	Thelma Todd
Gibson, the first mate	Tom Kennedy
Mary Helton	Ruth Hall
Joe Helton	Rockliffe Fellowes
Gaul, Corcoran	Ben Taggart
Second Mate	Otto Fries
Manicurist	Evelyn Pierce
Opera Singer	Maxine Castle
"Alky" Briggs	Harry Woods

The Four Marx Brothers, with their three-ply lunacy, are at large again. This time the talking screen reveals them in all their unbridled foolery as a quartet of stowaways on an ocean liner, brings them safely to home shores after whirlwind sequences of hilarity, and deposits them ultimately in a huge barn, where Zeppo, the straight man of the famous quartet, stages a prolonged rough and tumble fight with Harry Woods, as a gangster who didn't know when he was whipped, while Groucho gives a mock broadcast of the encounter and Chico and Harpo engage in a gambling orgy with an old wagon wheel as a revolving substitute for a roulette turn-table. Between these two settings is a third, the palatial home of Joe Helton, a racketeer, who has made his pile and plans to take life easy. The ocean liner seems to be the real thing, the barn has hay and cows and calves and hens and everything except the farmer's daughters, whose absence evokes querulous complaint from Groucho. From start to finish "Monkey Business," a mad title for a mad entertainment, will hold an audience breathless with laughter. The few moments when the action sags or the wise-cracks falter are really beneficial to tired facial and abdominal muscles.

Out of 90 minutes of such crazy nonsense only the high lights may be mentioned here. These include wild pursuit races between ship's officers and the elusive brothers; the chess game which Chico and Harpo interrupt; the Punch and Judy show for children in which Harpo, that expert pantomimist, becomes one of the amusing puppets; the grotesque dances into which Groucho abruptly whirls unsuspecting women as partners; Harpo's capture and immolation in his battered high hat of a live frog, his harp specialty, without which no Marxian picture would be complete; Chico's fascinating thumbing of a piano keyboard, likewise an always anticipated interlude, and the desperate efforts of the four, lacking passports, to reach shore by pretending each in turn to be Maurice Chevalier, Harpo leading the others in inventiveness by mouthing the French comedian's "Nightingale" song as a phonograph strapped on his back grinds out the tune.

Groucho still perpetrates his outrageous puns, Harpo still chases blondes and brunettes tirelessly, and Chico solidifies his reputation as the best "wop" character comedian of today's stage. One misses Margaret Dumont, for seasons the perfect foil to the boys' pranks. Thelma Todd replaces her and passed the ordeal bravely. The other players have minor parts in a very thin plot which has to do with the kidnapping of the rich gangster's daughter by a rival racketeer. But no one seems to care much about this phase of "Monkey Business." Only the Four Marx Brothers count.

W. E. G.

"The Big Gamble"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Walter De Leon and F. McGrew Willis from a story by Octavus Roy Cohen; directed by Fred Niblo and presented by RKO Pathe with the following cast:

Alan Beckwith	Bill Boyd
Beverly	Dorothy Sebastien
Mr. North	Warner Oland
Johnny	William Collier, Jr.
Squint	James Gleason
Nora	Zasu Pitts
May	June MacCloy
Trixie	Geneva Mitchell
Webb	Ralph Ince
Butler	Fred Walton

In a recently published interview, Bill Boyd declared that he was not an actor; that he could not feel that he was doing justice to a part merely by counterfeiting emotions. His scheme was to put himself entirely into the situations confronting the man he was supposed to portray and to feel and think as nearly as possible as that man would think in a given set of circumstances. The results of this sensible plan may be seen in "The Big Gamble," current feature attraction at the Keith-Boston Theatre. Mr. Boyd gives an earnest, natural performance in a role that might easily call forth excessive melodrama of speech and action from a more volatile person. The story is frankly melodrama and interesting as such, and Mr. Boyd plays throughout with a restraint that has the effect of lending verisimilitude to the whole affair. In other words, he behaves like someone you would be glad to know, not like an excitable screen player.

Alan Beckwith has run through his resources by gambling and high living until the only thing desirable to him is a quick exit from the world after squaring his obligations. Mr. North, a sinister individual to whom Beckwith has lost heavily at cards, makes him a proposition. He will give Beckwith the sum of $20,000 in return for which Beckwith is to insure his life for $100,000 in favor of a girl whom he is to make his wife. This girl, Beverly Ames, is obviously a person of charm and refinement, and before long Alan finds himself in love with her. She has put herself in North's hands to save the life of her younger brother, Johnny, who drives liquor trucks from Canada and has managed to incur North's displeasure. North, of course, intends that the insurance money shall be handed over to him at the end of a year when Beckwith has pledged himself to commit suicide. Things take on an altered complexion, however, when Alan and Beverly find themselves in love. Alan's attempt to buy his release from North fails, and Johnny, realizing what trouble he has brought on his sister, decides to kill the man who holds all their lives in his power. While he is on his way to North, Alan is trying to win the full $100,000 at the gambling tables. Johnny fails and is about to be sent for a ride, despite Alan's intervention, when the tables are turned on North by an odd individual, Squint, whom he had hired to watch Alan but who was really in the employ of the insurance company. The picture comes to a proper conclusion after a wild automobile chase in which North is killed.

The very unpretentiousness with which "The Big Gamble" is put together, acted and directed, makes it pleasant entertainment. If there is nothing very startling in the story, it is a good story, for Octavus Roy Cohen wrote it. There is comedy provided by the reliable Zasu Pitts and James Gleason. There is mild sentiment in the person of Dorothy Sebastien—Mrs. Bill Boyd—and a number of scenes which hold the attention. The gambling game, for instance, when Alan is trying with cool desperation to win the money that means his life and the camera swings revealingly round the table, and the wild chase which closes the story with three cars matched in a race for a boy's life, are particularly effective. Mr. Boyd's supporting cast is uniformly good. Warner Oland is once more the sinister menace, and William Collier, Jr., is excellent in the role of the heroine's unwise brother.—E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Die Firma Heiratet"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy directed by C. Wilhelm and presented by Tobis with the following cast:

Rittmeister a. D. von Werth	Ralph Arthur Roberts
Trude	Charlotte Ander
Solly	Oskar Karlweiss
Hulda	Ida Wüst
Lissy	Edith Schollwer
Phillips	Theodore Lingen
Herr Goldzahn	Ferry Sikla
Stupa	Julius Falkenstein

"Die Firma Heiratet," the film now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, is another amusing and inconsequential little operetta. The title may be rendered freely in English as "Marriage, Inc." In the German fashion, by now an agreeable and familiar feature of these productions, songs are woven into the action with entertaining results. Since, however, the picture is not an operetta in the strict sense of the word, and on that account there is more dialogue than there is music, a pretty exact knowledge of German is required from those who wish to understand the jokes. A novel touch is the representation of the story as a stage performance, for at times the camera shifts suddenly to the auditorium of the theatre and wanders through the audience in informal fashion, depicting, with a humorous touch, the many types of persons that make up the spectators at a play. This is only an interlude, however, for most of the attention remains focussed, as it should be, on the screen.

Mr. Goldzahn, proprietor of a fashionable dress-making establishment, finds that business is very bad and accordingly calls in his silent partner, Baron von Werth, who promptly puts the whole sales force on rigid military discipline. This doesn't work very well,

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The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

An enlarged edition of Dr. Julius Kapp's "Richard Wagner und die Freuen" was published in Berlin in 1929. A translation of it by Hannah Waller, "The Women in Wagner's Life," a large octavo of 288 pages, including four pages for the index, is published by Alfred A. Knopf. There are 12 illustrations.

It is known that Wagner in his autobiography falsified, distorted, omitted whatever he thought would displease Cosima or put him in a bad light. It has even been said that he wrote under her supervision. Dr. Kapp felt no hesitation about following the "ladies' chain" for Wagner was "the first to give tendencious publicity to certain painful episodes in his life, in so far as they concerned those around him." Thus he exposed the fact that his first wife Minna had had an illegitimate child, he lied outright about his affair with Jessie Laussot. Dr. Kapp could not tolerate the "one-sided impression of him, such as he created in the autobiography at the expense of his environment." Wagner as "a personality belonging to history" is no longer "family property, but common property."

The edition now translated is a considerably expanded and supplemented form of the book that first appeared (in German) in 1912. The author acquired new material, letters that had hitherto not been published.

Dr. Kapp believes that the prime force in creative art is Eros. This statement admits of argument. "A biography of Wagner with Eros as its focus takes, automatically as it were, the theme of a history of his creative work." Wagner was born an amorist. The touch of his sisters' articles of clothing would make "his heart beat wildly—and led to amorous yearnings toward other girls." He himself said that as a boy he pretended to be overcome by sleep so that the girls of a family in Prague should put him to bed. "I had observed to my astonishment that such a condition brought me into agreeable and direct contact with the feminine element." One recalls the boyhood of Restif as he describes it in his "Monsieur Nicolas," and a curious incident that Stendhall reported of his childhood. Young Wagner at Prague fell violently in love with Jenny and Auguste Pachita, who afterwards became famous beauties. They were followed by a Jewish girl, Leah David of Leipsic, but Richard's ardor was cooled by the appearance of her future husband. Dr. Kapp informs us that Wagner at Leipsic, as a music student paid tribute to Venus as well as to Bacchus. Returning from a visit in Vienna, he saw the Pachita sisters again. He wrote to a friend about his turbulent passions. Should he make advances? "But what response would it be?" Jenny had only a superficial knowledge of aesthetics; she read bad novels—Auguste sang Italian opera arias; he protested against the "empty-headed cavaliers who made love to them in a coarse manner, which revolted me. . . . She was not worthy of my love."

At Wuerzburg he was attracted to a sexton's daughter, Therese. His imagination was fired by the string of pearls twined in her hair. (A lady's shoe or slipper has often been an erotic fetish. Writers on this subject have not dwelt on pearls.) He had a much more intimate affair with Friedereke Galvani. The fact that the chief oboist of the orchestra considered himself betrothed to her did not deter the predatory Richard.

He met Minna Planer when she was the leading lady of the Magdeburg theatre. He was the young director. The company happened to be at Lauchstaedt. They soon became fast friends. Richard was tempestuous in his admiration; her friendliness and self-possession had something maternal in them. "She had always been careful of her reputation (having her room door locked every night by the people of the house so that any theatre gossip might be quashed at the outset)." To possess her, Richard arranged what Dr. Kapp calls a diabolical plot—"a certainly unusual method of reaching his goal—in other words his lady's bed." And Wagner has described the incident as if he gloried in his adroitness.

The story of Wagner's life with Minna, the shabby manner in which he treated his wife; his affair with Mme. Wesendonk, in which he treated her generous husband in a still more shabby manner; his taking Cosima away from his idolizing disciple—Hans von Buelow—all this story has been told again and again, but not so coolly, not so clearly as by Dr. Kapp. Let us turn to other women that were on the list.

Wagner wrote to his friend Apel: "My strength is drawn more from love than from all the conceptions of morality. An exalted sentimental love would unnerve me at this point; the love I have makes me happy and content . . . one can only live in that way with an actress. Nowhere can one find this indifference to bourgeois opinion but in the spheres whose very foundation is imaginative caprice and poetic license." This was before the marriage in 1836. Minna, when she was barely 17, was attractive and pursued by men. "There came a day when she succumbed to the wiles of a young nobleman." He disappeared, but left as a souvenir a girl-baby. Strange to say, furiously jealous, Richard was surprised and wounded by Minna's toleration of the attentions paid her by patrons of the Koenigsberg theatre.

Yet he could write of his joy in finding Jessie Laussot entertained an "unembarrassed attitude toward these revoltingly bourgeois points of honor," such as being faithful to one's husband. This young English woman living with her husband at Bordeaux arranged with Mme. Ritter to place an annual sum of money at Wagner's disposal. He wrote to Mme. Ritter: "I would you could have seen the exultation that quivered in every fibre of this wealthy and blessed woman when she—no not confessed—manifested by the involuntary, bright naked apparition of love, the fact that she was mine." What a mess! The husband talked of a gun, but took his wife into the country to cure her of her lovesickness.

Little has been said about Wagner's affair with Blandine, the sister of Cosima, the wife of the French statesman Olliver. Minna wrote: "Her reputation is not good with any one who knows her—though that does not mean much in Paris." It was this affair that led the Princess Wittgenstein to break definitely with Wagner. Not a word has been breathed in the Wagner literature about this liaison. All passages relating to it were omitted from the published Wagner letters.

Seraphine Mauro was in the flat occupied by Wagner in Vienna. She was beautiful. Wagner was not "insensitive to this daily contact, his 'sweet doll' as he invariably called Seraphine, did not allow him to languish in vain."

There was Friederike Meyer, a sister of Mme. Dustmann, the singer. Peter Cornelius wrote: "Wagner behaves very prettily and decently in her presence. If he absolutely must have some liaison, this one seems to suit him very tolerably." Her sister declared that Wagner took money from Friederike.

There was the daughter of a Viennese pork-butcher to whom Wagner, who had engaged her as a house-keeper and companion, wrote, announcing his return from a concert tour: "And so, sweetheart, make the house look really nice. . . . Be sure you prepare my pretty work-room properly for me. . . . Perfume it too; buy the best scents so that it may be really fragrant. How I look forward to resting there again with you." There was even a curious request concerning his intimate pink underclothing. "Yes, yes, be very pretty and charming. I deserve to have a really good time again. . . . Many kisses to my sweetheart."

Henriette von Bissing, recently widowed, "intelligent and witty, at once became my chosen companion." He told her that he was hard up. Wagner wrote: "She undertook to provide me out of her own income (which was a substantial one), with the not inconsiderable sum needed to make me independent for a long time."

Reading this book of engrossing interest,—the book is provided with a full index,—one pities the forsaken Minna who stood by Wagner in his poverty; sympathizes with Mme. Wesendock's husband; has profound admiration for Buelow's chivalric behavior towards Cosima, who forsook him thinking she was indispensable to Wagner in his contributions to art—his art.

Peter Cornelius once wrote to his betrothed: "Wagner only remembers people for as long as he needs them. He is even losing the elasticity which enabled him to preserve the appearance of friendship and, above all, the kindness of heart which induces fairness towards all and a friendly face for every one who deserves it." This was after Cosima had Wagner in her clutches.

Wagner the musician is among the immortals. Wagner the man was a supreme cad.

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either, and the baron is at his wits end until he hits upon the plan of hiring Trude, the little girl who brings in the frankfurters for the mannequins' lunch, as girl of all work. Trude proves herself remarkably capable, and is made directress of the shop. This position enables her to remonstrate vigorously with the baron for spending large sums of the store money on his mistress, Lissy. With somewhat misplaced humor, the baron suggests to Trude that she take Lissy's place in his affections while retaining her position in the store. For this ungentlemanly proposal, he gets his face soundly slapped and Trude leaves him and the business to their own devices. With her departure, things go badly once more, and every sort of an effort is made to get her back. Finally the baron gets rid of Lissy by forcing his floorwalker, Philipps, who had been poaching on the baron's preserves, to marry her, rewarding the happy couple with a large check. Freed thus of his inconvenient obligations, the baron is able to propose matrimony to the indispensable Trude and this time is accepted.

Despite the extreme thinness of the plot, the picture has a lightness that is decidedly pleasing. None of the players takes his part too seriously, neither is there an excess of clowning, such as is apt at times to mar these German productions. The settings are informal, the dialogue frank and at times spicy; the acting is all that one could ask. In the role of Trude, there is a very attractive girl, Charlotte Ander, who is not only slim and pretty, but a clever and plausible comedienne into the bargain. The amorous baron is well played by Ralph Arthur Roberts, who is possessed of one of the most military backs we have ever seen. Oskar Karlweiss, seen here before in "Zwei Herzen" and "Die Forsterchristl," is amusing as a blundering, eminently well-intentioned clerk, and additional comedy is provided by Ida Wust and Julius Falkenstein. In sum, a pleasing if distinctly light-weight production.

E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN
"Daugher of the Dragon"

An all-talking screen melodrama adapted by Lloyd Corrigan and Monte Katterjohn from the novel by Sax Rohmer entitled: "Daughter of Fu-Manchu"; directed by Lloyd Corrigan and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Ling Moy	Anna May Wong
Fu Manchu	Warner Oland
Ah Kee	Sessue Hayakawa
Ronald Petrie	Bramwell Fletcher
Joan Marshall	Frances Dade
Sir John Petrie	Holmes Herbert
Lady Petrie	Nella Walker
Morloff	Nicholas Soussanin
Sir Basil	Lawrence Grant
Rogers	Harold Minjir
Lu Chow	E. Alyn Warren
Hobbs	Harrington Reynolds
Lao	Tetsu Komai
The Amah	Oie Chan
Butler	Olaf Hytten

Stripped of its poisoned wines, its flourish of daggers, its elaborately atmosphere of Chinese mystery, intrigue and hatreds "Daughter of the Dragon" becomes pre-eminently a picturesque and often noisesome background for an artistic and carefully restrained dramatic performance by Anna May Wong, foremost of Chinese actresses on the American stage. Are there any others? Without her presence, and perhaps that of Sessue Hayakawa, who represents Japan in this hybrid concoction, "Daughter of the Dragon" would be reduced to the level of a stenciled thriller of no particular importance. In justice, though, reservations in favor of the cameraman are in order. He has done his share expertly to create an illusion of realism which the story does its best to destroy.

When Sax Rohmer wrote his sensational narratives Fu-Manchu, the chief character, was an insane Chinese marauder who had pledged his willest and most malignant efforts to the overthrow of Caucasian control and the substitution of Asiatic dominion. When Fu-Manchu reached the screen, in the person of Warner Oland, he had become a mad individual whose homicidal plots were directed against the Petries, an English family, because he erroneously held some of its members responsible for the accidental death of one or more of his close relatives. His campaign of extermination apparently had been ended with his death; but in cinemaland death is not a fixed status, so in "Daughter of the Dragon" Fu-Manchu re-appears long enough to cause the passing of Sir John Petrie and to get himself shot, not once but twice, by Ah Kee, a Chinese detective working under cover for Scotland Yard.

Fu-Manchu lingrs to pass the vendetta and its deadly vows on to his "man-daughter," Ling Moy, a music hall dancer. Then ensues the conflict between Ling Moy's oath and her susceptibility to the earnest love-pleading of a nice English lad, who of all lovers must be Sir John Petrie's son. Once she wavers. Then, driven by the urgent promptings of Lu Chow, her father's ally, and of Marloff, a traitorous Russian serving as her professional manager, she lures Roland Petrie and his sister Joan into a torture chamber. Ah Kee, who likewise has been torn between devotion to the beautiful Ling Moy and his duty to society, becomes the final instrument of justice, though sacrificing his own life in that last gesture.

Miss Wong, exquisite in person and in adornment endowed with a fine emotional sense and excellent speaking voice, makes Ling Moy far more than the theatrical goddess of vengeance sketched by the scenarists. Mr. Hayakawa is impressive in pantomime, but handicapped by inept delivery of the English language. Mr. Oland seems suddenly shrunken to mediocre proportions when thrust into such distinguished company. With the possible exception of Mr. Warren, Mr. Soussanin and Mr. Fletcher, the rest of the cast may be dismissed summarily.

W. E. G.

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PARK

"Maid to Order"

An all-talking screen drama directed by Elmer Clifton and presented by Jesse Weil with the following cast:

Julian Eltinge ..... Julian Eltinge
Joyce Carlyle ..... Jane Reid
Shorty ..... Georgie Stone
Lotti Lorraine ..... Betty Boyd
Jim McGuire ..... Jack Richardson
Harry ..... Al Hill
Detective Scranton ..... Kernan Gripps
Chief Randall ..... Charles Giblin

In "Maid to Order," Julian Eltinge makes his debut as a talking picture actor. Mr. Eltinge has long been famous for his artistry as a female impersonator, a difficult task which he has performed with sufficient skill to make the moment when he pulls off his wig come as something of a surprise. In this film, which, without intending a pun, was obviously made to order for his talents, he undertakes a role which permits him to be both man and woman: In other words, he is a man masquerading as a night club singer. Mr. Eltinge's voice reproduces well, and he differentiates satisfactorily between the tones proper to the two sides of his part. He sings several ballads in a throaty contralto, even dances a bit. To be sure, he is a bit mature, but he does display a handsome pair of legs, and his comedy interludes are often entertaining. To see him puffing on a pipe or hastily shaving himself while still wearing his woman's make-up is decidely diverting.

As for the story in which he finds himself, Mr. Eltinge must have found it comparatively smooth sailing. A bored young man about town decides to help the police in tracking a gang of diamond smugglers. He impersonates a French entertainer and takes her place at a certain cafe which is really the smugglers' headquarters. Between numbers he manages to fall in love with a girl kept there against her will by the chief crook but the course of true love and detective work is interrupted by the arrival of the real Lotti Lorraine. Eltinge is overheard telephoning the police and the gang decides to get rid of him, still not suspecting him to be a man. The girl tries to warn him, but her note miscarries, and the climax consists of a regular free-for-all fight in which the law is finally triumphant. The crooks are overpowered and Mr. Eltinge carries his bride off to Paris. The main interest centres in Mr. Eltinge of course, but considerable laughter was provoked by George Stone as a diminutive gangster in love with the supposed entertainer, and Betty Boyd, though given to overacting, made a handsome Lotti. Elmer Clifton, director of "Down to the Sea in Ships," was in charge of the production.—E. L. H.

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STAR DISMISSED, PLAY POSTPONED

The Tremont Theatre, which was scheduled to open last night with Katherine Roberts's comedy, "Divorce Me, Dear," was dark due to lack of a leading lady.

Sidney M. Biddell, producer of the play, said last night at the Hotel Statler that he was obliged to dismiss Lillian Foster as a result of a disagreement between the two. He said that the whole affair was a "matter of temperament."

Miss Antoinette Perry is directing the play and hopes to put it on not later than next Monday. Last night search was being made for a new leading lady. Biddell says he is preferring charges against Miss Foster through the Actors' Equity in New York.

Late last night at the Copley-Plaza, Miss Foster claimed the disagreement arose over a promise by Biddell to purchase a play of her own, and also over the manner in which she was to be featured in the opening play.

Miss Foster said she had been looking forward keenly to playing in Boston, and regrets the closing of the theatre. When asked if she would sue Biddell, she said: "Well, I have a definite case, in fact two, but I have not decided as yet." She further added: "But I am going to come back to Boston soon with my own play."

Miss Foster gained considerable notoriety in the fall of 1929, when she entered the fashionable lunch room of the Savoy Hotel in London and slapped Hannen Swaffer, prominent English dramatic critic, on the face several times in retaliation for his likening her voice to that of a ventriloquist doll. Miss Foster was then playing in "Conscience."

3000 AT CONCERTS OF U. S. NAVY BAND

The United States Navy band, comprising 42 musicians and conducted by Lt. Charles Benter, gave a well received series of three concerts at Symphony hall yesterday afternoon and last night.

More than 3000 persons attended the three concerts and accorded the nationally known band, which has been frequently heard on the air, such enthusiastic applause that the bandsmen were compelled to play two and three encores after almost every number in the three programs.

Famous American marches evoked spontaneous applause and the bandsmen delighted their audience by playing favorite dance music with the skill of a symphony orchestra.

At the invitation of Lt. Benter, Dr. John A. O'Shea, director of music of the Boston schools, directed the band in Sousa's march, "King Cotton," while an international touch was added when Capt. Richard Hayward of Toronto, conducted Goldman's march, "Stepping Along." The concerts were sponsored by the Crosscup-Pishon post, A. L. On their arrival here Lt. Benter and his bandsmen were received by Mayor Curley at City Hall.

Sep 25 1931

LYRIC

"H. M. S. Pinafore"

"H. M. S. Pinafore," comic operetta in two acts: book and lyrics by W. S. Gilbert, score by Arthur Sullivan; revived last evening at the Lyric Theatre by the Messrs. Shubert; staged by Frank W. Shea and performed by the following cast:

Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B. ..... Robert Pitkin
Capt. Coreoran ..... William C. Gordon
Ralph Rackstraw ..... James R. Liddy
Dick Deadeye ..... John Dunsmuro
Bill Bobstay ..... Charles Gallagher
Josephine ..... Marian Palmer
Little Buttercup ..... Anne Yago
Hebe ..... Berta Donn

Something akin to that disaffection which recently threatened the integrity of the British navy seemed last evening to have found murmuring echoes in the breasts of those less than hardy tars, their superiors and their fair shoreguests who stamped or tip-toed about the deck of H. M. S. Pinafore which, according to the text, should have been anchored off Portsmouth, England, but which, if one trusted the purple haze of a vast backdrop, might have been moored adjacent to some port of the Spanish main. There was listlessness so pronounced that it affected the audience as the evening wore on. There also was pathetic evidence of unpreparedness as to cues and speeches, coupled with frequent intimations of lack of agreement between soloists and musical conductor as to the appropriate tempo. Under such melancholy circumstances it would be difficult, if not impossible, for any group of singers to give a warming performance of an operetta which should be gay and spirited and fluent.

The ship itself, dark red in its coloring, seemed staunch enough, though those members of its crew who ventured aloft went about it gingerly. The orchestra, still too small in numbers, fiddled and tooted with slight effort to indicate the real beauty of the score. The male chorus sang lustily enough, and Sir Joseph's "sisters and his cousins and his aunts" patterod through their numbers with a certain degree of relish for volume if not for enunciation. The principals, however, were less at ease. Some knew their songs but stumbled in their dialogue. Numbers which should have aroused enthusiasm for their concerted gaiety or their limpid beauty were no more effective than if sung by stage-frightened amateurs in the church parlors. It would be unfair to single out any one principal for specific censure. It would be unjust to the world at large, were it interested in such matters, to bestow praise on any one singer. There are no differentiated degrees to mediocrity. Better to depart from the theatre quietly holding the charitable thought that perhaps all concerned in the performance had something on their collective minds—something sufficiently disheartening to make dissembling a mockery.—W. E. G.

Sept 26 1931

METROPOLITAN

"Alexander Hamilton"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Julian Josephson, George Arliss and Maude Howell from the play of the same name by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin; directed by John Adolfi and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Alexander Hamilton ..... George Arliss
Mrs. Betsy Hamilton ..... Doris Kenyon
Senator Roberts ..... Dudley Digges
George Washington ..... Alan Mowbray
Mrs. Reynolds ..... June Collyer
Mr. Reynolds ..... Ralf Harolde
Chief Justice John Jay ..... Charles Middleton
Thomas Jefferson ..... Montagu Love
Gen. Philip Schuyler ..... Lionel Belmore
James Monroe ..... Morgan Wallace
Count Talleyrand ..... John T. Murray
Martha Washington ..... Gwendolin Logan

It is now 14 years to a day since George Arliss appeared on the stage of the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York in "Hamilton," the play which he himself devised from one submitted to him by Mary Hamlin. For obvious reasons, the action covers a limited period, that of Hamilton's work as secretary of the treasury under the two administrations of George Washington. There is nothing of his early life as a soldier in the revolution, nor of his strange, tragic conflict with Aaron Burr which led to the fatal duel. Picture and play resemble each other closely, although the former includes two characters that the latter did not. It is impossible to stifle a regret that Mr. Arliss did not see fit to write of Hamilton in circumstances of more striking interest, or to surround his hero with characters who possessed vitality as well as historical importance. What he has done, both in writing and in playing, is to bring to life a statesman whose importance is largely overlooked by the bulk of the great American public, and in itself that is an achievement of which he may justly be proud.

The story opens with Washington's farewell to his army and then jumps several years to a time when Hamilton, as secretary of the treasury, is seeking to establish the credit of the United States by having the central government assume all indebtedness incurred by the states. His efforts at centralization are bitterly opposed by Jefferson, Monroe and a certain Senator Roberts, who conceals his greed for money and preferment under a tender solicitude for states' rights. Unable to undermine Hamilton's popularity with the nation by accusing him of dishonesty in conducting the treasury, Roberts manages to entangle him, during the absence of his wife, Betsy, with the pretty wife of a certain Reynolds, discharged from office on account of dishonesty. Reynolds blackmails Hamilton and then accuses him anonymously of misusing government money. Faced with the alternative of making known his brief indiscretion and of losing his wife's love, or of allowing Reynolds's accusations to be published —which would inevitably kill his cherished Assumption bill—Hamilton takes the former course. In so doing, however, he is well rewarded, for Betsy, after a momentary revulsion, decides that she loves him too well to desert him, the bill is passed and Hamilton's enemies and friends join together to congratulate him on his courageous choice.

As the story is all Hamilton, so the picture is all Mr. Arliss, and he contributes another of his masterly full-length portraits. Of course, Hamilton was a strikingly handsome man, but Mr. Arliss makes up for his lack of beauty by his understanding and remarkable projection of the man's character. Nothing is out of place in his portrayal: Hamilton's aristocratic fondness for handsome attire, his physical bravery, his limitless energy and his absorption in the welfare of his country, his impeccable courtesy, even to his opponents, and his beautiful devotion to his wife. More than anything and most pleasing in these troubled days, is his unashamed and stirring resurrection of the outmoded virtue of unselfish patriotism. Alan Mowbray makes a strikingly good Washington in the opening scenes, but is never seen again until the end of the film, and then he is ineffective. Dorin Kenyon makes a lovely, graceful Betsy, but lacks underlying strength of character. The expert Dudley Digges is excellent as Senator Roberts, and good minor historical portraits are offered by Montagu Love and Morgan Wallace as Jefferson and Monroe. Ralf Harolde is most effective in a brief role, but June Collyer is colorless as his wife. The settings and atmosphere of the piece are beyond praise. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Sidewalks of New York"

An all-talking screen comedy adapted from the story by George Landy and Paul Gerard; directed by Jules White and Zion Myers, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer with the following cast:

Harmon ..... Buster Keaton
Margie ..... Anita Page
Poggle ..... Cliff Edwardes
Butch ..... Frank Rowan
Clipper ..... Norman Phillips, Jr.
Sergeant ..... Frank La Rue
Judge ..... Oscar Apfel
Mulvaney ..... Sid Saylor
Lefty ..... Clark Marshall

Mr. Keaton is one of those who hold that a formula for comic expression, once tried and found effective, is good for all time. Thus, in his present vehicle, he sets his features in graven lines, stumbles, falls, sprawls and endures endless thumps and bumps. He masquerades in tressed wigs and girlish costumes which must drop from his person when most a laugh is needed. He tries to imitate Charlie Chaplin in a squared circle travesty and makes very hard work of it. And, when variants are essential, he leads the way in one of those ludicrous pursuit races which have been "sure fire" laugh breeders since the first silent picture was filmed. Out of this generous exhibition of infantile clowning comes one question: why does not Mr. Keaton, who has the voice, the demeanor and presumably the talents, tear up his precious formula, go in for one straight farcical story, and see what happens? Something tells us that he might by so venturing rehabilitate a vogue which now seems dangerously near to the vanishing point.

In "The Sidewalks of New York" he is aided by a veritable army of youngsters who appear as East Side urchins of the toughest character. One of their leaders is known as "Clipper," played very naturally by Master Phillips. This "Clipper" fights with another boy over a disputed point in a street baseball game, defies his sister, who in lieu of a deceased father and mother, is head of the family, and threatens to become a menace to society through his association with a thin-lipped Fagin who tutors him in petty thievery. Keaton has the role of a blundering, almost inarticulate millionaire who, after receiving rough treatment from the juvenile mob while on an inspection of his tenement houses, falls in love with the girl, played energetically by Anita Page. To win her affection he builds a model gymnasium for the boys, gives a birthday party for the ungrateful "Clipper," saves him from arrest once or twice, and finally by the most indirect methods actually becomes an agent of regeneration, incidentally winning the object of his dumb adoration. It is a rough, boisterous affair, without much sense. It could be much funnier, but it serves tolerably well as it is. W. E. G.

RKO KEITH'S

"Fifty Fathoms Deep"

A screen drama based on a story by Dorothy Howell; directed by William Neil and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Tim Burke ..... Jack Holt
Pinky Caldwell ..... Richard Cromwell
Myra ..... Loretta Sayers
Florine ..... Mary Doran
Mate ..... Wallace MacDonald

Love and friendship fight it out once more in "Fifty Fathoms Deep," now showing at the RKO Keith Theatre, and, through the agency of a truly astonishing coincidence, friendship wins the battle. Of course, this is by no means a complete novelty in films since the rush of "What Price Glory" narratives, but it is still something of a novelty. The real merit of the film, however, is in no way derived from its plot, which has been used before, but from the remarkable pictorial values of the closing scenes. These show a submerged yacht resting on the ocean bottom, and to investigate this yacht come the two principal characters of the story. The manner in which they make their ascents and descents, the strange underwater dimness, the efforts of the men in a boat above them to keep their lines clear and the pumps working despite a violent storm—all these things are intensely interesting and filmed with a realism that reflects the highest credit on the camera man, Joseph Walker, and the director, Roy William Neil.

Tim Burke and Pinky Caldwell are deep-sea divers by profession. Tim, older and wiser of the two, loves Pinky like a brother, an affection which the latter heartily reciprocates. Then in an evil day, Pinky meets Myra, a mercenary but attractive blonde, falls in love with and marries her, not knowing what she is. When he is working at sea, Myra rejoins her companions, and continues to pick up good prospects. One of these, as luck would have it, is Tim, who takes his women where he finds them, but is entirely ignorant of Myra's identity. Going later to call on Pinky's wife, he is horrified to find that she and Myra are one and the same. His threat to expose her to her trusting boy-husband, Myra counteracts by accusing him, to Pinky, of having assaulted her. Later on, in the midst of a bitter quarrel which Pinky forces on Tim, they are both summoned in their capacity as divers to investigate the wreck of a millionaire's yacht which has blown up and sunk outside the harbor. Despite the stormy weather, the divers' boat puts out to sea, and Tim

The Theatre

Sep 27 '27

By PHILIP HALE

Reviewers of plays who bring down upon their heads vials of wrath might keep these vials corked by reminding the raging dramatists of Mr. William Gerhardi's belief that in this imperfect world authors must not expect too much. "Conscious as I am of our common frailty, I do not attribute an unsatisfactory review of a book of my own to any permanent incapacity in the critic, but merely remark to myself:

"'Drunk again, I observe.' As a critic I expect the same charity."

One hears with mingled emotions that Maude Adams is returning to the stage. As Portia? After the court scene will the female admirers of old times, again chirrup, "Isn't she cute?" for in former years this was their highest expression of aesthetic ecstasy. We believe her venturing into the Shakespearian field has been confined to Juliet, Viola and Rosalind. Would it be better for her to revive the plays in which she was truly delightful? Or would the years that have passed be more noticeable, crueller to her and to those who remember her so gratefully? There are many who saw the reappearance of Mr. Gillette as Sherlock Holmes with regret.

"Trial by Jury," which will be performed here by the Aborn company at the Colonial Theatre, is practically unknown to many admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas. This statement is with special reference to the younger generation.

Mr. Isaac Goldberg in his exhaustive but not exhausting story of the librettist and the composer describes "Trial by Jury" in an entertaining manner. Gilbert in 1868 contributed to Fun, which was a would-be rival of Punch, a satirical sketch of a law court. He extended it, seeing the possibility of a libretto. Carl Rosa thought it might serve his wife, Parepa-Rosa. She died before the work was ready. Gilbert did not at first have Sullivan in mind for the composer. The operetta was written in three weeks. It was intended for a curtain raiser. Offenbach's "La Perichole" was running at the little theatre in Dean street, Soho, London, early in 1875. On March 25 of that year "Trial by Jury" was produced as an afterpiece. The cast was as follows:

The Judge ..... Frederic Sullivan
Counsel for the plaintiff ..... Mr. Hollingsworth
Defendant ..... Walter H. Fisher
Foreman of the jury ..... C. Campbell
Usher ..... C. Kelleher
Associate ..... B. R. Pepper
Plaintiff ..... Nelly Bromley

Frederic Sullivan was an older brother of Arthur, whose name was put before that of Gilbert on the playbill. There was no spoken dialogue. The scene was copied from the Clerkenwell Sessions. Mr. Simmonds led the orchestra.

Isabel Jay, who later took the part of the plaintiff, remembered that she then had to produce a pair of silk stockings in court. This seemed to her a shocking thing to do. She appealed to Gilbert who allowed her to dispense with this bit of business.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn attended a performance and appeared to enjoy it; but he gave as his judicial opinion that the libretto was calculated to "bring the bench into contempt." A solemn ass!

It was said at the time that Gilbert had derived his story from a musical farce, "La Boule," by Pitron, that had been performed in Paris, but the libretto was an enlargement of his own sketch published in Fun, as we have said.

It is hardly necessary to speak at length of "H. M. S. Pinafore." There was originally a Sargent of Marines, but he was thrown overboard. Hebe was originally a singing as well as speaking part. When the operetta was produced in London on May 25, 1878, the cast was as follows:

Sir Joseph Porter ..... George Grossmith, Jr.
Captain Corcoran ..... Rutland Barrington
Ralph Rackstraw ..... Mr. Power
Dick Deadeye ..... R. Temple
Josephine ..... Emma Howson
Hebe ..... Jessie Bond
Little Buttercup ..... Miss Everard

The piece was at first a failure. Lewis Carroll, of all men in the world, wondered why Gilbert could have stooped to such "trash" and how Sullivan could so prostitute the Muse. Frederic Harrison remarked that an age which took pleasure in "Pinafore" was not the age to understand Homer. Gilbert was accused of taking his "what never?" joke from the Latin of Persius. And what a bore that joke became in the early years of "Pinafore" in this country! Clergymen in the pulpit almost hesitated at using the word "never," from fear lest some absentminded person or one deliberately irreverent in the congregation would shout knowingly, "What never?" and there would be a sonorous response from others, "Well, hardly ever." Seldom has a librettist made so much capital out of a paltry wheeze. If the publisher, John Lane, once told us that Gilbert had contributed more to English familiar speech than any man since Shakespeare, Ernest Newman not long ago wrote more than one article within a few years to show that Gilbert as a humorist was absurdly over-rated.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Apropos of the revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas now taking place here, it may not be amiss to relate a remarkable incident which occurred during the craze when "Pinafore" made its initial bow.

During one week, every theatre in Boston was giving a performance of "Pinafore," including a Negro troupe and a juvenile cast. There were performances at the old Music and Horticultural halls and Tremont Temple, and even the two variety theatres were playing burlesques of the operetta. At the Boylston Museum, where the Gaiety now stands, they were giving "Sir Joseph Weiss-Bier," and at the Howard Atheneum, as the Howard was then called, they played "The Pinafore Boarding House." M. E. S.

Roxbury, Sept. 15.

To the Editor of The Herald:

While in Norwich (Eng.) a few days ago, I was much amused by the announcement of a moving picture film. As you know, American films are widely censured, and properly so, as cheap and degrading. Now this is how they present one of theirs:

As British as the Flag
A Car Bandit Thriller
Joyce Kennedy, Albert Whelan
and Dodd Watts in
The Man from Chicago
Spoken with all the Charm and Purity
of the English Voice

Isn't this delightful? Imagine the Chicago bandit with a charming English voice. E. R. W.

London, Sept. 11.

Dr. Reginald Dixon of Manchester, England, Cathedral says that church organs of today have too many gadgets. "A multiplicity of gadgets tempts one to tonal gadding about, besides being an insufferable tax on the memory. For church organs, at least, stunt combinations and devices should be eschewed, and everything made as simple as possible." He advocates better pay for church organists; £25 or £30 is not a fair stipend; it should be increased by at least £100. "A cinema organist receives an average of £1 a day or £300 a year."

"In England we have, undoubtedly, the finest bands in the world, and this fact is becoming more and more recognized in all countries"—John Henry Ides, founder and director, national brass band festival.

The 400th performance of Rudolf Besier's "Barretts of Wimpole Street" took place at the Queen's Theatre, London, on Sept. 10. Boston may see the play in 1933.

Mr. Monkhouse remarks: "With slight alterations in Mr. Shaw's life, we might see him as a tragic, misunderstood figure vainly trying to get back to a serious plane."

"Charles L. Wagner, manager for Mary Garden, announced yesterday (Sept. 17) that the diva will not head her own opera company in New York this coming season."

Diva? Diva?

Herman Klein tells us that this title was created in the thirties of the last century for Giulia Grisi. "Even during the hectic years of the 'Jenny Lind fever' it was Grisi alone who was spoken of as the 'diva.'" Adelina Patti inherited the title and bore it "until the day of her death, half a century later, though hoi polloi preferred to call her the 'Queen of Song.'"

The title is peculiarly unsuited to Miss Garden, for she has been more conspicuous as an actress, still more as a "personality," than as a singer.

Ernest Newman recently wrote: "In these days we may admire our singers, but we do not worship them; for a journalist even to speak of a soprano as a 'diva' is to raise a smile."

Miss Garden was unfortunate in her last engagement here. What possessed her to appear in that absurd version of "Camille"? What has become of the other opera that the misguided man was to write for her?

So Mrs. Fiske is rehearsing a new comedy "Against the Wind." It is said to be "a reflection of American society as observed through continental eyes." Mrs. Fiske will take the part of a "fearless and outspoken mentor." It is a pleasure to know that she will be "outspoken" at last. For a good many years she has been inarticulate, even to those sitting in the first row, both her admirers and those sitting in the seats of the scornful. It is also stated that Kate Gordon, this "outspoken" mentor, has "dynamic force."

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is sent down first to find the millionaire's body. He also finds that of Myra, but his effort to keep Pinky in ignorance is brought to nothing when his helmet becomes inextricably caught in some falling timbers, for Pinky comes down to release him with an undersea torch and in so doing discovers his faithless wife.

So long as the picture keeps to divers and their work, it remains entertaining, but when women enter the plot it loses in interest. Loretta Sayers, who has in "Fifty Fathoms Deep" her most important part so far, is so handicapped by her role, that of a very transparent, lying, gold-digging, treacherous blonde, that she can do nothing out of the ordinary, and her chief asset, her good looks, help her but little. Jack Holt, bluff, burly, square shouldered and firm-jawed, enacts the role of Tim in his straightforward, earnest fashion. His scenes with Richard Cromwell—substituting for Mr. Holt's usual teammate, Ralph Graves—are well played, and the physical contrast between the two men is decidedly effective. Young Mr. Cromwell, not seen in films since "Tol'able David," shows once again a quality of appealing boyishness, an ingenuousness which is not forced, but which, none the less, is going to limit him in his future parts. For his own advantage, he will do well to recall that Richard Barthelmess was not afraid to grow up.

E. L. H.

Sep 28 '27

"Friends and Lovers"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Jane Murfine from the novel by Maurice de Kobra entitled "The Sphinx Has Spoken"; directed by Victor Schertzinger and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Capt. Roberts ..... Adolphe Menjou
Alva Sangrito ..... Lily Damita
Victor Sangrito ..... Eric von Stroheim
Lt. Nichols ..... Laurence Olivier
McNellis ..... Hugh Herbert
Gen. Armstrong ..... Frederick Kerr
Lady Alice ..... Blanche Frederici
Ivanhoff ..... Vadim Uraneff

When Victor Schertzinger set out to direct "Friends and Lovers," current screen attraction at the Keith-Boston Theatre, he found himself provided with cast the like of which would be enough to gladden the soul of the most greedy. Included among the players were Adolphe Menjou, Eric von Stroheim, Lily Damita, Laurence Olivier, Hugh Herbert and Frederic Kerr. Surely for actors such as these it might have been thought an easy matter to provide a sound, interesting story. Either Maurice de Kobra's novel, "The Sphinx Has Spoken," was not good picture material, or else it was sinfully mishandled during its journey from the printed page, to the screen. As it stands now, the plot, meaty enough for several pictures, is so confused and illogical as to baffle the efforts of the most skillful actor. For the most part, the settings and costumes are of the most elaborate, and there are one or two scenes which possess real pictorial value, notably the one in which a troop of English cavalry assembles for a night raid.

Capt. Roberts, on leave in London, falls in love with Alva Sangrito, the beautiful wife of Victor Sangrito, who collects expensive porcelain and blackmails his wife's lovers. Alva does not love Victor but he possesses such a hold on her gratitude that she must obey him. Roberts is victimized, but finds that he still loves Alva, and she cares deeply for him. Back with his company in India, Roberts is joined by Lt. Nichols, a handsome youth to whom he is deeply attached. It appears almost at once that Roberts and Nichols are both in love with Alva. Madly jealous, Roberts yields to an ugly impulse and sends Nichols on a perilous night raid in the hope that he will be killed, but his better nature prompts him to save the boy's life at the risk of his own. Both of them then forswear Alva's blandishments and burn her picture and letters. Back in England, they meet her again, now betrothed to a French count after a convenient servant has killed Sangrito. Forgetting their oaths, both Roberts and Nichols are still in love with her, a situation which before long forces Alva to declare herself. She loves Roberts, but after a showdown in the course of which Nichols tries to kill him, she leaves the house. Nichols, realiz-

g the hopelessness of his passion, sends Roberts after her.

The principal characters, all save Sangrito, are so ill-defined that one hardly knows how to regard them. Roberts, for instance, is supposed to be the hero, but his behavior toward Nichols is pretty dastardly, while his smug acceptance of the boy's gratitude for saving him is little better. Adolphe Menjou, totally un-English in appearance and manner, plays the part as it is written, making little effort to explain it to the audience, or, apparently, to himself. Lily Damita, thrust into the background for much of the film, is beautifully dressed and given to smouldering glances and complicated emotions. Into the role of Sangrito, Eric von Strohcim injects so powerful a feeling of venomous evil that he well-nigh shatters the superficial atmosphere of the plot. The reasonably sympathetic, understandable role of Nichols serves to introduce a new English actor, Laurence Olivier. He makes a successful debut and proves himself possessed of many valuable attributes; he is young and handsome, has an agreeable voice, a pleasing manner, and considerable acting ability, and bears a decided resemblance to Ronald Colman. From this first appearance he would seem to be promising screen material.

E. L. H.

FENWAY—MODERN

"Penrod and Sam"

"Penrod and Sam," a screen comedy based on a story by Booth Tarkington with dialogue by Waldemar Young; directed by William Beaudine and presented by First National Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Penrod Schofield	Leon Janney
Sam Williams	Junior Coghlan
Mr. Schofield	Matt Moore
Mrs. Schofield	Dorothy Peterson
Margaret Schofield	Helen Beaudine
Mr. Bassett	Johnny Arthur
Mrs. Bassett	Zasu Pitts
Georgie Bassett	Billie Lord
Rodney Bitts	Nester Aber
Mr. Bitts	Charles Selden
Marjorie Jones	Marguerite Marquis
Herman	James Robinson
Verman	Robert Dandridge
Baby Rensdale	Betty Graham
Duke, the dog	Cameo

Children, when observing others at play, are likely to be more observant if less critical than their elders. As they sit through the Beaudine conception of Booth Tarkington's story of juvenile life in a small town—and every boy and girl should try to see it—they doubtless will discover much which to them seems true to life but which to colder and more calculating intellects will seem artificial, particularly with "Skippy" in mind. About "Skippy" there was something very close to genuine emotional appeal, whereas "Penrod and Sam," for all its brave assumption of spontaneity and for all its commendable acting both by junior and senior members of the long cast, leaves an impression that the text was followed to the letter but that inspiration had eluded the players. So much for inevitable comparisons. "Penrod and Sam," as light and amusing entertainment, still is to be recommended.

The picture is actually a tabloid serial in that it depicts various detached incidents in the home, school and playground days of Penrod Schofield and his companions. Penrod, mischievous, inventive and easily roused to truculence, is the leader in boyish pranks, the head of a secret order, "In-Or-In," which Penrod, when pressed, translates as the "Independent Order of Infidelity." Meetings are held in a shack on a vacant lot owned by Penrod's father. Here they initiate Georgie Bassett, a mother's boy detested by the juvenile community. They do it so thoroughly that Georgie is compelled to appear at Baby Rensdale's birthday party with what once was known as a "pineapple clip." Parental punishment is doled out to Penrod and Sam, as the ringleaders in this indignity. Other episodes touch on the fight between Penrod and Sam over Marjorie Jones which breaks up the birthday party; on the death of Penrod's faithful dog, Duke; on the rivalry between Rodney Bitts and the gang when Rodney's father buys the vacant lot; and on the truce when Mr. Schofield buys back the land, at an advance in price, and the boys initiate Rodney, starting with the terrifying edict, "The time has come: bend over!" What happens thereafter is left to the imagination.

Among the youngsters, Billie Lord had the most trying role as Georgie Bassett, the goggle-eyed, prim-voiced "sissy," as Penrod contemptuously described him. Junior Coghlan was splendid as the freckle-faced lad who said little but thought straight. Master Janney seemed self-conscious. He carried off the more boisterous scenes well enough but could not quite succeed in plumbing emotional depths in grief at Duke's sudden passing. The two Negro boys, Herman and Verman, have little to say in the picture. Mr. Moore was excellent as Mr. Schofield. Zasu Pitts was comical as Georgie's fussing mother, and Mr. Seldon gave acidulous verity to Mr Bitts. The unnamed actress who appeared as the school teacher in an early scene was amusing enough to deserve a line in the cast.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Jean de la Lune"

An all-talking French screen comedy adapted from the play of the same name by Marcel Achard, first produced at the Champs Elysees Theatre, Paris, on April 16, 1929; directed by Jean Choux and presented by Tobis with the following cast:

Jef	Rene Lefebvre
Marceline	Madaline Renaud
Clo-Clo	Michel Simon
Richard	Constant Remy

Here is another French film, "Jean de la Lune," an odd but interesting comedy drama, this time without music. It has been devised from a highly successful play which had its first production in Paris two years ago, and its current showing at the Fine Arts Theatre marks its initial exhibition in this country. The story is very French, but while it often seems a bit involved it is played throughout with sufficient simplicity to make the emotions of the characters, if not always their motives, easily understood. Were it not for the insistence of the slightly modernistic furniture that the whole affair is strictly up to date, "Jean de la Lune" might rank as a fairy story, for it ends in something pretty close to a miracle. The production has been well directed by Jean Choux, who has more of an eye for uncommon camera angles than for the fluidity of motion so excellently developed by Rene Clair.

Jef, an idealistic youth christened by his friends "Moon-dreaming John" or "Jean de la Lune," has two passions: one to create a new flower and the other to win the love of Marceline, belle amie of Richard, a close friend. Richard's discovery of Marceline's continual infidelities annoys him to the point of giving her up for good, and Jef, much to her surprise, asks her to marry him. Marceline accepts him, but Jef soon finds that he must also consent to having Marceline's brother, Clo-Clo, a strange youth, half-idiot, half musician and wholly unattractive, live with them. With remarkable sweetness and amiability, Jef suffers the presence of Clo-Clo, who adds to the sin of his boorish behavior a little habit of assisting Marceline with her amours. Jef loves her deeply, trusts her implicitly and offers her every sort of kindness and consideration. Finally Marceline comes across a young man who is not willing to share her with anyone, not even her husband, and insists that she run away. This she does, leaving Clo-Clo, now completely disgusted with her, to break the news to Jef. Clo-Clo's stumbling attempts at an explanation are met with gentle disbelief, for Jef still trusts his wife. Meantime, Marceline has a revulsion of feeling, sees herself as she really is, leaves her lover and returns to Jef for good, telling him that he has created a greater miracle than a new flower, for he has made a new woman, a good woman, out of her through his great love.

The picture really belongs to Rene Lefebvre, though the other players are all satisfactory for their roles. He, however, is more than that, for he brings to a difficult part a serenity and a sweetness of character that are never merely saccharine. If it seems hard to believe that anyone could be so blindly trusting, and so forgiving, without a taint of self-righteousness, he is invariably convincing, none the less. Madaline Renaud, in the ungrateful role of Marceline, plays with excellent understanding. Not strictly pretty, she displays unusual intelligence in her acting and depicts the girl's gradual change of heart with considerable conviction. The grotesque role of Clo-Clo, a character who would have a rather ugly title in English, Michel Simon undertakes, and makes full use of such tricks as an astonishing black wig, queer teeth, halting speech, shambling gait and half-open mouth to gain his comic effects. His humor, however, is not of the Anglo-Saxon variety.

E. L. H.

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COLONIAL

"The Mikado"

"The Mikado," comic operetta in two acts, written by W. S. Gilbert, composed by Arthur Sullivan; first produced at the Savoy Theatre, London, March 14, 1885; repeatedly revived here and abroad, and most recently by the Civic Light Opera company, under direction of Milton Aborn at Erlanger's Theatre, New York, May 4, 1931; performed by this organization at the Colonial Theatre last evening with the following cast:

The Mikado of Japan	William Danforth
Nanki-Poo	Howard Marsh
Ko-Ko	Frank Moulan
Pooh-Bah	Herbert Waterous
Pish-Tush	Allen Waterous
Yum-Yum	Hizi Koyke
Pitti-Sing	Ethel Clark
Peep-Bo	Eleanor Gilmore
Katisha	Vera Ross

Not always does the early bird capture the first worm of spring, or even of late summer. Sometimes the early bird cannot sing as hypnotically as its tardier rival. These conclusions seem justified after a neutral survey of two performances within eight evenings of "The Mikado," that most popular, and most abused, of the series of operettas which emanated from the happily fused pens of two of England's most famous collaborators. It could be chronicled that the first exhibit seemed perfunctory, blatant, laboriously comic; set by a journeyman musical conductor at a tempo at odds with the composer's directions and unfair to those asking to sing to it. That of last evening, which attracted a full house to the Colonial, was emphatically more in the tradition.

Mr. Aborn, a conservative rather than a radical in his methods, holds with thousands of worshippers that two laws govern all productions of the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. The full beauty of the music must be lovingly interpreted by a competent and decently balanced orchestra; every nuance and every point of wit or sentiment which an instrument can emphasize must be so stressed. Secondly, the singers must be no mere balladists, mumbling their words, ignoring diction for a favorite top note. Each and every line of Gilbert's lyrics is worth its weight in gold. No prima donna or basso profundo or smirking comedian may rightfully conceal its full value. Consider that breathless patter song for Pooh-Bah, Pish-Tush and Nanki-Poo:

To sit in solemn silence in a dull,
dark dock,
In a pestilential prison with a life-
long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a sharp,
sharp shock,
From a cheap and chippy chopper
on a big black block.

Nothing less than perfect elocution can encompass that. Gilbert and Sullivan singers are born, or trained from early childhood. They are not made overnight.

Mr. Aborn has given diligent attention to his performance, with something more than a casual glance at his production. As to stage settings, they are correct in their simplicity. The costumes are bright, cheerful, variegated, obviously of comparatively rich material as stage gowns go. Those of the second act are more suggestive of the lustrous kimonos and the brilliantly hued trappings which made Winthrop Ames's last presentations so distinguished pictorially. As to last evening's performance, more extravagant phrases of praise must be evoked. Considering first the choristers, the gentlemen of Japan sang with admirable precision and volume, while the school girls gave every token of tireless training in their croonings. In short, the ensembles were a delightful part of the evening. As to the principals, there was Herbert Waterous, a truly mountainous Pooh-Bah, who "was born sneering;" a basso of the old school, a living lesson for all Pooh-Bahs to study and to emulate. There was William Danforth, whose leering Mikado, of grotesque mien and maniacal laugh, atones for a deplorable tendency to mug by fascinating delivery of his lines. There was Frank Moulan, whose stage years no man knoweth, yet who capers as nimbly as a first-season clown, who makes Ko-Ko a shrewdly comic tailor elevated to the troubled office of lord high executioner. There was Howard Marsh, a latter-day tenor who by intelligence, talent and voice now fits himself nonchalantly into Nanki-Poo's silken trunks and sings as liquidly as if come straight out of the Savoy or the Royale. There is Vera Ross, whose vibrant contralto translates ugly Katisha's laments into something poignantly appealing. Of the others, Allen Waterous, son of Herbert, is a dignified Pish-Tush. The "three little maids" are attractive, yet not truthfully to be classed with their male associates in the important matter of vocalism.

Mr. Hurley conducted, wisely restraining his band both as to volume and pace, yielding ground wherever soloist, trio or quartet needed it. The audience was composite, many of the younger generation, as many more of their adults; the one eager for such novelty in the theatre as pure melody and clean humors can supply; the other contemplating past memories and present delights as precious gifts from the gods. Not since "Show Boat," when "Ole Man River" rolled sonorously to the rafters to echoing applause from below, has the Colonial resounded to such joyous plaudits. It was a mellowed performance of an imperishable operetta.

W. E. G.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"Precedent"

"Precedent," a drama in a prologue, with three acts and an epilogue by I. J. Golden; staged by Walter Hart and presented at the Provincetown Theatre, N. Y., on April 14, 1931, by Harmon, Traube and Hart Productions, Inc., produced last evening at the Plymouth Theatre with the following cast:

Delaney	Ralph W. Chambers
Mrs. Delaney	Ellen Ha
Preston	Frederick A. Sullivan
His secretary	Musa Beal
Graham	George Powel
Stewart	Jack Bennett
Riley	William Bonelli
Mrs. Evans	Nell Harrison
Police officer	James Wright
Maybelle Jones	Jeane Woods
Judge McInerney	Kirk Brown
Rossman	James Barrett
Fremont	Clyde Franklin
Jim	Frank Lee
Callahan	Charles Harrison
Judge Hunter	George Farren
Ketcham	George Price
Mrs. Compton	Kathryn Card
Dr. Harris	Thomas A. Gravetta
Fravers	Robert Allen
Governor	Ralph Morehouse

Any play that is confessedly a case of special pleading, as is undoubtedly true of "Precedent," which opened last evening at the Plymouth Theatre, is under a handicap from the start. The author must make his appeal one-sided; he must endeavor to show that every one not in agreement with him is not only against him but is also against him because his opinions are false and unjust. With regard to "Precedent" this seems to be more or less what the dramatist, Mr. I. J. Golden, set out to do. Mr. Golden is a lawyer whose wrath against what he believes to be the unjust conviction of Thomas Mooney for the bomb outrages in San Francisco 15 years ago prompted him temporarily to desert the bar and enter the theatre to wage the battle anew. What is the result? The spectator beholds a series of brief scenes in which perjured testimony establishes a case against an innocent man—testimony which, as presented on the stage could have been torn down by any half-way competent lawyer. He also perceives that the protagonist of the drama, who should have been a figure to inspire pity and a righteous wrath, is thrust into the background while the battle rages around him. Finally, he sees the case against this man put in the hands of a man whose specious mouthings, whose veritable smoke screen of oratory might deceive a not very intelligent jury, not a man capable of holding office as Governor. This prosecuting attorney, in fact, becomes so much the villain of the piece that an audience appreciative of his acting, not of his logic, hissed him heartily on his final appearance.

Briefly told, the plot shows the means by which Thomas Delaney, a labor organizer in a far Western city, is framed for a bomb outrage in which he is conclusively proved to have had no part. His refusal to compromise had won him the hatred of a powerful street railway organization, and that organization secured the co-operation of the district attorney Riley. Riley, by means of bribery and threats, secures false testimony which brings Delaney the death sentence. Fremont, editor of an influential newspaper, and Callahan, the defense attorney, obtain the help of Judge McInerney, who had pronounced the death sentence, by producing conclusive evidence as to the unreliability of the state's witnesses. They go to the governor and plead for a pardon, but he, torn between the necessity of upholding the law and the force of the new evidence, merely commutes Delaney's sentence to life imprisonment.

The theatre has been used to try all sorts of imaginary cases, but here is a real one, for Thomas Mooney—thinly disguised in the play as Delaney—is still alive and still in prison after 15 years. This is no place to enter into a discussion of the rights and wrongs of that debatable case: the question is concerning the merits of "Precedent" as a play. It is interesting, it is novel, it is written with a deal of serious indignation, but it still remains more a matter of the law courts than the theatre, and its interpretation of the processes of law can be questioned even by those outside the profession. The acting is strong, salty, appropriate to the mood of the play, the best work being done by William Bonelli as the unctuous, slippery Riley, Kirk Brown as the gentlemanly, upright, deeply perturbed Judge McInerney, Clyde Franklin as the indignant Fremont, and Jeane Woods as a matter-of-fact woman of the streets. Ralph Chambers, as Delaney, had little to do but look resigned, and did that admirably. The audience was interested, and puzzled.

E. L. H.

MAJESTIC

At the Majestic Theatre—Lew Leslie presents Ethel Waters in "Rhapsody in Black," a "symphony in blue notes and black rhythm," with music by divers persons and obtained from sundry sources. Besides Miss Waters, the principal performers are the Berry brothers, Cecil Mack's choir, Valaida, Earl (Snakehips) Tucker, Bessie Dudley, Blue McAllister, Avis Andrews, Geneva Washington, and Eloise Uggams. The instrumental accompaniment is supplied by Pike Davis's Continental orchestra.

Mr. Leslie's latest theatrical concoction is certainly not a musical comedy, probable not a revue, and just misses being a concert. Whatever it is, however, "Rhapsody In Black" mightily

ased an audience at the Majestic
atre last night which filled every
t and stood three and four deep at
c rear. The show comes very near to
ing the quintessence of what is best
Negro singing and dancing. If you
n't like blues and angular strutting,
u won't like "Rhapsody In Black";
t if you do, you'll eat it up. The or-
estral background is literally just
at, for Mr. Davis's orchestra remains
the stage throughout the perform-
ce and its muted cornets and wailing
xophones supply the proper indigo at-
ospherc. Cecil Mack's choir does the
semble singing. It sings a few of the
ual spirituals and for a while one has
emories of the Hampton and Tuske-
e singers. But its most effective work
t night was its collaboration with the
chestra and Joseph Steel at the piano
Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue." In
is the company really created an illu-
n, and the finely wrought mixture of
ess, strings and Negro voices lifted
c performance almost into operatic
alms.

But the audience, we fear, would have
ed more dancing. There is no chorus
the Broadway sense of the word. All
e hoofing is done by a half a dozen
the principals. The first two or three
enes went well enough—the crowd
s ready to cheer anything—but the
arp thunder of true enthusiasm did
t fall until the Berry brothers, young
d very brown, whirled their way
ross the stage in a frenzy of musical
robatics. And those who like their
ncing hot, were bountifully treated by
ssic Dudley whose legs, hips, arms
d everything vibrated feverishly in
c best jungle manner.

We come to Miss Walters. Without
r, the show would hardly be. It is
e who provides the little character
idies which are spice between the
ick layers of vocal and orchestral
apsodies. A chanteuse, she sings blues
th the best of her race. There is the
aunting pathos, the slightly blurred
gatos, the misplaced accent, and the
idden change of tempo. As a diseuse,
he is far better than the rest of her
ace. Her portrait of the colored scrub-
dy last night would be a valuable ad-
ition to Ruth Draper's gallery. We
ympathize with her disgust at men's
nderwear which has become so femi-
ine that you really can't be sure of its
ex until you see it on somebody.

There should also be mention of Val-
ida's singing of "St. Louis Infirmary,"
nd of the Misses Andrews and Ug-
ams's beautifully severe and solemn
endition of "Eili, Eili," a hymn which,
uriously enough, did not seem entirely
ut of place. A New York critic called
he show a Negro "Chauve-Souris."
That is about the best description we
an think of. L. W., Jr.

Sep 27 1931

TREMONT THEATRE
'Divorce Me, Dear"
By PHILIP HALE

"Divorce Me, Dear," a new comedy in three acts by Katharine Roberts, staged by Antoinette Perry. Settings designed by P. Doold Ackerman. Presented by Sidney M. Biddell at the Fox Theatre, Great Neck, Long Island, on Sept. 19, 1931. The cast last night:

Mary Adams .....Francesca Bruning
Cheever .....Robert Vivian
Geoffrey Lawrence.....Richie Ling
Veronica Vare.....Violet Heming
Eleanor Lawrence.....Anne Sutherland
Kenneth Gardner.....G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Peter Vare.....Reginald Mason
Celeste .....Andree Corday
Andre Guigne.....Gustave Rolland

When this comedy was brought out at Great Neck, the part of Veronica was played by Lillian Foster. She was announced as leading woman for the performance at the Tremont last week Monday. This performance did not take place, owing, it is said, to a disagreement between her and the manager. Perhaps the reviewers benefited by her absence, for however capable an actress she may be, they remembered that when a London critic so far forgot himself as to comment harshly on the quality of her voice, she revenged herself, according to report, by slapping his face, not once but several times.

Considering the fact that Miss Heming had only a few days to learn Veronica's lines and rehearse the "business" with the company, she gave a portrayal of character so excellent that any apology would be impertinent. The play moved briskly and in a most spirited manner.

The comedy itself is light and amusing. Veronica is bored by her husband, although he is always the same, cheerful, generous, a model husband. His habit of finishing her sentences, anticipating her final words, vexes her. She has been reading about free love, the monotony of marriage. She must be divorced; not that she wishes to wed again, yet Kenneth Gardner is a desirable young man. She sees in him an ideal lover. If her husband would give her half his large fortune, possibly three thirds, as alimony, besides his well-appointed city house, his country-place in France, and an income in addition she could be happy in Spain or on the Riviera. Kenneth knows nothing of her plan. When she woos him artfully, he is dull and undemonstrative. She calls in the aid of her uncle Geoffrey, who, shocked at first, consents to see a lawyer.

Her husband thinks she is joking, when she calmly announces her intention. He rages for a time, and roars at last, "Get your divorce." Kenneth, she and her sister, who is in love with Kenneth, are seen in Paris. The divorce will be granted in spite of Aunt Eleanor's strenuous objection. The couple are to be married the next day. Who turns up but the husband. Veronica is so delighted that she invites him to dinner and asks him to occupy the guest room. Kenneth is naturally jealous. Aunt Eleanor thinks that the house reeks with immorality. Sister scolds. Veronica cannot stand Kenneth's jealous behavior. The husband is as balmy as a June day. He wishes the couple every happiness. In the last act Veronica, irresistible in bedroom pajamas, is alarmed when she hears the divorce is granted. Her Peter has surely been captured by some designing creature. Veronica uses all her wiles to win him back. It is easy to see the ending—it was to be seen in the second act. Peter will have again his "delightful playmate" and his "flop" of a wife. Sister will have her Kenneth. The curtain goes down with Peter madly embracing Veronica, who exclaims that he has put her in a compromising position.

A light, frivolous play, but the company made it most entertaining. Miss Heming portrayed the silly, irresponsible, seductive wife to the life. A woman light-headed, unappreciative of manly worth, eager for what she regards as happiness, not restrained by the conventions; with no idea of the value of true love or money, extravagant even in her longings, romantic in a way. So that when she raved about a Spanish garden, she resented Kenneth's saying: "Fleas." Miss Heming's portrayal was noteworthy for its spirit in the vein of genuine comedy.

Her support was worthy of her. Miss Sutherland, flattered by the pressing attentions of the French lawyer, was amusing in her stormy appeals to Veronica to be decent. Miss Bruning showed, without falling into sentimentalism, a young girl's love for one who she thought could not be happy with her sister. Mr. Mason's rage, then his coolness, his final surrender, these were shown without a false note. Mr. Ling has a congenial part, and Mr. Huntley was a manly if perplexed lover, who had reason to hesitate. There was a very large and hilarious audience.

COLONIAL

"H. M. S. Pinafore," comic opera in two acts, with book and lyrics by W. S. Gilbert, score by Arthur Sullivan; produced at the Opera Comique, London, on May 25, 1878, by D'Oyly Carte; first American production at the Boston Museum, Nov. 25, 1878; first New York performance, at the Standard Theatre, Jan. 15, 1879; revived by Milton Aborn at Erlanger's Theatre, New York, May 18, 1931; performed last evening at the Colonial Theatre under Mr. Aborn's direction with the following cast:

Sir Joseph Porter.....Frank Moulan
Captain Corcoran .....Allen Waterous
Ralph Rackstraw .....Howard Marsh
Dick Deadeye .....William Danforth
Bill Bobstay .....Herbert Waterous
Josephine .....Ruth Altman
Little Buttercup .....Fay Templeton
Hebe .....Ethel Clark

Preceded by "Trial by Jury," satirical operetta in one act by W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan; produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, March 25, 1875; performed July 27, 1931, at Erlanger's Theatre, New York, by the Civic Light Opera Company under direction of Milton Aborn; by that same organization at the Colonial last evening, with the following cast:

The Learned Judge .....Frank Moulan
Foreman of the Jury.....Herbert Waterous
Defendant .....Howard Marsh
Counsel .....Allen Waterous
Usher .....William Danforht
Plaintiff .....Ruth Altman

Some will say that this sprightly bit of burlesque of olden-time British lawcourts was the important feature of the evening. Others will contend that it was the appearance of Fay Templeton, her first since 1926, as Little Buttercup in "Pinafore." Let us be all-embracing, and agree that both were of such exceptional novelty andd worth that one supplemented the other, that the two, along wit other considerations wich for the nonce become secondary, made for an evening in the theatre of rare enjoyment. An audience which filled the Colonial from roof-tree to orchestra rail took keenest delight in the proceedings, let there be no doubt of that.

"Trial by Jury," seldom heard in this country and, thanks to Mr. Aborn, given in this instance for the benefit of two generations, was performed with amazing fluency and zest. From the moment Mr. Danforth, who reminded us astoundingly of another of our favorite comedians, Frank Daniels, roared out the command, "Silence! Silence in court!" to the last lusty benison of the departing jurors bestowed on the learned judge and his bride-elect, gaiety was the rule. Here is no miniature operetta stuffed with melodies. Rather it is propelled by humor, both of the chanted word and of side play. It is easy to believe that it was written in three weeks. It is of such matter as might have evolved from the puckish brain of the gifted Gilbert over an inspiring bottle in a cery tavern. All Sir Arthur needs contribute was a lilting score, a score which jingled gleefully with the Gilbertian gibes. The nearest to sheer melody might be "Tink-a-Tank," sung admirably by Mr. Marsh as the unabashed defendant. Mr. Moulan, whose bewigged judge was a master bit of caricature, sang his one solo with easy relish. The concerted numbers were splendidly done, not shouted merely, but with modulations of volume and intelligently approached climaxes which bespoke meticulous training. Many thanks, Mr. Aborn, for this "Trial by Jury."

Now to Fay Templeton. In itself this revival of "H. M. S. Pinafore" was worthy. With Miss Templeton in the cast the performance became an event. Tremendous applause greeted her first entrance as the bumboat woman. She was forced to repeat her "Buttercup" song several times, the while old admirers studied the features and the enhanced contours of this artiste who nearly 40 years ago was giving unforgettable imitations of Fougere, a Parisian chanteuse of those balmy days, or singing rhapsodically of her "Filipino Man." The expressive eyes are still twinkling with that same michievous glint. Speech comes as distinctly and adroitly as in the days of Weber and iFelds or of "45 Minutes from Broadway." And how skilfully last evening she conserved and controlled her singing voice, now startling us with one of those famous low tones, now soaring more faintly but with true pitch to a high note. It is to be doubted if the Buttercups who have gone before, among them Laura Joyce Bell, Alice Barnett, or Viola Gillette, achieved a more complete characterization.

"H. M. S. Pinafore" is really a travesty within a travesty; frankly designated as a satire directed at naval beauroccracy and snobbery, it also might be accused of being a subtly formulated burlesque on the conventional Italian opera. Note the deft, artful arrangement of recitative, aria, and chorus which reduces to absurdity the standardized forms of operatic travail. The orchestra brings on Josephine, or Ralph, or Capt. Corcoran and Sir Joseph. The prima donna, who here is Josephine, must have her grand display piece, and she has it in "The Hours Creep on Apace" in the second act. Indeed, Miss Altman must have known of this legend, for, garbed like Parthenia and gesturing like Lucia, she declaimed for all the world as do our foremost exponents of opera.

Mr. Moulan, with his features of gray parchment, his shrewdly twinkling eyes, his crisp humors, seemed a more mellowed Sir Joseph; less querulous than of old. He actually gave the old hypocrite distinction. Mr. Danforth, with his grotesque make-up and his stuffed trouser-seat, made Dick Deadeye a ruddy if malignant seaman. Mr. Marsh was a manly yet modest Ralph Rackstraw, singing with his customary finish; and Mr. Waterous the elder threw his superb bass into "He Is an Englishman" superbly. The male chorus was at its best in these rollicking glees and roundelays, and the young laidies who escorted Sir Joseph were very attractive in their pink and blue dresses, and tuneful withal. Again praise is due to Mr. J. Albert Hurley, who led his orchestra skilfully and effectively. W. E. G.

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MAJESTIC THEATRE
"Tell A Vision"

"Tell A Vision," a "musical absurdity" in two acts; book and lyrics by Roland Trevor, music by Lew Daly; produced by J. Andrew White last evening at the Majestic Theatre, for the first time on any stage, with the following cast:

Linda Beaumont.....Rosetta Duncan
Jess Kantmiss.....Vernon Wallace
Jim Pressario.....Don Barclay
Karl N. MacTwinee.....Loring Smith
George Fuerst.....James B. Carson
Bailey Bierprice.....Lawrence Fletcher
Keith Bett.....Fred Ardath
Sonya De Laye.....Gail Mack

Mr. White, at one time considered one of radio's most distinguished broadcasters, seems as a producer to have determined to present a theatrical novelty—a musical comedy totally devoid of humor. While at last accounts he has succeeded in giving actuality to this theory, it is doubtful if he will be able to find a ready market for his product. Its commercial value is more tenuous than the plot, and what that was all about was more than the greater part of last evening's expectant audience was able to grasp. There was, indeed, a hint that the chief motif was satire, aimed loquaciously at radio studios, at program-selling methods, and at least at one announcer noted for his enthusiasm and for his flowery if noisy and sometimes inaccurate microphonic descriptions of momentous events in the life of our nation.

If one remained constantly alert he might infer that conferences, slogans, false whiskers and a vast amount of conversation were essentials in obtaining the signature of one of two rival soap manufacturers to an advertising contract in which the radio and television were to be employed jointly for national exploitation of his wares. At stated intervals the conversation paused for breath, thus allowing a score of pretty girls none to expertly trained to prance in unhampering costumes to rhythms which, once heard, seemed to repeat themselves without shame. There were many changes of scene, effected behind an extremely attractive curtain, both as to color and design, but these scenes, though promising on paper, dissolved themselves mostly into freshly painted backdrops which failed to suggest anything in particular.

During the first act an audience of first-night curiosity waited patiently for the smoke of garrulity to fade, for the first glint of humor, either in speech or situation. The nearest it came to satisfying a rapidly vanishing hope was when four chorus girls and boys enveloped in bagging which gave them shapes of grotesque equines cavorted about the stage in awkward and ludicrous postures while Mr. Barclay sang lugubriously a ditty entitled "The Royal Mounted." The second act brought audible intolerance if not open rebellion in the form of derisive cries and other uncomplimentary demonstrations. For by that time it was evident that "Tell A Vision" was not getting anywhere, and never could, unless it be to some dispassionate storehouse.

This in many ways seems a pity. The stage today needs support and encouragement as never before in its long service of entertainment. This company has numerical strength at least. Its principals, led by Rosetta Duncan and Don Barclay, strive almost pathetically to create something from nothing. There is a comparatively large orchestra, led by the veteran Gus Salzer, to play the unknown Mr. Daly's uninspired music. The settings and costumes, if not distinctive, at least are new and as yet unsoiled. But the fatal weakness of the entire structure was indicated in two utterances: one by Miss Duncan when she accused a fellow player of releasing "words that have no meaning," and the other when one of the chorus girls thus charged Mr. MacTwinee, to give him his cast name,—"All you do is talk!" That the audience possessed a mass sense of humor was indicated by its instant applause at this sally. One saddening thought emerges from this welter and wasted endeavor:—what becomes of all the jobless chorus girls? W. E. G.

Oct 3 1931

LOEW'S STATE
"Palmy Days"

An all-talking and singing screen comedy based on a story by Eddie Cantor, Morrie Ryskind and David Freedman; songs by Con Conrad, Cliff Friend, Eddie Cantor, Harry Akst and Benny Davis; continuity by Keene Thompson, directed by Edward Sutherland and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Eddie Simpson.....Eddie Cantor
Miss Martin .....Charlotte Greenwood
A. B. Clark.....Spencer Charters
Joan Clark.....Barbara Weeks
Joe-the-Frog.....George Raft
Steve.....Paul Page
Plug Mornihan.....Harry Woods
Yolando.....Charles B. Middleton

Mr. Cantor, one learns from various sources, is about ready to return to a preferable medium of comic expression, the stage, under the aegis of his old boss, Mr. Ziegfeld. There seems to be very sound reason for this. In his first screen appearance with "Whoopee," he had the advantage of the staged original and of color, coupled with the disadvantages of compression action and disjointed continuity. In "Palmy Days" he is dependent on script prepared by himself and two compatriots, set to picturization which dispenses with color, rambles into divers side paths, and is indubitably labored in its humors. It has been well directed by Mr. Sutherland, has been aided by a really prodigal production and has a cast sagaciously selected, with a large chorus of

pretty girls who enliven more than one interlude with dances deftly arranged by Busby Berkeley.

What it seems to lack most pointedly is a steady flow of comic inventiveness. There are long intervals of hackneyed speech and action, relieved only when Cantor resorts to the funniest of his stage routine or is inspired to create a new and really ludicrous scene, such as his masquerade as a bathing girl, his frantic perturbation as he is forced by exigent circumstances and the prod-

dings of elongated Charlotte Greenwood to take a shower bath and then to plunge into a swimming pool with a bevy of splashing nymphs. Here is the Cantor of pop-eyed embarrassment, of stuttering protest, of comicality which skirts skilfully the edge of physical disclosures and as skilfully stops there. In less degree he is amusing in his scene with Miss Greenwood when she, as a girls' gymnasium instructor, gives him a burlesque massage treatment which reveals Cantor as a contortionist of no mean ability.

The story concerns the erratic and ludicrous adventures of Eddie Simpson, first as clumsy assistant to a fake spiritualistic medium and later as efficiency expert for the great A. B. Clark bakery. The picture in fact is noteworthy for its broad yet effective satire aimed at turbaned crystal gazers. Eddie has frequent painful encounters with Yolando, the thieving medium, in the course of the picture, though twice he bests the crook; once when disguised as a visiting soothsayer he stamps on Yolando's prostrate form, and at the end, when he saves $25,000 of Clark's money from the desperate machinations of Yolando and his band. In these incidents the familiar pursuit tactics of the first screen days are utilized, for the most part amusingly.

Miss Greenwood, given all the dull lines, plays the "gym" instructor energetically, and is a genial foil to Mr. Cantor's audacious foolery. Mr. Charters, who appears with Cantor in all of his stage or screen enterprises, is again the simple elder who would compare operation statistics or learn to quack like a duck under Cantor's impish tutelage. The boy and girl theme is sustained by Paul Page and Barbara Weeks, and adds little to the picture. Mr. Middleton is credible as the crooked mystic. The infrequent musical numbers, two for Cantor and one for Miss Greenwood, are not worth boasting about; and there are at least two lines

In the dialogue which seem to have escaped the alert ears of our invisible and unidentified censors. W. E. G.

RKO KEITH'S

"Devotion"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Graham John and Horace Jackson from the novel, "A Little Flat in the Temple," by Pamela Wynne; directed by Robert Milton and presented by RKO Pathe with the following cast:

Shirley Mortimer ..... Ann Harding
David Trent ..... Leslie Howard
Stephen Harrington ..... Robert Williams
Mr. Mortimer ..... O. P. Heggie
Mrs. Mortimer ..... Louise Closser Hale
Sergeant Coggins ..... Dudley Digges
Mrs. Coggins ..... Alison Skipworth
Pansie ..... Doris Lloyd
Derek ..... Douglas Scott
Bridget ..... Tempe Piggott
Mrs. Trent ..... Olive Tell

Very quiet, very English, very charming and very well acted is "Devotion," Ann Harding's latest starring vehicle now showing at the RKO Keith Theatre. Over the whole thing lies an atmosphere of good breeding and delicacy of touch, enlivened by a slightly Puckish humor. It is the sort of picture for those who enjoy good acting, a thoroughly believable story told in a manner that makes the characters seem unusually true to life and above all, for those who enjoy Ann Harding. There is no wild excitement, no dashing hither and thither: hence, the film is not one for the action fiend, but it is safe to predict that, on the basis of Miss Harding's popularity it should prove something more than a succes d'estime. If it doesn't, producers might as well stop trying to cater to the adult element in screen audiences, for "Devotion" embodies almost everything that this critical group could ask.

Shirley Mortimer, in love with David Trent, a rising young barrister completely oblivious of her existence, disguises herself as a middle-aged woman, Mrs. Halifax, in order to take the position of governess to his small son and live in Trent's flat in the Temple

where no young women are allowed. Trent secures the acquittal of Stephen Harrington, a sensitive artist driven by tragic circumstances to kill his wife. Harrington, visiting Trent's flat, sees through Shirley's disguise at once, but promises to keep her secret. Shirley's father returns from Rome and she goes to dine with him, discovering too late that Trent also is a member of the party. After a good look, Trent discovers who his pretended housekeeper really is, and when Shirley returns to the flat that night he tells her he loves her. The next evening Shirley returns, in her governess costume, to have dinner with him, but the party is rudely broken up when Trent's wife appears to demand money. In anger and disgust, Shirley leaves. Her family being out of town, she poses for Harrington to support herself. He makes love to her, begs her to go away with him, even offers marriage, which she refuses, being still in love with Trent. The latter finds her at last, tells her that his wife, whom he had not seen for four years, is getting a divorce and asks her to marry him.

In the central role, Ann Harding offers another of her sincere and lovely performances, providing delicious comedy in the sequences where she plays the governess and charming romance in the love scenes. If not quite convincingly English in voice, she has a delicate reserve eminently in keeping with the character. Leslie Howard enacts Trent in a pleasing and persuasive manner, his easy gentlemanliness and cultured voice embellishing a role that in itself is rather thin. It is Robert Williams, however, who really takes the acting honors. To the role of the whimsical, observant Harrington he brings his quizzical speech, his quiet humor, his mobile features and his gift for genuine characterization, all of which go to make up a performance decidedly out of the ordinary. In smaller roles O. P. Heggie, Dudley Digges and Alison Skipworth do satisfactory work. The atmosphere of the entire production reflects much credit on Robert Milton, the director.

E. L. M.

METROPOLITAN

"My Sin"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by George Abbott from a story by Fred Jackson; directed by George Abbott and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Carlotta (Ann Trevor) ..... Tallulah Bankhead
Dick Grady ..... Fredric March
Roger Metcalf ..... Harry Davenport
Larry Gordon ..... Scott Kalk
Mrs. Gordon ..... Ann Sutherland
Paula Marsden ..... Margaret Adams
Helen Grace ..... Lily Cahill
James Bradford ..... Jay Fassett

Tallulah Bankhead's excellent work in "Tarnished Lady," her first American picture, aroused hopes that in the future she would be given something more worthy of her talents. Despite the triteness of that unfortunate film she proved herself an emotional actress of genuine fascination and real ability, albeit unkindly photographed and burdened with a variety of stupid lines. "My Sin," now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre, shows her to better advantage pictorially without question. It is well acted by Miss Bankhead and Fredric March, her co-star, and succeeds in rousing a fair amount of suspense, but emphatically it does not give either of these talented players a fair chance. The story is hackneyed, the development of the plot trite and the situations of nothing out of the ordinary. Good actors should not be asked to carry the whole burden of a picture; they deserve help from the scenario writer and the director to get the best results.

When the story opens, Carlotta, singing hostess of a low-class dive in Panama, shoots and accidentally kills her rascally husband who has attempted to rob her of her savings. No one will defend her but Dick Grady, once a good lawyer and now a drunken derelict. He wins an acquittal for her and a job for himself, offered by a New York business man, Roger Metcalf. Grady stakes Ann to a sum sufficient to enable her to make a good start and advises her to change her name to Ann Trevor. Two years later Carlotta is working for an interior decorating firm in New York and is engaged to an eligible young millionaire, Larry Gordon. Unexpectedly Dick Grady turns

up and when he finds Carlotta has chosen another man, warns her to tell him the truth. She refuses, but when dining soon afterwards with Larry and his mother she is nearly exposed by Metcalf, Larry's uncle, who recognizes her. Dick, summoned to confirm Metcalf's suspicions, says that Carlotta died in Panama and offers her a loophole to escape. Carlotta, however, tired of deceit, tells Larry the truth and breaks their engagement despite his sincere protestations that he cares nothing for her past. Months later she is summoned to decorate a house in the country and discovers that, while it is the same one in which she and Larry had planned to live, it is now owned by Dick, returned from self-imposed exile to marry her.

Miss Bankhead present a glamorous, interesting figure as the unfortunate Carlotta and gives every indication that the acting ability she exhibited in "Tarnished Lady" was no mere flash in the pan. To scenes that are unworthy of her she brings life and conviction.

The Theatre

Oct 1931

By PHILIP HALE

Pirandello's "As You Desire Me" ("Come tu mi vuoi"), a play in three acts, will be performed at the Plymouth Theatre tomorrow night by the Professional Players.

The play, translated into English by Samuel Putnam, is published by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. Mr. Putnam, whose translation is closer to the original than the one that has been used by the Professional Players and in some material points is different, says in his short preface: "I have enjoyed the advantage of close association with Signor Pirandello himself, and I am indebted to him for constant encouragement and sympathy and for frequent and always helpful suggestions." He expresses his gratitude to Mr. John Macrae, Sr., president of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., for insisting that the translator should capture the "essential Pirandello verve and magnetism; if all publishers were equally exigent, many translations might be a good deal better than they are. . . . This translation has been made without any regard to the American stage version." This stage version is by Dmitri Ostrov.

Did Pirandello find his play in the Bruneri-Canella case?

About four years ago a vagabond was arrested in Turin for stealing. He had apparently lost his memory and was a sick man. He was taken to the infirmary of the madhouse. His photograph was published that he might be identified. Signora Canella recognized it as that of her husband, a distinguished professor. It was thought that he had been killed in the world war. His wife refused to believe in his death. She awaited for 12 years his return to the family villa on Lake Garda. The wife and her supposed husband met at the madhouse. She was allowed to take him home, where the Canella children, relatives and friends welcomed him.

An anonymous letter said that this Canella, this "unknown," was Mario Bruneri, a printer, who had served two sentences in jail. There was a third warrant out against him. The Canella family went to law. Their case was lost in the Turin tribunal and the court of appeal. This "unknown man of Colegno" was declared to be Bruneri. The "unknown," having regained his memory, had recognized all his old friends, and recalled incidents of his past life. The police showed that the fingerprints of the unknown was exactly those of Mario Bruneri. This was certain. "Neither Signora Canella nor Signora Bruneri was able to find a single physical characteristic of their respective husbands that the other did not possess. Eminent churchmen, members of Parliament and other persons worthy of belief who had known Canella or Bruneri sided in about equal numbers for one or for the other." There are two children born of the union of the unknown and Signora Canella.

The Roman Court of Cassation annulled the sentence in favor of Bruneri on the ground of irregularity of procedure. The Canella family brought the case again to the Court of Appeals in Florence. The court studied more than 6000 affidavits. The unknown was measured and found to be half an inch smaller than Canella had been; but he was not exactly the size of Bruneri. Signora Canella summoned her husband's uncle from Brazil. He at first identified the professor, but he refused later to confirm his first impression.

On May 1st, 1931, the Court of Appeals at Florence declared that the man claiming to be Canella is an imposter whose real name is Bruneri. Signora Canella still insists he is her husband, and a large section of the public sides with her. "Bruneri, or Canella, has written three volumes to prove that he is the Professor Canella, who disappeared in a skirmish in 1917, when he was an officer in Macedonia, leaving a wife and two children in Verona."

Pirandello's play was produced at Milan early in last year by the company of Marta Abba, who having been leading woman in his own company for several years, is now a manager.

The heroine is a nameless woman, whose life was ruined by the war. Her home in Venetia was invaded; she was captured and violated by soldiers who carried her away with them. The war over, she went from one city to another. When the play opens she is in Berlin, dancing in a cafe, and living with Salter, a writer, morbid, neurotic, a wholly undesirable citizen. He has a daughter Greta, known as Mop. She has an abnormal, unholy passion for the Strange Lady. One day Boffi, an Italian, addresses the Strange Lady to tell her that her husband, Bruno Pieri, is waiting for her. She must recall the past. Pieri, returning from the front, had found his villa in Venetia sacked; his wife gone. He thinks he now has found her. Is the Strange Lady his Lucia, or does she, tired of Salter, lend herself to the illusion? Why not play the part and escape from her present hell. She goes with Pieri to his villa, adapts herself to her new surroundings. She says to herself. "I want to be what you wish me to be." She will be Lucia if the dwellers in the villa will only believe she is. They are puzzled; they are inclined now to believe, now to disbelieve. It is for the pecuniary interest of the family, except for a sister and her husband, to accept her. The Strange Lady sees this.

Salter wishes to be revenged for her desertion. He brings with him to the villa a crazy woman whom he had discovered in a Viennese madhouse. From her rambling talk he conjectures that she is the long lost wife of Pieri. The one word she constantly repeats is "Le-na," and Lena is the name of Lucia's aunt. Pieri and his relations will not accept her. They insist that the Strange Lady is Lucia, though she assures them in a passionate tirade that she has carried her imposture to the point of causing herself to be recognized by three persons whom she is seeing for the first time in her life. She leaves with Salter, going back to dance at Berlin. Only the Demented Lady and Aunt Lena are left on the stage.

The Demented Lady. Le-na

Aunt Lena (almost voiceless, as if she could not believe it all) Cia. . . .

This is the play as told by Pirandello and his translator, Mr. Putnam.

Pirandello, asked in Paris, "which is the real wife, or rather, which do you consider to be the real wife," answered: "The one who believes herself to be the true wife." Asked, "But the real wife physically," he smiled: "The theme of all my work is that imagination is stronger than actuallty. What is real for each one of us is what he or she believes to be real."

The play was first produced in this country by the Professional Players at the Shubert-Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Nov. 24, 1930. It arrived at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, New York, on Jan. 28, 1931. The Un-

nown One, Judith Anderson; Lena, Vera G. Hurst; Inez, Katherine Warren; the Demented Lady, Amy Jonap; Mop, Mary Miner; Salter, Douglass Dumbrille; Bofil, Jose Ruben; Bruno Pieri, Brandon Peters; Masperi, Mortimer Weldon.

The translation used in these productions was by Ostrov.

It is said to differ from the original in respects pointed out by Camillo M. Cianfarra, who protested against "unjustified and arbitrary modifications," emphasis laid on "shootings, birthmarks, etc," which, only incidental, smother with "cheap theatrical effects" the "beautiful lyricism." In the original, he says there is no attempt by the lover to kill the Strange Lady at the end of the first act and in that act she is not drunk, "merely a little excited by a few drinks, nor should she seem bitter and full of hatred, but rather 'wrecked by life, resigned' to her destiny, rebelling against a life which is not hers although she does not know what her true life is." In the second act the "old theatrical effect" of the Unknown's entrance into her husband's house is not to be found in the original. As Pirandello wrote it, "she has already been in the house four months."

In Ostrov's version the Strange Lady at the end wanders out alone. It was rumored when Pirandello was coming to see the production in New York he would not recognize his own play.

Mr. Putnam's translation is clear and fluent, indispensable to American readers for the understanding of this remarkable play.

Does Pirandello himself know whether the Strange Lady was really Lucia? He was asked publicly by an editor in Milan: "Having written this disquieting play, you should know its solution. Realizing that it represents the triumph of the irrational, we still maintain that you have your own theory. Therefore, we ask you publicly to state the identity of the Unknown Woman."

Pirandello answered: "Although I did write 'As You Desire Me' my theory of its mystery, if any, is as good as the next man's. Naturally, I have an opinion on this subject, but as it's probably different from yours, I decline to give it. After all, it's only the opinion of one man."

It was stated in London on July 13 of this year that Pirandello, then in that city, had arranged with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation to produce this winter a talking film version of "As You Desire Me." Marta Abba, the Italian actress, "will probably appear in the Italian version of the film, and Greta Garbo in the English edition."

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redric March, in the role of the other eformed derelict, is once more excelent, passing convincingly from the picuresque drunkard of the first seuences to the acme of respectability at he end. Of the members of the supporting cast, Lily Cahill and Harry Davenport do the west work.

James Hall, the screen star, is appearing in person with the stage show.

E. L. H.

WORCESTER FESTIVAL

The concerts of the 72d year of the Worcester Festival will take place Oct. -10. Albert Stoessel will be the conductor.

Wednesday, Oct. 7, 8 P. M., Arthur Bliss, "Morning Heroes," symphony for Narrator (Basil Maine), chorus and orchestra (1st time in the United States). Kodalyi, "Psalmus Hungaricus," tenor (Dan Gridley) chorus and orchestra. Grainger, "Tribute to Stephen Foster" for five single voices, mixed chorus, musical glasses, solo piano (Mr. Grainger) and orchestra. Grainger, Irish Tune from County Derry (new setting for chorus and orchestra) and "Father and Daughter," a Faroe Island folk ballad for five men's single voices, double mixed chorus, strings, brass, and mandolin and guitar band.

Thursday, Oct. 8, 2:30 P. M., Mozart, "Four German Dances. De Falla, "El Amor Brujo" complete ballet music for orchestra. Bach, violin concerto G minor (Alice Erickson, violinist). Debussy-Stoessel, "The Engulfed Cathedral." Debussy, Lia's Aria (Rose Bampton, contralto). Debussy, Nocturne No. 2. Smetana, Overture to "The Bartered Bride."

Thursday, Oct. 8, 8 P. M.—Pierne, "The Children at Bethlehem" (Mmes. Lerch, Mercer, Marshall, Stoskus, sopranos; Mme. Bampton, contralto; Messrs. Gridley, tenor; Baer, baritone; Maine, narrator). Brahms, "Song of the Fates." Mrs. Beach, Canticle of the Sun (Mmes. Lerch and Bampton; Messrs. Gridley and Baer). Beethoven, "The Heavens Are Telling," chorus and orchestra.

Friday, Oct. 9, 2:30 P. M.—Stoessel, Suite Antique for two solo violins (Mmes. Erickson and Marshall) and solo piano (Harrison Potter). Powell, "Natchez on the Hill"—(Three Virginian country dances, first performance). Tchaikovsky, piano concerto, B flat minor (Percy Grainger, pianist). Beethoven, Leonore, overture No. 3.

Friday, 8 P. M.—Mascagni, introduction and Hymn to the Sun from "Iris." Arias for baritone and orchestra—Verdi, "Eri tu"; Rossini, "Largo al Factotum" (Richard Bonelli). Chadwick, "Ecce Jam Noctis," men's chorus and orchestra. Bizet, excerpts from "L'Arlesienne." Songs (Mr. Bonelli). Saar, The Twelve Days of Christmas, old English folk song arranged for female chorus. Group of songs—Schubert's "Staendchen," Brahms's "Botschaft." Wolf, "In dem Schatten meiner Locken"; Strauss, "Cecilie" (Editha Fleischer). Elgar, "The March Triumphal Thunders," from "Caractacus" for chorus and orchestra.

Oct 5 1931

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

Bad Girl"

A screen comedy drama adapted by Edwin Burke from the novel of the same name by Vina Delmar; directed by Frank Borzage and presented by Fox with the following cast:

Eddie Collins	James Dunn
Dorothy Haley	Sally Eilers
Edna Driggs	Minna Gombell
Sam Haley	William Pawley
Arthur	Frank Darien

We have been prone to believe that the perfect motion picture is always just around the corner. Perhaps the corner has been turned and we don't realize that fact. At any rate, if "Bad Girl" is not the perfect picture of its type at least, then this reviewer is inexpert at guessing. Those who see it, and their numbers should be countless, must agree that in theme, tone and treatment it is flawless in its illuminative insight into two human souls; that it is touching, sensitive, sincere, in conception and execution; and that its dialogue, commingling pertinent wisecracks, and those commonplace utterances which are part and parcel of the every-day speech of most of us, has been prepared with nothing short of brilliancy by Edwin Burke. Miss Delmar's popular novel has become a screen masterpiece.

Our only quarrel is with the title. Dorothy Haley is not a bad girl. She is flippant, hardened superficially by environment. Inherently she is an affectionate creature, with much of the maternal in her. She is a shop girl, a tenement girl, with a wistful desire to break through to somethihg decent. As Sally Eilers plays her, she is prone to misunderstand, to be too impatient to search honestly for the motives which actuate Eddie Collins in his dumb devotion, his ceaseless efforts to give her complete happiness. Eddie, the youth likewise of the tenements, is ambitious, wearing an armor of cynicism which belies his real nature, bitter in his memories of his mother, who went out with her mop and her cough at day break to scrub office floors and to give her life for a couple of kids.

Here, then, are two youngsters whose story, as it spans one year in their lives, is to move us to alternate laughter and tears. They meet on a cheap excursion boat at dusk in New York harbor. Dorothy, egged on by Edna Driggs, her older and more worldly-wise friend, would flirt with Eddie, standing alone, aloof, and almost churlish. He is not for dancing; he is there for ozone. He scolds the girl for her boldness, for her immodesty of dress. She talks back yet something attracts each to each. They linger at the foot of the stairs of what she calls home. A half-drunken man stumbles up the stairs with delicatessen purchases, to be greeted shrilly by his shrewish wife. A broken woman, picking nervously at her clothing, telephones to a sister that their mother has just died. "What kind of a life is that?" asks Eddie. "Born on the second floor, to die of the filth!" There must be something more to it than that.

This scene is illustrative of the whole. It holds to the pith of the narrative, yet embellishes it with atmospheric details true, apt and natural. Through subsequent episodes, the night spent in Eddies' room, Dorothy's eviction by her stupid brother, her immediate marriage to Eddie, the surprise engineered by Eddie which brought Dorothy a finer home, his privations and sacrifices all to one end, to provide comfort and contentment for his child-wife, their mutual misunderstandings as to the lady about to be born, the amusing and pathetic hours in the hospital's maternity ward, the final emergence from a murk of discord to speechless happiness, all this is told in trenchant phrase, and acted with rare emotional skill. Nothing finer has ever been seen on the screen than Eddie's hysterical appeal to the noted surgeon, Dr. Burgess, that he undertake Dorothy's case, his collapse and his quick, brave effort to regain his self-control, to express his gratitude for the surgeon's splendid gesture of consent. For once, tears from a spell-bound audience become legitimate tributes to theatric achievement.

Some will say that in such a superbly written screen play, under such masterly direction, any young player could do what Mr. Dunn has done in his screen debut. This is hardly fair. He is Eddie Collins, and no one else could replace him. Miss Eilers, too, deserves the highest praise for a consistent study of a difficult character. One more role like this and she must be reckoned with for future honors on the screen. Miss Gombell, as the acid-tongued friend who spars constantly with Eddie, yet knows him perhaps better than his own mate, is a veritable bulwark of support. If "Bad Girl" does not land in the forefront of the season's 10 best pictures there is something wrong with the world.

W. E. G.

KEITH-BOSTON

"Pagan Lady"

A screen drama adapted from the play of the same name by William Du Bois; first presented by Lewis E. Gensler and Morris Green at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Sept. 22, 1930, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, on Oct. 20, 1930; directed by John Francis Dillon and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Dot Hunter	Evelyn Brent
Dingo Mike	Charles Bickford
Ernest Todd	Conrad Nagle
Doctor Heath	Roland Young
Mal Todd	William Farnum
Nellie	Lucille Gleason
Jerry	Leslie Fenton
Gwen	Gwen Lee
Francisco	Wallace MacDonald

Evelyn Brent, assisted by a hard-working and capable cast, may now be seen in a film version of the play, "Pagan Lady," now showing at the RKO Keith-Boston Theatre. Her part, originally played on the stage by Lenore Ulric, is supposed to be excessively torrid, for she represents a girl of many loves, who takes up in turn with a Havana resort owner, a blustering bootlegger and a candidate for missionary work. The picture itself is somewhat mixed entertainment, suggesting a visitation or two from the censor, for the atmosphere of danger and seething romance that should prevail throughout seldom prevails. The incidents are melodramatic rather than exciting, and the majority of the characters are easily recognizable from previous films of a similar sort, but the total effect, thanks to the good acting of the four principals, is frequently entertaining.

Dot Hunter, barmaid in a disreputable Havana cafe, attracts the roving eye of Dingo Mike, a picturesquely profane rum runner, and he, despite the opposition of Francisco, owner of the place, takes Dot with him to his hotel on the Florida coast. On one of the occasions when he is away on his business, Mal Todd and his nephew, Ernest, missionaries bound for the African jungle, come to stay at the hotel. Ernest, a troubled, serious youth, inexperienced in the ways of women, becomes enamored of Dot. She returns his interest, if not his love, finding in his gentlemanly behaviour something she has hitherto missed. Ernest's fool paradise is rudely shattered when he learns from Larry, a dope peddler, just who Dot really is, but after the first shock he finds he still cares for her, and one afternoon when they have swum together to a nearby island, he asks her to marry him. A violent storm keeps them there all night, and in the morning Mal Todd, scandalized beyond measure, is rowed over to find them by Dr. Hunter, a philosophical and retired physician. Dingo has returned, and hearing of the escapade, threatens to tear Ernest to pieces, but relents when Dot says she is going to marry the boy and begs her lover to give them a chance. In the end, Dot realizes that she is not the wife for Ernest and sends him back to his uncle, while Dingo, enlightened by Dr. Hunter as to the true state of her feelings, asks Dot to marry him and pledges himself to give up bootlegging and join the police.

Refusing to be stereotyped in a stereotyped role, Evelyn Brent gives a sincere and interesting performance of Dot, showing graphically the girl's desire for happiness and stability and her reasons for refusing to take this happiness at another's expense. Charles Bickford, tough and pugnacious, is ideally cast as Dingo Mike, and Conrad Nagel gives an excellent portrayal of an honest, well-meaning prig. Leslie Fenton and Lucille Gleason do well, as usual, in minor parts, and Roland Young does the best work of all as the humorous Dr. Hunter, his quite witticisms providing the most genuine entertainment of the picture.

Heading the vaudeville program is the Cocoanut Grove Orchestra, popular New England radio artists, led by Joe Solomon, in a program of new dance tunes and musical novelties.

E. L. H.

FINE ARTS

"Der Hampelmann"

A German screen comedy based on the operetta of the same name by Gustav Beer and Fritz Lunder with music by Robert Stolz, directed by E. W. Emo and presented by Tobis with the following cast:

Baron Max von Storch	Max Hansen
Eikmeyer	Szolse Szykall
Lissi	Lien Deyers
Werner Frank	Paul Heiderman
Clemotte	Otto Walberg
Maid	Lotte Werkmeister
Butler	Oskar Sabo

A fluffy and entertaining film is "Der Hampelmann," current screen attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre. Those who may have found some German screen comedies a bit over-stylized and incomprehensible can have no such complaints to bring against this production. The subject matter is of the simplest, the acting almost transparently clear and the interpolated music has a charmingly tuneful quality. Like almost all modern French and German imported pictures of good quality, it has been photographed by a cameraman who was able, not only to keep up with the actors but even get a bit ahead of them. There are any number of amusing scenes particularly those in which the hero, posing as a puppet in the heroine's house, endeavors to relieve the tedium of standing still indefinitely, to end the anguish caused by an embarrassing fly which walks down his nose at an inopportune moment, or to snatch a bite of food when no one is looking. Of course, it's absurd, so improbable that it comes very close to being a modern fairy tale, but it is a light-hearted piece of fooling.

Baron Max von Storch, young, susceptible and impecunious, becomes violently attracted by Lissi, wife of the pompous middle-aged merchant, Eikmeyer, whom he encounters while acting briefly as mannequin in a big man's department store. Lissi persuades her doting spouse to buy her a life-sized doll dressed in elaborate Pierrot costume that sings, talks and executes dance steps, and Max is seized with a wonderful idea. He substitutes himself for the doll and is taken to the Eikmeyer home. Lissi and her husband amuse themselves pulling strings to make Max sing and dance, and after dinner, during which the live doll suffers acutely from hunger while a luscious meal is devoured beneath his famished gaze, he is wheeled into Lissi's room for the night. When he comes to life and begins to make love to her Lissle rings for the maid and has him locked in the bathroom for the night. Next day there is a terrible to do: Max is taken back to the store and the real doll brought to the Eikmeyers' house instead, where the wrathy husband, mistaking it for Max, knocks it off the balcony into the street and believes he has committed murder. In the end, Max is given an excellent job in the store and wins Lissi from Eikmeyer under the threat of accusing the latter of attempted manslaughter.

The actors romp through their roles in a mood of gay makebelleve. Perhaps the most outstanding performer is Lien Deyers, a slender, vivacious blonde with a gift for beguiling light comedy and a pleasant singing voice. She is delightfully naive and sincere without ever becoming serious. Furthermore, she is pretty enough to stand unlimited sentimental close-ups and still remain attractive. Max Hansen does excellent work as the amorous baron and provides infinite amusement while endeavoring to keep to the mannerisms of the doll while expressing his natural feelings. He sings in a melodious fashion the gay tunes provided for his use. In the not too grotesque role of Eikmeyer, a rotund player with the amazing name of Szolse Szykali, acquits himself admirably, and the minor roles are all capably handled.

E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"Murder at Midnight"

An all-talking screen drama based on the story by W. Scott Darling; directed by Frank Strayer and presented by Tiffany Productions with the following cast:

Philip Montrose	Hale Hamilton
Mrs. Kennedy	Aileen Pringle
Inspector Taylor	Robert Elliott
Walter Grayson	Leslie Fenton
Millie Scripps	Alice White
Lawrence	Brandon Hurst
Aunt Julia	Clara Blandick
Colton	William Humphries
Mr. Kennedy	Kenneth Thompson
Channing	Robert Ellis

The idea of premeditated murder under guise of masquerade parties animated charades and the like has been utilized often on stage and screen. Here is but the prologue to a series of murders, culminating with a suicide with one person holding a monopoly on all but one of these gruesome incidents. As directed by Frank Strayer and conscientiously performed by an excellent cast, "Murder at Midnight," takes its place among the more mystifying of its species. If the director and

his camera now and then cheat a bit by withholding certain informative details to which the audience is entitled there can be no great clamor of protest. One is content to follow along with what material is disclosed, and to do his or her own guessing as to the outcome. That is what any mystery melodrama is for.

A rich man named Kennedy accidentally shoots and kills a man caught in embrace with his wife during a charade party. He didn't know the gun was loaded, or who was dastardly enough to substitute real bullets for blanks. While the horrified guests await the police, Kennedy retires to his study, and is shot down by an invisible hand, but not before he recognizes the owner and gives warning that he has left a letter of exposure, also a changed will, cutting off his wife. Thereafter the customary false leads and accusations are interspersed with a select group of murders, one of which at least indicates ingenuity on the part of the murderer. A needle is inserted in the receiver of a telephone, in such manner that when the victim wiggles the hook to restore a disjointed connection the needle is released, to pierce the ear and presumably the brain. Inspector Taylor, who has accused nearly every one in the Kennedy household, sees the light when Montrose, a criminologist and neighbor, explains how the deed was done. Murderers do sometimes make a false move. At any rate, with Millie Scripps, a maid, killed in her bed, Lawrence, the butler, killed by the telephonic needle, and Aunt Clara about to meet a similar fate, Inspector Taylor steps in quietly, with proffered alternatives of arrest or suicide for the real miscreant, who prefers suicide. It is an effective climax to a swiftly moving story.

Mr. Elliott plays the canny inspector with his usual sangfroid. Miss Pringle, throaty of voice and restrained of action, is convincing as the suddenly widowed woman who has a guilty past and is planning a furtive future. Mr. Hamilton as Montrose, who is not exactly what he seems, and Miss Blandick in another of her admirable characterizations as a sharp-tongued spinster, deserve praise. The others do well enough with what is assigned them.

The companion picture is "Monkey Business," with the four Marx Brothers.

W. E. G.

COPLEY THEATRE

"Tonight or Never"

A play in three acts by Baroness Lilly de Hatvany, presented in Budapest, Hungary, during the week of April 19, 1930. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hatton and presented by David Belasco at the Shubert-Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C., on Nov. 3, 1930, and at the Belasco Theatre, New York, on Nov. 18, 1930. The present production directed by E. P. Goodnow. The cast:

The prima donna	Lillian Gahagan
The faithful dog	Aldrich Bowker
The man servant	Raymond Jones
The maid	Elizabeth Dana
His excellency	Francis Compton
The marchesa	Helen Ray
The unknown gentleman	Joseph Cotten
Tillie	Georgina Spelvin
Waiter	Francis G. Cleveland

A prima donna of the opera house of an unspecified central European city is "protected" by the rich, but elderly and fatuous director of the theatre. His attentions bore her, leave her cold; nay, more—her art itself is the poorer for the circumstance that true love, with its attendant joys and sorrows, never yet has entered her soul to stir its hidden depths. She lacks a heart, we are told. Therefore, accomplished singer though she be, her voice and art have but a chill perfection, lack the warm humanity, the deep note of passion, the poignancy of emotion, that living experience alone—if we must believe the pleasant, sentimental myth—may impart.

To escape from her boredom, partly also to repay in kind the growing inconstancy of His Excellency her protector, she resolves at length to turn for diversion and consolation to an unknown admirer—a personable young man who has worshipped her persistently from the front row at the theatre, venturing occasionally to hurl tributary nosegays and impassioned billets-doux through her hotel window. How firm is her determination may be gauged from the fact that it is unshaken even by the news, imparted to her by her old singing teacher (flatteringly known to us only as the "faithful dog") that the young gentleman is the gigolo of an ancient Marchesa, herself a former singer. She invades his apartment, the Marchesa having retired to rest, and is received—after some preliminary fencing—with a passion whose troglodytic vigor surprises her no less than it embarrasses the audience. She vacillates in her determination to seek that love without which her art cannot fully ripen, but, faced with the choice "Tonight or never!" she no longer hesitates.

Next day, her singing in "Tosca" is (naturally) so transformed, so quickened with warm and vibrant life, that her own usually critical butler, seated in the balcony, is moved to leap to his feet and shout bravo.

And as for the young gentleman, he turns out, despite appearances, to be providentially no gigolo after all, but the Marchesa's nephew, and, by one of these happy coincidences that give the theatre so incontestable an advantage over real life, a representative of the Metropolitan Opera company to boot. The lady emerges from her escapade not only richer in experience and with her voice enhanced, but with a husband and a contract.

Now this impossible and slightly elementary fable is evidently to be classed with the not inconsiderable number of neat, sophisticated, and slightly daring trifles that have been brought over from the Central European capitals from time to time. Jaded and cynical playgoers may object that no play that toys with that hoary and sentimental fallacy about the necessity of experience in the life of an artist should call itself sophisticated, except perhaps in fun; squeamish persons may consider also that a gigolo, whether real or supposed, is a slightly unedifying hero, even in comedy. Yet these features of the play may very conceivably be the fell work of the adapters, instigated perhaps by Mr. Belasco. At any rate, a dispatch to the New York Times describing the Budapest premiere made no mention of either of the two motifs to which objection is made. Without them, the play becomes still slighter, no doubt, but several shades more intelligent and almost plausible.

Yet, even as it stands, the play is entertaining and generously sprinkled with amusing lines and situations. Miss Lillian Gahagan acquitted herself very pleasantly, with humor and with spirit, in the none too easy role of the prima donna. Perhaps in her desire to stimulate the story "temperament" traditionally permitted to opera singers, she did not often rise above a rather charming petulance, but the lighter touch, even if unintentional, was welcome. It was very unfortunate, however, that this promising young actress should have been compelled to attempt to sing a couple of fragments from "Tosca" and thus shatter brutally the illusion she had worked so hard to create. Miss Gahagan's sister, Helen, who played the role in New York, is said to be the owner of an excellent voice and to have studied and sung operatic parts in Europe. But Miss Lillian is less fortunate and should not have been made to betray her disadvantage.

Mr. Cotten was an intelligent performer as the energetic and indomitable lover, and if he looked a trifle too youthful to be the emissary of so august an institution it is the authoress who is to blame. Mr. Compton's "His Excellency" was an admirably smooth and convincing piece of character acting, well matched by Miss Ray's coyly malicious Marchesa, and Mr. Bowker's amusing but perhaps too urbane impersonation of the "Faithful Dog."

As a whole this opening of a new season of plays at the Copley went as smoothly as might be desired, with a minimum of first-night awkwardness. The audience was very responsive and laughed abundantly.

S. S.

Oct 6 1931

Plymouth Theatre

"As You Desire Me"

By PHILIP HALE

"As You Desire Me," a play by Luigi Pirandello, was performed at the Plymouth Theatre last night for the first time in Boston. (The original Italian "Come tu mi vuoi" was produced at Milan early in 1930, by the company of Marta Abba. She took the part of the Unknown Lady.)

The first performance in the United States was on Nov. 24, 1930, at the Shubert-Belasco Theatre, Washington, D. C. The company was the Professional Players. The play reached New York—Maxine Elliott Theatre—on June 28, 1931: The Unknown Lady, Judith Anderson; Lena, Vera G. Hurst; Inez, Katherine Warren; the Demented Lady, Amy Jonap; Mop, Mary Miner; Salter, Douglas Dumbrille; Boffi, Jose Ruben; Bruno Pieri, Brandon Peters; Masperi, Mortimer Weldon. The translation used is by Dmitri Ostrov. Staged by Marcel Varnel. Settings by Watson Barratt.

The cast last night:

Moto	Peter Goo Chong
Mop	Doris Lowray
Carl Salter	David Tearle
The Unknown Lady	Judith Anderson
A Young Man	Barry Mahool
Another	Hugh Cairns, Jr.
Boffi	Hugh Miller
Lena	Teresa Dale
Salesio	Harold Vizard
Bruno Pieri	Russell Hicks
A Maid	Lizette Amory
Inez	Gertrude Chase
Masperi	Mortimer Weldon
The Demented Lady	Chana Kubert
A Doctor	Anthony Baker
A Nurse	Inez Benson

The Professional Players for their season in Boston chose this strange play for their opening; say rather Mr. Ostrov's adaptation of Pirandello's drama, for this adaptation differs in some material points from the original Italian. Some of these differences were mentioned in The Herald of last Sunday. The story of puzzling identity which gave the dramatist the suggestion of "As You Desire Me" was then told. Was the Unknown Lady or the Demented Lady the wife of Bruno Pieri? The Unknown Lady admits for a time that she is Bruno's Lucia, who having been violated by soldiers in the world war, was thought to be dead, but having lived a riotous life as a dancer in Berlin is recognized by Boffi and persuaded to return to Bruno; the more easily persuaded because she loathes Salter and his beastliness and dreads the amorous advances of his daughter Mop.

Returning to Bruno's villa she is welcomed. She begins to forget the past. Learning that her return was to Bruno's pecuniary advantage, she distrusts his protestations of affection, especially as she suspects him of questioning her identity. Salter brings in a woman who has been mad for 10 years and insists that she is Bruno's Lucia. To the amazement of all the Unknown Lady acts and talks as if she were an imposter. She puts Bruno to the test. He fails her. She leaves the villa alone. In the Italian play she leaves with Salter, who has worked out his revenge.

In Italy and in the printed translation by Samuel Putnam the spectator and the reader are in doubt to the very end. Pirandello himself has not given an answer, but smiling, puts the question by. You are what you believe you are. Proust put it differently: the "ego" is constantly changing. Pirandello once wrote: "I see, as it were, a labyrinth where our soul wanders through countless conflicting paths, without ever finding a way out." To him facts are what they might be.

Seeing Miss Anderson as the heroine, one is led to believe that she is the Lucia; wished at first to be accepted as Lucia; but, embittered by the news about the threatened law suit, and the suspicion that the return of any woman claiming to be Lucia would have been accepted, disgusted with Bruno's half-hearted belief in her, she determines to deny her identity, though still eager to be loved. Failing in her last appeal to her husband, she leaves those unworthy of her. And so, as the part is played by Miss Anderson, the spectator believes that she is the true Lucia who, cruelly wronged, had sunk into the mire. Pirandello leaves the identity in doubt. Miss Anderson has worked out her own solution. In the first act she overplayed, nor was she always articulate. It should be noted that Pirandello does not introduce the Unknown Lady as screaming drunk. After this act Miss Anderson gave a carefully conceived portrayal, in which there were significant details, in which there were moments of true eloquence. Perhaps the most noteworthy moment was her dazed, questioning entrance into the villa, which is a stage trick of the adapter, for in the original she has long been there before she appears before the audience.

Mr. Miller's Boffi was conspicuous for a portrayal that was more than plausible. Mr. Hicks was too stolid. Mr. Tearle was snarling in his cynicism. One can easily imagine Salter being played in a broader vein. Surely the part of Mop should have been taken by a young woman in a more hysterical and at the same time more sensual manner; but here again perhaps the adapter was at fault.

On Nov. 3 the Professional Players will appear in Channing Pollock's "House Beautiful."

COLONIAL

"The Pirates of Penzance"

"The Pirates of Penzance," comic opera in two acts; text by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan; first performance on any stage at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Dec. 31, 1879, under the supervision of the author; first London performance at the Opera Comique, London, April 3, 1880; most recently revived at Erlanger's Theatre, New York, June 29, 1931, by the Civic Light Opera Company under the direction of Milton Aborn; performed by that same organization last evening at the Colonial Theatre with the following cast:

Richard, a pirate chief	Herbert Waterous
Samuel	Allen Waterous
Frederic	Howard Marsh
Major-General Stanley	Frank Moulan
Edward, sergeant of police	William Danforth
Mabel	Vivian Hart
Kate	Catherine Cale
Edith	Frances Moore
Isabel	Frances Baviello
Ruth	Vera Ross

There have been at least four important revivals of "The Pirates" since 1898, and Mr. Moulan, Mr. Waterous and Mr. Danforth have figured in at least one each of them.

So, then, with this trio of ripened Gilbertians who long since have worked out their apprenticeships, it was unthinkable that last evening's performance could go very far astray. In truth, it never once wandered from the paths marked by honorable tradition. It moved with all the felicity, the gayety and the gusto which singers well drilled in its melodies and its tongue-twisting lyrics could contribute. It was adequately mounted, as have been the two others in Mr. Aborn's productions. The costumes were picturesque for the pirates, soberly blue for the constabulary, and quaintly Victorian for the major-general's pretty daughters. If once or twice the choristers seemed to be holding the conductor's baton instead of the rotund but very capable Mr. Hurley, it doubtless was because they were letter perfect, eager, and sure of each tempo and of each song cue.

As the second operetta chronologically in their long series, "The Pirates of Penzance" is in lyric wit and in deftly woven melodies vastly superior to "H. M. S. Pinafore." Especially in the score. Here Sullivan embellished a simple theme more boldly and more ingeniously. He introduced counterpoint in more than one tune, pitting men's voices against women's in independent flights. In "Hail Poetry," for mixed voices, he wrote a cappella; and last evening this was one of the gems of the performance. One other point was noticeable. Here we find men and women of the chorus who have been trained in pantomime as an essential part of their vocalism. By expression, gesture and countless bits of stage business they illustrate the mood and the meaning of their songs. This is as it should be, and too often isn't.

When Miss Hart, archly demure and wholly charming, sang "Poor Wandering One," she demonstrated at once that here was a Mabel of whom even the maestro, D'Oyley Carte, might have been proud. And thereafter she sang with faultless phrasing and in purest soprano, matching both with winsome demeanor. She was the one newcomer to the cast. Miss Ross, freed from the ugly wrappings of Katisha, proved a very attractive piratical maid-of-all work, and again ranged superbly the contralto scale. Mr. Marsh, as Frederic, pirate apprentice who discovered too late that, having been born in leap year he was only five and one-half years old as far as birthdays were concerned, was never in better voice or spirits. This is the best characterization he has given in the three pieces. Mr. Waterous senior sang "The Pirate King," sonorously; Mr. Waterous junior was excellent as Samuel, and Mr. Moulan suavely conquered the famous patter song, and was compelled to repeat it twice. So with Mr. Danforth in that fat part, the sergeant of police. Both in the policemen's chorus and in "A Policeman's Lot Is Not a Happy One," he was extremely amusing. What devilish artistry this veteran comedian exercises in his varied disguises!

W. E. G.

SHUBERT

"The Wonder Bar"

At the Shubert Theatre: Morris Gest in association with the Messrs. Shubert presents Al Jolson in "The Wonder Bar," "a continental novelty" adapted by Irving Caesar and Aben Kandel from the original of Geza Herczeg and Karl Farkas. Music by Robert Katscher, and the orchestra under the direction of Martin Freed, American production first presented at the Belasco Theatre in Washington, March 2, 1931 and in New York at the Bayes Theatre, March 16, 1931. Besides Mr. Jolson, the large cast includes: Auguste Aramani, Lina Basquette, Edward Raquello, Claire Windsor, Frank Green, Akim Tamiroff, Patsy Kelly, Al Segal and Michael Dalmatoff.

In a modified version of the original German production, the Shubert Theatre last night was partially transformed into a Paris night club. The curtain was given a holiday, the stage was extended over the orchestra pit, and the members of the cast wandered back and forth between the stage and the auditorium. If the illusion was not as perfect as travellers say the Munich and Berlin presentations were, it was at least a pleasant novelty. The play—for it might be called that since a slight plot runs through it—opens on a bare stage and continues throughout the evening most informally and with a well contrived sense of the impromptu. The members of the orchestra assemble lackadaisically on their platform in the rear of the stage, the waiters and bartenders begin their night's work (a function which is rather tantalizing to the audience), and after a while the show begins.

The beginning of the show, of course, means the arrival of Mr. Jolson. He runs down the right-hand aisle, climbs the few steps to the stage, and there you have "The Wonder Bar!" Without him the show would be unthinkable. He begins his neighborly chitchat immediately, leaves the stage ocasionally to greet a late arrival, tells a joke or two (they were all good last night although a few were veterans of one or two wars), and then launches into song. To hear Mr. Jolson sing is to know at last what all his imitators are trying to do. He sings a neat little French "Mammy" song, something about "mon

et ma mere" who lives down on Riviere,' and, instead of catching midnight choo-choo for Alabam, Jolson is considering a trip on "a chemin de fer."

is modestly billed as "the world's test entertainer." He really comes close to being that. His talking have made him a familiar de- in Europe and elsewhere, and his onal appearance last night recalled ing the strains of the imperishable nny Boy" in a Munich restaurant summer and the sight of crowds ing in line before a theatre in chatel, Switzerland, to see and hear in "The Singing Fool." The film all in English—with inadequate c French subtitles running across actors' knees—but the audience d it. Except when Mr. Jolson oc- onally lets his Pagliacci complex away with him, he is unexcelled in rendition of songs of sentimental eal and the telling of slightly ribald ies. The electricity of his person- y has been described too many times need mention here. Only, let it be d that he was never more dynamic n he was last night.

Like the famous "p-p-p-ss-ss-CHIO" yarn in the unforgetable nbad," Mr. Jolson does in "The nder Bar" a delicious impersonation a Russian emigre. There is little thos in the piece but it does not slop r. Instead it is all very funny, espe- lly the part about the good Russian's d tale of his brother—or somebody—o had "no-monyeh, worse than pneu- onia—no-monych." There are also any topical references to Mr. Jolson's e and lamented ventures in the stock arket, but not enough to become ally depressing. Indeed, the whole ow is an excellent antidote for the ues.

Outside of Mr. Jolson—who works rder and, for the most part, more ccessfully than in any previous offer- g—there is not so much to write the

in Maine about. Patsy Kelly is using in her foolish divertisement, e Dying Flamingo," and is assisted a very dumb-looking "stooge" who night had a bad case of the giggles perhaps he has them every night. can never tell about those things. n there is a really remarkable pair crobats, the Mangini brothers who, pped to the waist, present a beauti- exhibition of muscular strength and trol. Chilton and Thomas, a youth- couple who dance, brought a thun- clap of applause with their whirl- d gyrations.

here is also a plot, as we said at the inning, but you don't need to worry ut it. It concerns a beautiful Ameri- woman, rather coldly played by ire Windsor, who, in the first act, s off with a devilish Spaniard who ices in the Wonder Bar. In the sec- l act, she returns to her husband, that's that. There is a little at- pt at drama here and there, but no- ly in the company seems to take it y seriously, and that is a great help. the audience is interested in only person, Monsier Al. And—"well, you 't heard nuthin' yet!" L. W. Jr.

TREMONT THEATRE

he Merry Wives of Windsor"

The Merry Wives of Windsor," a comedy five acts by William Shakespeare; re- ed last evening by the Stratford-Upon- on Festival Company under the direction W. Bridges Adams with the following st:

John Falstaff	Roy Byford
nton	Gyles Isham
allow	John Ruddock
nder	Bruno Barnabe
rd	Randle Ayrton
ge	Ernest Hare
Hugh Evans	Kenneth Wicksteed
Caius	Eric Maxon
st of the Garter Inn	Francis Drake
rdolph	R. Eric Lee
stol	Stanley Howlett
rm	C. Rivers Gadsby
bin	Miriam Leighton
ple	Geoffrey Wilkinson
sby	Richard Cuthbert
istress Ford	Fabia Drake
istress Page	Dorothy Massingham
ne Page	Hilda Coxhead
istress Quickly	Ethel Harper

Last evening the Stratford-Upon- von Festival company returned to oston, which welcomed them heartily o seasons ago and should receive em now with no less enthusiasm heir opening production, "The Merry Vives of Windsor," was hearty, robust -humored and gay. This company ives, above everything else, Shakes- eare without self-consciousness and ith an eager spirit that, if at times noisy, is never reduced to the decor- us monotone that is apt to hinder lizabethan humor when attempted by ell meaning but unenthusiastic play- rs. Some of the phrases may sound dd, some of the jokes a bit coarse, ome, alas, no longer funny, but "The Merry Wives of Windsor" still evokes earty laughter and unforced enjoy- nent. It needs rapid movement; the ctors must speed it along without un- lue consideration for its elaborate un- winding of a prolonged and cruel prac- ical joke. Such treatment the play re- ceived last evening, for the actors were in high spirits and let themselves go with a relish that did credit to them and to Shakespeare.

The company showed last evening a most admirable spirit of team work. Each role was played for its true values without undue exaggeration for the sake of the individual. Roy Byford's Falstaff, a great mountain of a man, filled with a sense of his own monstrous importance, is a thoroughly satisfying embodiment of Shakespeare's fat knight. He is jolly, he is roaring, he is pretty well satisfied with himself and an incurable optimist. Mr. Byford's presence fairly filled the stage as his voice the theatre. Randle Ayrton's Ford—the only serious character of the play—is played with a sound skill which prevents the actor from absurd excesses of jealousy—the actor's makeup, gestures and byplay are excellent. The merry wives are portrayed by Fabia Drake and Dorothy Massingham, who extract every bit of fun from their roles and bring their good look to the aid of their acting. The Mistress Quickly of Ethel Harper is a fla vorsome bit of characterization. Spac forbids mention of the other players, but it is safe to say that none of them is out of the picture, save possibly Bruno Barnabe as Slender, whose acting verged upon caricature too closely for comfort. The settings are simple and the costumes attractive and suitable.

During the first intermission Mayor Curley made a speech from the stage welcoming the Stratford company to Boston. The play tonight is "King Lear." E. L. H.

TREMONT THEATRE

"King Lear"

"King Lear," a tragedy in five acts by William Shakespeare; revived by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company at the Tremont Theatre with the following cast:

Lear, King of Britain	Randle Ayrton
The King of France	Bruno Barnabee
The Duke of Burgundy	Francis Drake
The Duke of Cornwall	Kenneth Wicksteed
The Duke of Albany	R. Eric Lee
The Earl of Kent	Stanley Howlett
The Earl of Gloucester	Erix Maxon
Edgar	Ernest Hare
Edmund	Gyles Isham
Oswald	C. Rivers Gadsby
Curan	Francis Drake
A Knight	Gerald Kay Souper
A Servant	Richard Cuthbert
An Old Man	John Ruddock
King Lear's Fool	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Goneril	Dorothy Massingham
Regan	Dorothy Francis
Cordelia	Hilda Coxhead

If the fine and moving performance of "King Lear" given last night at the Tremont Theatre by the Stratford company accomplishes nothing else, it should prove, once and for all that this most harrowing of Shakespeare's tragedies is forever of the theatre. No printed page, read with the keenest insight and imagination, can replace the impact on the mind of the spoken word; no mere vague and grandiloquent conceptions can bestow on the understanding the vitality of living men and women. Shakespeare wrote for a bare stage, set only with the barest and most necessary of properties, leaving with confidence his play to the conceptions of his actors and the quick response of his audience. With the simplest of sets was the play shown last night: high bare walls of neutral grays and greens served the better to enchance the rich hues of the trailing robes and the crude barbaric armor of the time. But one intermission was used, and the play moved forward with a sense of culminating awe and terror, uninterrupted by illusion destroying breaks.

The strained attention of last night's audience gave the lie to those austere scholars who says that "King Lear" is not for the theatre. To many the play was entirely new, for its awe-inspiring dimensions daunt all but the bravest and best equipped of players, and they paid it the flattering attention of utter absorbtion.

Randle Ayrton, assuming the role of Lear which has baffled many fine players before him, gave a tremendously moving and comprehensive portrayal. The complexities of the role, for the aged king is subject to an extraordinary variety of moods and passions, he seemed able to grasp as well as to convey with fine dramatic force. The scene on the heath, where the outraged father invokes the elements was terrifying and moving alike, as the wild defiance turned to gentle pity for the hapless fool, and the strange scene within the hut, when Lear thinks he is judging his cruel duaghters, was shown with vivid imaginative detail. During the final scenes, the player's serene majesty won thoroughly deserved applause.

The others in the cast, playing once more for the whole rather than for their individual parts, acquitted themselves well. Geoffrey Wilkinson, in the endlessly debated role of Lear's fool, gave a strange, eerie and imaginative portrayal of a spirit that saw but could not understand, though it might speak words of truth in fantastic guise. The evil Goneril and Regan, flaming in scarlet, were magnificently, defiantly wicked as portrayed by Dorothy Massingham and Dorothy Francis. The pleasant, manly Edgar of Ernest Hare, the smooth-spoken Edmund of Gyles Isham, and the patient and devoted Kent of Stanley Howlett added greatly to the enjoyment of the whole.

The play this afternoon is "A Winter's Tale"; tonight comes "The Taming of the Shrew." E. L. H.

Oct 8 1931

WILBUR

"Five Star Final"

"Five Star Final," a melodrama in three acts and 21 scenes, by Louis Weitzenkorn; staged by Worthington Miner; produced by A. H. Woods at the Cort Theatre, New York, Dec. 30, 1930, and at the Phoenix Theatre, London, as "Late Night Final," June 25, 1931, with Raymond Massey as Randall; presented last evening at the Wilbur Theatre by William A. Brady, Ltd., with the following cast:

Miss Taylor	June Webster
Arthur	Alvin Kerr
Luella Carmody	Laurie Jacques
Ziggie Feinstein	Raphael Gerard
Hinchecliffe	J. Arthur Young
French	Griffin Crafts
Brannigan	George V. Dill
Miss Edwards	Patricia Henry
Exchange Operator	Thelma Ritter
Rev. T. Vernon Isopod	Alexander Onslow
Colby	George Pembroke
Rooney	Zobt. Josselyn
Jerry	P. J. Kelly
A Policeman	E. L. Bender
Randall	Arthur Byron
Nancy Voorhees Townsend	Norma Phillips
Jenny Townsend	Peg Entwistle
Michael Townsend	Malcolm Duncan
Phillip Weeks	Edmund MacDonald
Mrs. Arthur Loveland Weeks	Kathryn Keys
Mr. Arthur Loveland Weeks	William Melville
Pearl	Thelma Ritter
Trixie	Helen Deddins
Harold	Richard Huey
Minerva	Georgia Burke
Undertaker	James Brown

Having what he evidently deemed a duty to perform, and perhaps an axe to grind, Mr. Weitzenkorn has set in loosely melodramatic form as bitter and venomous an attack on a certain type of journalism as was ever directed by any gesticulatory crusader at any fancied or actual evil in the world's industrial, professional or social fabric. The program states that the action of the play takes place "in any large city." In New York it was assumed that New York was meant; and Boston is quite willing to accept that assumption. When the play was produced in London as "Late Night Final," it aroused a certain amount of controversy among the critics.

Whatever Mr. Weitzenkorn's motives, he must be credited with an infinite capacity for expression of hate. With malignant pen he has sketched a group of characters whom he charges with being potential murderers. He has pilloried a fictitious newspaper publisher as a craven hypocrite, who would sacrifice innocent lives to increase his paper's circulation. And in one or two instances he has indulged in caricature so obvious that it borders closely on travesty.

Hinchecliffe, the publisher, suspects that his managing editor is devoting too much space to war and other legitimate news items and too little to sex and scandal. Urged on by his circulation staff, he insists that Randall, his managing editor, dig up a 20-year-old story about Nancy Voorhees, a pretty secretary who shot and killed her employer after repelling his advances. Though she was acquitted, the story would still be good reading. So Randall unwillingly goes after the story, which is to be written by the paper's religious editor, an oily individual who calls himself a clergyman without a church, and an unemotional young woman from Chicago named Luella Carmody. The fact that Nancy had married Michael Townsend, a bank employe, and was happy; or that her daughter Jenny was about to be married to Philip Weeks, the son of a rich manufacturer, did not deter her persecutors.

Tortured to desperation, Nancy took poison. Her loyal husband, likewise stricken, followed suit. The daughter, who was wedded despite these tragedies, tried to kill Hinchecliffe in Randall's office, but was led away, weeping, by her stalwart young husband, whose last words were of warning that if that particular paper ever printed his wife's name again he would do a little killing himself. Departing, they left the field clear for a raking indictment of the indignant publisher by his remorseful managing editor, who had spent hours in a speakeasy but couldn't get drunk enough to forget. Naturally he was fired. As the curtain fell he retreated, through a door, laughing sardonically, and quoting his own utterances of a few hours before about making enough money in the newspaper game to be able to retire and live decently.

The 21 scenes were unfolded with rare dispatch for a first night performance by means of a revolving stage which revealed certain actions in the stage centre and others in draped openings at right or left. The office telephone operator was discovered 10 feet up at the left. Mr. Bryon, after early nervousness, settled into his role splendidly. His finest moments came after hearing of the double suicide. He aged before the audience, horror possessed him, a sense of personal guilt, then a great eagerness to free his mind. In that scene with Mr. Young, as Hinchecliffe, he was the finished actor of old. Mr. Duncan as Michael Townsend was very natural, quietly dramatic, especially in the suicidal scene. It is impossible to name all. The cast in toto was competent. Mr. Weitzenkorn has written an exciting, perhaps instructive play; but why did he have to insert a gratuitous dig at the poor dramatic critics? W. E. G.

TREMONT

"A Winter's Tale"

A tragi-comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare; revived by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival Company at the Tremont Theatre Wednesday afternoon with the following cast:

Leontes	Randle Ayrton
Mamillius	Miriam Leight
Camillo	Gerald Kay Souper
Antigonus	Stanley Howlett
Cleomenes	R. Eric Lee
Dion	Bruno Barnabe
Another Lord of Sicilia	Francis Drake
Clerk of the Court	John Ruddock
Polixenes	Eric Maxon
Florizel	Gyles Isham
An Old Shepherd	Kenneth Wicksteed
A Servant	Geoffrey Wilkinson
A Clown	Ernest Hare
Autolycus	Bruno Barnabe
Time, as Chorus	C. Rivers Gadsby
Hermione	Dorothy Massingham
Perdita	Hilda Coxhead
Paulina	Dorothy Francis
Mopsa	Ethel Harper
Dorcas	Cynthia Bridge

Not easy to stage, hence seldom seen in our theatre, is Shakespeare's tragicomedy, "A Winter's Tale," presented yesterday afternoon by the Stratford players as the third of their season's offerings. The complete break after the third act tragedy to the pastoral romance of the fourth, is impossible to explain on any ground save that the playwright decided to write a fairy story. In no other guise can the Florizel-Perdita romance be made plausible. It would be a captious critic, however, who could quarrel with it on the grounds of inappropriate make-believe, for a gayer and more charming passage would be hard to find anywhere in English drama. Dropping the pretence of Sicily and Bohemia, Shakespeare gives us his own countryfolk in their familiar guise; singing, quarrelling, playing, dancing and love-making; and Shakespeare's countrymen played them lustily and with overflowing good spirits.

In his introduction of the play, Granville Barker draws a parallel between Leontes and Othello, contrasting the petty rancor of the former with the soul-destroying jealousy of the latter, and declares Leontes to be a ridiculous figure. Some truth there may be in this, but not all the truth. Any man, overwhelmed in tragedy of his own begetting is pitiable, and the remorse of Leontes is sufficient to atone, in part at least. Much of course, depends on the actor. Randle Ayrton's Leontes was fairly shrivelled by the flames of his inner tortures, tortures which must be given vent or madness would ensure. Yet despite the man's incomprehensible behavior, for which the playwright must take full responsibility, not the actor, he retained a certain kingliness and grandeur, never, even in the bitterest speeches, descending to mere rant and bombast. In sum, so far as Leontes can be made understandable, Mr. Ayrton succeeded in bringing him to life.

No attempt was made to double the roles of Hermione and Perdita. Dorothy Massingham, as the falsely accused queen, played with noble gentleness and dignity, showing a lovely gaiety in the opening scene. In the trial scene she played with moving grief and restraint, while the final moments of the play, as the statue awoke and descended from the pedestal, had a queenly simplicity that was entirely admirable. Hilda Coxhead, a fresh and lively Perdita, was the ideal shepherdess whose grace and beauty showed above her station. In complement was Gyles Isham's impulsive, good-looking Florizel. Possibly Dorothy Francis was a shade too young for Paulina, especially in the last act, but she spoke her lines with a dramatic force that won genuine admiration, and she played with true conviction. Bruno Barnabe's Autolycus was a jolly rogue with a mellifluous voice and a roving eye, little Miriam Leight made an excellent Mamillius and the Camillo of Gerald Kay Souper was always in the picture. Rich costumes and simple settings, the fine diction of the entire cast and spirit of co-operation that prevailed throughout made up a production worthy of hearty applause.

—E. L. H.

TREMONT THEATRE
"The Taming of the Shrew"

"The Taming of the Shrew" a comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare, revived by the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival Company at the Tremont Theater with the following cast:

Baptista	Roy Byford
Vincentio	Gerald Kay Souper
Lucentio	Bruno Barnabe
Petruchio	Gyles Isham
Gremio	Eric Maxon
Hortensio	Ernest Hare
Tranio	R. Eric Lee
Biondello	Kenneth Wicksteed
Grumio	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Curtis	Stanley Howlett
A Pedant	Francis Drake
A Tailor	C. Rivers Gadsby
Katharina, the Shrew	Dorothy Massingham
Bianca	Hilda Coxhead
A Widow	Cynthia Bridge

Not as Shakespeare presented it, as a play within a play, given for the delectation of Christofero Sly, tinker, but in the more compact modern manner, conveyed straight to its theatre audience, this lusty and joyous farce reappeared last night. In it the Stratford players proved yet again, and brilliantly, with what wit and with what exuberance they can woo the comic muse. No less did they prove, thanks to the penerating and full-rounded intelligence that had been brought to bear upon the production of the play and the lively verve with which the actors threw themselves into their roles, that "The Taming of the Shrew" has, with the passing of the centuries, lost nothing of its power to provide an audience with rich and fruity entertainment. Let the learned doubt if they will that this be all pure Shakespeare. Whether it be the bard's original phantasy or merely the adapatation of an earlier play matters nothing to those who, like last night's large, but not crowded audience, laugh at the comedy with an unselfconscious abandon in which no thought of dutiful homage to a great name plays any part.

In the magnificent bravado of Petruchio's way with the shrewish Katharina; the comic wiles of the suitors of the mild Bianca; the infinite wealth of humorous by-play among the lesser characters—the serving men, the tailor; in its every feature the comedy, as presented last night, was a joy, with no perceptible flaws, no static moments. The swaggering magnificence, the gay and masterful vitality of Mr. Isham's Petruchio; the fiery, passionate tantrums of Miss Massingham's Katharina—broken down at last into resentful submission and thence mellowed into warmly tender love; these were impersonations of memorable force and beauty. Hardly less admirable, each in its own way, were Mr. Byford as the Shrew's genial but browbeaten sire, the irresistibly comic servants—Grumio and Biondello—of MM. Wilkinson and Wickstead, the graceful Lucentio of Mr. Barnabe, the less favored suitors Gremio and Hortensio of MM. Maxon and Hare, Miss Coxhead's pretty and ineffectual Bianca. But one cannot—though one should—mention everybody. The settings were adequate.

Tonight's play is "Measure for Measure."

S. S.

TREMONT THEATRE
"Measure for Measure"

By PHILIP HALE

"Measure for Measure," a comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare. Performed last night by the Stratford-upon-Avon Players. Produced at Whitehall shortly before 1604.

The cast last night:

Vincentio	Rande Ayrton
Angelo	Gyles Isham
Escalus	Eric Maxon
Claudio	Bruno Barnabe
Lucio	Stanley Howlett
Provost	Gerald Kay Souper
Peter	C. Rivers Gadsby
Elbow	Roy Byford
Froth	Ernest Hare
Pompey	Kenneth Wicksted
Abhorson	R. Eric Lee
Barnardine	Francis Drake
A singer	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Isabella	Hilda Coxhead
Mariana	Dorothy Francis
Juliet	Cynthia Bridges
Francisca	Barbara Curtis
Mistress Over-Done	Ethel Harper

Many have objected to the sudden desire of the austere Angelo to possess the rigidly chaste Isabella. They say it is unnatural, impossible. The daily newspapers contradict them. A man highly esteemed in the community, even a selectman in his village, of hitherto irreproachable life, may—and at an advanced age—in a moment feel the lure of the flesh and bargain for the satisfaction. One may admire Isabella, one would not have her act otherwise, but her frigidity chills the reader and the spectator. And then her plot with Mariana, who is best known to us by Tennyson's poem. Mariana at least is human. The injustice of the final disposition of the characters is shocking.

When Floria Tosca hears the proposition of Scarpia to save her lover, she bursts into song bewailing the futility of art. Isabella simply rages and threatens to denounce Angelo. "We do not feel the same confidence in the virtue that is sublimely good, at another's expense, as if it had been put to some less disinterested trial."

Schlegel and Coleridge called the comic parts of the play Repulsive, and Lucio, Pompey and Froth "wretches." Lucio, on the contrary, is amusing in his reckless cynicism. He has at times, in spite of his being a blackguard, the instincts of a gentleman. Witness his first meeting with Isabella. There is a queer twist in his character.

If deep thinkers view the play with disgust, Walter Pater made "Measure for Measure" the subject of one of his most brilliant essays. To him Shakespeare conveys "a strong sense of the tyranny of nature and circumstance over human action." He rightly says that the main interest in the play is not the plotting of the mysterious Duke; not the sudden change in Angelo's behavior, but the relation between Isabella and Claudio, "a flowerlike young man" with "perhaps the most eloquent of all Shakespeare's words upon his lips." Claudio voices the universal dread of death. Nor would the moralizing of Bacon and Montaigne, any more than the solemn saws of the disguised Duke have removed it.

The excellent performance of the play not only held the attention of an intelligent audience from the beginning to the end; it awakened enthusiasm at the fall of the last curtain. The frank speech of the comic characters, even when it was most Rabelaisian brought out honest laughter. Here was an instance where hearty coarseness was fully appreciated; words that are not in the dictionary of the general were accepted as vital in any faithful production of the play. No one was shocked; one lived for an evening in Shakespears's time. So interested were the spectators in the action of the drama, that no one stopped to consider the improbabilities, the impossibilities, the absurdities if you will. No doubt the audience would have preferred to see Angelo awarded a severer sentence, and Lucio a lighter one.

As in other performances by our visitors it was the ensemble that was to be applauded, as when the Russian players delighted us. It is not necessary to speak particularly of this actor, of that actress, for all contributed to the admirable setting forth of a play, which in spite of obvious faults in construction—faults that appear necessarily in the development of the plot—is a work that is too often unjustly underrated and shamefully neglected. What a pleasure it was to hear the English language spoken with such clearness, just emphasis; such noteworthy euphony. There was no laborious attempts to be impressive; no painful consciousness that the text was by Shakespeare; no mouthing; no ranting in the belief that this was in the manner of the "grand old school"; nor was there the mistaken idea that the lines should be delivered in the conversational manner of the parlor and the street, carelessly and jauntily.

Oct 10 1943

PAVLOVA by Walford Hyden; Little, Brown and Co. 259 pp.; 16 illustrations. $3.

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Hyden was for 20 years Pavlova's rehearsal pianist; at times her musical director, though that excellent musician Theodore Stier, until he died, was better known in the latter capacity. Mr. Hyden not only writes enthusiastically about the dancer; he writes with personal affection about the woman, though he is not blind to her foibles and faults. There is a full account of the ballets, divertissements, solo dances in which she shone; her various tours throughout the world are described, but not with wearisome detail. To many the value of the book will lie in the personal note, the wealth of anecdotage about the woman in her public and private life, though her artistic beliefs, her abiding search for the perfection of beauty are not passed over lightly. Some may smile at Mr. Hyden's statement, "To have seen Pavlova dance is to have had a spiritual experience, to have been in the presence of a Mystery," but Margaret Fuller, sitting with Emerson, when Fanny Elsler danced, exclaimed, "that is poetry"; did not the sage reply, "No, Margaret, it is religion"?

Pavlova had a "nasty" temper at times, and she could be wonderfully charming; tender, trustful, also capricious. She was accustomed to "getting what she wanted by one means or another, without stopping to count the cost." To Mr. Hyden, she was an enigma, her character was so contradictory in many respects. She allowed the girls in her company when they were in eastern countries to travel second class with the natives until an indignant and influential English resident insisted that they should be in first class compartments. In the matter of salaries she was not "over generous." The girls had to pay from their wages their hotel bills and taxicab fares, purchase and constantly renew their tights and ballet shoes. Yet it was a "hallmark" for a dancer to have toured with her. Pavlova would say: "Why should I pay these girls at all? They should pay me for the privilege of belonging to my company." Not that she was really mean about money. "My impression is that she simply had no money sense whatever. She never carried money about on her person." She would haggle over six pence at a bazaar, and then authorize a foolishly unnecessary expenditure of £200.

She liked to have tall girls in her ballet, so that she would appear smaller than she was. "When Pavlova was ruthless, she was merely expressing her own single-minded concentration on using the gift of God, which was her own dancing." She impressed strongly on her girls the necessity for "absolute propriety and moral sanity." It was a fine experience for a ballet girl to be associated with her; it could also become a killing experience for those who stayed with her too long. "Girls who have been dancing obscurely in Pavlova's ballet have won recognition as stars almost immediately after leaving her," for their own personalities were then liberated.

There is a sketch of her entering the Imperial School of Ballet at St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) when she was 10 years old. The methods of instruction and the policy of that famous school have been much more fully described in Tamara Karsavina's delightful "Theatre Street," which was reviewed in The Herald when the book was published in this country. Pavlova intended to write her memoirs, but her life was so full of work that she had not time to do what she wanted, other than to dance. At Hampstead she lived in a house that once belonged to Turner. This pleased her, not because Turner was Turner, but because he was an artist. On a lake excavated according to her design, there were swans with which she would play by the hour. She romped with them, teased them; would let them kiss her cheeks with their beaks. She had flamingoes, a peacock, an aviary stocked with little birds she had collected on her travels. Preferring the country to the town, she loved all growing things. When at home she spent at least three hours in the morning practising. She seemed utterly incapable of resting or standing still. A practical woman in her outlook on life, she attracted thousands by her essential, hypnotic charm, as well as by her genius as a dancer. She was always ready to help in public and private charities. Fond of sculpture, especially the Greek, she would unconsciously fall into the pose before her eyes. She herself modelled in wax and clay little female figures. If she dressed plainly, her costumes were not cheap. She wore ear-rings; also a ring set with a Queensland black opal.

Her ballet shoes were made to order; dozens of pairs were in use simultaneously; she would break in a new pair gradually at rehearsals. Careful in her diet, she liked fish, olives, plain food, eating only what would fit her for work. If she found that she was a pound or two overweight she would redouble exercising and fast. She was Russian in her habits, serious in devotion to the orthodox Russian church. An ikon was put by her bedside wherever she was; she would cross herself before each performance; sometimes before her entry for "The Swan." Leaving her Hampstead house for a world tour she would say goodby to household objects, birds and flowers; returning to the drawing room she would weep, then pray, blessing her home.

Interested chiefly in the dance and in people, she did not appreciate Javanese dancers or the ultra-modern school of Diaghile. Mr. Hyden says she was "remarkably illiterate." She loved children, but had none of her own, for she had sacrificed her life, she said, for her art; "but I have heard it said that she was physiologically incapable of bearing children. The story goes that the Russian doctor who first told her this said, 'God has made you for a purpose that is greater than giving birth to children.'" "For her dances she preferred commonplace music. At cards, when travelling, she was emphatic in the expression of delight or vexation at winning or losing. Before she danced at Cairo, she spent a night alone in the desert in front of the Sphinx. Pavlova renewed her emotional forces from within by means of an esoteric process."

When Saint-Saens called on her, she said that he "emitted a shining light." She had all kinds of "psychic" intuitions into the character of people she met. People were luminous or non-luminous to her.

Of all the theatrical artists she had met, she enjoyed the company of Charles Chaplin the most. She thought his miming superb; that if he had been trained at the Imperial School of Ballet he would have become the finest comedy dancer ever known.

The book is provided with an adequate index. On page 85, Arthur Nikisch, who was "rhapsodical in his adulation" of Pavlova's art, appears as "Nikitsch."

Symphony Concert

By PHILIP HALE

The concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon was the first of the orchestra's 51st season. Dr. Koussevitzky was welcomed warmly. He had arranged this program: Bach, two chorales, "Schmuecke Dich, O Liebe Seele" and "Komm Gott Schoepfer" orchestrated by Schoenberg; Brahms, Symphony No. 4, E minor; Cesar Franck, Les Eolides; Ravel, suite No. 2 from the ballet "Daphnis and Chloe."

An excellent concert, auspicious for the season which it began; an interesting, well-balanced program—the music by Franck and Ravel in strong contrast to Schoenberg's experiment in giving "color" to Bach, and the prevailing austerity of the symphony.

Cesar Franck's "Eolides" had not been heard for so long a time at these concerts that to the younger members of the audience it was unfamiliar. It was in Leconte de Lisle's poem of the same name that Franck found inspiration. So the story goes, but the score has no allusion to the poem. Franck had little or no literary taste, as is shown by the texts he accepted for his two operas, "The Beatitudes" and the majority of his songs. Some one must have called his attention to Leconte de Lisle. It was a curious union: The poet, a magnificent pagan in belief and in expression; the composer, a man of child-like faith, naively spiritual, with a streak of mysticism, one who could not treat in music the story of Psyche without Christianizing it, as worthy fathers and commentators found in the erotic Song of Songs which is Solomon's, the love of Christ for his church. The "Eolides" is early Franck. There are charming effects of color, there is suavity with now and then the amiable zephyrs blowing as they would blow their last. Evidently the poets lines about their singing the hymns of Venus, "divine joys of the senses," did not appeal to "Pere" Franck; "repose and love, grace and harmony" were more to his taste. As in some other works by Franck, there is undue repetition.

Ravel's Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe" has been played here many times. It serves an opportunity for the orchestra to display its astonishing virtuosity. The first suite is not so well known. If there is to be a "Ravel program" later in the season it might be well to put the two suites together and then lay them on the shelf for a season or two. Beautiful music—but there are so many compositions that call for a hearing.

Koussevitzky gave a poetically impressive performance of the symphony, not dwelling too sentimentally on the lyric episodes that grow and bloom on the granitic structures, as the roses on the rocks of Marblehead. The granite was there, the firm foundation for the sombre thought. One seldom hears so eloquent an interpretation of the Finale, so diversified in moods; at the same time the realization of the inevitable continuity that was in the composer's mind. The audience was justly enthusiastic throughout the concert.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise Mahler's Symphony No. 9, first time in the United States; Wagner's Siegfried Idyl and the overture to "Tannhauser."

TREMONT THEATRE
"As You Like It"

"As You Like It," a play in five acts by William Shakespeare, revived by the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival company and presented at the Tremont Theatre with the following cast:

The Duke	Gerald Kay Souper
Duke Frederick	Eric Maxon
Jaques	Stanley Howlett
Oliver	R. Eric Lee
Jaques De Bois	Richard Cuthbert
Orlando	Ernest Hare
Le Beau	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Touchstone	Randle Ayrton
Sir Oliver Martext	Richard Cuthbert
Silvius	Gyles Isham
Corin	John Ruddock
Adam	Kenneth Wicksteed
Dennis	Francis Drake
William	Geoffrey Wilkinson
Charles	Bruno Barnabe

isalind .... Fabia Drake
lia .... Cynthia Bridge
hoebe .... Dorothy Francis
drey .... Hilda Coxhead

Shakespeare's pleasant phantasy ad-irably re-enacted last night by our sitors from Stratford, transported a mpany of lookers-on and listeners to ie enchanted glads of the Forest of rden. Lulled by the music of the poet's rse, amused by witty dialogue, and en by Euphuistic subtleties that our ow modern brains absorb but laborisly—and find not always worthy of ic labor, if the truth be told—one ac-pted gratefully the pleasant, roman- entertainment that was offered, and ked no questions. For breathes there e man so proof against illusion that e would inquire into probabilities and oubt for example, that a maiden mas-uerading as a youth—especially so oluble a maiden as Rosalind—could r so long deceive both lover and ther?

Familiar elements of romance, which ave served many another writer be-re and since, form the outlines of the le—the hero who writes amatory rses on the bark of trees but has out-restled and thrown a mighty wrestler; llainy repentant in the nick of time; vers at last united, no less than four irs of them being brought to the tar in the final scene (well might the elancholy Jacques be remained of oah's Ark). But the gentle romance, e pleasant humanity of the piece have t lost their surpassing power to be-ile an evening at the theatre or an ernoon's reading. The sylvan arcady the exiled duke's court; the duke's aise of nature in words that ring mehow truer than do the convention- pastoral effusions of the time; the ditations of Jacques and of that philosopher Touchstone; the de-htful anti-feminist tirades of the dis-sed Rosalind; the touching episode Orlando's faithful servitor, the an-nt Adam (a part which, according tradition, was played by Shakes-are), these are among the things t linger in the memory and serve make this one of the most delight- of plays.

he production was thoroughly rthy of the play and of the reputa- that this excellent company has de. Once again individual perform-es of noteworthy beauty and intelli-ice abounded and were balanced by ense of ensemble and of co-ordina-, by a keenly watchful direction that e life and meaning to the whole ne, that never allowed subordinate the most fascinating figures in the tion of his day he was drawn as a out, florid man of middle age, with a ustache and a tendency to obesity. ow comes Mr. Haines, youthful, erect, ert physically as well as mentally; nooth-shaven of course, and as easy a rey to sentimentalism as the original Rufus's victims were to his "blue-ky" harangues and literature. This last eakness of character, as depicted in The New Adventures of "Get-Rich-uick-Wallingford" seems likely to rove costly to the makers of this film. or by reforming their glib trickster in is very first re-entry to our midst they pparently have closed the door on an xtension of the adventures. This is

characters on the stage to be mo standers-by and lookers-on. The ai of music was invoked so generously tha the play seemed at times almost oper etta. So, indeed, must its first audi-ences have seen it. The familiar songs "Under the Greenwood Tree," "It was a Lover and his Lass," "What shell he Have that Killed the Deer," and others were sung, and very passably, both solo and in chorus; and accompaniments were provided and incidental music played by an un-Elizabethan but not inadequate orchestra.

Miss Drake's Rosalind was a thor-oughly delightful one. Charming in her feminine attire, she was no less graceful in her male disguise—so much so that Phoebe's infatuation became very nearly plausible. The equal in-termingling of vivacity and courage with very feminine charm could hardly be more successfully achieved than they were by Miss Drake. A beautifully modulated and clear speaking voice is hers. Mr. Hare's manly, sincere, and sensitive performance as Orlando was almost equally worthy of praise. His wrestling bout with the redoubtable Charles was the most convincing stage fight that this writer has ever seen. The unfortunate adversary of the hero was very efficiently hurled over the lat-ter's shoulder. An admirably sardonic Jacques, a genial and lovable Duke, a savage and vindictive Frederick, were among the many excellent impersona-tions. Mr. Ayrton's Touchstone added much of the humor of subtle inflection to Shakespeare's lines. His love pas-sages with the clownish Audrey of Miss Coxhead were almost painfully gro-tesque. The lovelorn lout Silvius (Mr. Isham) and his unresponsive Phoebe (Miss Francis) were excellently por-trayed. The audience was extremely responsive. S. S.

LOEW'S STATE THEATRE

"New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

A screen comedy-drama adapted by Charles MacArthur from the Wallingford stories by George Randolph Chester; directed by Sam Wood and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

J. Rufus Wallingford........Willima Haines
Schnozzle ....Jimmy Durante
Blackie Daw.................Ernest Torrence
Dorothy Layton.................Leila Hyams
McGonigal ....Guy Kibbee
Charles Harper .... Hale Hamilton
Mr. Tuttle ....Robert McWade
Mrs. Layton ....Clara Blandick
Mr. Layton......................Walter Walker

When J. Rufus Wallingford was one a pity, for here is a character new to the screen, ingratiating, amusing and resourceful, who might have had as many lives and as many screen excur-sions as Fu Manchu himself. Of course, in the next issue he might become a backslider and resume his nefarious piracy on gullible clients, but that would scarcely be ethical.

However, in itself, this picture stands as an exceptionally funny entertain-ment, thanks to a surprisingly happy triumvirate in the persons of Mr. Haines, Mr. Torrence and the inimitable Schnozzle, alias Jimmy Durante. Mr. Torrence has the role of Blackie Daw, lank and morose card sharp, saxophone player and adjutant to the superior Wallingford. To be sure the adapter has implanted in him a yellow streak which the original Blackie would have repudiated hotly, but he tries at the end to make amends for certain dere-lictions. Mr. Durante, making as far as we know his first individual screen venture, is a howling success from the start. He is seen as a comic chauffeur and automobile thief, a nimble pick-pocket who prepares his victims for plucking by telling them a funny story. His Cyrano nose, which Mr. Haines loves to tweak, his guttural laugh, his explosive manner and above all his fund of droll remarks often give him the centre of the stage. He still uses that famous line, "I've got a million of them —a million!" after each wise crack. He even starts a crazy song, which unfor-tunately for the eager audience, is in-terrupted by the play's action. As for Mr. Haines, time is bringing him into his own. Once we were inclined to be-little his comicality, to regard him as among the lowest and most irking of clowns. In recent months he has com-pelled a revision of estimate, and in this picture he clearly and decisively indicates that all he has needed was a decent character, story and background to establish himself as entitled to ap-proval as a legitimate light comedian.

The story begins on shipboard, then moves to New York, where Wallingford obtains a certified check for $25,000 from Tuttle, a shrew business man, by an ingenious trick. Then it settles down in the town of Pelham, where Walling-ford starts one of his promotion schemes and is about to clean up $100,000 when romance bites him. He falls in love with Dorothy Layton, daughter on one of his intended vic-tims, and is between the devil and the deep sea. Fate is kind, for just as the bubble is about to burst, and a pur-suing police inspector about to nab him for the Tuttle swinde, news comes that the promotion scheme is sound and quite likely to prove profitable to al concerned. Perhap's Hollywood's cen-sors insisted that it turn out that way But the public will want more of J Rufus—and what will Hollywood do about it? W. E. G.

RKO KEITH'S

"The Spirit of Notre Dame"

A screen drama based on the story of E. R. Schaver and Dale van Every; directed by Russell Mack, dialogue by Walter de Leon, photography by George Robinson presented by Universal Pictures with the following cast:

Bucky O'Brien........................Lew Ayres
Jim Stewart...............William Bakewell
Truck McCall......................Andy Devine
Wasp...............................Harry Barris
Peggy...............................Sally Blane
Coach...................J. Farrell McDonald
Notre Dame team:
Frank Carideo, Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher, Adam Walsh, Bucky O'Connor, John Law, Moon Mullins, Art McNamara, Al Howard, John O'Brien.

Appropriately enough, now that the football season is upon us, comes "The Spirit of Notre Dame," a tribute on the part of Universal Pictures to the mem-ory of the greatest coach of this gen-eration, Knute Rockne, who lost his life last May in an airplane crash while on his way to California. As a tribute, unforced in its sentiment, as an inter-esting, unsensational depiction of the making of a team, it is consistently worth while. Many shots have been interpolated from news reels, showing the famous "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame in action on the gridiron; the Notre Dame team takes part in the ac-tion of the story with commendable en-thusiasm and spontaneity, and in the opening sequences Rockne's own voice is heard talking to the players. Such

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Pirandello by his play "As You Desire Me" now to be seen at the Plymouth theatre has violated the once accepted rule that an audience should never be left in doubt. No matter how perplexed characters on the stage may be, the spectator should know what the play is about and have a fair idea of an inevitable conclusion.

At the same time Pirandello has succeeded in arousing curiosity and exciting argument. The Unknown Lady will have her partisans, the De-mented Lady will have hers, although her sponsor is a malicious and re-pulsive animal.

We have spoken of the Canella-Bruneri case, which, even now dividing public opinion in Italy, suggested to Pirandello his play. There is another strange case in Italy that might be put on the stage.

A baker and Antonia, a servant girl, fell in love and decided to marry. She was born at Port Said. The baker sent to that ill-famed place to obtain her birth certificate. He found to his surprise that she had married in 1914 one San Villarosa, by whom she had had a child, who died a baby. Antonia confessed to the marriage, and said she had been so unhappy that she had been compelled to leave her husband and enter domestic service in Alexandria. The baker hoped to persuade the husband to divorce An-tonia. He found the deserted husband in Alexandria with a wife who had borne him several children. The Italian authorities brought San Villarosa and Antonia together. He swore that he had never seen her; that he had been married only to the woman with whom he was living; that he had never been in Port Said.

Antonia insisted that he was her husband. There were two photo-graphs, taken about the time that the Port Said records showed that An-tonia had married San Villarosa. In one Antonia was on his arm. In the other he was with his present wife. This led to a full inquiry. Two mar-riage certificates were brought to light, also two birth certificates in the name of Villarosa. In the first marriage certificate he is shown as having wedded Antonia; in the other as having married his present wife. The same father is recorded in the two birth certificates, but in each one the name of a different mother is given. There is no doubt about the authen-ticity of the four certificates. No one doubts the honesty of Antonia in declaring that the Villarosa now produced is her husband. No one doubts this Villarosa's protest that he had never seen her.

Is it possible, the authorities ask, that unknown to this son his father had another son by a different woman. They ask if Antonia married this brother; whether there was so great a resemblance between the half brothers that she now claims the first as her husband. But why should the father have given the same name to both his sons, and what has become of the second?

The baker, still in love with Antonia, wishes to marry her. She says that now her husband has reappeared she must go back to him. Mean-while San Villarosa finds it hard to convince his present wife that their union is legal and their children legitimate.

"Measure for Measure," played by the Stratford-on-Avon Company at the Tremont theatre, has not often been seen in Boston. It was first performed in New York in 1818. Adelaide Neilson was the first to take the role of Isabella in Boston. Then came Madame Modjeska, who was first seen here in the role in March, 1888, at the Hollis Street theatre. What a good company she brought with her! The Duke, Charles Vanden-hoff; Angelo, Eben Plympton; Claudio, Robert Taber; Froth, Tully Mar-shall; Pompey, William F. Owen; Lucio, Vincent Sternroyd; Escalus, S. E. Springer; Elbow, James Cooper; Mariana, Mary Shaw.

There was a performance of a sort at the Repertory theatre on Nov. 10, 1929, when Cynthia Brooke played Isabella.

When Adelaide Neilson first produced the play at the Haymarket, London, on April 1, 1876, the play had not been seen in London for nearly a quarter of a century. Her company was then a strong one, including Charles Warner, Howe, Harcourt, H. B. Conway, Buckstone.

Lily Brayton revived the play in 1906 when Walter Hampden took the part of the Duke and Oscar Asche that of Angelo. Jean Forbes-Robertson took the part of Isabella at the Haymarket in April, 1929. There have been performances of the play in London in 1930 and 1931.

At a performance at the Cambridge (Eng.) Festival Theatre in January, 1930, the play was acted in a modern setting and in modern clothes. "Mod-ern Vienna with its extremely Continental cafes, soon dissolved into an artificial paradise of poetry. But the modern clothes did do one service to the play, since they prevented the comic parts from seeming simply archaic, Elizabethan clowning."

Let us add that the Brown University Dramatic Society gave a per-formance in December, 1923.

Mr. Kreisler's program for his recital in Symphony hall this afternoon will be as follows: Bach, Suite E minor, and for the violin alone, Sarabande and Gigue. Mozart, Concerto No. 3, G major. Martini, Andantino. Porpora, Menuet, D major; Ravel, Habenera; Kreisler, Berceuse Romantique; Tchai-kovsky-Kreisler, Humoresque; Rimsky-Korsakov-Kreisler, Fantasy on Russ-ian Themes.

Yascha Yushny's internationally famous "Blue Bird Revue" will be pre-sented under the auspices of the American Association of University Women, at Symphony hall on the afternoon and evening of Oct. 31. It is not neces-sary to have a knowledge of Russian to enjoy this company from Moscow "The actors possess an uncanny power of pictorial effect in themselves which makes them totally independent of scenery. The program, directed by M. Yushny, is made up of the customary contrasts: There are folk songs grave and gay; Cossack songs and Caucasian songs and Volga boat songs and sentimental songs; 'barrel organ' turn; an animated monument of Cath-erine the Great, which recalls a great period of Russian history to those who know it; there is a scene of charming fantasy, 'The King Called for His Drummer,' wherein the people resemble Court-cards and illustrate in action the story of an old French ballad. Altogether, an exotic entertainment, which will appeal to amateurs of the strange and the bizarre."

Coming concerts not noted elsewhere in this issue of The Herald:

Oct. 15—Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Harold Schwab, pianist.

Oct. 18—Sunday, Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Maxim Karolik, tenor. Jordan

hall, 3:30 P. M. People's Symphony orchestra, Thompson Stone, conductor.

Oct. 20—Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Elly Kassman, pianist, with Nicholai Kassman, viollnist.

Oct. 28—Wednesday, Jordan hall. Edwin Otis, baritone.

Nov. 2—Monday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M. Karl Kraeuter, violinist. 5, Thursday, Swastika string quartet of Philadelphia; 11, Wednesday, Jordan hall, 8:15, Helen Henschel; 12, Thursday, Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Sidney Sukoenig, pianist; 15, Sunday, Symphony hall, 3:30, Rose Zulalian, contralto; 8:15, Victor Chenkin; 17, Tuesday, Jordan hall, 8 P. M., Apollo Club, Thompson Stone, conductor.

Dec. 3—Thursday, Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., Mary Wigman, dancer; 12, Saturday, Jordan hall, 3 P. M., Harold Bauer, pianist; 16, Wednesday, Hotel Statler, 11 A. M., Claudia Muzio, soprano.

Henry Lawrence Southwick course of interpretative recitals, Huntington Chambers hall, 8 P. M., Oct. 14, "The Emperor Jones," Grover Shaw. Oct. 21, "Jeanne d'Arc," Jessie Eldridge Southwick. Oct. 28, "Caponsacchi," Edward A. Thompson. Nov. 4, "Berkeley Square," Maud G. Hicks. Nov. 18, Milne's "Michael and Mary," Joseph E. Connor.

Two children of Guy Maier have made the tunes, text and illustrations of "Song Cargo," published by G. Schirmer. Mr. Maier writes to us: "It is the first time, I believe, that such a work has been published."

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story as there is is comparatively slight, and, praise be, there is no designing damsel in the offing to make trouble between the hero and his friend. One thing, and one only, "The Spirit of Notre Dame" shares with previous football films: the entire occupation of all the men in the college—barring a brief quotation from Virgil in an early scene—is football. According to the film, the last thing any student thinks of is exercising his brain.

Bucky O'Brien, arriving at Notre Dame from a small town where he had been the leading football player, finds that prep school and college football are very different matters. However, after taking a fearful beating during the first weeks of practice, he begins to find himself and in junior year he becomes an outstanding member of the team. At the request of the coach, he gives up carrying the ball in order to serve as interference for his friend and roommate, Jim Stewart, a light, swift-footed quarterback. So successful is the combination that Jim begins to look on himself as the whole works and puts on all sorts of airs. Bucky, disgusted, quits him, even carrying his resentment onto the football field, where he sets out to prove that Jim without him can accomplish practically nothing. His behavior is correctly interpreted by the coach, who rules him out of the game for the rest of the season for unsportsmanlike conduct. In the end, when he has thoroughly repented, he is permitted to enter the game and saves the day for his team by paving the way for Jim to make a touchdown.

Throughout the picture, constant reference is made to the teams, Army, Northwestern and others, against which Notre Dame has played many games. The refcrences are all courteous, sometimes almost effusive, and the spectator gradually acquires the impression that football is one of the politest, not to mention cleanest, games that is ever played. Not one of the players, save Lew Ayres, and he only at the beginning, shows a sign of dirt on his countenance, and the uniforms are always spick and span. Surely there are occasional games played in the rain or at least upon a muddy field, but not so in this picture. Perhaps Notre Dame is lucky with its weather. Minor discrepancies aside—and they aren't very vital—the film is pleasant, forthright entertainment, especially for football fans, although some may complain that there are too few scenes in which the tactics of the game are made intelligible.

In such a story, which contains far more sentiment than plot, the acting matters comparatively little. Lew Ayres and William Bakewell are both too slight to make very convincing players, though they take themselves with becoming seriousness. Outstandingly good, however, is Andy Devine, a burly, slow-moving, humorous youth, who makes a genuine hit as Truck McCall, an aspiring player who goes through a game with a broken rib. He is funny, he is pathetic and a real find. As the Coach, who is never called by name, J. Frank McDonald looks remarkably like Rockne and gives a performance best described as sterling. Frank Caridco and the rest of the team appear to enjoy the make-believe greatly.

E. L. H.

METROPOLITAN

"The Spider"

An all-talking screen mystery drama adapted by Barry Connors and Philip Klein from the play of the same name by Fulton Oursler and Lowell Brentano, first produced at the Chanin 46th Street Theatre, N. Y., on March 22, 1927, with John Halliday in the leading role; directed by William Cameron Menzies and Kenneth McKenna and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Chatrand ..... Edmund Lowe
Beverly Lane ..... Lois Moran
Alexander ..... Howard Phillips
Carrington ..... Earle Fox
Ole ..... El Brendel
The Kid ..... Kendall McComas
Estelle ..... Mayna Roberti
Tommy ..... John Arledge
Dr. Blackstone ..... George E. Stone
Inspector Riley ..... Purnell Pratt
Butch ..... William Pawley
Goldberg ..... Jesse de Vorska
Schmidt ..... Warren Hymer
Mrs. Wimbleton ..... Ruth Donnelly

Fulton Oursler's "The Spider," a novel mystery play in the development of which the audience was literally forced to take part, has now become an entertaining and unusual screen drama, now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre. The scene is set in a vaudeville theatre, the action takes place in the audience, on the stage, back of the stage and in strange nooks and corners of the building. All sorts of persons are mixed up in the story, some for serious, others, particularly El Brendel, for purposes of comic relief. Needless to say, the plot concerns a strange murder committed during a mind-reading act, and the solution thereof is ingenious enough to satisfy the spectator and to cause no particular anxiety concerning a discrepancy or two in the reasoning.

Chatrand the Great, a suave magician, is giving a performance at the Tivoli Theatre, a feature of which is an exhibition of mind-reading by his assistant, Alexander, a boy whom Chatrand had found two years before badly injured and his memory gone. Chatrand descends into the orchestra, demanding articles for the blindfolded Alexander to identify. A girl tries to give him a locket, her escort objects violently, a shot is heard, and the lights go off. The man, Carrington by name, is dead, and it soon appears that he is the uncle of the girl, Beverly Lane, who recognizes in the now unconscious Alexander her lost brother. The police, immediately on arrival, arrest Alexander, restored now to memory of his sister and of the past, but Chatrand, convinced of his innocence, persuades them to let him try to prove it. He stages a seance in which the dead man apparently returns, but once more a shot is heard which shatters a mirror in which Chatrand's face, made up to resemble Carrington, is reflected. Once more he tries with Alexander's help and this time, at risk of his life, succeeds, winning not only a confession of guilt from the murderer but Beverly's love as well.

The camera work, credited to the remarkable young Chinese cameraman, James Wong How, is extremely clever, spookly and imaginative, adding tremendously to the effect of the story. The cast, fairly bristling with names, does admirably. Edmund Lowe, not altogether convincing as the magician and hypnotist, is excellent as the man fighting for the life of the boy he has befriended. Howard Phillips is a plausible Alexander, showing vividly the struggle of the bewildered boy to regain his memory of the past. The rest, including Lois Moran, George E. Stone and Manya Roberti, are all good.

The headliners on the stage bill are the members of the Havana Casino Orchestra, originators of "The Peanut Vendor."

E. L. H.

TREMONT THEATRE

King Henry the Fourth, Part One

King Henry the Fourth, part one, a play in five acts by William Shakespeare, revived by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival company and presented at the Tremont Theatre with the following cast:

King Henry the Fourth ..... Randle Ayrton
Henry, Prince of Wales ..... Eric Maxon
John of Lancaster ..... R. Eric Lee
The Earl of Westmoreland ..... Gerald Kay Souper
Sir Walter Blunt ..... Stanley Howlett
Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester ..... Bruno Barnabe
Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland ..... C. Rivers Gadsby
Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son ..... Gyles Isham
Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ..... John Ruddock
Owen Glendower ..... Stanley Howlett
The Earl of Douglas ..... Ernest Hare
Sir Richard Vernon ..... Francis Drake
Sir John Falstaff ..... Roy Byford
Poins ..... Ernest Hare
Gadshill ..... Francis Drake
Peto ..... Richard Cuthbert
Bardolph ..... Kenneth Wicksteed
Francis ..... Geoffrey Wilkinson
Lady Percy ..... Fabia Drake
Lady Mortimer ..... Dorothy Francis
Mistress Quickly ..... Ethel Harper

The mingled glory and tragedy of England's civil strife under Henry IV and the incomparable humors of the inglorious but profigious Sir John Falstaff and his thievish band, furnished the matter for yesterday afternoon's production by the Stratford Players. To see that a thoroughly enjoyable performance was attained is by this time hardly necessary, so completely have these actors accustomed their audiences to intelligent casting, imaginative direction and fine work on the part of individual performers.

To Mr. Ayrton—the restrained and subtle Touchstone of the preceding night's play—fell the difficult task of portraying the King, in whom greatness and meanness, magnanimity and vindictiveness, nobility and pusillanimity so strangely warred. He brought to the part a moving force, a touching simplicity, that weighted the scales heavily in Henry's favor. Through him one remembers chiefly the infinitely wearied and oppressed and saddened Henry of his first appearance upon the scene—a King mourning an England watered by the blood of her own sons; the Henry grieved by the seeming worthlessness of his heir and shedding tears of joy over the promised regeneration; the Henry offering pardon to his enemies in the hope of averting bloody strife; and less easily the suspicious, calculating monarch that, having broken an oath to gain his kingdom, will stick at nothing to remove the men he fears.

The fiery, mercurial Hotspur, with all his boundless courage, his overflowing, passionate energy and fearless irreverence, found an admirably chosen protagonist in Mr. Isham. He was excellent alike in his stormy passages with the King, in his amusing baiting of the portentous Glendower (a scene wherein Shakespeare very effectively deflated that very apparatus of signs and portents which he himself was later to use in "Macbeth"), and in his scene with his neglected and resentful wife.

Mr. Maxon's convincing portrayal of Prince Hal, whether disporting himself amiably with Falstaff at the Boar's Head or showing his heroic mettle in the service of the King, his father, was thoroughly sympathetic.

And of Mr. Byford's Falstaff not much more can be said than that it was indescribably good. His vast, jovial, rubicund visage and scanty white hair and beard, his twinkling eye, his mountainous figure, the cavernous groans that accompanied any but the simplest readjustment of posture, his gusty humor and verbal prodigies of valor, his ingenious evasions, made him the very personification of the fat knight. The immortal scenes in the tavern and on the field of battle could not have been bettered; the realistic philosophy that Shakespeare put into Sir John's mouth could not have been more forcefully uttered nor more delightfully exemplified, as though in mockery of the weighty and tragic matters that form the central theme of the play.

A large and obviously delighted audience was present.

S. S.

Oct 12 1931

'DREAM PICTURES' SHOW OLD COUNTRY

Exquisite beyod description were the views of old England and Scotland shown last evening in the "Dream Pictures" by Branson De Cou, who is welcomed back to Boston by his many admirers for another series of his fascinating lectures. Choosing from a wealth of material the most representative and famous of scenes in the historic spots of these ancient countries, Mr. De Cou told just enough of their history and of his impressions on a motor tour to make his listeners feel that they, too, had accompanied him, and without tiring them with monotonous details, let his camera recite to their eyes the rest of the tale, with the accompaniment of pleasant and appropriate music.

Introducing England with a scene showing its tree-overhung roadsides, and warning the prospective traveller against attempting to drive a car himself on such a tour along the narrow roads so different from those in America, Mr. De Cou took his hearers immediately to Eton, and to Oxford with its more than a score of artistically-turreted colleges.

There followed beautiful Warwick Castle, reflected in the Thames; Stratford-on-Avon and its Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway shrines, the latter with its marvelous garden in full bloom; some of the quaint towns, their narrow streets and thatched-roofed houses so quaintly reminiscent of the past ,such as Broadway, Chipping Camden, Alcester, Sherwood Forest and Compton Wynyates.

The views of the old ruins such as Fountains Abbey were notably impressive, and the beauty of the architecture of the English cathedrals was greatly enhanced to the audience by the many pictures of the famous stalned glass windows, in their lovely coloring. The lakes and hills made famous by Sir Walter Scott had their share of attention, as well as the simple cottage where Robert Burns, best loved of Scotch poets, was born and the other where he died; Gretna Green, the ancient Mecca of eloping couples, Conway and Shrewsbury with their old castles, the fields of heather in all their purple glory, and the hedge-rows of rustic Dartmoor with its old stone farmouses nestling in peaceful nooks amid the verdant hillsides.

To close his evening's entertainment, Mr. De Cou showed his finest views of cathedrals of England, their altars and windows, to Debussy's music, "The Submerged Cathedral." His large audience, which nearly filled Symphony Hall, evidenced keenest enjoyment of this very unsual and splendid program.

F. A. B.

FRITZ KREISLER

A large and enthusiastic audience greeted Fritz Kreisler yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall. The program of this first recital of the season was as follows: Suite, E-minor (Bach); Sarabande and Gigue (Bach); Concerto No. 3 in G-major (Mozart); Andantino (Martini); Menuet, D-major (Niccolo Porpora); Habanera (from Rhapsodie Espagnole No. 2) (Ravel); Berceuse Romantique (Kreisler); Humoresque (Tschaikovsky - Kreisler); Fantasy (on Russian Themes) (Rimsky-Korsakoff-Kreisler). Carl Lamson, of course, played the pianoforte accompaniments, and with all his usual skill.

This program, predominantly classic—its major ingredients being provided by Bach and by Mozart—was one well calculated to display Mr. Kreisler's most characteristic qualities. The fine breadth of style which he applied to the beautiful adagio of Bach's E minor suite, the unforced eloquence with which he gave forth its noble phrases, the grave grace of the Allemande, and the neat but vigorous exuberance of the gigue,— all this was in the best Kreislerian manner. Nor did he disapcint his hearers in a more austere music and a more exacting test—two movements from an unaccompanied Partita, in which fine taste, an unerring sense of musical logic, and a sensitive bow lent interest to what, under the hands of a lesser artist, might have seemed dry and cerebral music.

He played with charming grace, yet without mawkish over-delicacy, Mozart's youthful D major concerto—surely one of his most transparently innocent and unpretentious works. The ineffable, limpid simplicity of the adaglo, in particular, was exquisitely rendered by both violinist and pianist; the nalve and carefree joliity of the rondeau was performed with a verve in which the character of the country dance from which the movement derived its name was delightfully accentuated.

The shorter pieces that composed, in obedience to a pleasant tradition, Mr. Kreisler's final group gave as usual the keenest pleasure to his audience. The mellifluous Andantino of Padre Martini, the lively Minuet of Porpora, were admirably played and gratefully received. But it was reserved for the Habanera from Ravel's Rhapsodie Espagnole to arouse the greatest enthusiasm of all. An admirable arrangement, in which the peculiar fragrance of Ravel's harmonic sonorities was not lost, gave such pleasure that the piece was repeated.

Mr. Kreisler's own Berceuse Romantique, for all the honeyed grace of its phrases, unhappily revealed the characteristic mild harmonic perversity which this admirable violinist, when he turns composer, so often betrays. The unexpected modulations in which he so innocently revels are a pernicious habit. They cry to high heaven in his arrangement of the "Londonderry Air" (which was one of yesterday's encores). They disfigure this Berceuse. These cadences that suddenly turn and dart off down a side street, so to speak, are positively dangerous. They are emotionally unsatisfying. We feel most strongly that an infant subjected to

h a cradle song as Mr. Kreisler's is ng exposed to the danger of develop- the most horrid psychoses in later . Mr. Kreisler should really be more rcful.

His audience's enthusiasm was un- unded, its appetite for encores in- iable. S. S.

TREMONT THEATRE
Midsummer Night's Dream"

"A Mid-summer Night's Dream," a comedy five acts by William Shakespeare, pre- ted by the Stratford-Upon-Avon Festival mpany at the Tremont Theatre with the llowing cast:

Theseus	Eric Maxon
Egeus	Stanley Howlett
Lysander	Ernest Hare
Demetrius	R. Eric Lee
Philostrate	C. Rivers Gadsby
Quince	Randle Ayrton
Snug	Francis Drake
Bottom	Roy Byford
Flute	Bruno Barnabe
Snout	John Ruddock
Starveling	Kenneth Wicksteed
Hippolyta	Dorothy Massingham
Hermia	Dorothy Francis
Helena	Cynthia Bridge
Oberon	Gyles Isham
Titania	Hilda Coxhead
Robin Goodfellow	Geoffrey Wilkinson
First Fairy	Miriam Leighton

The players from the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford con- cluded their first week in Boston Satur- day evening with a joyous, easy-flowing, and altogether delightful production of Shakespeare's fantastic comedy, "A Mid- summer Night's Dream." The spirit of Puck ruled the performance and the actors, sharing it, did not tread the boards but figuratively danced through their roles. The play which Shakes- peare presumably wrote as a masque for presentation at some wedding festival was never fresher, lighter, or more af- fectionately absurd. While Robin Good- fellow, in his accustomed epilogue, apol- ogized for "this weak and idle theme" and urged his hearers to think but "that you have slumb'red here," there was no cause for it. If it was but a dream, it was a most pleasant one which the au- dience disliked to have ended.

The slight plot of the play itself was gracefully and romantically unfolded by Miss Francis as Hermia and Miss Bridge as Helena and by Mr. Hare and Mr. Lee as Lysander and Demetrius, the rival suitors for Hermia's hand. The young women were young and charming, the two men young and handsome. The four of them supplied an appropriately attractive nucleus about which to wind the fine web of the story. They played their love scenes simply and tenderly, and when the fairies' love potion sud- denly diverted the men's affections and the situation became farcical, they did not yield to possible extravagances but left Shakespeare's own delicate absurdi- ties to carry their own mirth.

No better low comedy, of course, has ever been written than the Athenian workingmen's enactment of the sad tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe." Their rehearsal of the play, with the inevitable arguments about roles and worries about properties, is almost too real to anyone who has ever directed an amateur theatrical venture. The gentlemen who did Quince, Snug, Bot- tom, Flute, Snout and Starveling were all equally good, and if Mr. Byford, as a large, jolly, and exuberant Bottom, achieved the most laughter and ap- plause, it was because of the play- wright's colorful pen and the perfect co- operation of his colleagues. Special mention must be made, however, of the delicious bit of caricature by Mr. Ayr- ton as Quince, the producer of the little company. His worry, his pitiful falterings, and his diplomatic conces- sions to Bottom, the star of his troupe, was a superb piece of acting.

Much might be said in praise of the other members of the Stratford com- pany and of the apparently effortless unity of their general ensemble. But their previous performances have al- ready brought forth much favorable comment on this important element. Sufficient to say here that "A Mid- summer Night's Dream" moved as smoothly and as richly as a moonlight night should. Oberon was a princely fairy and Titania, his queen, a soft bit of loveliness. Puck was gay, lively, and not too elfish. And to the actors was added a sympathetic background of pastel-shaded settings and lights. Nor should the orchestra, which played the traditional accompanying music of Men- delssohn, be overlooked. Altogether it was a beautifully finished production. The audience of moderate size was genuinely pleased. L. W., JR.

KEITH-BOSTON
Smart Woman"

An all-talking comedy drama adapted by Salisbury Fields from the play by Myron C. Fagan entitled, "Nancy's Private Affair," directed by Gregory La Cava and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Nancy	Mary Astor
Don	Robert Ames
Bill	Edward Everett Horton
Peggy	Noel Francis
Sally	Ruth Weston
Sir Guy	John Halliday
Mrs. Peterson	Gladys Gale
Crooks	Alfred Cross
Ellen	Pearl Varvelle
Mrs. Windleweaver	Lillian Harmer

A threadbare situation becomes not only plausible but genuinely amusing as well during the unfolding of "Smart Woman," current screen attraction at the Keith-Boston Theatre. The film, adapted from Myron C. Fagan's play, "Nancy's Private Affair," differs con- siderably from its original in the de- velopment of the plot, nor has anything been sacrificed thereby. For example, the heroine does not lose her husband because she is dowdy and excessively de- voted to him but because she went abroad and stayed too long. This seems more reasonable, although the prospect of any sensible man passing up the beautiful Mary Astor, for any reason under the sun, seems hard to credit. Gregory La Cava has handled the story well, making it pleasant always and never too obvious. Best of all, he has restrained Edward Everett Horton to the point where that obnoxiously whimsical comedian contributes the most re- strained and amusing performance of his screen career.

Nancy Preston, returning from an emergency trip abroad, discovers that in her absence her husband, Don, has wondered from the fold. He is, in fact so enraptured by the charms of Peggy Preston, a mercenary blonde with a de- signing mother, that he desires to have a divorce and marry her. Nancy, fore- warned by Don's sister, Sally, and her husband, Bill, decides that two can play at the same game. Accordingly, she laughs lightly at Don's stammering apologies and invites Peggy and Mrs Preston for the week-end, including, for her own benefit, a very charming and wealthy English bachelor, Sir Guy Har- rington, whom she had met on the boat. With his connivance, she begins her campaign of bringing Don back to the fold. Don catches them making love and begins to think that Nancy is really serious in lack of interest in him, but worse is in store. Peggy, catching wind of Sir Guy's wealth and of Don's losses on the stock market, makes a play for the Englishman and he falls in with her schemes, to all appearances. This, oddly enough, causes Don to have a change of heart. Realizing that he himself no longer has a right to Nancy's love, he begs Sir Guy not to desert Nancy for Peggy, whom he now sees in her true light. Amused but chivalrous, Sir Guy gravely acquiesces, knowing that Nancy loves only Don, and in the end, after the furious Peggy departs, sees them re- united.

Mary Astor has never looked more charming than in the, for once, most de- scriptive title role. Fortunately, she does not follow Mr. Fagan's ideas and make herself out a dowdy homebody, but she does give an understanding portrayal of a woman too sure of her happiness, who uses every weapon to retain a wander- ing spouse, yet never descends to mean- ness or underhand tricks along the way. Robert Ames, in the ungrateful role of Don, manages very well, and finally persuades the audience, as he did Sir Guy in the story, to come to like him after all. John Halliday, as the gener- cus and unsuccessful suitor, gives a very charming and finished per- formance, enhanced by his quiet, pleas- ant voice—much like Roland Young's, by the way—and his easy manner. Noel Francis seems unable to do much with the very obvious Peggy, but Edward Everett Horton and Ruth Weston form a highly amused and amusing chorus to the comedy.

The headline honors on the stage bill are divided between the team of Shaw and Lee, musical comedy and vaudeville favorite, and Marion Sunshine, styled as "The Peanut Vender Herself."

E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN
"Women Go on Forever"

A comedy drama adapted by Ralph Mur- phy from the stage play of the same name by Daniel N. Rubin; directed by Walter Lang and presented by Tiffany Cruze with the following cast:

Daisy Bowman	Clara Kimball Young
Betty	Marian Nixon
Eddie	Paul Page
Jake	Morgan Wallace
Pearl	Yola D'Avril
Willie	Lorin Raker
Daly, the detective	Thomas Jackson
Mr. Givner	Eddie Lambert
Mrs. Givner	Nellie Nichols
Pete	Maurice Black
Tommy	Murice Murphy
Lucy	Madame Sultana

The seamy side of life as it is glimpsed in and about a free and easy lodging house in any large city is can- didly discussed and portrayed in "Women Go On Forever," the screen adaptation of Daniel Rubin's stage play of five years ago. At that time the action was supposed to be confined to 36 hours, and to the hallway living room of Daisy Bowman's place. Mary Boland played the maternal Daisy, Osgood Per- kins was Pete, the treacherous Italian; Douglass Montgomery, whose screen debut was made recently under the alias of Kent Douglas, was Daisy's blind son; James Cagney, another recent screen celebrity, was Eddie, the pseudo- hero, and Morgan Wallace, as here, played Jake, the stalwart star boarder who couldn't keep away from pretty girls and in due course was killed by the blind boy when his mother was about to be choked to death when she remonstrated too cuttingly. In the pic- ture the action is spread over a year's period and, while the camera is content for the greater part to remain within the lodging house, we are frequently taken to the adjacent poolroom or police sta- tion for variety.

Two murders, a frame-up which sends Eddie the hero to prison, and a contemplated seduction are a few of the incidents in which Daisy of the waning beauty but still susceptible heart has a prominent part. In a minor way she ministers to Mrs. Givner, second floor back, at the birth of a child. One epi- sode of the play, repugnant enough in all truth, is omitted—that of the seduc- tion of Tommy, the blind youth, by Minnie, a sex-starved spinster whom the boy believed beautiful and good. As it stands, the picture is suggestive of the plays, "Grand Hotel" and "Street Scene" in that it purports to sketch characters and situations likely to be found in a few hours of existence with- ing the walls of a continental hostelry or a shabby brownstone front.

The film's chief claim on our atten- tion, aside from a generally excellent performance by all the cast, is found in the appearance of Clara Kimball Young, who years ago was a favorite with the Jay Hunt players at the Bow- doin Square Theatre, who also has been identified with several stage successes and with silent pictures. She gives a delightful exposition of the strength and the weakness of Daisy Bowman. She scolds and mothers Betty, the unhappy shop girl who almost went wrong while awaiting Eddie's release from prison. She cajoles and upbraids the parasitic Jake, whose very clothes she had paid for. She shields her blind son when he shoots Jake in her defence. She neatly engineers Pete's passing at the hands of a vicious gunman who thinks he is avenging his brother Jake. And she is instrumental in clearing Eddie's good name and in effecting a reconciliation which culminates in a lover's wedding. Her closing scene is rich comedy. A lonely figure as she sits on the front stoop, a man of sturdy physique, bat- tered suitcase in hand, applies for the newly vacated room. Daisy appraising his figure, smiles archly, and escorts him within. "You shall have the best room in the house," she purrs, "and it happens to be right next to mine."

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS
"The White Devil"

A part-talking screen drama based on Tolstoi's novel, "Hadschi Murat"; directed by Alexander Wolkoff, and presented by Ufa and Talking Picture Epics with the follow- ing cast:

Hadschi Murat	Ivan Mosjoukine
Nelidowa	Lil Dagovar
Saira	Betty Amann
The Czar	Fritz Alberty
Singers	The Don Cossack Choir

From a scenic point of view, there can be only praise for "The White Devil," current attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre. The early and the final sequences are set among some very im- pressive mountains, which are more than welcome after an infinite series of elaborate penthouse apartments. Since the story is historical and romantic at the same time and the period is the Russia of 1854, there is an infinite amount of spectacular riding, beautiful shots of galloping troops and a pic- turesque display of uniforms and beauti- ful gowns. Based rather freely upon Tolstoi's novel, "Hadschi Murat," the production—made in Germany—is as elaborate as befits a classic; but fre- quently the plot becomes lost in the scenery and there are various discrep- ancies that the spectator would like cleared up. For instance, is the hero killed or isn't he? A reading of the book leads one to suppose that he is, but according to the film, he is merely left in a very bad way; not quite dead but scarcely alive.

Hadschi Murat, a fiery young Cauca- sian patriot, leads a revolt against the Czar, but his uncle, chief of the com- munity, upbraids him for taking pris- oners some of the royal troops instead of killing them on the spot. Murat in wrath departs to surrender himself to the Czar, a pretence to hide his plans for wide-spread revolt. Received honor- ably at court, he soon gets into trouble by falling in love with Nelidowa, a girl from his own village, now dancing in the royal ballet corps and in danger of attracting too much attention from the royal eye. Murat kidnaps her from a forced rendezvous with the Czar and marries her. Despatched at the head of an army to invade his own lands, Murat attempts to foment a mutiny on Easter Monday, the signal a gun, to be fired as the church bells summon the soldiers and townspeople to church. The courage of a private soldier, who pre- vents Murat's man from killing a guard and discharging the cannon, brings the conspiracy to light. Murat is obliged to fly for his life, overtaking on the way Nelidowa and one of his followers whom he had sent on ahead. Pursued, he sends them on once more to bring him aid, while he awaits his pursuers am- bushed in a gully. The rescuers despatched by his uncle are too late to save him and can only bring him back, mortally wounded, to die in his own vil- lage

The actors in a film of this sort are apt to be more than a little handicapped by the magnitude of their surroundings. Among the men of the cast, however, there is some good acting. Ivan Mos- joukine—impersonator of Michael Stro- goff and Casanova—is an excellent Murat; picturesque, fiery, compelling, aloof and dignified at the Russian court, a magnificent leader in action. The actor's costumes and make-up are parti- cularly worthy of praise, while he—or it may be his double, rides like a cen- taur. Another excellent performance is that given by Fritz Alberty as the Czar, a truly imposing figure, alternat- ing tyrannical, amorous and crafty. The ladies of the cast are disappointing. Betty Amann is an insipid, unconvinc- ing Nelidowa, and the much touted Lil Dagovar, poorly made up and badly photographed, acts well enough but is far from beautiful. What dialogue there is, is in English. Much of it is doubled —as foreign language versions are made in Hollywood for European consumption —and is unsatisfactry. With Ivan Mos- joukine, however, that is not the case. He speaks slowly, clearly and with little trace of accent, and the eye can follow the words as his lips shape them. Also not doubled is the splendid singing of the remarkable Don Cossack choir which sings frequently, and gratefully, throughout the film. The court scenes are handsomely staged and faithful to the smallest detail. E. L. H.

Oct 13 1931

COLONIAL
"Iolanthe"

"Iolanthe," or "The Peer and the Peri," operetta in two acts, book and lyrics by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan; pro- duced simultaneously at the Savoy Theatre, London, and the Standard Theatre, New York, Nov. 25, 1882; most recent revival at Erlanger's Theatre, New York, July 13, 1931, by the Civic Light Opera Company under direction of Milton Aborn; performed last evening at the Colonial Theatre by that same organization, with the following cast:

Lord Chancellor	Frank Moulan
Earl of Mountararat	Frederick Persson
Earl of Tolloller	Howard Marsh
Private Willis	Herbert Waterous
Strephon	Allen Waterous
Queen of the Fairies	Vera Ross
Iolanthe	Dean Dickens
Celia	Mabel Thompson
Leila	Gertrude Walton
Fleta	Eleanor Gilmore
Phyllis	Vivian Hart

When "Iolanthe" was first heard, on this side of the ocean at least, the criti- cal verdict of the period seemed to be that Gilbert was at the top of his form as a brilliant satirist, but that Sullivan gave evidence of having run out of melodies. It might have been fairer in the latter case to state that by this time, several years after the tremen- dously popular triumphs of "The Mika- do," of "H. M. S. Pinafore" and of "The Pirates of Penzance," Sullivan had be- come encouraged to embroider his tunes more ornately, to pay more attention to his orchestrations. In "Iolanthe" Gil- bert indulged much of his most extrav- agant and delicious fancies. He mingled the gossamer fantasies of fairyland with the musty old customs of the British Parliament. He juggled ideas and words as never before; his lyrics were the quintessence of absurdity, and several of them were so diabolically rhymed that only the most intrepid singers could hope to deliver them successfully Today we find that Gilbert was, as in 1882, at his best; and we are inclined to discount those earlier forebodings as to Sullivan's score. Last evening it sounded like most delightful music, from the first oratorio-like strains of the overture to the "Off to Fairyland" finale.

The "argument" of the operetta, as plots once were called, is not easy to outline. Iolanthe, a fairy, banished 25 years before for marriage with a mor- tal, is pardoned by the queen of the fairies and is permitted to see her son, Strephon, a shepherd boy, become a member of the House of Lords, where, with the fairies' aid he may pass any measure he sees fit. He also is able to win Phyllis, a demure little ward in chancery, who also has been sought in marriage by the aging lord chancellor, who, it seems, had married Iolanthe and therefore was Strephon's father. The first act is an Arcadian scene, none too illusively indicated in the present in- stance. The second shows the palace yard in Westminster at night, with the houses of Parliament in shadowy back- ground. Strephon's entrance song, "I'm to be Married Today," is in fact

a parody on "I'm to be Queen of the May." Follow duos, trios, quartets, patter songs, two of them for the lord chancellor, dances by the dainty fairies. Strephon and Phyllis must dance as they sing "If We're Weak Enough to Tarry"; the lord chancellor, Lords Tolloller and Mountararat, and the portly Private Willis doing sentry duty must caper grotesquely as they chant "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady." Author and composer alike behaved like a pair of mischievous boys when they wrote "Iolanthe."

The performance was, in general, spirited and gay, as should be. Mr. Moulan bested his two difficult patter songs, "Said I to myself, said I," and the breathtaking nightmare song. Miss Ross, to whom the role of the Queen of the Fairies justly belongs, was imposing both in Amazonian physique and in voice. She, too, has one treacherous moment with "Every Bill and Every Measure." Any contralto singer who can scan succinctly "marriage with deceased wife's sister" and "be attainable by competitive examination" deserves high honors. Mr. Waterous junior was a gallant Strephon, Miss Hart again charmed all as the perplexed Phyllis. Herbert Waterous sang "Fa La La," the sentry's song, sonorously, Mr. Marsh was splendid as the vapid Tolloller. Two new members, Miss Dickens in the title role, and Mr. Persson as Mountararat, were good, the latter revealing a fine gift for distinct diction. The concerted numbers were admirably done, especially the march of the Peers, with a sextet of brilliant trumpeters on the stage to augment the orchestra. Mr. Hurley conducted carefully.

This week brings the end of the present series by Mr. Aborn's singers. Boston has responded generously, and with reason, to these excellent revivals. More of Gilbert and Sullivan will be vouchsafed us next spring if we want it, hints Mr. Aborn. There can be little doubt as to Boston's attitude. May the winter months pass speedily.

W. E. G.

Oct 16 1931

TREMONT THEATRE
"Twelfth Night"

"Twelfth Night, or What You Will," a comedy in five acts by William Shakespeare, revived by the Stratford-upon-Avon Festival company and presented at the Tremont Theatre with the following cast:

Orsino ..... Eric Maxon
Sebastian ..... John Ruddock
Antonio ..... Stanley Howlett
A Sea Captain ..... Gerald Kay Souper
Valentine ..... Ernest Hare
Curio ..... R. Eric Lee
Sir Toby Belch ..... Roy Byford
Sir Andrew Aguecheek .. Kenneth Wicksteed
Malvolio ..... Randle Ayrton
Feste ..... Bruno Barnabe
Fabian ..... Geoffrey Wilkinson
A Priest ..... C. Rivers Gadsby
Olivia ..... Dorothy Francis
Viola ..... Fabia Drake
Maria ..... Hilda Coxhead

To the plays already offered to delighted audiences at the Tremont Theatre during their present visit to Boston the Stratford company last night added the delectable comedy of "Twelfth Night." The fragrant romance, the impossible but fruitful comedy of mistaken identity and disguised sex, the gorgeous and lusty farce surrounding the pranks of Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek and the discomfiture of Malvolio, all these elements of this richly entertaining play were given their due, blended into a well-rounded whole. Highly imaginative and witty direction and superb acting again told their tale, and Shakespeare was made the stuff of present-day entertainment with no loss in poetry and no diminution of glamor, without need of outward and obvious modernization.

Miss Drake, who as Rosalind had already injected beauty into a very similar role beset with similar difficulties, was the incomparably delightful Viola-Cesario of last night's performance—graceful, impulsive, infinitely expressive in voice, gesture and carriage. Boldly contrasted with her was the proud, darkly flashing, intermittently sullen and alluring beauty of Miss Francis as Olivia.

Sir Andrew and Sir Toby—immortal pair of rascals—were present to the life in the persons of Messrs. Wicksteed and Byford, the former pallid, rickety and foppish, with hair like tow and hoarse falsetto voice; the latter rubicond, gruff and explosively hilarious; both ineffably inebriate. Mr. Ayrton's magnificent Malvolio, pompous, slow-moving, sententious, fatuous, with his ludicrous courtship, his cold rage, was a masterpiece of rich but restrained character drawing. The scene of his indignant irruption into the drunken revel of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew—dignified even in nightshirt and nightcap, the immortal scene of the letter, his subsequent transmogrification into a yellow-stockinged, cross-gartered suitor, were irresistible. Nor can that other unforgettable episode—the duel marvellously engineered between those two unwilling warriors, Sir Andrew and the disguised Viola—pass without mention.

Yet the comic element, magnificently as it was achieved, was not permitted to kill the atmosphere of romance with which the play opened and closed.

The audience was, as usual, extremely appreciative.

S. S.

Oct 17 1931

THE DARK HORSE, a Story of the Younger Chippendales by Robert Grant Houghton Mifflin Co. 439 pp. $2.50.

By PHILIP HALE

Judge Grant's Chippendales were in their glorious days in 1909. A few of the older, crusted conservatives are amazed in the late twenties and early thirties by the views and behavior of their descendants. Harrison, whose smile of civic pride was distinguishable from snobbery as he looked across the Common—this slim, erect Chippendale, known to the policeman on the beat—"in his day fat men and middle-aged"—is dead; Harrison, who thought it a duty "to prevent people from breaking into polite society who didn't belong there; who thought buying stocks and bonds on a margin tantamount to gambling. He was prejudiced against "brokers."

Blaisdell, who arose from social obscurity through the development of Electric Coke—after he had become a rich widower—"to whom attractive women lacking in the finer sensibilities would lean closer so as to whisper, 'Ought I to buy Electric Coke?'"—actually married Harrison's younger daughter! Harrison had blackballed a man for a club because he left the stopper in the basin after washing his hands. This man was Blaisdell, whose son remarked, coming from Harrison's funeral at King's Chapel, "The United States is full today of people ready to let the next person pull out the stopper and clean up after them. People especially who've been used to cleaning up for themselves."

Young Blaisdell was in love with Annabel Sumner, a half Chippendale. Her dress ran straight down to her shoes. Only a high girdle saved her from resemblance to one of the "Wooden Wives of Noah" as they emerged from the ark, but she was comely—a rather enigmatical person. She was not in love with Hugh. He had been at Harvard. A professor had stunned him at a supper in Boston by saying he was not sure whether he preferred the Philadelphia or the Baltimore way of cooking terrapin. The professor was stronger on the subject of Dante.

Hugh went on a pleasure trip to Europe. The war broke out. Annabel, over there, threw herself at a man. She was willing to dispense with a wedding ring; thought marriage superfluous; but Hugh persuaded her to be a wife. Her parents in Boston were shocked, chiefly because the young man came from Idaho. Hugh partly falls in with Rachel Carver, a western girl, enthusiastic about the United States, hopeful of its glorious future. Her blemishes, if any, were those of precision. She used "gotten" and "was graduated." The war over, Hugh, Annabel and Rachel are now all found in Boston.

Judge Grant analyzes and discusses the changes wrought in this country by the war and by the new woman; discusses now with gentle irony, now with righteous indignation. The older stock of Chippendales and their friends are aghast at the changes. At Mrs. Chauncey Chippendale's house—she is the mother of the charming Felicia and Sylvia—there is talk about "burning" issues. "Was it true that girls parked their corsets at hotel dances and necessary if true? How was the modern hostess to reconcile with good breeding the social enormity known as 'gate-crashing'?" But Judge Grant introduces weightier subjects, as divorce and politics. Witness the plain, sane comments of the English woman whom Annabel met on her return from Reno. Witness the many pages concerning the rival candidates for the Governor's office—Enoch Paul, the Lieutenant-Governor, whose slogan was "Study the shop windows," and Percy Seiden, the idealist, who did not believe in the traditional succession of mediocrities. For "practical politics" see the opinions of Virgil Thomas, the king maker, and Dan Lane, the Democratic chieftain. Enoch's rehearsing of his speeches to himself is one of the many delightful scenes in the novel. Snobbery enters into the election of the president of the Women's Republican Club, nor is Mrs. Daniel Chambers Marsh of Brockton a caricature; she is alive and defiant.

There are many well-drawn portraits, as that of Mrs. Guy Barnard of New York, who visits Boston to help the young intelligentsia to clean house; Mrs. Barnard, whose "general effect outdid the prevalent mode in its imitation of a Parisian cocotte." Annabel visits her in New York. She hears Hudson Leroy address palpitating ladies on "The Books We Read and Why." She regretted that Perdita Moran, "that incandescent dryad," was unable to keep her engagement. "A Shelley at his best, but fearlessly carnal." She met Alan Courtney, who drove his motor car at a furious speed. She met his passionate overtures more than half way, as she found a he-man in the soldier from Idaho. Happy for a time, she was disturbed, mortified, when Alan was killed motoring with a mistress. Rachel goes into social work and politics. In a debate as to whether women shall be obliged by law to do jury service, she antagonizes those ready to applaud by making a catty remark about the other speaker. One likes to think of Annabel's mother thinking at a "swell" funeral: ". . . This, dear, is what I mean by background."

The reviewer is tempted to quote from nearly every page.

Note the Kingmaker's reasons why the rest of the country is so down on Boston: one for not joining in the crusade to scrap the domestic virtues.

Felicia tried to introduce a little poise and elegance. "Otherwise," said Hugh, "there'd be nothing but top speed. Cigarettes galore. As many drinks as one can get. A little food in the shortest possible while. Automobiles and chatter. The few of course. But the few set the pace."

Baxter Chippendale, who in the novel, is the guide, philosopher, or the Greek chorus, in the plays of Dumas the Younger, remarks: "In another 10 years the well-to-do will live in apartments as the man in the street does today, and be lucky if they don't have to eat at restaurants, if they wish to give a ____ party of 10. Contracting space and the kitchenette are making us more and more like the French every day. Yet we're told this is a happier world."

"What was the urge of the immediate age? To look as much as possible like a cocotte without being one, at least individually. . . . Its designer must have winked an eye in promulgating, 'Since man is partial to wild oats, what better lure than imitation? Let woman copy the toilette of the Cocottes and shut them—les autres—out of business.'"

Symphony Concert: "A proprietary body, one of the most notable in Boston." Rachel was deeply moved by an ultra-modern composition. She applauded vigorously. "Cold-shouldered glances were directed toward her, a number of people turned around, among them Mrs. Chauncey Chippendale with a reproachful stare."

Are there not two slips that can be corrected in a second edition? On page 36, Virgil's lucky piece, which he has the habit of tossing in the air, is a Mexican $20 gold piece. On page 137, Virgil "threw up the silver token again." On page 24, Judge Grant speaks of "the of the wooden wives of Noah." In the Noah's Ark of our childhood there were only Mrs. Noah and her daughters-in-law.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The second concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mahler, Symphony No. 9, first time in the United States.) Wagner, "A Siegfried Idyl," and the overture to "Tannhaeuser."

Mahler began to write this symphony in 1906. He died in 1911. The symphony was not performed until June, 1912. The performance was at Vienna; Bruno Walter conductor.

It has been said that Mahler's farewell to the world and his creative work was his "Lied von der Erde," composed in 1908, and performed after his death at Munich in 1911. Yet there is the ninth symphony and there are fragments of a tenth. It has also been said that, a Jew by birth, he did not have the courage to find sources of composition in the history and characteristics of his race—thus he differed from Ernest Bloch—that he was unhappy in his environment, wishing but not willing to express himself musically as a Jew. Essays have been written in the effort to explain the strange contradictions to be found in his symphonies. Perhaps these essays are strained, or only fantastic.

No doubt he had a program for this symphony in his mind, but he kept this program to himself, for he hated "arguments," mottoes, analytical or descriptive notes set before the hearer that he might dilate with the proper emotion. In all his works he shows a love of nature and pleasant life. He once said to a friend who had commented on the mountains surrounding his country house: "I have set all that to music." He was passionately fond of folk life, folk songs and dances. The second movement of this symphony is a rough, lusty, heel-thumping peasant dance. He took many of his themes from folk songs, often without acknowledgment, as he helped himself freely from themes of preceding and contemporaneous composers. (His god among musicians was Beethoven.) Mahler, a man of wide reading, shows at times a lofty spirituality; there was a streak of mysticism in his nature. He was obsessed by the thought and mystery of death. Not that he dreaded it. He might have said with Henley:

"The ways of death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet."

Hence the calm ending of the finale of this symphony, comparable with the last section of "Das Lied von der Erde." Music that is the expression of Nirvana. This finale as a whole is eloquent, yet even here there are contrasts rather than continuity and one wishes that the closing measures, beautiful as they are, were more concise.

As a round and complete work of art, the scherzo, of all the movements, would probably best win the favor of the purist, though it is the least characteristic expression of Mahler's musical nature. He was a composer of magnificent intentions which were seldom fully realized. He often failed by not having a firm grip on his subject. Take the hymn-like opening of the first movement. The attention of the hearer is at once arrested, but only the student is much interested in contrapuntal complexities that follow. Mahler is always appallingly long-winded. It was his belief that a symphony should be long; that as audiences expect a concert to last an hour and a half or even two hours, a symphony of conventionally reasonable length loses in effectiveness when it is associated with other works. His symphonies should each be the sole music for a concert. Mahler is not only long-winded, he is diffuse; and his material, not always worthy of treatment, seems as if it were introduced at random. It should be said to his credit that he was not afraid of tunes even when they were of the simplest, most naive nature, whether they were of his invention or borrowed with Olympian indifference. There is no denying the technical skill displayed in this symphony; alas, often with barren results. Nor is his instrumentation, in some respects peculiar to himself, as is his employment of the wood-wind and the brass, rich in color, of pleasing sensuousness, or sparkling piquancy. Too often his would-be impressive effects are only the result of a powerful, dynamic impact. As the symphony is played, one lost for the time in admiration, suddenly is disappointed. There are wearying, sandy stretches. Then as suddenly comes an oasis; then again turmoil and the writhing of the muse. As was the life of Mahler, so is his music; a personal document. He revered the classics; he was only half-heartedly a modernist. A strange figure in the symphonic field; not one to be slighted, much less wholly admired; not one to be ignored; a man of great moments, but, as Rossini said of Wagner's "Tannhaeuser," of dreadful half-hours. And how often is Mahler trivial when he thought he was important.

The performance was remarkable. The enthusiastic audience recalled Dr. Koussevitzky two or three times. The Siegfried Idyl, delicately performed, another work much too long for the contents, and the overture furnished the needed balance. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week is as follows: Mozart, symphony in C major (K 388); Morris concerto for piano (first time; Harold Morris of New York, pianist); Strauss "Ein Heldenleben," tone poem, op. 40.

LOEW'S STATE
"Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise"

A screen drama adapted by Wanda Tuchock from the novel and the play of the same name by David Graham Phillips and George V. Hobart; play first produced at the Fourthy-fourth street Theatre, New York, on June 9, 1920, with Alma Tell, Perce Benton nad Robert T. Haines in the leading roles; picture directed by Robert Z. Leonard and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Susan Lenox ..... Greta Garbo
Rodney Spencer ..... Clark Gable
Ohlin ..... Jean Hersholt
Burlingham ..... John Miljan
Mondstrum ..... Alan Hale
Ike Kelly ..... Hale Hamilton
Astrid ..... Hilda Vaughan
Doctor ..... Russell Simpson
Madame Panoramia ..... Cecil Cunningham
Herr Kemper ..... Theodore von Fitz
Vera ..... Marjorie King
Robert Lane ..... Ian Keith

The Theatre

Oct 18 '31

By PHILIP HALE

A. A. Milne, dramatist, essayist, poet, writer of delightful books for children, has written a novel, "Two People," which is published by E. P. Dutton & Company, Inc., of New York. We speak of it on this page on account of Reginald Wellard's adventure in the theatre.

Reginald had written a novel, "Bindweed," which Mr. Albert Pump accepted, and published with "the usual agreement between author and publisher." By this Mr. Pump meant that he usually tried this agreement on "an inexperienced author and usually got away with it." Reginald would receive 10 per cent. royalty; a half-share in translation-rights, play-rights, film-rights, broadcasting-rights, gramophone-rights and all other possible rights to Mr. Pump. "If you ask why these things should be given to Mr. Pump, the only answer is that he wanted the money."

The novel was favorably reviewed; it soon was one of the "best sellers." Mr. Filby Nixon was the man named who could turn it into a play. Reginald's charming wife, Sylvia, asked him why he couldn't dramatize it himself. "Having wondered for some weeks whether he ought to try to do it himself, Reginald was naturally annoyed at the suggestion." He answered that it was a technical job, which needed craftsmanship, a knowledge of the theatre from the inside. He had been telling himself this for some weeks, not believing a word. It should here be said that Reginald had a handsome income and was not obliged to write for a living.

This Mr. Nixon was tall, handsome in a very correct style, and extremely well dressed. "He knew everybody in the theatre by his or her Christian name, and everybody in the theatre called him Phil. If you went into almost any leading lady's dressing room on almost any night, you would find Mr. Nixon there. Sometimes the leading lady would be saying, 'Hello, Phil, darling, when are you going to write me a play?' and sometimes he would be saying, 'Hello, Mary, thought you'd like to know I've got a play coming for you.' He was a great figure at the Theatrical Garden Party, helping with dignity, and without getting too hot, at this or that stall. Young women from the outlying parts of London, seeing him there, knew that he was a famous dramatist, because he was obviously not one of the famous actors whom they did know"; but when they asked each other afterwards what plays he had written, they could only remember "Halves Partner." He was invariably among those present at memorial services to stage favorites where his manner of giving and returning salutes while keeping his thoughts on the dead was particularly correct. There had been a collaborator in "Halves Partner" who, "like every other collaborator, had been convinced that he had done all the work," but he had sickened of the play and had offered all his rights to Nixon for a fiver. Nixon had lived comfortably and correctly on the earnings ever since. "He had only one vice. He kept on writing plays."

Nixon suggested an agent to Reginald, also 50-50 all through. By this he meant in all countries, all film rights. Paragraphs appeared in the newspapers that Mr. Nixon was writing a new play, the theme being taken from the novel, "Bindweed."

Cora Bell, an actress, who was now rich and a countess, 25 years before was an idol for Reginald's worship when he was 16 years old. She was then in his day dreams. There was a song she sang that was all the rage, a song with a chorus:

"I know I'm not a lady,
And I'm not a Beauty Queen,
My pedigree is shady,
And my manners can't be seen.
I haven't any money,
And my brain is half-and-half
But—if a thing is funny
Then I always have to laugh.

"At a sermon of the Vicar's
My attention was profound . . .
Till I saw his sister's knickers
Slipping slowly to the ground.
I was grave as Mrs. Grundy
As the first instalment showed,
Then, although it was a Sunday,
Well, I couldn't help explode."

Reginald went to the theatre where his play was to be produced. He met Mr. Augustus Venture, who wore pale fawn waistcoats, and was fond of putting his thumbs under his braces. He was, though short, probably the widest man in London. "He had a reddish-brown suit, a red carnation in his button hole, a high collar with a red bow tie, and a cigar in the middle of his round red baby face. Mr. Latimer, half sitting on Venture's desk, was turning over the pages of a theatrical 'Who's What' and murmuring—'God, what faces!'" One of the actresses had thrown up her part. Who would replace her? Mr. Venture remarked that he drove every week to his little cottage in Kent, and passed thousands of little houses, and all the thousands of people in those thousands of little houses went to the theatre, perhaps once a year, an anniversary, a birthday. And what did they go to see? "Not what, but who did they go to see?" "Or," as he said through his cigar, "And warray gotosee? Not warry, but hooay go to see?" Cora Bell was suggested.

Nobody wanted Reginald at the theatre. If he didn't interfere, nobody minded him. Venture had bought a play. Nixon had written it. Venture knew nothing about the novel. "With the air of one conferring distinction on the novel-reading public, he emphasized that he never read novels. He was a Theatre Man." At rehearsal the players split their infinitives, suspended their nominatives, said "'Just give me that' to the prompter." The publisher, Pump, wrote that by agreement all moneys derived from dramatic and cinematographic versions of the novel were to be divided equally between author and publisher.

Reginald invited the actress, Miss Masters, to lunch. He asked her how she liked the part. "Absolutely sposh . . . I don't know what Phil's done, but it must be a bit extra having another man re-writing your sposh scene and leaving out the Night in the Harem altogether. I mean I should throw up definitely, I should pass out altogether, if I wrote a book and Phil or somebody came along and made the Vicar do the girl wrong when I meant it wasn't that sort of a book. You know what I mean. Too mottled altogether." Even Cora Bell, saying the play was good, added, "I'm so glad for Phil's sake." She introduced Reginald as the man who wrote the novel.

There's Mrs. Stoker, who kept the house where Reginald and Sylvia lodged. She had never been inside of a theatre. "Her father ceased to hold with the theatre from the night when he came home slightly drunk and found, to his relief, that his wife had just left him for the impresario of a Performing Elephant Act at the local music hall." Mrs. Stoker felt that a personal appearance in ballet skirts before a lot of strangers would be sinful.

But let no one think that "Two People" is chiefly a story of theatre life. Reginald's adventure in the playhouse takes comparatively few pages, nor does Reginald forget Sylvia for a leading woman or a soubrette. Mr. Milne does not follow in Leonard Merrick's footsteps by entering the foyer or the stage door.

Many entertaining characters are introduced; the dwellers in the country and in London. There are the Hildershaws, the husband wished to bring in water for the cottagers. Reginald objected—for bungalows and week-end cottages would spring up. There's Betty Baxter, whose husband runs away with Miss Voles. There's Lena Coleby, big, slow, romantic, feeding a husband, three children, a horse, a pony, four cows, two pigs, a goat, half-a-dozen pigeons, ducks and chickens, "always considering food, mixing food, carrying food, adding up accounts about food, ordering food and making food," yet finding time to flirt mildly with Reginald. There's Mr Pump, who wore for business purposes a long beard, an old-fashioned frock coat and a black silk hat with a curly brim. "It established confidence in young authors." Not a hypocrite. The top hat which he hung up in his office was not the top hat which he prayed into before placing it, thus hallowed, between his feet. There is Alderson the London hairdresser, who always looked surprised to hear that Reginald wanted his hair cut, doubtful if the thing could be managed in his shop. Sir Walter Besant used to have his hair trimmed there.. Alderson once asked him how he and James Rice could write novels together. "His reply, humorously given, of course, was that he used a thick nib, and Mr. Rice used a fine one." There is Lord Ormsby, owner of newspapers and race horses. He paid Mr. Raglan £5000 a year to serve as book reviewer. "There are only two reasons why anything goes into my paper. One, because the public wants it. And if the public doesn't want it' Two, because I want it. . . . I want people to get up from their breakfast tables, or get out of their trains, whenever they read the paper, and say 'Dammit, I can't miss that book. If Ambrose Raglan recommends it, that's good enough for me.' Well, but dear old man, they aren't going to say that of this—what's its blasted name? 'The Aesthetic of Vorticism.' Now, are they?" And so Reginald's novel was thus advertised:

The Book of the Week
BINDWEED, by Reginald Wellard.

The Novel of the Year
BINDWEED, by Reginald Wellard.

The Achievement of the Century
BINDWEED, by Reginald Wellard.

No wonder Reginald turned red at this "indicent exposure" of himself. He, by the way, became jealous of Ormsby's attentions to Sylvia.

But the most noteworthy character in this novel, which abounds in amusing asides and gentle irony, is the magnificent John Fondeveril. His self-importance, his delusions of grandeur, his oratorical speech—these are worthy of Dickens at his exuberant best.

When the late George V. Hobart dramatized David Graham Phillips's novel for the stage 11 years ago the critics remarked that after the second act he evidently had thrown the novel overboard as far as plot was concerned. It showed every sign of protracted and complete immersion when Wanda Tuchock and Zelda Sears, who helped on the dialogue, fished it out of the sea of oblivion. Certainly the story, as now feverishly set forth on the talking screen, bears little resemblance to the fictions of the novel, and as assuredly the most partisan admirers of Greta Garbo will find scant comfort in this her latest studio performance. Try as she may, and this is not to belittle by one iota her manifest histrionic talents when given something on which to employ them, she cannot make this Susan Lenox more than a lay figure of routine melodrama, even less plausible than poor Anna Moore of "Way Down East," who was driven out into the storm when she most wanted to be good.

Possibly a change in directorship also had a weakening influence. Clarence Brown, who so unerringly guided Miss Garbo in "Ann Christie" and two subsequent films, has given way to Robert Z. Leonard, whose long association with the Marion Davies types of low comedy may have unfitted him for anything so complicated as "Susan Lenox," or what is left of her. Obviously he was swayed by differing moods, leaning now to the Murnau school, as when he sends his camera ahead of the action or by silhouette indicates the years from Susan's birth to the age of 17, and now to the school of realism, when he speeds the girl out of her stolid uncle's home in a driving rain, or when he portrays in clamorous interludes the scenes of carnival life. But in either instance he is careless as to details. When Susan escaped she wore dark clothing under her raincoat. Yet the very next day, with no opportunity to freshen her wardrobe, she goes fishing in a light-colored waist; and she has discarded urgly high boots for low shoes. Again, the lapses of time are not clearly indicated; nor are what might have been moderately dramatic situations pointed up to genuine dramatic intensity. They are allowed to lapse and to die aborning.

Between the novel and the stage play it was made fairly clear that Susan Lenox was the illegitimate daughter of an unfortunate woman who died in childbirth, that Susan, living on her uncle's farm in Indiana, had a love affair with a young townsman, that later she is forced to marry a lout and a drunkard, whom she leaves at earliest chance; and that henceforth she is never once permitted to regain decent womanhood until Roderick Spencer, department store owner, employs and befriends her and, on the death of her abandoned husband, marries her. In the screen play the uncle and the lout are Swedes. She does not marry Mondstrum, but fights off his tipsy advances and finds refuge with Spencer, now called Rodney, and classified as a mining engineer. They love, but are separated by fate when he departs on an errand to the city, and she again escapes from her uncle and Mondstrum. She joins a carnival troupe, yields to Burlingham, the owner, as the price of his silence and protection, and is consequently discarded by Rodney when he overtakes her. They meet several times afterward in various parts of the world, but always with misunderstanding as a barrier between them. In the end, Susan persuades Rodney to take her home with him. As the dialoguist so tritely puts it, she will make him believe in her.

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Miss Garbo shows what she can of the suffering of this heroine, of her contempt for mankind and her ultimate regeneration. Her voice again sounds musical depths, her eyes are eloquent mirrors of her moods. Mr. Gable, who is excellent in light villainies and in airy quips, is hardly adapted to the sombre role of young Spencer. The others merely contribute character bits. Actually the most natural performance was given by Major, the police dog. It was unfortunate that he had to be killed off so early. W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"The Beloved Bachelor"

A screen drama adapted by Raymond Griffith and Agnes Brand Leahy from the story by Edward H Peple, with dialogue by Sidney Buchman; directed by Lloyd Corrigan and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Michael Morda	Paul Lukas
Mitzi Stressman (child)	Betty Van Allen
Mitzi Stressman (woman)	Dorothy Jordan
Jerry Wells	Charles Ruggles
Elinor Hunter	Vivienne Osborne
Julie Stressman	Leni Stengel
Jimmy Martin	John Breeden
Winthrop Cole	Harold Minjir
Hortense Cole	Marjorie Gateson
Martha	Alma Chester
John Adams	Guy Oliver

Under a silly title, which has nothing to do with the story and even less with the character of the hero, Paramount has at last presented Paul Lukas in a picture of which neither studio nor star need be ashamed. The film in question, entitled "The Beloved Bachelor," is now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre before audiences that give every sign of amusement and approval. While the plot is on the order of "Daddy Long Legs," it is handled with sufficient humor and agreeable finesse to make it seem altogether fresh and pleasing, and the acting throughout is all that it should be. The scenes, set chiefly in New York studio apartments, are not marred by introduction of glaringly expensive modernistic furniture. In fact, the studio occupied by the hero, a successful sculptor, looks like the studio of a successful sculptor with good taste, not like a chorus girl's nightmare of luxury.

Michael Morda, a German sculptor, engaged to Elinor Hunter, a jealous and exacting beauty, adopts the child of his model, Julie Stressman, when the latter is killed in an elevator crash. Elinor overhears him telling the man from the foundling home that the child, Mitzi, is his—it was only an excuse by which he could keep her out of an orphanage—and leaves him in anger to marry another man. Twelve years later Michael, now grown famous, meets Elinor at the unveiling of one of his statues and believes himself still in love with her, while she is complacently willing to divorce her devoted husband and marry Michael. Mitzi, however, herself in love with Michael and afraid to tell him, plays desperately at being grown up and sophisticated in order to win him for herself. At first he spanks her for smoking, then he sends her away to live in her own apartment and at last finds himself in love with her. Mitzi, with Michael just where she wants him to be, arouses his jealousy by her apparent desire to marry Jimmy Martin, a youngster her own age, who believes Michael to be her father. Elinor returns, having decided not to divorce her husband, and Mitzi confesses her little ruse, making possible a completely satisfactory conclusion.

Paul Lukas plays the title role with charm, sincerity and lightness of touch. He is never too sublimated a hero, witness the to do he makes over finding his belt, his sublime belief that women are always late and that he is always on time, and his inability completely to stick to a well-meant lie. Aside from the fact that he changes not a whit in appearance over a period of 12 years, there are no flaws to be picked in his performance. His voice and his manner alike are completely in keeping with the role, whether he is the artist or the lover. Little Dorothy Jordan is a thoroughly charming Mitzi; her simplicity and lack of coyness during the first sequences yielding easily to the not too transparent assumption of poise and sophistication. Her final scene with Mr. Lukas, when both are lying desperately about their future happiness and longing to say what they really feel, is excellently done. Charles Ruggles, present, as usual, in a somewhat bibulous role, is a constant delight as Jerry Wells, a friend of Michael and an adopted uncle of Mitzi's. Vivienne Osborne, making her screen debut as Elinor Hunter, is always attractive, but as yet too self-conscious to be satisfactory. The delightful dialogue is credited to Sidney Buchmann.

Phil Cook, celebrated radio entertainer, is appearing in person this week as a special feature of the stage show, "Art Gallery." E. L. H.

MAXIM KAROLIK

Maxim Karolik, Russian tenor, accompanied at the piano by Nicolas Slonimsky, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony hall, in the presence of a large and very appreciative audience. He sang the following program:

Arietta, In Questa Tomba Oscura (Beethoven); Fate (Rachmaninoff); Federic's Lament (Cilea) (from the Opera "L'Arlesiana"); Ninna Nanna (Castelnuovo-Tedesco); Toujours (Faure); Les Papillons (Chausson); A Dream, Vision, Forgive, Forget! The Call of Freedom (Balakirev); "Punch and Judy" (Moussorgsky); The Seminarist (Humoresque), The Magpie (Humoresque), (Moussorgsky).

Mr. Karolik, who has been heard several times in Boston, and has shown himself repeatedly to be an excellent program builder—disinterring songs relatively unfamiliar to his audiences, and shedding new light on more familiar songs by grouping them intelligently, manifested this virtue once more yesterday. Yet it is not clear that any profound purpose was served by grouping together Beethoven's "In questa tomba oscura" and Rachmaninoff's "Fate" on the ground the latter song made use of the so-called "Fate" motive which Beethoven's Fifth Symphony utilizes. There is no link between the songs themselves; no discoverable affinity between the composers. Nor is one's opinion of Rachmaninoff raised a jot by the discovery that he has toyed with an adolescent obsession with "fate." Still the song is an excellent one, impregnated with a moody, meditative beauty which Mr. Karolik was admirably successful in conveying to his audience. S. S.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

In Jordan hall yesterday afternoon, the People's Symphony orchestra gave its first concert of the season, Thompson Stone conducting. The audience was of encouraging size and extremely enthusiastic in its response to an enjoyable performance of the attractive program that was offered. There seems no good reason why these concerts, which at popular prices supplement usefully those of the Boston Symphony orchestra and are of very acceptable quality, should not command capacity audiences in a city of the size of Boston.

Yesterday's program, opening agreeably with the tender, archaic graces of the Ballet Suite (Minuet, Musette and Tamborin) arranged by Mottl from clavecin pieces of Ramcau, had as its piece de resistance Beethoven's Third Symphony—the "Eroica." This noble work discloses its greatness best under the hands of a conductor who is not obsessed with the idea that it must be played heroically, one who does not too strenuously try to inflate it with pomp and circumstance. Mr. Stone and his orchestra, despite some excusable imperfections of detail and occasional defects of balance, performed the symphony in a manner which permitted its impressive power, its expressive beauty, to make their own effect. Tempi were well chosen and effectively maintained—the mood of the Funeral March movement in particular being excellently established and sustained.

Liszt's romantic A major concerto, with Heinrich Gebhard as soloist, received a most enjoyable performance. Mr. Gebhard was heartily and justly applauded. S. S.

Romantic Beauties of Fatherland Shown

Mirroring rivers, snow-capped mountain peaks, evergreen forests dotted with romantic castles, quaint, steep-pitched roofs, ethereal church spires, and quiet old-fashioned narrow streets of historic towns moved like a panorama before the eye as Branson De Cou presented his "dream pictures of romantic Germany" last evening in Symphony hall. There is a certain restfulness and peace about listening to these talks.

Mr. De Cou's preliminary suggestion that the traveller in these German towns should walk rather than try to motor through the tiny streets, started the evening off with the feeling that here was something to be enjoyed casually, with time to taste the full flavor of the beauty of the scene; a feeling that was amply fulfilled.

Frankfurt with its immaculate streets; old Freiburg; Baden-Baden, with its fashionable early morning strollers; the University and Schloss of Heidelberg; mellow old houses of Rothenburg, castles built by the unfortunate but music-loving Ludwig II, all were shown in their fullest grace and beauty.

There were the plodding ox-teams of Dinkelsbuehl, quaint town with arched-gateways and high-roofed houses; there was Munich, and needless to say, its curious clock, and most scenic and inspiring of all, the Bavarian Alps, which one may view from the cable-railway, slung high in mid-air, like a bird-cage above the mountain tops.

Mr. De Cou concluded with a variety of scenes from Oberammergau, representing many of the village characters, and episodes in the Passion Play, with the accompaniment of Lizt's "Benediction of God in Solitude." Those who have seen these "Dream Pictures" know fully of the unusual perfection of color and photographic technique which make them so pleasurable. His next lecture will be given Saturday at 2:30 P. M. F. A. B.

OLYMPIA AND UPTOWN

"The Road to Singapore"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from Roland Pertwee's play, "Heat Wave," from the novel by Denise Robins; directed by Alfred E. Green and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Hugh Dawltry	William Powell
Philippa March	Doris Kenyon
Rene	Marion Marsh
Mrs. Wey-Smith	Alison Skipworth
Wey-Smith	Lumsden Hare
Dr. George March	Louis Calhern
Mrs. Everhard	Ethel Griffes
Mr. Everhard	Arthur Clayton
Dr. Muir	A. E. Anson
Simpson	Douglas Gerrard
Duckworth	H. Reynolds
Reginald	Colin Campbell
Khan	Amar N. Sharma
Ali	Hussein Ansari
Nikki	Tyrrell Davis
Ayah	Margaret Martin

No doubt there comes a day when every villain feels that he would like to play the hero, when every character actor feels a yearning to hold the heroine in his arms and defy the fates to part them. Go further, and say that these same players, however excellent in their own fields, yearn to be debonair and dashing, devils with the ladies, feared by all husbands and nonchalant enough to qualify in the central role of certain celebrated cigarette advertisements, and it is likely that no unfair accusations are being made. Preferably, to achieve the most starting results, the actor who desires to achieve all these things must be allowed either to direct himself or to have a director who will not interfere with anything he chooses to do. The results of such a procedure may now been seen in "The Road to Singapore,"—adapted from Roland Pertwee's very short-lived play, "Heat Waves,"—now showing at the Uptown and Washington Street Olympia theatres.

Hugh Dawltry is a debonair gentleman living, somewhat under a divorce-corespondent cloud, in a very British tropical settlement. Husbands curse him, wives and unmarried damsels, foolish and fond, fairly follow his jaunty footsteps and hang on his witticisms. Enter on the scene Philippa, wife of the very preoccupied surgeon, Dr. George March. Philippa had been a nurse when she met her husband first, but she had, to quote her own words, "left all that behind forever; I came out here, George, to be a wife." George proving more interested in operations than wifely affection, Philippa turns for consolation to Dawltry and finds him not only willing but thoroughly noble and misunderstood. Matters are complicated a bit when George's pretty sister, Rene, is fascinated by the one and irrisistible Dawltry, and he offers cordially to spank her for her advances. Eventually comes the long expected climax, when George catches Philippa dining a deux with Dawltry, tries to shoot, finds he can't and Dawlery, making a truly magnificent exit, follows Philippa to the boat that sails at dawn for Singapore.

It was difficult at times to gather the purpose of Alfred Green, the director, and William Powell, the star, in making this picture. At times it seemed that the threadbare maundering of the story was being used as the basis of some stinging satire of misunderstood Englishmen with noble hearts, but Mr. Powell went at his role with such deadly seriousness that satire was soon out of the question. This actor served long and with distinction at the Paramount studios, achieving there some notable characterizations which brought him deserved fame. Now a Warner Brothers star, he gets off to a lamentable beginning, overacting his role from start to finish, posing ceaselessly and being just too devilish and fascinating and romantic for words or for comfort. The pity of it, to see a fine player allowed to mishandle his part in so dismaying a fashion. Doris Kenyon, lovely in appearance, charming in manner, and still not well served by the microphone, makes the unsatisfied Philippa as sympathetic as the unfortunate lines and situations permit. Marian Marsh is attractive but amateurish as Rene, and Louis Calhern does what he can with the unbelievable March. E. L. H.

RKO KEITH-BOSTON

"Fanny Foley Herself"

A comedy drama adapted to the screen by Carey Wilson from the story by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins; directed by Melville Brown and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Fanny Foley	Edna May O[illegible]
Seely	Robert Bes[illegible]
Lucy	Florence Robe[illegible]
Carmen	Rochelle Hud[illegible]
Lenore	Helen Ch[illegible]
Teddy	John Dar[illegible]
Burns	Robert Emmett O'Con[illegible]
Crosby	Harry O. Stub[illegible]

"Fanny Foley Herself" might have been possessed of more substance but it will serve. At least it gives Miss Oliver her first chance at stardom and a role which fits her admirably as far as it goes. Her handicap lies in the story itself, in its abrupt and crude sequences, and its amazingly tame conclusion which leaves one in doubt as to whether Fanny actually had won her plucky battle against old Seely or had been set back another notch. A factor on the positive side is the showing of the film in technicolor by an improved process which not only subdues former garishness, but approaches more closely to real colorings of features, costumes and settings.

Fanny Foley, a vaudeville "artiste" as she proudly proclaims herself, had married the only son of old Seely, man of millions and self-made aristocrat. He cast off this son, who became father of two girls, lived off Fanny, and died. When old Seely tried to buy up Fanny she defies him, kept the girls, placed them in a select school and resumed trouping at one thousand a week. When she played the girls' town they sat in a box, were aghast at the spectacle of their mother demeaning herself before vulgarians, and decided to leave school go to work, and support the poor soul. Fanny stood it for a time, then com[illegible] promised with old Seely. He for his part set the three up in a cozy lodge on his estate, where he could observe the girls and make up his mind as to their eligibility for his millions. Lenore was a Seely, distant, cold, inclined to be "high hat." Carmen was a Foley, affectionate, honest. She fell in love with Teddy, a clerk, married him secretly and incurred Seely's wrath. Fanny had to straighten that out; and while she was doing it Lenore, right there in the crowded drawing room, recanted, voiced her preference for great-hearted Fanny over her glacial grandparent, and everyone was happy, including old Seely himself.

One of the funniest scenes is the showing Fanny and her loyal maid and companion, Lucy, making an airplane flight in response to Carmen's call for maternal protection and counsel. When the pilot refused to land at their destination Fanny jumped out and parachuted safely to terra firma. Her facial play and her remarks to Lucy in the plane's cabin were very amusing. Miss Oliver, incidentally, is one of the best of the current crop of character comediennes, with a fine gift of acidulic speech without venom. Her humor has a Yankee flavor, old-fashioned, perhaps, but wholesome and pungent. Miss Roberts, a seasoned actress, is capital as Lucy, and Miss Chandler and Mr. Hudson are good as the two girls. Mr. Bosworth adds a restrained delineation as the crafty old financier. If Miss Oliver wishes for a real character to establish her screen stardom, why not "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"? She might even persuade William Hodge to play Mr. Stebbins. The stage has not been very kind to him of late. W. E. G.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"Wicked"

A screen drama adapted by Adela Ro[illegible] St. John from an original story by Go[illegible] Rigby; directed by Allan Dwan and prese[illegible] by Fox Films with the following cast:

Margot Rande	Elissa L[illegible]
Scott Burrows	Victor McLa[illegible]
Tony Rande	Theodore von [illegible]
June	Una M[illegible]
Blake	Alan Dinehart
Judge Luther	Oscar [illegible]
Mrs. Luther	Irene [illegible]
Matron	Blanche Pa[illegible]
Miss Peck	Kathleen Ker[illegible]
Stella	Eileen [illegible]
Arlene	Mae [illegible]
Mrs. Johnson	Blanche Fri[illegible]
Prisoner	Lucille Wil[illegible]
Prisoner	Alice [illegible]
Fanny	Ruth Don[illegible]

It seems to be the fate of glamo[illegible] ladies from across the water to s[illegible] and suffer and be misunderstood. E[illegible] Landi's third film, "Wicked," now h[illegible] ing the double bill at the Fenway [illegible] Modern Theatres, permits her to [illegible] almost the worst time on record [illegible] pity, too, for Miss Landi is one of [illegible] lywood's loveliest acquisitions and [illegible] serves better treatment than is her[illegible] corded here. The title of the fil[illegible] distinctly a misnomer, for the he[illegible] is not in any sense of the word, wi[illegible] Margot Rande's husband. Tony, is [illegible] tally wounded attempting to escape [illegible] the police after a bank robbery [illegible] she, trying to protect him, shoc[illegible] minion of the law and is sent to pr[illegible] As a special concession, she is all[illegible] to have her child outside the prison [illegible] it is taken from her and adopte[illegible] the wealthy Mr. and Mrs. Luther. [illegible] leased ahead of time through the e[illegible] of an old suitor. Scott Burrows, [illegible] comes from Australia to help her [illegible] nearly undoes everything by kidn[illegible]

the baby. Thanks once again to Scott, she escapes the consequences of her act, regains the child for good and departs with her saviour and protector for Australia.

Miss Landi gives a charming performance in a depressingly lachrymose role which calls for numerous displays of hysteria and unconscionable stupidity, her lovely voice and obvious sincerity adding plausibility to the characterization. Most of the other roles are bits, even that of Victor McLaglen, who bursts in and out of the story, expending much vitality in being very generous and kind. Una Merkle offers an amusing few moments as a very chatty southern damsel, and Theodore von Eltz does well in the few sequences allotted to him. The scenes inside the women's prison suggest, by their comfort, that reformatories and strict boarding schools have much in common.

The companion feature on the bill is "Skyline," adapted freely from the novel of the same name by Faith Baldwin. It is the story of a boy, John Breen, who aspires to be a great architect, his friendship with a famous builder, James McClellan, who happens to be his father, his love for a nice little girl, Kathleen Kearney, his infatuation for another girl, Paula Lambert, who isn't so nice, his bitter denunciation of his father when the latter reveals himself, his repentance and reconciliation with him when McClellan is near death after falling from the third floor of a skyscraper. It is hard to escape a feeling that coincidence was pretty much overworked for the sake of the happy ending, indeed, for the sake of the plot. All the big moments announce themselves reels in advance, and there is not much sublety in the dialogue and direction. It is the performance of Thomas Meighan as McClellan that raises the entire level of the story, for he knows how to be frankly emotional without exaggeration and realizes the importance of suggesting more than he says. Hardie Albright is sufficiently good as Breen, and Myrna Loy is prepossessing as the unvirtuous charmer.

E. L. H.

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COLONIAL

"As Husbands Go"

By PHILIP HALE

"As Husbands Go," a play in three acts, in four scenes and a prologue by Rachel Crothers. Produced by John Golden at the John Golden Theatre, New York, on March 5, 1931. Staged by the author. Lucille Lingard, Lily Cahill; Emmie Sykes, Catharine Doucet; Ronald Derbyshire, Geoffrey Wardwell; Hippolitus Leoni, Roman Bohnen; Charles Lingard, Jay Fassett; Peggy Sykes, Marjorie Lytell; Jake Canon, Robert Foulk.

The cast last night:

Lucille Lingard ..... Gloria Holden
Ronald Derbyshire ..... Geoffrey Wardwell
Emmie Sykes ..... Catharine Doucet
Hippolitus Leoni ..... Roman Bohnen
Maitre d'Hotel ..... Francois Steyaert
Waiter ..... Bruno Wick
Charles Lingard ..... Jay Fassett
Wilbur ..... Eddie Wragge
Christine ..... May Duryea
Peggy Sykes ..... Marjorie Lytell
Jake Canon ..... Robert Foulk
Katie ..... Jeanne Pierre

This comedy, performed in Boston for the first time, was the first production of the fourth subscription series of the Theatre Guild in this city.

Lucille, the wife of a business man in Dubuque who adores her, Emmie, a flighty widow made more silly by Miss Doucet's farcical portrayal—Emmie has an aggressive, impertinent daughter, Peggy—Hippolitus, eager to marry Emmie on account of her money—and Ronald, an English very minor poet—are all in Paris. The atmosphere of the city of light and pleasure has affected the two American women strangely. Lucille, whose husband does not "understand" her, is drawn toward Ronald. He begs her to run away with him. No, they must be decent. She must tell Charles, her husband, that she loves the Englishman, and of course Charles will be willing to divorce her. Hippolitus exerts his fascinations—he will follow Emmie to America; Ronald will also go to Dubuque.

The scene changes. Charles welcomes his wife. Emmie's daughter looks on Hippolitus as something the cat brought in, to use her own words. Charles thinks for a time that Ronald came over to win Emmie, for Lucille has not the courage to tell him of her love for another. But Charles begins to suspect the truth. He is certain when Lucille breaks down as she attempts to sing a sentimental song.

Ronald and Charles go a-fishing. Returning in the evening after their sport—is there fame in fishing for bass near Dubuque?—they are chilled to the bone. They drink much whiskey. Charles begins to pump Donald and admits that if his wife loved another he would hand her over to him, that is, if he were sure that this other man would be able to care for her and love her, always think her the paragon she seems to be in the eyes of her husband. More whiskey. Ronald does not find her singing so admirable as it was in Paris; nor is her beauty so compelling. Yes, there are flaws in her person and her nature. One doubts if two men placed in this scene, whiskey or no whiskey, would talk together in this way, especially with hifalutin sentiments, but it is the one conspicuous scene in the play, the one that is really of the theatre. It amused the audience greatly. Lucille finds the two men drunk and loathsome.

Emmie cannot endure her daughter's reproaches and nagging. She lets Hippolitus go. Ronald writes a letter of farewell to Lucille, and in which he calls himself a cad to have even thought of wronging so devoted a husband, so good a fellow. Lucille does not confess; Charles does not reproach. As they go out to the Sunday dinner of chicken, mashed potatoes, ice cream with chocolate sauce, she squeezes his hand.

The play is conspicuous for its dialogue rather than invention and construction. There are many lines; some very good. After the prologue characters enter and leave often without apparent reason. The humorous lines are better than the sentimental ones, though much of the humor in the prologue and the first act consists in Emmie's constant assertion that she would gladly throw her bonnet over the windmill and be real devilish with men. From the as constant laughter it seemed that the women in the audience sympathized with Emmie—as long as everything happened in Paris. The wheezes about the crudeness of Americans are all too familiar.

Miss Doucet played for the most part in over-farcical vein; played frankly to the audience when she should have looked at the persons whom she was addressing. Her voice, her laugh, her actions were too often exaggerated in their artificiality. When she forgot to "act" and was herself—as in quieter moments—she was sympathetic; she charmed. Miss Holden gave an excellent portrayal of the wife—sufficiently passionate in her love scene in the prologue; sufficiently tortured between her passion and the calm respect she bore her husband whose native goodness she fully recognized. Mr. Fassett was the honest, frank American business man and the idolizing husband to the life. Mr. Bohnen was not too, too French as the fortune-hunter, while Mr. Wardwell was warm in love, abashed when he recognized the unselfishness, the nobility of Charles. Miss Lytell delighted the audience as the pert, but clearsighted Peggy, and Mr. Foulk, who had little to do, did that little extremely well.

The large audience laughed immoderately; enjoyed the comedy and the performance.

TREMONT

"Private Lives"

"Prirvate Lives," a comedy in three acts by Noel Coward; produced by Charles B. Cochran at the Phoenix Theatre, London, Sept. 24, 1930, and at the Times Square Theatre, New York, Jan. 27, 1931, in each instance with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence as Elyot Chase and Amanda Prynne; presented by Arch Selwyn at the Tremont Theatre last evening with the following cast:

Sybil Chase ..... Helen Gilligan
Elyot Chase ..... Otto Kruger
Victor Prynne ..... Hugh Huntley
Amanda Prynne ..... Madge Kennedy
Louise ..... Philippine Roth

The playwright who can be steadfastly absurd, yet entertaining, for one act is considered clever. The playwright who can be ditto for three acts is nothing less than a genius. That, with a modicum of a reservation as to that third act, is precisely what Mr. Coward achieves in "Private Lives." He takes four persons, sets them on the terrace of a hotel in France on a summer evening. They are honeymooners, in two pairs, of course; but five years ago Amanda Prynne, the bride-elect in one case, was the wife of Elyot Chase, the bridegroom in the second case. They had been divorced, presumably just in time to preclude the possibility of mutual extermination, for each had vile and violent tempers. Here, beneath the stars and gazing at the limpid sea with their new mates, they are beginning already to be bored. They disagree about where they shall dine. They part in anger. Then Elyot and Amanda meet face to face. They drink two cocktails, rekindle their love, elope to Amanda's flat in Paris.

That makes the first act. The second is all theirs, for petting, bickering, endearments, accusations. Amanda has an "immoral memory"; Elyot drinks too many brandies. Old loves are disinterred and viciously discussed. Having agreed on the words "Solomon Isaacs" as a flag of truce, they abbreviate it to "Solaacs." This each shouts at the other in the heat of verbal battle and for three stage minutes they are silent. Finally lurid debate as to a phonograph tune leads to fistic encounter and a wrestling embrace which necessitates the toppling of floor lamps, tables, chairs and a grand climax of deadly combat on divan and carpet as Victor Prynne and Sybil Chase appear in the doorway, aghast. That is the second act. The third picks up the pieces, spars for time, brings Victor and Sybil to the fore as perplexed factors in this maddest of comedies. In truth pace is slower, speech and situation become more laboriously farcical. Only when the foursome sits at breakfast, talk inanities, with Sybil and Victor leading in counter-charges and gibes at each other, does the tempo again pick up. The curtain falls as Amanda and Elyot steal away, leaving their abandoned mates shouting at each other, as they themselves had been doing for the better part of two acts, as presumably they would continue to do, as Elyot blithely observed, until old age chilled their tempers and their passions alike.

Mr. Coward wrote this comedy for himself. He created the role of Elyot, and he must have polished and repolished each speech. The lines sparkle and crack, they elicit laughter which may be legitimately earned or laughter edged with just a hint of mental consternation and interrogation. If he seems for a moment to approach dullness, to be shorn of quips and badinage and invention of comic situation, he leaps out with renewed wit. It isn't intellectual brilliancy; rather a vagrant, irrepressible, demoniac play of imagination which wanders into realms hitherto unexplored, but tremendously amusing. Mr. Kruger gets closer to the Coward pattern than does Miss Kennedy. Where she is inclined to monotone, he ranges with virtuosity. Where she purrs and scratches with undeviatingly feline cruelty, he can roar his exasperation at one moment and whisper his most caustic rejoinder the next. Miss Kennedy can sing, though, and Mr. Kruger cannot. At the piano keyboard he is diverting; so in minor accomplishments they are even.

Though Mr. Huntley and Miss Gilligan are tardily recognized by Mr. Coward, they have latent gifts for portrayal of stolid roles devised intentionally as contrast against the temperamental combatants. In that third act they come into their own. A large audience chuckled, and sometimes gasped at the more audacious Cowardisms. Something tells us that it will be the fashionable thing to see "Private Lives." It's that sort of a play.

W. E. G.

COPLEY

"Philip Goes Forth"

"Philip Goes Forth," a comedy-drama in three acts by George Kelly, presented by Laurence Rivers, Inc., at Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 29, 1930; produced by him at the Biltmore Theatre, New York, on Jan. 12, 1931, with Harry Ellerbe, Thais Lawton, Dorothy Stickney, Cora Witherspoon and Madge Evans in the leading roles; presented last evening by the Copley Players for the first time in Boston, with the following cast:

Mrs. Randolph ..... Delia Wheelwright
Edna ..... Felice Leeds
Philip ..... Raymond Jones
Mrs. Oliver ..... Mary Wall
Mr. Eldridge ..... Aldrich Bowker
Cynthia ..... Elizabeth Dana
Mr. Haines ..... Francis Compton
Miss Krail ..... Amy Loomis
Mr. Shronk ..... Richard Whorf
Hazel ..... Jean Poindexter
Mrs. Ferris ..... Helen Ray
Bassett ..... Joseph Cotten

Aspiring playwrights, according to George Kelly, whose latest comedy, "Philip Goes Forth," had its first showing in Boston at the Copley Theatre last evening, should be extra sure of themselves before they set to work on their chosen profession. Mr. Kelly is a successful playwright, he therefore may be assumed to know his job; but it seemed at times as though he were stacking the cards a little unfairly in favor of his own argument. His confident young dramatists, his unsuccessful musician, particularly the latter, were always in the wrong, and the person whom he chose to represent true literary genius remained an enigma throughout the drama. Endowed with a neat aptitude for satirical portraiture, even caricature, Mr. Kelly attacked and slaughtered without mercy literary pretenders, and gushing ladies who talk wistfully about having given up their careers, while indulging in a hearty laugh at sentimental actor-worshippers. The combination of all these many matters often leads to a slight uncertainty as to the real nature of the play; it is hard to tell whether Mr. Kelly is attacking the misdirected energy of would-be authors or writing a straight character comedy.

At the age of 23, Philip Eldridge decides to be a playwright, much against the desires of his father and chiefly in accordance with some ideas put into his head by a literary featherbrain at college. He leaves the parental roof and business, comes to New York and lives in a boarding house kept by a former actress, Mrs. Ferris. For six months he works, finding to his dismay that he is much better at business than he ever could be at playwrighting. The return of his first completed play—the managers to whom he submitted it said: "We are a business firm and have no time for practical jokes"—shakes his confidence still further, and the debacle is completed when Mrs. Ferris tells him bluntly that he will never be any good as a dramatist, for he has not the true desire for it. His father, with whom she had quarrelled bitterly upon leaving home, comes to see him and Philip admits that he wants to go home, which moves the older man to confess that he, too, had once attempted to write a play.

The success of the actors last evening must be measured largely by the success of the author in creating characters. The most soundly written and thoroughly consistent was the sane, disillusioned, kind-hearted Mrs. Ferris, excellently played by Helen Ray. Raymond Jones tackled the part of Philip with enthusiasm and considerable understanding, barring extreme self-consciousness in the first scene, and made the boy likable and attractive. Miss Krail, whom the author evidently considers a divinely gifted poetess, but who verges frequently upon caricature, Amy Loomis portrayed with an elfish bewilderment that was often effective. Aldrich Bowker made a delightful, very human Mr. Eldridge, and Richard Whorf offers a cruel caricature of everything Mr. Kelly thinks a playwright ought not to be. The sizable audience was both amused and appreciative.

E. L. H.

Oct 21

MUSIC

ELLY AND NICHOLAI KASSMAN

A somewhat unusual program was offered at Jordan Hall last night by Nicholai Kassman, violinist member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his daughter, Elly Kaesman, pianist. Assisted by a body of 40 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, they presented to their large audience two concertos—Brahms in D major for violin, Schumann's in A minor for piano. As a prelude the orchestra played—expressively and with suave beauty of tone—Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll."

Richard Burgin was the conductor, admirable as leader and animator of the orchestra—whether in its own "solo" contribution to the program or in the excellent accompaniments that supported the soloists—and doubly admirable in his delightfully solicitous and tactful giving of the cues to the young pianist.

Miss Elly Kassman betrayed her nervousness early in the first movement of Schumann's concerto by a lapse of memory that caused some confusion for a few measures; but she soon regained control of her mind and fingers and thereafter the quietly firm self-possession that marked her playing was one of the more notable of the qualities that seemed in her to denote exceptional promise. A delightfully sure, clear technique, a firm touch in which there is both warmth and delicacy, graceful phrasing, and a strong feeling for rhythmic movement, were to be observed in her playing and made hers—with the beautifully balanced co-operation of the orchestra—a quite unusually pleasing performance. Faults there were, of course; particularly an occasional tendency to be tempted into momentary but excessive rubato; but in general there seemed good grounds for seeing in this concert the debut of an interesting and very gifted pianist. She was rewarded with deservedly enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Nicholai Kassman, after an unfortunate interlude with a slipping string which ruined his first entrance, necessitated a fresh start, and for a little while thereafter caused intermittent anxiety before being induced to remain on pitch—gave a performance of Brahm's concerto that was intelligent and cohesive. His version of the piece was dominated by a passionate vigor that differentiated it strongly from the more mellifluous and less rugged interpretations that are more commonly offered. Mr. Kassman's defects of tone-quality may have been accentuated by his nerve-racking mishap with his violin-string. As a whole his performance was authoritative and expressive. He was warmly applauded.—S. S.

takes to record the fact. Also among ... audiences enjoyment.

S. S.

SHUBERT

"The Little Racketeer"

"The Little Racketeer" formerly "Hearts in Repair," a musical comedy in two acts, adapted by Harry Clarke from the German of F. Kalfiss and R. Wilde, with music by Henry Sullivan and lyrics by Edward Eliscu; produced by the Messrs. Shubert at Newark, N. J., Oct. 17, 1931, and last evening at the Shubert Theatre with the following cast:

Paul Ash	By Himself
Donnie Parker	Wesley Pierce
Mr. Tipsy	George Marshall
Joan Gaylord	Julia Barker
Head Waiter	George Del Rigo
Flossie	Hazel Harris
May	Evelyn Riede
Ethel Pierson	Grace Hayes
Richard Barrison	John Price Jones
Mike Donovan	Daniel Sullivan
Dixie	Queenie Smith
Mrs. Alameda Snook	Lorraine Weimar
Henry	Hamtree Harrington
Lilly Elsie	Leone Sousa
Susan Stanley	Gertrude Sheffield
Midge	Cherrie Dale
The Ghost Priest	Khalil Oglou
Yo Hay Tong	Princess Yo Hay Tong

The Shuberts' new musical comedy, which vastly entertained a large audience at its delayed opening last night, revolves respectively if spectacularly about the diminutive figure of Queenie Smith. In it she is Dixie—a wistful but imaginative little vagabond whose mind is full of visions of romantic crimes and rackets, who craves adventure and danger, and whose most exalted dream is to marry at least some underworld mastermind. To satisfy both her romantic cravings and her material needs she has evolved the following racket of her own. Haunting the vicinity of fashionable cabarets, she selects the most expensive of the automobiles that wait outside, and hides in it. When discovered by the owner and awakened from her feigned slumber, she plays upon his sympathy with pathetic tales of being an orphan and hungry and homeless, and is usually solaced with money, clothes, and so forth—the victim of the racket being at the time commonly more or less inebriate and therefore in benign mood. Such is Dixie's highly romantic habit.

At the beginning of the comedy which Mr. Clarke has brought over from the German, fate leads Dixie into the car of Richard Barrison—a young and wealthy bachelor who, by fortunate coincidence, is tiring rapidly of the lady—Ethel Pierson, a cabaret singer—whom for some months he has been entertaining. Amused but not deluded by Dixie's tale of woe, he invites her into his luxurious and modernistic apartment, is attracted by the charm of her obvious and innocent naivety, and is violently rebuffed by her on attempting to embrace her. Dixie escapes, but next morning Richard, whose feelings have grown into deep and honorable love, visits her lodging. Having discovered her romantic obsession with crime, he resolves to cure her.

He poses as a criminal, persuades the now scared and unwilling Dixie to become his confederate in the burglary of his own apartment, armed with a "rod" and strict injunctions to use it. A series of highly comic vicissitudes naturally accompanies and follows the mock burglary, but all eventually ends well and Dixie, now endowed with a healthy distaste for crime, is last seen in the embraces of her Richard.

With all this, of course, are interwoven gay and elaborately costumed cabaret scenes, a wealth of tuneful and catchy songs, much lively dancing by a decorative chorus—all to the background of the music provided by Paul Ash and his orchestra. The sinuous oriental dances interpolated in the cabaret scenes by Khalil Oglou and the Princess Yo Hay Tong, the eccentric dances of Wesley Pierce and his partner, the singing of Grace Hayes, were among the features that lent distinction to the show.

But Queenie Smith herself was its centre and its brightest spot, with her charming gaucherie, the mingled impudence and innocence of a street urchin, her tearful inebriety when plied with the wine she had never before tasted, her comic terror. And then her dancing, in which she so effectively mingled the technique she learned in the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera with that to which musical comedy audiences are most accustomed. And her singing, for she has a voice of which she need not be ashamed, and uses it prettily.

She was well supported. Mr. Jones's Richard Barrison was well done and such minor characters as the exquisite Mrs. Alameda Snook of Lorraine Weimar or Mr. Sullivan's sympathetic Irish doorman were excellent bits of character acting.

All in all, it was a show which, when minor imperfections are smoothed out, should be assured of a long run. The audience was highly appreciative. S. S.

Boris Kreinin

Private funeral services will be held for Boris Kreinin, 52, of Hemenway street, Back Bay, member of Boston Symphony Orchestra, who died at the City Hospital yesterday from injuries received when struck by a motor truck on his way home Saturday night.

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra members stood in silence for one minute at the rehearsal at Symphony hall on receiving word of his death. He had been connected with the orchestra since 1925, playing at the second desk of the first violin section. In his native Russia he was soloist and concert master in Koussevitzky's orchestra in Moscow and also had been soloist and assistant conductor at the Opera Theatre at Petrograd.

MORRIS'S CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

Harold Morris's piano concerto will have its first performance tomorrow afternoon at the concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He will play the piano part.

He was born at San Antonio, Tex., in 1890. His teachers have been Edgar Stillman Kelley, Godowsky, Rothwell, Scalero and Thalberg. The concerto was begun about three years ago. The slow movement is a set of variations on the spiritual "Pilgrim's Song."

"I'm a poor wayfarin' stranger
While journeyin' thro' this land of woe,
Yet there's no sickness, toil and danger,
In that bright world to which I go."

This song, Mr. Morris says, shows the effect of civilization on the slaves of the southern states, and is in strong contrast to the rugged rhythmic character of the African Negro drum beat with which the first movement opens and is used throughout the movement and momentarily in the last as a binding link between the movements. "The other material is, I hope, the natural and logical result of growing up with, and studying folk music as we have it in the South. But I do not mean this to imply that I believe in leaning entirely on folk music or that I should in any way limit or hamper our modern musical expression, but rather that it should be the basis as it was with composers of the past."

The score calls for the orthodox orchestra with these percussion instruments: kettle drums, snare drum, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, tambourine, wooden block, glockenspiel, xylophone.

The list of Mr. Morris's compositions includes "Poem" for orchestra after Tagore's "Gitanjali," symphony for large orchestra, violin and piano sonata, piano trio, piano quintet, string quartet, Variations for chamber orchestra on the spiritual, "I was way down yonder, dum-a-lum," three piano sonatas, songs. Music by him has been performed by the N. Y. Philharmonic Society, Cincinnati Symphony orchestra, Los Angeles Symphony orchestra, Rochester Symphony orchestra, Pro Arte Quartet, N. Y. String Quartet, Hans Lange Quartet, Felix Salmond, 'cellist; Albert Stossel, violinist and conductor.

The other compositions to be played under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction this week are Mozart's Symphony in C major (K. 338)—without a minuet — and Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." These two works were on Sir Thomas Beecham's program when he led the orchestra as a guest conductor.

Vera Keane, contralto, whose recital at Jordan Hall in memory of Dr. George L. Dwyer was announced for tonight, has been obliged on account of sickness to postpone it until Monday evening, Nov. 23.

The MacDowell Club orchestra is resuming work under Arthur Fiedler, tomorrow evening at the Parish House, Arlington Street Church. Players of double basses, wood-wind and brass instruments will be especially welcome. A fee of $2 will be asked from those who do not feel able to join the club.

Oct 24

ADMISSION FREE TO SYMPHONY HALL

Admission cards will be distributed today at Symphony hall, free of charge, for the concert which the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will give in memory of Thomas A. Edison, in Symphony hall tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Eroica Symph

MORRIS'S CONCERTO

By PHILIP HALE

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conductor, gave the third concert of its 51st season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. Mozart, Symphony in C Major (without minuet, K. No. 338). Morris, Concerto for Piano (first performance). Strauss, "Ein Heldenleben."

Mr. Harold Morris, born at San Antonio, Tex., in 1890, knowing well the Negroes, their songs and their rhythms, as a composer was naturally led to utilize this knowledge. Not, however, as an abject folk-lorist of the North who believes that all music by Americans should be based on Negro tunes and rhythms, for Mr. Morris has found orchestral inspiration in poems by Tagore, and written much chamber music of an "absolute" nature. In this concerto he uses a Negro spiritual, "Pilgrim Song" as a theme for variations which are of a decidedly modern character; he uses in the other movements the "African Negro drumbeat," which has fascinated travellers on that continent from Winwood Reade to Andre Gide; but this rhythmic beat might have been employed by other composers without thought of Africa and its natives. The beautiful "Pilgrim Song" is without doubt a Negro spiritual, but as Mr. Morris says, it shows the effect—he probably means the effect musically—"of civilization on the slaves of the southern states." It is highly improbable that the tune as it now appears was brought to this country by African slaves; many so-called spirituals were shaped by plantation Negroes who heard their mistresses singing European ballads, or American sentimental ditties. To call this concerto a "Negro Concerto" would be to wrong Mr. Morris, for the best portions of the work are of his own invention; nor is there outside of the spiritual hardly a page that has a specific Negro character.

The set of variations —though variations, no matter how the laborer in this field is named, are as a rule to be avoided—this set of variations is to us the most interesting, the most musical portion of the work. They are more than ingenious; they display more than technical skill; they show imagination, poetic thought and expression. And in this movement the instrumentation is more conspicuous for variety, color, fancy than in the other movements, in which it is at times thick, often depending for a desired effect on merely vigorous impact.

The first movement might be shortened to advantage. There are too many elaborate preparations for too many climaxes, so that the hearer is often led to anticipate what should be the crowning climax, the "apotheosis." Few of the themes and their derivatives have a sufficiently salient character. No one expects in these days a decidedly sensuous element in orchestral music. That element, we are assured, is old-fashioned, shop-worn. Patterns, rhythms and cross-rhythms, in them lies beauty. And so the simple pathos of the Pilgrim Song came as a relief. There are some stirring passages in the first movement as in the Finale, which has the more continuous pace and is more compact, but there are other passages, yes, pages that are little more than sound and fury.

Dr. Koussevitzky had given great attention to the preparation for performance. He showed practically his interest in the concerto, for everything was done by him and the orchestra to present the music in its strength, while the contrasting measures, the harmonic inventions and the more delicate details were played with full appreciation. Mr. Morris played the piano part often with gusto, but for a considerable number of measures in the first movement, the piano part was not sufficiently prominent, although in them the piano was not merely an orchestral instrument. Nor was this lack of proportion due to the over-bearing orchestra, for Dr. Koussevitzky preserved proportion when it was possible.

The concerto—especially the variation section—was well received by the audience—and the orchestra joined in the applause at the end; well-merited, for while exceptions may be noted, the concerto deserves thoughtful attention and gives promise for Mr. Morris in the future.

The symphony was beautifully played. Dr. Koussevitzky is always happy in his interpretation of Mozart's music. It is never stale to him; he could not endure a perfunctory performance.

Strauss's "Heldenleben"—that composer's self-glorification—brought the close. It is fortunate that the most eloquent, the least sensational, theatrical pages are those of the conclusion. A German analyst has given to this ending a title: "The hero's escape from the world." One does not easily see Strauss wishing or willing to escape from the world even to the accompaniment of solemn strains. Some of the sections are now outworn. There is much that is bombastic. One is not interested today in the snarling and sneering of the hero's antagonists, who because they did not like Strauss's music had of course, an "earthly, sluggish nature." But the opening portrayal of the hero, the amorous episode—in which Mr. Burgin played delightfully the violin solo with the requisite capriciousness, and the conclusion are still worth hearing, when they are performed as they were yesterday.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program for Nov. 6-7 comprises Respighi's arrangement of five piano pieces by Rachmaninoff (first performances). Sibelius, Symphony No. 4, A minor. Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade."

LOEW'S STATE

"The Unholy Garden"

An all-talking screen drama adapted from the story by Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur; directed by George Fitzmaurice and presented by United Artists with the following cast:

Barrington Hunt	Ronald Colman
Camille	Fay Wray
Mrs. Elize Mowbray	Estelle Taylor
Baron de Jonghe	Tully Marshall
Smiley Corbin	Warren Hymer
Colonel von Axt	Ulrich Haupt
Prince Nicolai Poliakoff	Mischa Auer
Captain Kruger	Morgan Wallace
Dr. Shayne	Lawrence Grant
Nick-the-Goose	Henry Armetta
Kid Twist	Kit Guard
Mme. Lucie Villars	Lucille La Verne
Lautrac	Arnold Korff
Alfred, the Baron's brother	Charles Mailes

The Messrs. Hecht and McArthur evidently plotted between them to remove Mr. Colman from the easy sphere of mannered sophistication to that more rowdy but equally effective realm known as lurid melodrama. "He needs a bit of action for a change," they reasoned, "and we are the lads who can give it to him." So they turned this suave English actor into a fugitive from various justices, arrayed him carelessly as to clothing, and shipped him off to a criminals' oasis in Algeria, a desert hostelry known as the Palais Royal, where he found already domiciled a modern Bluebeard, a German who had betrayed his country in time of war, a swindler, and a choice group of ordinary cutthroats. They designated him as an expert and slippery looter of banks, with an accomplice in the person of Smiley Corbin, whose weakness was women. The moment he accumulated any liquid funds he would "fall for a dame."

Not so, Barrington Hunt, as we now know Mr. Colman. He used women as a means to an end; at least until he met Camille, the beautiful niece of the blind Baron de Jonghe, who occupied an upper suite in the Palais Royal—and guarded a fortune of 10,000,000 francs, hidden in a big metal box in his fireplace. Existence of this concealed fortune became known to the other rogues by means of an intercepted letter, just as Barry Hunt arrived in Mme. Elize Mobray's roadster. Mme. Elize had plotted to deliver him to the police but he outsmarted her by kidnapping her.

When the plotters elected Barry as their leader they let themselves in for a lot of trouble. He won the trust of the blind baron and the love of his niece; and he found out where the money was. By that time, however, an old sense of decency had flicked him. He atoned for much of a debased past by subsequent behavior, and with his final gesture of gallantry and sacrifice he won back the sympathy of an audience which had begun to fear that Mr. Colman was thoroughly and irretrievably wicked.

As a knight of the desert, Mr. Colman has little to do with subtleties. His speech is that of the old school of 10, 20 and 30 thrillers. He does much scampering up and down stone stairs and through shadowy caverns, always one pace ahead of those envious villains who were so eager to kill him. He has several scenes with Miss Wray which might be termed sentimental though of dubious sincerity. Through all he carries himself with that grace and poise which mark all of his characterizations. Miss Wray, never more benignly or advantageously photographed, is splendid as a girl who longed for life and gaiety and love after years of filial devotion and of awful loneliness. Miss Taylor as the thwart[ed] siren, Mr. Marshall as the ner[ve-]wracked blind man, and Mr. Hymer [as] the blundering Smiley Corbin, are [ex]cellent, and the others contribute [some] contrasted bits. Those who like [ex]citement and suspense and [a] dashes of romantic adventure wil[l find] it in the "The Unholy Garden."

W. F.

METROPOLITAN

"wenty-Four Hours"

n all-talking screen drama adapted by is Wetzenkorn from the novel of the e name by Louis Bromfield; directed by rion Gering and Dudley Murphy and pre- ted by Paramount with the following st:

Towner	Clive Brook
ny Towner	Kay Francis
ne Dugan	Miriam Hopkins
ny Bruzzi	Regis Toomey
hampion	George Barbier
Wintringham	Adrienne Ames
rrold	Charlotte Granville
Melbourne	Minor Watson
ckelhorse	Lucille La Verne
ly	Wade Boteler
e Slapper	Robert Kortman
	Malcolm Waite
Commissioner	Thomas Jackson

is Bromfield's novel, "Twenty-four s," was in its first guise a serial entitled "Shattered Glass." The er title, under which, in screen the drama is now showing at the opolitan Theatre, is purely descrip- the latter having a dramatic ity that is more truly in con- ity with the nature of the . A melodrama is a melo- a, whether it adorns the front page newspaper or is written under the ature of William Shakespeare, and Twenty-four Hours" Mr. Bromfield c a melodrama in which he mingled lives of a group of society people, a t club singer, her murderous Ital- husband, policemen, gangsters and ce Irish doorman. The picture fol- s the book to a considerable extent, east it is woven around Mr. Brom- 's principal characters and retains main outlines of his plot. The act- is of unusually good quality, the tography dramatic and occasionally ginative, and there is enough excite- t for the most blase.

im Towner, wealthy society man, es- nged from his wife, Fanny, whom loves but whom he believes to be in with another man, has sought com- nionship from Rosie Dugan, tough, d-hearted and cursed with a bad hus- d, Tony Bruzzi. On the eventful ht on which the story opens, Rosie cs Jim, who has drunk more than good for him, back to her apart- nt and puts him to bed on a couch her sitting room to sleep it off. When is completely dead to the world, ny breaks into the apartment, seek- Towner to kill him. Rosie, who s locked Towner in and hidden the y, tries to stop him, but Tony, wild th wrath, strangles her and runs off a panic. Towner, awaking the next rning, is forced to smash down the or to get out and in doing it breaks s arm. He is accused of the murder d his innocence is totally disbelieved the police. Fanny, horror-stricken the news, comes to Towner at once d is with him when the police dis- ver that Tony, slain in the meantime rival gunmen, is the real killer. wner, not realizing that Fanny really es him, plans to go to Europe and ve her free, but she follows him oard the liner, and as the story ends ey are drinking a toast to Towner's st drink and a happier future.

A very stellar cast, numbering among hers, Clive Brook, Miriam Hopkins, ay Francis, Regis Toomey, Minor Wat- n, Lucille La Verne and Charlotte anville, is always satisfactory, some- mes more. Miss Hopkins is the real ar of the performance, for her por- ayal of Rosie Dugan is a genuine bit f character work. She sings two torch ngs, sings them well and with con- derable flair, and she arouses sym- ath and understanding for her un- atisfactory life. During her scenes ith Clive Brook she conveyed without xaggeration the difference that lay be- ween her and the man, who was, even hen drunk, a gentleman, yet made lausible their pitiable affection for ach other. Clive Brook has never been etter than as Jim Towner, too rich o have anything to do to occupy his nind, hungering for love and finding t in the most unlikely places. Kay Fra- is, more attractive than ever now hat she has res.. ied her sleek hair- cut, makes a plausible, aristocratic Fanny—even though she is referred to a bit too often as a "thoroughbred"—and Regis Toomey, out of his metier as a murderous Italian, is surprisingly good. George Barbier, Charlotte Granville and Minor Watson are good in small roles, and the handsome Adrienne Ames makes a pictorially successful debut.—E. L. H.

RKO KEITH'S

"Consolation Marriage"

A screen comedy drama, adapted by Humphrey Pearson from the story by Bill Cunningham; directed by Paul Sloane and presented by Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Mary	Irene Dunne
Steve	Pat O'Brien
Jeff	John Halliday
The Colonel	Matt Moore
Aubrey	Lester Vail
Elaine	Myrna Loy

"Consolation Marriage," current screen attraction at the RKO Keith Theatre, is the result of a combination of many talents. In the leading roles there are Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien, skilful players both, and assisting them are John Halliday, Matt Moore, Lester Vail and Myrna Loy, not to mention a delightful puppy, who grows from fuzzy infancy to the imposing stature of a St. Bernard almost more quickly than it takes to record the fact. Also among the assets are some handsome sets and some dresses that any woman might desire to possess. With that, however, the credit list must end. The plot is excessively weak and rambling, bearing a very distant resemblance to "Rebound," and the dialogue appears to have been written by so many different hands that it has neither consistency nor style. The actors are good, so far as their roles allow them to be, but the ramblings of the plot are frequently beyond them.

Steve Porter and Mary Brown, both jilted by their respective sweethearts, Elaine and Aubrey, meet by accident in a speakeasy and strike up an informal acquaintance. They joke one another to keep their spirits up. Eventually, after buying a puppy, they decide to get married in order to give it a home. The arrangement is informal, for both feel at liberty to break it any time it suits them. Time passes and they find themselves drawn closer together, particularly by the birth of a child. More or less like a bolt from the blue the truant sweethearts return, both having made failures of their marriages, and surface indications are that Steve and Mary will part, even though the wiser spectator, like Steve's boss, Jeff, has fathomed the not obscure fact that they really love each other. Mary nearly elopes with Aubrey, but finds that she cannot leave her baby. Returning home, she invites Elaine to what was to have been hers and Steve's second anniversary party. Instead of losing him as she anticipated, however, Steve finds that he no longer loves Elaine and asks Mary to forgive him and stay with him for good.

Irene Dunne, launched herewith as a star by Radio Pictures, is gracious and attractive as ever, but she is not and ean never be a flippant comedienne. Her lines, savoring of Philip Barry a league off, with elaborate efforts at airy epigrammatic style, might possibly have fitted an actress of the type of Ina Claire, but Miss Dunne is too serious an actress to utter wisecracks convincingly. Her emotional scenes she plays with real sincerity and feeling. Pat O'Brien, a player whom Hollywood has yet to cast in a satisfactory manner that will bring out his real talents, is fair enough as Steve, though there are times when he doesn't quite seem to know what it's all about. John Halliday, in his now customary role of the gentlemanly looker-on and unsuccessful suitor, plays suavely and delightfully, making an unimportant part stand out by virture of his ability. Matt Moore offers an amusing bit and Myrna Loy is beautiful in a conventional, uninteresting role. The dog and the baby are the most entertaining players in the cast.

E. L. H.

DE COU LECTURES ON SOUTHERN ITALY

Oct 25

'Dream Pictures' Also Include Scenes in Sicily

Southern Italy and Sicily formed the subject of the lecture and the "Dream Pictures" with which Branson de Cou entertained a large audience at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. By his lucid and intelligent commentary, enlivened by many a light touch of humor, no less than by the many remarkably beautiful colored photographs that he showed on the screen, Mr. de Cou succeeded in conveying vividly to his hearers the exquisite beauty of the region discussed and its associations with an enchanted past.

His itinerary began at Naples, with the incomparable sweep of its bay and the teeming canyons that are its streets, and, after a visit to Vesuvius and a longer stay among the eloquent ruins of Pompeii, he passed southward by way of the famous Amalfi drive, visiting en route Ravello, Amalfi itself, and Sorrento. Sicily was reached by ferry from Palermo—itself a veritable treasure house of architectural and scenic beauties.

The delights of Sicily had as their climax the incredibly beautiful Taormina—which Mr. de Cou recommended strongly to honeymooning couples. But in the course of this pictorial tour about the island many another beautiful spot was seen, many a picturesque hill town or captivating glimpse of the Mediterranean coast, and here and there a temple, marvellously preserved, erected by the ancient Greek colonists. The return to Naples was made by water—a rough trip, the audience was warned. A visit to Capri and its Blue Grotto brought the lecture to a close.

As usual, Mr. de Cou did not overestimate the value of the spoken word but at intervals allowed well-chosen music—played by a reproducing pianoforte—to echo and enhance the mood induced by the beautiful scenes thrown upon the screen. The audience showed the keenest enjoyment.

S. S.

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"Alison's House," a play in three acts by Susan Glaspell, will be seen at the Wilbur Theatre tomorrow night.

The first performance on any stage was at the Playhouse, Liverpool, England, on Nov. 5, 1930. John Stanhope, William Goldie; Miss Agatha Marjorie Fielding; Eva Turner took the part of Stanhope's daughter; Alan Webb, that of the reporter. At Liverpool the play was followed by "Out Goes She" in one act, by Philip Johnson, which was described as "a comedy of bad manners."

"Alison's House" was played on Dec. 1, 1930, on the stage of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre, N. Y. Miss Le Gallienne took the part of Elsa; Alma Kruger, that of Miss Agatha. Walter Back played John Stanhope. On May 11, 1931, the played was moved to the Ritz Theatre, New York.

The Pulitzer prize for the best play was awarded to Miss Glaspell. The justice of this award was disputed not without bitterness. Several plays were named in preference.

Alison Stanhope has been dead for almost 20 years when the play opens. The Stanhope family is about to close the old house and remove Aunt Agatha who has kept the secret of Alison's love. Elsa, the niece of Alison, ran away to live with a married man. Alison longed to do this, but made the great renunciation. The house is to be sold. Alison's brother is busy sorting papers and looking after her books. The niece is there, and so are a nephew, a reporter, and a couple who are going to remodel the house for summer boarders. Alison's sister tries to burn down the house. Dying she gives a small bundle to the niece. The family in Alison's room on Dec. 31, 1899, open this bundle, which is found to contain poems by Alison in which she told the story of her love and her brave loneliness.

The spirit of Alison is shown influencing the living in her family. She is supposed to dominate the action, though she does not return after the manner of Belasco's Peter Grimm.

Mr. R. Dana Skinner, in a letter to the dramatic editor of the New York Times, found more in the play than the influence of the dead on the living.

"It is the particular quality of that influence and its particular source. The play says nothing more clearly than the simple fact that Alison Stanhope became great through denying herself a love which she thought wrong. This, of course, is a challenge to nine-tenths of modern thinking It is an old idea, and a mystic one, that 'as we die to ourselves we live to a greater life.' It is because Alison could do what Elsa cannot do that Alison lived after death, made her presence felt in every corner of the great house and in the moments of crisis in the lives of each member of her family. I grant you that this is not a popular idea today, but it has on its side the greatest poets since history began. It rips to pieces the smug egotism of today; but is it any the less profound and stirring for striking a radical blow?

"You happen to feel that 'the image of Alison never appears for an instant,' whereas I never failed to see that image for an instant. . . . Perhaps there is no space left for quiet beauty today, nor for mystic truths which poets understand, but the Pulitzer judges have had the courage to try to make space for them. That is something to their everlasting credit!"

In the last act there is a dispute over the disposition of the revealing poems. Should they be published as the work of a great poet, or burned as too intimate confessions?

The character of Alison is supposed to have been suggested by Emily Dickinson, but the curtain does not rise on a house in Amherst. The old Stanhope homestead is in Iowa on the Mississippi river. Details are altered; some are added.

Emily Dickinson was lonely in Amherst; but acting as hostess for her father at his annual reception. Although Thomas Wentworth Higginson had corresponded with her for many years he saw her but twice face to face. He then brought away the "impression of something as unique and remote as Undine or Mignon or Thekla." The first selection of her poems, published in 1890, was given publicity to meet the desire of her friends, "and especially of her surviving sister." In 1892 the little book was in its ninth edition. Now she is ranked with Sappho and Christina Rossetti. Much has been written about her life. There has been a dispute over the identity of the married man with whom she fell in love.

Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc., have published the book of "Tantivy Towers," a light opera in three acts, by A. P. Herbert, the author of much amusing verse—"Ballads for Broadbrows and Others," four books containing "She-Shanties," "Plain Jane," "Ballads for Broadbrows" and "Laughing Ann," nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Herbert wrote that delightful novel "The Water Gipsies," all published by the same house.

"Tantivy Towers" is illustrated by "Alajalov." The opera, music by Thomas F. Dunhill, was produced by Nigel Playfair at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, London, on Jan. 16, 1931.

What flexibility in rhyming! What humor at times satirical! What genuine wit!

Take the opening scene, Heather's Studio in Chelsea, where his birthday is celebrating. The guests are in fancy dress or Bohemian costume. "There are a good many velvet jackets, Russian shawls, pyjamas and red beards. The company are resting between dances, sprawling on sofas, sitting on laps, lying on the floor—unconventional but harmless." And here is the opening chorus:

"Chelsea! Chelsea! Home of culture!
Wretches who do not live here
Suffer premature sepulture
And unnoticed disappear:
Here the sculptor grows more shaggy
And the ladies grow less hair,
Here are trousers much more baggy,
Skirts more scanty than elsewhere

Here the great Augustus waddles
Round and round his favorite models.

Here the ineffective painter
Gets more cash as he gets quainter.
Chelsea! Chelsea! In our view
Art owes nearly all to you."

Charles Viscount Harkaway, who is huntin', or fishin' or shootin' when he's not shootin' or ridin', takes one of Jenny Jay's pictures from the wall, a rather "modern" female figure, with blue hair and poor physique—Charles:

Well, look at these pictures, well, I mean to say
I don't know about art and all that,
But I know what I like and I tell you Miss Jay,
I don't like young women so flat.
I don't seem to care
For heliotrope hair
And arms of that color and size
And I do not believe
That the daughters of Eve
Have such very triangular thighs.

All: Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha!
Such very triangular thighs.

The earl discuses Bohemia while the countess inspects it. He cannot understand why those who write or paint or act,

"Compose or etch
Or sculp or sketch
Or practise things like pottery
Have not got consciences like us,
Are frankly not monogamous."

Why should writing verse terminate in drink or worse?

"Why flutes and harps
And flats and sharps
Should lead to indiscretions.
But if you read the poets' lives
You'll find the number of their wives
In fact exceeds
The normal needs
Of almost all professions."

The second act shows us the great hall of Tantivy Towers. The countess calls for the hired musicians after dinner. The earl:

"And in some decently obscure positions
Let them play and sing."

The countess includes among the attractions of the Towers:

"Four and twenty bathrooms,
A ghost on every floor!
Though poets oft have pled
That poverty is healthy
There's something to be said
For living with the wealthy."

There are sentimental songs not too, too sweet. In the third act it's all for the hunt. The earl is magnificent in his view of pheasant shooting, for every bird has to die, and a sensitive one

"Prefers its career
To be stopped by a peer
And not by unmannerly poachers,"

just as foxes prefer to be killed

"By an aristocrat
In a shiny top-hat,
And not by an underbred farmer."

Nor does Mr. Herbert find it necessary, as Gilbert did, to base his humor on paradoxes and topsy-turvy logic.

Oct 26 1931

DON COSSACK CHORUS

The Don Cossack Russian male chorus, Serge Jaroff, director, gave a concert in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. A most enthusiastic audience crowded the hall to its utmost capacity. The following program was performed: Credo (Kastalsky), Have Mercy Upon Us, O God, The Lord's Prayer (old church melody), God Preserve Us (Tschesnekoff), Plea of the Blind Beggar (Schwedoff), On the Road to Petersburg (arranged by Serge Jaroff), My Russia, 'Neath Mantle of Snow (folk song), Black Eyes (arranged by Schwedoff), The Tipsy Peasant (arranged by Schwedoff), Home-Longing, the Two Guitars (gypsy song, arranged by Schwedoff), war song of 1812, Those Evening Bells (arranged by Serge Jaroff), Song of the Don Cossacks (Gretchaninoff).

Once again their sensational display of choral technique—even when one could not help feeling that technique was being exploited for its own sake rather than as a means to an artistic end—astonished and delighted their audience. An unusually long scale of tone power, from a thunderous and rather harsh fortissimo to a practically inaudible pianissimo, was at the small, alert conductor's command, and he called frequently for sudden and dramatic transitions from one extreme to the other. Some of the songs sung were solos performed by one or other of the choir's many splendid voices—a tenor, baritone or bass—while a quasi-instrumental accompaniment was supplied by the remaining voices. Surprisingly beautiful effects were often obtained in this manner, although similar attempts on the part of choral conductors—even of other Russian choral conductors having equally at their disposal the organ-like deep basses for which their country is famous—have not seldom produced results that were unintentionally comic rather than impressive.

Free use—rather too free, perhaps, for non-Russian taste— was again made of falsetto singing; at times the purpose was to add psuedo-soprano tone to the choral ensemble; sometimes dramatic propriety was thereby served; at other moments a soloist singing in this manner against a quiet accompaniment would suggest a peculiarly wistful, remote, nostalgic beauty of mood that could hardly otherwise have been attained.

While in general the Cossacks sang with admirably true intonation, a loud and vigorous attack, particularly at the beginning of a song, almost invariably found them so lamentably off pitch that it became difficult to decide what note or chord was being sung, nor at such moments was their tone pleasing, every other consideration being sacrificed to power.

As usual, the concert opened with a group devoted to church music. Of this the Kastalsky Credo, sung by a high tenor voice against a solemn accompaniment, and the finely austere prayer of Tschesnikoff, with its open fourths and fifth, seemed most moving, most free from mere technical trickery and display. Among the secular songs that formed the remainder of the program there were many that were delightful folk-songs effectively arranged, some full of the melancholy of things remembered in exile, others gay with rhythm of mazurka or galloping hoofs, others riotous and bibulous. For the living, exciting rhythm of these singers there cannot be too much praise.

An unexpected addition to the program, the first of two encores, was a lively folk song, enlivened still further by two members of the chorus who performed with much vigorous whirling, kicking and thigh-slapping a characteristic Cossack dance. There was thunderous and prolonged applause. S. S.

SABATINI SPEAKS IN SYMPHONY HALL

Novelist Discusses History as Told in Books

OLYMPIA AND UPTOWN

"The Last Flight"

A screen drama adapted by John Monk Saunders from his own novel entitled: "Single Lady"; directed by William Dieterle and presented by First National Pictures with the following cast:

Cary Lockwood.....Richard Barthelmess
Bill Talbot.....John Mack Brown
Nikki.....Helen Chandler
The Outsider, Frink.....Walter Byron
Francis.....Elliott Nugent
Shep Lambert.....David Manners

If it still is necessary that we be fed war pictures out of Hollywood, may they at least be as well acted as is "The Last Flight." There will be many who see in this bizarre story, morbid and decidedly irrational despite its veneer of feverish gaicty, a needless reversion to a subject best forgotten. Yet there will be others who can read beneath the surface and discover in the four youths whose exploits and escapades are here depicted something real and something pathetic. They may be at loss as to the girl Nikki. Was she likewise a waif of the war, shocked into a state of semi-idiocy, or was she a sensitive, warm-hearted girl determined to do her bit in restoring her "war-birds" to a normal, healthy outlook on life, if so that might be? The author is reticent on this point. He fails, either purposely or carelessly, to explain her antecedents; how she happened to be alone in Paris, whence came her obviously inexhaustible means. Her speech and actions, repeatedly indict her as a victim of some form of lunacy, yet she has also her rational moments. Nikki really is the central character, though the four men are given much to do and say.

Lockwood and Lambert were aviators, both hospital cases after their plane had been shot down. Talbot was an intrepid gunner, "Washout" Francis was a crack shot. With the armistice came the reaction for them. They were "spent" bullets, each afflicted with a post-war mark either physical or mental. They refussd to go home; in fact it is noteworthy that in the picture there never is reference to their families, or their source of funds. They seem to be a quartet of orphans, with no vocation, no future. They drink from dawn to dark, in the cafes of Paris and Lisbon. Meeting Nikki in one of these Parisian resorts, they adopt her, treat her decently. Nikki in turn likes them all but singles out Lockwood as object of maternal affection. In the end Talbot is gored in a bullring in Lisbon after one of his mad dashes into adventure. Lambert is shot down by Frink, an outsider, who has attached himself to the four and who is promptly riddled with bullets by "Washout." The latter, now thoroughly crazed, disappears. Left are Lockwood and Nikki, each seemingly helpless, dependent on the other.

Mr. Barthelmess, always artistic and stable, portrays Lockwood as one given to bitter introspection, yet capable of decisive action when it is needed. His scene when he takes leave of Bill Talbot, about to die, is extremely moving; that with Nikki at the tomb of Heloise and Abelard in the Pere la Chaise cemetery is quietly touching. Mr. Manners makes Lambert a shell of a fine, sensitive character, Mr. Brown and Mr. Nugent are admirable as the boisterous Talbot and the somnolent Francis. For Miss Chandler highest commendation is due, since she vitalizes and makes both provocative and pathetic a most difficult role. The picture has been lavishly mounted, and the direction by William Dieterle has been no small factor in a very spirited performance.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Karamazov"

An all-talking screen drama made in Germany; based on the novel, "The Brothers Karamazov," by Dostoievski; directed by Fedor Ozep and produced by Tobis with the following cast:

Dmitri Karamazov.....Fritz Kortner
Gruschenka.....Anna Sten
Smerdiakov.....Fritz Rasp
Ivan Karamazov.....Bernhard Minetti
Fyodor Karamazov.....Dr. Max Pohl
Katja.....Hanna Waag
Fenja.....Liese Neumann
President of the Court.....Fritz Alberti
The Pole.....Werner Hollmann

Such a novel as Dostoievsky's "The Brothers Karamazov," with its tremendous length, its delvings into psychology, its lengthy descriptions of daily life in a strange household overshadowed by madness, it would be impossible to transfer bodily either to the screen or to the stage. Choice must be made of certain episodes only, and for screen purposes these are necessarily among the more melodramatic. "Karamazov," the striking German film now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre, bears little resemblance either to the stage version presented by the Moscow Art Theatre in New York in 1923 or to that shown by the Theatre Guild four years later. Only three of the four brothers appear, the saintly young priest, Alyosha, having been omitted, and the story concentrates on Dmitri's quarrel with his father over Grushenka, his condemnation for a murder of which he was innocent, and the malevolent passings and repassings of the smooth, sinister, indescribably evil epileptic, Smerdiakov, Dmitri's half brother. The acting throughout is of a high order.

The film takes off to so fine a start, with its scene of parting in the railroad station and Dmitri's arrival at his home, that there is something of a letdown when the following scenes fail to show the same power. Great imagination, particularly in the photography, is used throughout, and there is a immensely effective musical score with reinforces the stormy and tragic episodes to a remarkable degree. Keeping to the main issues of the plot chosen, Director Ozep omits any reference to Ivan Karamazov's passion for Dmitri's fiancee, Katja, nor does Ivan run mad at the end. Dmitri, Grushenka and Smerdiakov remain the chief protagonists throughout.

The film opens when Dmitri Karamazov comes to Mosoow to demand from his father the money due him from his mother's estate in order that he may marry his fiancee. He arrives to find the elderly Fyodor Karamazov in the throes of a passion for Grushenka, a girl of the town, and quite unwilling to spare him any money. Furious, Dmitri goes to Grushenka to insult her, but falls disastrously in love with her at their first meeting. With father and son infatuated with the same girl, Smerdiakov decides to play one against the other. By withholding letters, passing on secrets, he builds up a scheme for Dmitri a young man of strong passions, to kill his father. Dmitri is accused on the evidence of telltale objects and a servant's testimony, but Ivan, his brother, suspects the truth, forces Smerdiakov to admit the murder and brings him to court to testify, but Smerdiskov in terror hangs himself in the waiting room and Dmitri is sentenced to 10 years in Siberia, whither Grushenka, a pitiful figure now with all her spirit and gaiety gone, accompanies him out of love.

A fine cast brings out all that is possible from the tragic implications of the story. Fritz Kortner, by a splendidly imaginative and revealing portrayal of the bewildered, distraught yet childlike Dmitri, re-enforces his claim to one of the highest positions possible for a German actor to attain. Playing opposite him is Anna Sten, whose Grushenka is among the best performances that Europe has ever sent to this country. She is slight, charming, strikingly pretty and an actress of variety and power. Fritz Rasp, who excels in strange and distorted characters, makes a remarkably vivid figure of Smerdiakov, whose diseased and evil mind hid beneath an exterior that combined foppishness with a touch of idiocy. Max Pohl is quite satisfactory as the father of the strange trio, and Liese Neumann does well enough as Fenja.

E. L. H.

RKO KEITH-BOSTON

"Homicide Squad"

A screen melodrama adapted by Charles Logue, with continuity and dialogue by John Thomas Neville, from the story by Henry LaCassitt; directed by George Melford and presented by Universal Pictures with the following cast:

Louie Grenado.....Leo Carillo
Capt. Buckley.....Noah Beery
Millie O'Dowd.....Mary Brian
Joe Riley.....Russell Gleason
Jimmy.....George Brent
Proctor.....Walter C. Percival
Hugo.....J. Carroll Naish

A laudable ambition to promote the cause of law and order against the lawless cruelty of the underworld appears to have moviated the making of "Homicide Squad," current screen attraction at the RKO Keith-Boston Theatre. As a plea for the police, however, it does not quite jell, for the amiable Leo Carillo remains the most attractive figure in the story, despite his nefarious activities, and the police, driven to desperation by their wily enemy, stoop to methods such as gangsters themselves might use and while in so doing they gain their end, they do not enhance their reputation. The question of gang films still remains open to discussion and will remain that way until motion picture producers, with all their supposedly unlimited resources, can make those who uphold the law more exciting than those who defy it.

Enraged at the impunity with which Louie Grenado, a murderous bootlegger who runs a candy store as a blind, manages to kill off his enemies and evade justice, Police Captain Buckley sends his son, Jimmy, in the guise of a gang-

ster from St. Louis, to collect evidence against Grenado. The boy does his best but is caught by Grenado in a lie and killed. Sent for next day, Grenado expresses much sympathy for Buckley's loss and reveals that he too, once lost a son whom he has tried for years to trace. From this, Buckley evolves a new scheme. He conveys to Grenado the information that this lost son has been found, is, indeed, none other than Joe Riley, a likeable youngster who drives his liquor trucks, much against his will, and loves Mollie O'Dowd, a taxi dancer. Hugo, a member of Grenado's gang, desiring Mollie, tips off the police when Joe is to take out a truck loaded with rum. This information Buckley relays to Grenado, with a hint as to who gave it, and Grenado, frantic at the thought that his son might have been killed by Hugo's information, shoots the latter at once. Finally, Buckley traps Grenado into a confession of several of his murders, and the police kill him in the warehouse where he once had his headquarters. Before Grenado dies, however, Buckley gives him the consolation of knowing that Joe was not his child, that no son of his had turned stool pigeon.

With a picture of this sort, there is necessarily more action than acting and the large cast works hard. Leo Carillo, broken Italian-English, ingratiating manner and all, plays one of those unpleasant underworld leaders whose sense of humor is something of the grimmest. Noah Beery, called on for much desk pounding and bellowing, is fitfully good—particularly in the scene where he finds his dead son—and sometimes much too melodramatic as the outraged Capt. Buckley. Russell Gleason is an excellent Joe, Mary Brian does well enough as Mollie, and George Brent is a satisfactory Jimmy.

Trixie Friganza heads the vaudeville bill in a new arrangement of songs and stories, which she calls: "A Trip to Hollywood." E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"The Mad Parade"

A screen drama adapted by Henry McCarthy and Frank B. Conklin from the story by Gertrude Orr and Doris Mallou; directed by William Baudine and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Monica Dale	Evelyn Brent
Mrs. Schuyler	Irene Rich
Fanny Smithers	Louise Fazenda
Lili Wheeler	Lilyan Tashman
Dorothy Quinlan	Marceline Day
Prudence Graham	Fritzi Ridgeway
Janice Lee	June Clyde
Bluebell Jones	Elizabeth Keating
Rosemary Jones	Helen Keating

The noises of war again rip across the screen at the Fenway and Modern theatres, where, in sharp contrast to the unctuous and human qualities of "Bad Girl," the companion picture, a shop-made film purporting to narrate the experiences of a group of young women in a canteen unit of the American forces is shown. Not once does the spectator see the full form of a man, though shadowy arms or legs are seen, and once or twice a voice is heard offstage, as it were. Otherwise the entire action is that of the nine girls. In a remote way the picture might be termed a feministic imprint of "Journey's End." Most of the action occurs in an abandoned dug-out. There is a snoopy, cowardly girl, played by Fritzi Ridgeway; an easy-going girl who drinks often from a water bottle which contains something stronger; that would be Lilyan Tashman; a giggling but rather practical girl whom we recognize as Louise Fazenda; a fine, clean girl of unquestioned courage, June Clyde, who loved a soldier named Tony; another girl, even pluckier, played by Evelyn Brent—a girl who also loved the unseen Tony and who threw a hand grenade at the snoopy girl and blew her into theatrical bits when taunted beyond endurance; and a girl named Dorothy, played by Marceline Day, who enacts a death scene touchingly. Over these girls Irene Rich flutters as superior officer and mother.

The performance starts with a great clamor on land and in air, as have scores of other war pictures. It settles into comparative tranquility as the girls gossip, bicker, fry doughnuts or prepare comfort kits for the lads in the trenches. The real drama of the thing, if it may be called drama, comes when the unit in two armored trucks attempt to cross terrain where firing is going on. One group of girls loses the way, crawls from the wreckage of a burning truck and finds shelter in an abandoned dugout. Here Dorothy dies of a broken back, Monica throws the grenade which eliminates the snoopy girl. Here Janice and Monica confront each other; and from this place Monica sets forth on a dangerous and fatal trip to summon aid from nearby American forces.

Through it all one never gets an impression of genuineness. The dialogue is stilted and mostly catty, and the central theme, that of the love of two girls for the same fellow, with the ultimate sacrifice of one, is not of great moment. The acting is that of a group of Hollywood actresses thrust into unprecedented situations and trying to do the best they can under extremely trying circumstances. W. E. G.

Oct 27 1931

WILBUR THEATRE

"Alison's House"

By PHILIP HALE

"Alison's House," a play in three acts by Susan Glaspell, was performed last night at the Wilbur Theatre, for the first time in Boston. The play was seen for the first time on any stage at the Playhouse, Liverpool (Eng.), on Nov. 5, 1930. Elsa, Gale Sondergaard; Miss Agatha, Marjorie Fielding; John Stanhope, William Goldie; Richard Knowles, Alen Webb. The first performance in the United States was at Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre in New York, on Dec. 1, 1930, when Miss Le Gallienne took the part of Elsa; Alma Kruger, Miss Agatha; Walter Beck, John Stanhope; Robert Ross, Richard Knowles. Costumes and scenery designed by Aline Bernstein. Settings executed by Cleon Throckmorton Inc. Printed by Horace Armistead.

The cast last night:

Ann Leslie	Florida Friebus
Jennie	Margaret Love
Richard Knowles	Robert F. Ross
Ted Stanhope	Herbert Rudley
Louise	Leona Roberts
John Stanhope	Walter Beck
Miss Agatha	Alma Kruger
Eben	Donald Cameron
Elsa	Gale Sondergaard
Hodges	Howard Da Silva
Mrs. Hodges	Agnes McCarthy

Neither the fact that this play was awarded the Pulitzer prize and thereby excited curiosity and hot discussion, nor the report that the play was based on Emily Dickinson's love for a married man and her great renunciation, should prevent a spectator from viewing the play simply as a play for the theatre. It is not necessary to inquire how closely Miss Glaspell followed the facts in the story of the Dickinsons in Amherst.

The one dramatic scene is in the third act when there is a dispute over Alison's verses in which she told her love, verses guarded by her sister Agatha but given to Elsa when Agatha knew her hour had come. Should they be burned? Agatha had set fire to the house, that the verses would be lost forever. When the fire was extinguished, she instructed the maid to destroy them, exacting a solemn promise. The struggle for possession, the entreaties of Elsa, the stubbornness of John Stanhope, bent on destroying them—this scene is what Sarcey called "du theatre"—yet it is too long drawn out, and the effect is almost smothered by words, words, words.

The minor scene of theatrical effect is the death of Agatha—or one might say that she has one long scene with many interruptions, for she is the one constantly dramatic character in the play.

The atmosphere of the piece is not a cheerful one. Alison's sister Elsa had run away with a Harvard professor and so disgraced her father and some of her relatives. For old Stanhope had a Spartan sense of duty. He had not been happy with his wife, but he did not run away. Alison did not run away, for she would not wound her family, and she, too, was strong for duty. Stanhope's eldest son is not happy with his wife, and he would gladly leave her; but there's his father to be considered. Miss Agatha is not a radiantly happy person. She has a weak heart, is not always mentally alert, and is oppressed by the thought of the letters that have not been published. The house is to be sold for a small sum; is to be painted yellow; trees are to be cut down for the enjoyment of boarders. Hodges and his wife, the buyers, are supposed to be amusing characters but Miss Glaspell in this play lost her sense of humor. She has put supposedly smart sayings into the mouth of the younger son, but the audience did not laugh wildly.

Elsa glories in the fact that she ran away with her "Professor"; the others of the family are plunged in gloom when the Hodges speak of the sale and repairs. There is a Chekovian atmosphere in this Iowan house on the Mississippi river.

Alison is dead. She has been dead for many years. We are told that her beautiful spirit is constantly felt in the house. There is "endless" talk about her; what she said and did, what she would have done; what she wouldn't have done. Yet the spectator is not well acquainted with her. The unseen woman in Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" is much better known though the description of her is scanty. Miss Glaspell's other characters are more or less alive, but the dead woman is not so interesting through hearsay as even the most melancholy of the group.

It is a low-keyed play, slow-paced both in action and in the performance of last night. It exerts by its grayness a sort of fascination. But at the end one is more interested in John Stanhope and Elsa than in Alison or in the thought of Alison.

The performance was one of marked worth. Even the reporter with his taste for poetry and his admiration of Alison's verse was made by Mr. Ross a reasonable being. Miss Kruger gave a portrayal that will not easily be forgotten. The others were wholly adequate. Miss Sondergaard and Mr. Beck gave force which was sadly needed to the dramatist's story and text.

The audience called out the company after the final curtain.

COPLEY

"Three Times the Hour"

"Three Times the Hour," a melodrama in three acts, by Valentine Davies; produced by Brock Pemberton at the Avon Theatre, New York, Aug. 25, 1931; performed at the Copley Theatre last evening with the following cast:

John	Edwin Anderson
Sylvia Jordan	Elizabeth Dana
Roger Hurlburt	E. Irving Locke
Colonel Beauchamp	Griffin Crafts
Joan Porter	Jean Poindexter
Angus McKee	George Dill
Dey	George Pembroke
Haskins	Henry Crossen
Cooper	Richard Whorf
Jack Reed	John Lucas
Ramon Delgado	Raymond Jones
Linda Reed	Amy Loomis
Jeanne	Jean Hart
Mrs. Lawrence M. Blake	Mary Wall
Mrs. Roger Hurlburt	Helen Ray
Robert Phillips	Joseph Cotten
Anna D'Asti	Felice Leeds
Smith	Jack Knell
Hildah Lovering	Martha Olcott
Dr. Elliot	Aldrich Bowker
Davis	Hugh Hite
Lawrence M. Blake	Francis Compton

Brock Pemberton, that shrewd showman of Broadway who made a lot of money out of "Strictly Dishonorable" and was willing to put some of it into a sumptuous production of a playwright's first play, apparently committed the fatal error of doing it when the weather was sultriest and when theatre-going was a torture. He did not go very far with the venture, though every one agreed that Mr. Davies had disclosed the germ of an exceedingly novel idea in the theatre. That idea was to set the stage on three floors of a Fifth avenue mansion, each act representing a floor, and the time simultaneous. As a result, the audience is busy during the second act, trying to remember all that went on in the first act. When the third act is reached it is a still more engrossing task to dovetail the synchronized action of the other two acts. It is an ingenious treatment, which might be applied to any plot and prove successful. Certainly in this instance it serves to hold spectators in their seats until the final drop of the curtain and that is no mean feat in the theatre these days.

In the first act it is evident that Lawrence M. Blake, a banker, is sequestered in his richly panelled offices on the third floor, awaiting a midnight conference with a group of bankers anent the salvaging of a tottering banking institution and an allied matter of a gigantic loan to a South American government trying to save an important national industry. That first floor, done in white marble (sic) columns and artistically decorated walls, is given over to wandering guests and to detectives placed there to guard Blake, recipient that very afternoon of an anonymous letter threatening his life. Here melodrama and comedy are commingled, rather too deliberately last evening. The second floor bears a close resemblance to the lower. In this act the plot takes on new angles; it becomes almost centipedic.

It is an act to whet one's appetite for mystery. Here matters which seemed puzzling down stairs become simple enough through the quaint expedient of reverse action, as it were. Then, in the third act, things come to a neat crisis. Also we get our first glimpse of Banker Blake, and learn that he is not quite the scrupulously honest man his wife and his secretary, Linda Reed, had thought him to be. Also, shots heard at the first and second act curtains, coupled with visits of several interested persons whom we have seen admitted to his study, are explained at last. Banker Blake undoubtedly had been killed, with real bullets. Yet the shots which were heard in the previous acts came from no revolver. If that doesn't make a pretty complication, what could? Last evening there seemed only one serious flaw in the weaving of this intricate pattern. The audience heard two shots in the first, two in the second; but, privileged to witness the actual tragedy, did it hear more than one? What became of that other bullet?

The performance was admirable, the cast one of the most impressive numerically that the Copley has ever assembled. Mr. Jones as Delgado, a South American diplomat and emissary, and Mr Cotten as Robert Phillips of the International press, contributed two well-studied and finished characterizations, and Mr. Compton, in his third act appearance, sketched Blake with sharp and effective strokes. Mr. Whorf as a comic policeman brightened the first act, and then was left behind as we ascended to the second floor. Mr. Dill worked assiduously as the domineering chief detective. For the women, Miss Leeds as an adventuress presumably of Colombian extraction, and Miss Loomis as Blake's secretary, devoted to a weakling brother and in love with Phillips, excelled. Miss Wall as Blake's wife would have been more convincing had she contrived to erase what seemed to be a perpetual smile. All in all, the Copley seems to have in "Three Times the Hour" just about what the community craves for the moment, a good mystery play. W. E. G.

NEW O'NEILL PLAY GIVEN PREMIERE

14-Act Trilogy Has New England Seaport as Locale

NEW YORK, Oct. 26 (AP)—Eugene O'Neill exceeds even "Strange Interlude" in the length of his new play, "Mourning Becomes Electra," which opened at the Guild Theatre tonight.

KAHN QUITS AS HEAD OF METROPOLITAN

Paul Cravath Successor as Opera Co. President

NEW YORK, Oct. 26 (AP)—Otto H. Kahn, patron of the arts, announced his retirement today from the presidency of the Metropolitan Opera Company and the chairmanship of its board of directors.

Paul Cravath, a member of the executive committee, was elected Kahn's successor. He is a board member of the Juilliard Graduate School of Music and of the Philharmonic symphony orchestra.

Kahn, who will remain on the board, said he was withdrawing from many of his outside activities because of greater business responsibilities since the death of his partner, Mortimer L. Schiff.

Oct 28 1931

IRMA SEYDEL AND CYRUS ULLIAN

Irma Seydel, violinist, and Cyrus Ullian, pianist, gave a sonata recital last evening at Jordan hall. Sonatas for violin and piano by Cesar Franck, Ernst Toch (Opus 44), and Beethoven (Opus 24), formed the program. As an additional number in response to the applause that marked the end of the concert, the first movement of Faure's violin sonata was also performed.

The program thus enclosed a modern, uncompromisingly atonal work between two familiar and very soothing masterpieces—a wise procedure whereby those whom Toch did not please were thus neither repelled at the very outset of the concert nor sent home with a bad taste in the mouth. Toch's sonata consists of three movements, marked respectively, "Trotzig, anstuermend" ("Defiantly, tempestuously"), "Intermezzo," and "Allegro giusto." Each of the movements has at least the primary virtues of brevity and neatness. Clearly, even transparently written, despite its extreme dissonance, this music seemed structurally logical and rhythmically interesting. But a certain gray monotony of mood seems inseparable from the atonal idiom and Toch's sonata, for all its undoubted vivacity, did not escape this blight. It was played capably and confidently by both performers.

In Franck's beautiful sonata—one of the few works of this composer in which his mannerisms do not become irritatingly obstrusive—there did not appear to be complete unanimity at all times between violinist and pianist. The tempo of the opening of the first movement was unduly slow and its rhythm lacking in backbone. There were excessive and too sudden ritardandi at the end of certain sections, and undue accelerations of tempo for the lengthy piano solo passages that occur in this movement. These faults were less marked in the remaining movements of the sonata, though here too it was felt that these two competent artists are not yet working together with as complete agreement and freedom as might be desired. Miss Seydel's tone at its best had warmth, beauty and flexibility.

Her intonation was frequently faulty. Mr. Ullian played with an easy fluency that only occasionally tripped up, and performed his part unobstrusively—sometimes excessively so.

Beethoven's "Spring" sonata was played very pleasantly, but for a somewhat irritating sentimental mannerism that consisted in dwelling unnecessarily on the highest note of the graceful opening phrase.

There was cordial applause. S. S.

Oct 29

EDWIN OTIS

Edwin Otis, baritone, gave a recital last night at Jordan Hall before a large and friendly audience. He sang the following songs and airs:

Aria, from the opera "Manon" (Massenet); Come Raggio di Sol (Caldera); Aria, from the opera "Boheme" (Puccini); L'esperto nocchiero (Buononcini); Vision Fugitive, from the opera "Herodiade" (Massenet); Il Pleut des Petalcs de Fleures (Rhene-Baton); La Statue de Tsarkoie-Selo (Cesar-Cui); La Maison Grise (Messager); Fruhlingsnacht (Schumann); Verschwiegene Liebe (Hugo Wolf); An den Sonnenschein (Schumann); Ungeduld (Schubert); Do Not Go, My Love (Hageman); Sweet Apple (Spier); Ah! Twine No Blossoms (Gliere); Captain Stratton's Fancy (Deems-Taylor). Reginald Boardman was the aaccompanist.

Mr. Otis performed his program in an earnest, conscientious manner. He committed no breaches of good taste—unless the decorative cadenza at the close of "Sally in Our Alley" (one of his extra numbers) were so regarded—and he appeared to have paid careful attention to the canons of good phrasing and to have absorbed the meaning and emotional significance of each of his songs. Yet he did not often succeed in carrying out his intent with any degree of ease or of conviction. A somewhat pledding progress from note to note of a melody, a very indistinct—almost consonantless—articulation of many of his foreign songs, were factors that probably contributed largely to this unfortunate impression.

Mr. Otis's voice, too, somewhat thick, heavy, and diffused, lacking in tonal variety, and frequently nasal, is not a subtle instrument, though a not unpleasing resonance could be detected in it.

It was not impossible for his audience to enjoy, in his rendering, the beauty of Schumann's "Fruehlingsnacht" or Wolf's exquisite "Verschwiegene Libbe," but he was most nearly successful in the more exuberant songs of his list—Buononcini's "L'Esperto nocchiero," and Schumann's "An den Sonnenchein," for example, and in general with his English group, in which his manner was more confident and his enunciation both clearer and more accurate than elsewhere. Of this final group the most songs pleasantly sung were perhaps Spier's "Sweet Apple," of folk-song flavor, and Gliere's romantic and Slavic "Ah, Twine No Blossoms."

Mr. Otis was applauded warmly and sang several encores. S. S.

Oct 30

THOMAS JOHNSON

Thomas Johnson, tenor, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. He sang the following program: Pergolesi, Nina; Carissimi, Vittoria mio core; Mendelssohn, (Hymn of Praise) Sorrows of Death; Gounod, (Faust) Salve Dimora Casta e pura; Beethoven, Adelaide; Schumann, Widmung; Jensen, Murmuring Zephyrs; Clay, I'll sing Thee Songs of Araby; Stephenson, Ships That Pass in the Night; Quilter, Over the Mountains; Phillips, To a Thrush at Evening; Tosti, My dreams; Burleigh, Oh! Didn't It Rain; Brown, Goin' to Ride up in de Chariot; William Rhodes, Witness for My Lord; Heilman, New-born Again. Carl Feldman was the accompanist.

Mr. Johnson's extremely light and fine-spun tenor, of beautiful quality, is rendered even more tenuous than it need be by its owner's excessive addiction to head tones. This idiosyncrasy gave an almost feminine timbre to his voice in Pergolesi's "Nina," for example. A listener behind a curtain might well have imagined the singer of this air to be a light contralto. The lower part of his voice at such times became notably weak and tremulous. (From time to time a certain inadequacy of breath was responsible for a similar tremulousness at the end of a phrase.) Fortunately Mr. Johnson did not confine himself entirely to this mode of production; yet even at its most robust his voice was not quite expansive enough to do justice to "Salve Dimora," though he sang it very pleasantly and revealed some ringing high notes of good quality. There was sincerity and dignity in his treatment of the fine air from Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise."

The three German lieder were presented with commendably smooth phrasing and suave tone but with little expressive variation of vocal quality and a rather limited dynamic range. The popular but obvious "Murmuring Zephyrs" of Jensen was sung more effectively than either "Adelaide" or Schumann's "Widmung." Mr. Johnson's audience was best pleased by the group of unpretentious songs in English and by the Negro Spirituals (too prettily "arranged," as usual) which closed the concert. In connection with the song "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," long a favorite in Victorian and early 20th century drawing-rooms, it is of interest to note that its composer, Frederick Clay, preceded Arthur Sullivan as collaborator with W. S. Gilbert.

In these final groups Mr. Johnson sang with greater freedom of tone and vivacity of style. He was rewarded by vigorous applause. S. S.

Oct 31 1931

LOEW'S STATE

"The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

A screen drama adapted by Charles McArthur from the play, "The Lullaby," by Edward Knobloch; directed by Edgar Selwyn and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Madelon Claudet	Helen Hayes
Carlo Boretti	Lewis Stone
Larry	Neil Hamilton
Dr. Dulac	Jean Hersholt
Jacques Claudet	Robert Young
Victor	Cliff Edwards
Rosalie	Marie Prevost
Alice	Karen Morley
St. Jacques	Lennox Pawle
Hubert	Alan Hale
Roget	Halliwell Hobbes
Photographer	Charles Winninger

It is doubtful if any stage star has made more brilliant entry into the field of screened make-believe than does Helen Hayes as the protagonist in her husband's finely penned version of Knobloch's drama of eight years ago. Always an actress of charm, versed equally in comedy and in the more serious phases of theatric portraiture, she fairly scintillates in the trying role of Madelon Claudet, the peasant girl from Normandy who has her brief hours of happiness and then by fate is set upon a downward path which, save for the sake of a tranquil epilogue, would have ended at the doors of a French almshouse. It is a melodramatic tale in itself. In certain aspects it is suggestive of "Madame X," even of "East Lynne," in that consuming mother love and sacrifice make its dominant theme. Yet despite this vague similarity, and though compactly and shrewdly written, Miss Hayes must be credited with carrying it to extraordinary success through an application of artistry combined with unerring intelligence seldom noted on either stage or screen. There are no shortcomings to be hidden under a veil of glamour, there is no tricky effort to superimpose personality in lieu of histrionic talent. Frail of figure, with the saddest as well as the most winsome smile in the world, with an understanding which exposes all the petty artifices of ordinary acting, she depicts with fascinating, almost horrible truth the life of a woman who might actually exist. In fact, as Miss Hayes plays the role, she does exist.

The screen play does not follow the stage play, nor need it. In many ways it is superior, thanks perhaps to Mr. McArthur's labor of love or to Mr. Selywn's application of stagecraft, or both. A prologue shows Dr. Jacques Claudet's wife, Alice, about to leave him because he neglects her for his beloved profession. Old Dr. Dulac, knowing all, forces her to listen to the story of Madelon Claudet's sacrifice for the son who never recognized her after his boyhood. Then the camera takes up that story, with Madelon and Larry Maynard, her young artist lover, eloping from beneath her father's roof; his desertion of her; the birth of her baby, Jacques; her butterfly life with Boretti, a gallant soul but a jewel thief who shot himself when apprehended; her prison years as Boretti's accomplice; her descent from a painted siren of the Paris bars to cheap wine cellars and even the street; all with the one purpose of acquiring money for the medical education of her boy, who is told the funds come from his dead mother's estate, an ironic touch. The prologue reveals her rescue from the poorhouse, with asylum in a little cottage near the son's home. Something about this unknown unfortunate woman had appealed to his protective instincts. There the picture ends, not with Helen Hayes in a sentimental posture, but with Alice greeting Jacques with a new and more loyal love.

Mr. Stone gives a polished performance as Boretti, and Mr. Hersholt and Mr. Young, a newcomer, are splendid. But their very best must yield to the inspired performance by Miss Hayes. Each phase of the character is amazingly impressive; her first hatred of the baby, her sudden acceptance of her responsibility; the world-weary eyes, blinking at the first sunlight in 10 years; the desperate overtures of the woman of the streets; the tragic scene when, without one spoken word, she escapes from her son's office when he would have helped her, as he would have helped any battered creature. There are tears in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," but they are tears in tribute to a fine achievement, not to be forgotten in a day or a year.

W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"The Mad Genius"

A screen drama adapted by J. Grubb Alexander and Harvey Thew from the play by Martin Brown entitled "The Idol," directed by Michael Curtiz and presented by Warner Brothers with the following cast:

Tsarakov	John Barrymore
Nana	Marian Marsh
Fedor	Donald Cook
Karimsky	Charles Butterworth
Bartak	Andre Luzet
Serge	Luis Alberni
Preskoya	Carmel Myers
Fedor, as a boy	Frankie Darro
The Father	Boris Karloff
Olga	Mae Madison
Katusha	Barbara Leonard

John Barrymore can be forgiven a number of things for his work in "The Mad Genius," last of the pictures that he made for Warner Brothers, now showing at the Metropolitan Theatre. The film tells a grim, bizarre, cruel story, hardly suited to the eyes and ears of children brought by their considerate parents to see the famous Thurston do his magic tricks on the stage. It is splendidly acted, imaginatively set and compellingly dramatic, but undeniably gruesome. Mr. Barrymore, still haunted by the character of Svengali, plays the man a second time, being on this occasion disguised as a cripple whose thwarted desire to dance finds expression in a gifted boy whom he rescues from a brutal father and trains up to be the greatest dancer in the world. The actor heightens the resemblance perhaps needlessly by including in the cast a number of actors from "Svengali": Marian Marsh, Luis Alberni and Carmel Myers. Frankly and unashamedly melodrama, "The Mad Genius" is full of tricks and is transparently a Barrymore holiday, but this time it happens to be a holiday which others can appreciate.

Tsarakov, son of a Russian premiere danseuse and a grand duke, is hindered by a clubfoot from becoming a dancer, but the fire of thwarted ambition almost drives him mad. While travelling with a puppet show, he rescues a small boy, Fedor, and decides to train him for the career he himself might have had. Years pass and Fedor, rigidly trained, is approaching the realization of Tsarakov's dreams. Unfortunately he has fallen in love with Nana Carolova, a promising dancer in Tsarakov's ballet, and the latter determines to get rid of the girl before she can ruin Fedor's career. The boy overhears him dismiss her, defies his adopted father and follows her to Paris. There he attempts to get work, but no ballet has a place for him because Tsarakov holds his contract. When Tsarakov's ballet visits Paris Nana goes to him and begs him to take back Fedor, now eating his heart out in the desire to dance. At Tsarakov's strong urging, she goes away with Renaud, a wealthy admirer. Fedor returns to work and under Tsarakov's half-demonic urging scales the heights of fame. On the night of his greatest triumph, a triumph shared equally by Tsarakov, Serge, the mad ballet master of the troupe, attacks the giant idol that is to dominate the scene of the ballet. Tsarakov attempts to stop him, and as Fedor draws back the curtain, there, in sight of the horrified audience is the body of Tsarakov, hanging from the idol's jaws.

What seems to be the best performance he has contributed to talking films, John Barrymore offers as Tsarakov-Svengali. For once, he is content to stay within the character, turning all his energies toward projecting the weird character of the thwarted genius. He still gesticulates with his eyebrows, distends the pupils of his eyes with odd results, and makes sardonic love to pretty ladies quite in the manner he employed in "Richard III"; but these familiar tricks of his trade are less obvious than usual, largely because he seems genuinely interested in what he is doing. Luis Alberni, as the dope-crazed Serge, and Donn Cook, as Fedor, run neck-and-neck for second honors, and Charles Butterworth wanders through the grim tragedy with a divertingly bemused expression, but his innocuous comedy is out of place here. Marian Marsh, more distressingly amateurish than ever, celebrates her forthcoming stardom by giving a totally uninteresting performance. The nameless photographer deserves any amount of credit for his use of shadow pictures and imaginative detail.

On the stage, Thurston and his large company provide an assortment of incredibly ingenious magic tricks and strange inventions. E. L. H.

RKO KEITH'S

"Platinum Blonde"

A screen comedy drama adapted by Jo Swerling from the story by Harry Chadlee and Douglas Churchill; directed by Frank Capra and presented by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Stewart Smith	Robert Williams
Gallagher	Loretta Young
Ann Schuyler	Jean Harlow
Mrs. Schuyler	Louise Closser Hale
Michael Schuyler	Donald Dilloway
Smythe	Halliwell Hobbes
Benjy	Walter Catlett
Dawson	Claude Allister
Editor	Edmund Breese

Here, for a change, is a newspaper comedy that actually contains some convincing newspaper atmosphere. Reporters and editors are on reasonably familiar terms, there is a fair amount of profanity, and a very small amount of getting drunk. For this relief, much thanks. The real news of "Platinum Blonde," feature attraction at the RKO Keith Theatre, is not, however, the fidelity it displays in portraying the fourth estate but in the sudden rise to glory of Robert Williams, who plays the leading role in such a manner as to win all sorts of applause for himself as well as for the director, Frank Capra, who let him follow his own bent. The title of the film refers to Jean Harlow, as might naturally be supposed, but there is little of her in the picture, which is practically all Robert Williams. He is greatly assisted by the amusing dialogue provided by Jo Swerling and by the sets, showing, as well as the littered city rooms, a fantastically exaggerated millionaire's residence.

Stewart Smith, a reporter with a nose for news and a respect for his calling, makes the acquaintance of a very wealthy family, the Schuylers, when he goes to ferret out news concerning a breach of promise suit directed at Michael Schuyler. He infuriates Mrs. Schuyler, attracts the attention of her daughter, Ann, with whom he soon finds himself in love. The progress of this affair is watched with dismay by Gallagher, a girl reporter on Stewart's paper. She loves him, but, as he confesses later, he always looked on her as one of the boys. Eventually Stewart and Ann elope, and before long the former finds himself that which his editor had taunted him with being, "a bird in a gilded cage." He is forced to give up his friends and his work, to live in the left wing—"six rooms and two baths"—of the Schuyler mansion, and to devote his time to social functions which he loathes. Headlines in the morning paper describing him as a "Cinderella Man" rouse Stewart's ire, and at last, after Ann finds him working with Gallagher on a play while his newspaper acquaintances disport themselves downstairs, he breaks loose, goes back to his old work and gives Ann a divorce, "a wedding present" he calls it, which leaves him free for the devoted Gallagher.

A review of the picture is practically a description of Robert Williams's performance. First and most important, he proves himself not only a comedian of unusual ability and resource, but also a comedian unlike any other on the screen and, therefore, a priceless boon. Frank Capra, the director, must have told him to do what he liked and not be afraid of telling everything to the camera and the microphone. Not unnaturally, the result is a performance filled with humor, embellished by little subtleties that delight the observer, constantly amusing and never monotonous. His stage training and his native common sense taught young Mr. Williams not to be stupidly precocious or disagreeably smart: therefore, though he enjoys himself greatly and wins, according to his expressed desires, not one lady but two, he gives infinite pleasure along the way. In the supporting cast, Halliwell Hobbes, as a very dignified butler, and Loretta Young, as Gallagher, are the best. Jean Harlow, with little to do, is about as usual. E. L. H.

Nov 1 1931

SYMPHONY HALL

"The Bluebird"

In Symphony hall, under auspices of the American Association of University Women, a performance was given yesterday afternoon (and repeated in the evening) of Yascha Yushny's Russian revue "The Bluebird." The platform was for the occasion transformed into a theatre stage and a small but excellent orchestra occupied an improvised pit on the floor of the hall. This company, in its aims, its spirit, its technique, is strongly reminiscent of the "Chauve Souris," pleasantly remembered in this country, and no doubt also of a host of similar companies of singers and dancers unknown outside of pre-revolutionary Russia. Songs in cos-

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

Philip Barry's "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," to be seen tomorrow night at the Colonial Theatre, was produced at Washington, D. C., on Jan. 5, 1931. Eve Redman, Zita Johann; Nicholas Hay, Herbert Marshall; Gail Redman, Harvey Stephens; Samuel Gillespie, Osgood Perkins; Walter Burke, John T. Doyle; Christian Redman, Drew Price.

Mr. John Mason Brown, when the play came to Henry Miller's theatre, New York, on Jan. 13 of this year, described Redman as an amiable fellow, a sportsman and an unimaginative business man, married to a "highly sensitized" woman, who, to quote the dramatist, is one of those artists outside the arts who have no art in which to find expression. They have no child. Nicholas Hay, an attractive Canadian doctor, stays with them while he is lecturing at the university. They fall in love. A child is born to them. The husband believes it to be his. The doctor returns after several years to save this child. When Mrs. Redman "has grown into an independent person through the transfiguring power of her love, she is able to give up the doctor for her husband, and her child is the burden of Mr. Barry's story." Mr. Brown ended his review by saying that he should list the play as "something which should be seen not only by discriminating playgoers in general but by the Pulitzer judges in particular." But "Alison's House" bore away that doubtful honor.

Mr. Barry took the idea of this play about four years ago from a passage in the second book of Kings, the fourth chapter:

"And it fell on a day that Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman; and she constrained him to eat bread. And so it was that as oft as he passed by he turned in thither to eat bread." She and her husband gave him a room. She was childless; her husband was old. Elisha told her she should bear a son. When the time came a son was born to her and grew up to be a likely youth, but one day he sickened and died. Elisha came to her; shut himself up with the dead boy, "and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and he stretched himself upon the child and the flesh of the child waxed warm." The boy was soon able to play about, and Elisha went his way.

As Mr. Atkinson has remarked, "although Mr. Barry follows the sequence of the Old Testament story, he imagines his characters independently, and for the wonder of the miracle he substitutes nature and modern science."

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow" should not be confounded with C. B. Fernald's "To-Morrow" brought out in London last April, a drama of a future war in which there figures a new and deadly gas. The last act takes place in the hereafter.

Herbert Marshall, who takes the part of the doctor in Barry's play, made his first appearance on the stage at Buxton, England, in 1911; on the London stage in 1913. He came to this country with Cyril Maude; then served in the war; returned to America for the season of 1921-2.

Channing Pollock's "The House Beautiful"—the title taken from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—was first seen at the Apollo Theatre, New York, March 12, 1931. Archibald Davis, James Bell; Jennifer Davis, Mary Phillips; Elbert Baxter, Raymond Walburn; Nina Baxter, Helen Flint; Martha Wiley, Jane Seymour; Dr. Brink, Joseph Baird; Guy Stayton, Roy Gordon.

This play, to be seen tomorrow night at the Plymouth Theatre, presented by the Professional Players, abounds in sentiment. Mr. Pollock has the courage to make his Dick say to Dr. Brink: "They won't stand sentiment in New York—except about crooks and lost ladies." It is needless to say that there is neither a crook nor a lost lady in "The House Beautiful." Half a dozen scenes took the place of the regular sermon at the Broadway Temple, New York, on March 29 of this year. Dr. Christian Reisner selected the scenes "as being the most impressive argument for his theory of life."

As Mr. Pollock is giving preparatory lectures on his play, it is hardly necessary to tell his story of a man and a woman, who, living in the house they built, keep their love and integrity, living, though not in the eyes of the world, a life of high romance, while the unsentimental—among which Mr. Richard Lockridge thinks should be included "all who play bridge, go to the theatre, read the clever weeklies, and buy clothes at the smart shops," are opposed, the twain never to meet.

The play was produced at Springfield, Mass., on March 2, 1931.

We spoke of A. P. Herbert's "Tantivy Towers" and "Ballads for Broodbrows and Others," published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. His "Dreadful Ballad of a Talkie-Ruined Home" shows the opinion of many in England on the European continent and in the Orient concerning American films of a certain class.

"A mother stood in tears amid the ruins of her home
Beseeching of her men-folk dear that evening not to roam;
He first-born rose and struck her, but as he reached the door
The woman on her bended knees her husband did implore—

"'Don't take my boy to the Talkies!
It's puttin' ideas in 'is 'ead,
'E makes the most 'orrible faces,
And sleeps with a gun in 'is bed.
'E uses outlandish American words,
It's nothin' but 'bootleggers,' 'babies' and 'birds,'
'E says I've an English accent
An' it's not that I mind the snub,
But I want my boy to be British,
So take 'im with you to the pub!'

"(passed the men together to the gilded pleasure hall
Twast their eyes on 'Passion Buds'—or 'Love Excuses All,'
Acrooks and crimes and cabarets, and girls in dishabille,
W on the lonely kitchen floor the mother murmured still—

"'Don't take my boy to the Talkies!
It's them that has poisoned the lad.
Don't let 'im talk through 'is nose, dear,
I'd sooner 'e went to the bad.
Don't let 'im talk like the Talkies, you see,
Why can't 'e speak the King's English like me?
'E tells me I ain't got no sex-urge,
And it's not that I mind the snub,
But I want my boy to be pu-ure,
So take 'im with you to the pub!

"The show was done, the boy said, Dad, I gotter kill tonight!
I feel the blood-lust in my bones? His father said, 'That's right!'
They robbed a passing postman then, and, right home again once more,
They murdered that poor woman, but she whispered through her gore—

Don't take my boy to the Talkies!
I told you it done 'im no good.
Now we'll be all in the papers
And all through that there 'Ollywood.
Tell the kind judge that the boy ain't to blame,
Ever since 'Broadway' 'e's not been the same.
'E told me' I'm Nobody's Baby,
And it's not that I mind the snub,
But I want my boy to be British,
So take 'im with you to the pub!'"

And this is only one of many delightfully humorous verses in the volume of nearly 500 pages. There are illustrations equally humorous. The one showing the mother on her knees, imploring her husband not to take her boy to the "Talkies" is worthy of John Held, Jr., so are the pictures for "Don't Be A Teetotaller, Daddy!" One is glad to see "Plain Jane; Or, The Bread-Winner," a tragedy for music, and "Two Gentlemen of Soho," a theme of modern life dressed in Shakespearean costume, included in the volume; nor would one willingly miss "Close-Ups," and "Don't Tell My Mother I'm Living in Sin; or, See What It Done to Me—(A song for the Society for the Suppression of Wickedness and Dancing)."

"Beside an empty barrel upon a foreign shore
There sat the wreck of a 'uman man,
A human man no more;
An opium pipe was in his hand,
He had not shaved for days,
The pack of cards that strewed the sand
The horrid truth displays,
When, 'Why,' says I, 'If that ain't Ned!'
He raised his bloodshot eyes and said:
'Don't tell my mother I'm living in sin,
Don't let the old folks know;
Don't tell my twin that I breakfast on gin.
He'd never survive the blow.

Promise you'll keep litttle Maggie from harm;
You'll have to take care with a girl of her charm;
Don't let her know about whiskey and 'snow,'
DON'T let her go to them clubs in Soho!
But tell the whole world of the ruin you see;
This is what comes of a night at tthe Embassy—
See what it done for me!"

The human wreck tells how he went to a night club; though he had never kissed a woman's hand until he was 24 he bought a photograph of an actress-girl—'The shame of it!' the sinner sighed."

Drink, women, drugs, revolvers, knives—
I took the downward track,
So here am I with seven wives,
And most of them are black!"

The Observer says that Mr. Herbert has made a very free version of "La Belle Helene"—the "operetta by Meilhac and Halevy, which was one of the successes of the Berlin theatre last season. Mr. G. W. Karngold is adapting the score."

No mention of Offenbach's music. One would think from the Observer's statement that Meilhac had written the libretto and Halevy the music. "Adapted the score!" What impertinence! And amusing as Mr. Herbert is, can he improve on the wit of the French librettist? What would one not give to see "La Belle Helene" again as it was performed by the early Gaiety French companies.

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tume, cabaret scenes, satirical skits, a comic chorus, animated tableaux inspired by paintings, little genre sketches, evocations of Russia's past, are among the elements of the show with which Mr. Yushny's troupe entertained its audience yesterday. A Slavic exuberance of color glowed from the beautiful costumes that abounded and from the suggestive backdrops which generally sufficed as scenic setting. And of course there was a "conferencier"—Mr. Yushny himself. He filled the role very much in the manner made familiar here by Mr. Balieff of the "Chauve Souris." Here was the same bland humor, the same demure, mock-deferential way of insinuating himself through the curtains, the same laborious and half-assumed struggles with the English language.

An overture, gaily Russian in character, opened the entertainment, the conductor, N. Gogotzky, directing the orchestra with head or momentarily disengaged hand from one of two pianos. The first scene—introduced like the rest by an amusingly irrelevant speech from Mr. Yushny—was "St. Petersburg, 1825." The curtain rose on a wintry scene dominated by a group of statuary, Catherine the Great at its summit. Enter and exit a night-watchman, singing; an elegantly dressed pair of lovers traverse the scene singing a love duet; three revellers stagger past singing a drunken song; a sentry makes an occasional appearance with wooden, absurdly stilted stride; the scene empty again, the statues sing, the night watchman is again seen and the episode is rounded to its close. In "The Bottle Stoppers," six enormous stoppers painted on a back-drop and surmounted by human faces stuck through the curtain are marked each with the name of a beverage—whiskey, vodka, Rhune wine, slivovitz, benedictine, vermouth. Each head is in character with its own drink; each sings a song; they join in chorus. In another scene a number of ladies seated in a salon sing airs from Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," the principal soprano very flat. Yet other pictures present the Volga Boatmen tugging hopelessly at an absolutely immovable barge—at least, no headway has been made at the fall of the curtain, though they have sung very beautifully, which, of course, is something; a Dance of the Boyars, very graceful and vigorous in picturesque costume; a pointed skit on Cossack choirs; a sextet of highly decorative washerwomen, who sing as they scrub and afterward dance off prettily with their baskets balanced on their heads and bearing large red umbrellas; a "souvenir of Switzerland," a pastoral scene in which mock mechanical figures—huntsman, nursemaid, woodcutters, etc., perform cleverly wooden evolutions and sing to the same rhythm; the "museum of the four cavaliers"—pseudo-terracotta musicians on four pedestals sing their serenade and then introduce an amusingly strident market women's quarrel to the music from Moussorgsky's "Pictures from an Exhibition." And so it continued, in a crescendo of excellence from a slightly inferior start, to end richly with the scene occupied by the whole company in the gaily-colored and sonorous "Easter in Russia."

The fairly large audience showed its keen enjoyment at every stage of the entertainment.

S. S.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"Tom Sawyer"

"Tom Sawyer," a dramatization by Paul Kester, in four acts and five scenes, of the novel by Mark Twain, entitled: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," staged by Katharine S. Brown and presented by the National Junior Theatre under the sponsorship of the Professional Players at the Plymouth Theatre, Saturday morning, with the following cast:

Tom Sawyer	Preston Dawson, Jr.
Huckleberry Finn	Cliffe Adams
Walter Potter	William Lovejoy
Muff Potter	Melvin Fox
Injun Joe	John Sheehe
Doctor Robinson	George Lee
Reverend Jonas Sprague	Richard Embach
Sheriff Jones	Arthur de Angelis
Judge Thatcher	Basil a Becket
Sid Sawyer	Ezra Stone
Alfred Temple	Morgan Delman
Joe Harper	Robert de Lany
Ben Rogers	William Keen
Mary Rogers	Mary Cullinan
Aunt Polly	Kate Conway
Mrs. Harper	Katherine Rolin
Widow Douglas	Dorothy Stewart
Becky Thatcher	Mary Rockner
Amy Lawrence	Nina De Angelis
Gracie Miller	Julie Stern

Children of all ages assisted by a scattering of their elders, had the time of their young lives at "Tom Sawyer" yesterday morning at the Plymouth

Theatre This marked the beginning of a new venture, sponsored by the Professional Players, the purpose of which is to supply worthwhile and interesting entertainment for the youngest generation of theatregoers. Five more plays will follow at three-week intervals. The National Junior Theatre, which has its headquarters in Washington, D. C., is a group of professional players, most of them youthful, who specialize in giving plays that children will enjoy. Their success at home, coupled with the enthusiasm with which they were received yesterday, augurs well for the reception of their productions to come. An audience of children is one of the most receptive, the most quickly and naturally responsive that there is, for they have no critical inhibition to overcome. They know if a play is interesting, humorous and exciting and there is little that escapes them. The immortal Mark Twain story, familiar to many of those present at the Plymouth Theatre, was welcomed both as an old friend and a new adventure.

Picking and choosing events from the novel to make a satisfactory and sufficiently comprehensive play could not have been easy, but Mr. Kester has produced a workmanlike piece in which humor and excitement are closely interwoven. Huckleberry Finn still advocates the use of a dead cat to cure warts, Tom gets his friends to pay him for whitewashing the fence, Sid tattles, Aunt Polly scolds, Becky Thatcher flirts and the old ladies gossip. The famous episodes fall into line, rambling a bit until the murder of Doctor Robinson by Injun Joe introduces drama and tragedy. The scenes shift from the village street, where Tom and Huck witness the murder under cover of night; to Aunt Polly's house, after the two scapegraces, accompanied by Joe Harper, run off to be pirates and are mourned as dead; thence to the island where they are hiding and where Muff Potter, hunted for murder and endeavoring to escape for the sake of his son, Walter, as well as for his own, is lured back by Injun Joe; finally to the village street before church, where the runaways are welcomed back and Muff Potter is cleared of suspicion by the testimony of Tom and Huck.

The next production, "A Kiss for Cinderella," will be given on November 21. —E. L. H.

CRUSHING THE EGGSHELL

By PHILIP HALE

Salomon Reinach is a learned man, a deep thinker, but he is surely mistaken when he traces the habit of crushing an eggshell, after a soft-boiled egg has been eaten, to primitive people who were snake worshippers. "As snakes were fond of eggs," he says, "it was considered disrespectful to leave an empty shell and so disappoint the family snake." All other well-informed persons have known that the shell should be crushed so that witches cannot sail in it, nor can they draw or prick on it the name of the person they wish to injure.

The early Italians believed that witches used shells for drinking. After the egg was eaten, the shell was crushed and thrown into a running stream.

If thou art a witch,
Go, O devil's daughter!
And be borne away
On the running water!

As for witches sailing in eggshells, they had the power to enlarge and diminish the shell at will. Miss Mellon, the actress, who became at last the Duchess of St. Albans, always made a little hole at the ends of the shell, "so that the witches might not find shelter there, otherwise they were permitted to haunt with an incubus the luckless wight who had eaten the contents without taking that salutary precaution."

Yet an egg may betray a witch, for if a man takes an Easter egg into church and looks about him, if there be any witches in the congregation he may know them by their having pieces of pork instead of prayer books in their hands, and milk pails on their heads for bonnets. But if there are incredulous persons who do not believe in witches and are not followers of the Rev. Montague Summers, they will perhaps accept M. Reinach's theory.

Whatever the origin of crushing the shell, the practice has been for years in France an exhibition of good manners. Claude Hardy translated Erasmus on etiquette in 1613. "To clean an eggshell with the fingernails or the thumb is absurd; to do it with the tongue is still more ridiculous; it can be done more decently with the knife."

In 1786 the poet Delille, dining with Marmontel, talked with him about table rules observed by well-bred persons. Delille spoke of a conversation he had had on this subject with the Abbe Cosson, professor of literature at the College Mazarin:

What do you do with your eggshell?

Like everybody, I leave it to the man that serves me.

Without breaking it?

Without breaking it.

But, my dear Sir, one never eats an egg without breaking the shell.

The great majority of Americans empty the egg or eggs into a glass and mix well with butter, pepper and salt. For this we are called by Europeans barbarians; the contents of the glass, a disgusting mess. But the tapping or cutting the top of the egg and the eating from the shell is a fine art. The unskilled may come to grief. How many in either case crush the shell unconsciously, or from fear of witchcraft?

JIM THE PEDLAR

The death of Josie Mansfield brought with it a store of anecdotes about "Jubilee" Jim Fisk, but little has been said about his early days, when he worked for Van Amberg of the famous menagerie and travelled with the show, which he left to be a pedler. There were many housewives in western Massachusetts and eastern New York in the late fifties and the early sixties who knew his gaudy cart, painted, varnished, splendid with polished brass, drawn often by four white horses. They remembered his cracking his whip, his stovepipe hat, his vivid blue necktie. Sometimes his pretty wife rode on the seat with him.

Women in Northampton said in the sixties that he was too polite; too persistent in pressing on them tinware, dry goods, whatnots; but they could not help admiring his whistling, for he was expert at the art that has recently and unjustly been decried. He could imitate birds, and whistle variations on hymn tunes. Is there anybody in Boston today who remembers Fisk when he was in the employ of Jordan & Marsh?

The reprinting of comments on his death would now be entertaining reading. There was much moralizing, some of it in the Pecksniffian manner. Perhaps the most striking comment was the cartoon by Frank Beard, representing Stokes putting a pistol to Fisk's body and turning to follow the beckoning Josie, while Satan stands grinning in the background. And there were some who sincerely mourned Jim's taking-off because he was always good to the poor. The Americans are a sentimental folk.

NOV 1931

A BAD EXAMPLE

By PHILIP HALE

The Prince of Wales, sojourning near the Spanish border, found that Spaniards dine late. Returning to London he follows the custom. "Private dinner parties which he gives, or are given in his honor, rarely begin before 10:15 P. M."

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, 11 A. M. was the usual dinner hour for ladies and gentlemen. On the farms it was high noon. Lady Lisle in 1533 wished her husband in her absence to dine at 10 of the clock. Princess Mary, afterwards queen, was ordered by her physician to dine between 9 and 10 A. M., and "so eschew the superfluous breakfast." At the end of the 16th century, commencement dinners at Oxford and Cambridge were between 3 and 4 P. M., though the daily dinner was at 12. Even in those days there were unpunctual guests, as there are in Boston today. The French ambassadress in 1555 complained bitterly that Lord Effingham, invited to dinner, kept her waiting till 12—and after all did not come at all. In the 18th century the dinner hour in London was a quarter past 12.

It has been said that the revolution as to dinner was "the greatest in virtue and value ever accomplished." It was the opinion of De Quincey that a nation must be barbarous, "neither could it have much intellectual business, which dined in the morning . . . of the rabid animal who is caught dining at noonday . . . we are entitled to say that he has a 'maw' (so has Milton's Death), but nothing resembling a stomach."

The dinner hour was more and more delayed. Two o'clock, once the fashionable hour, became 4 o'clock for very great persons. (See Cowper's poem on "Conversation.") After Waterloo, 6 was long the "fixed station in ordinary." A more festal dinner was appointed for 7, 8 or 9. There was then no record in London of any men habitually dining later than 10 P. M. Dinner was more and more associated with manners and graces; more and more needed "in its office of a great reaction."

But 10:15 P. M.? The Spaniards in their cities have been notorious night birds. They dine late; plays begin at the theatres when honest people are in bed. Why should the Prince of Wales, when he is not entertaining Spain's deposed king, set this bad example?

No doubt there will be some in Boston to follow it. There was a time in this city when the dinner hour even among our "best people" was at one or at two. Merchants and bankers sat down, dined leisurely, drank sufficiently, seldom returned to their offices. Men who in New England's smaller towns dined at 6 were thought to be putting on airs. The dinner bell, the dinner horn did not sound solely for farm-help. The horn was raucous; the bell was harsh and jangling—it is a wonder that Poe did not include it in his famous poem—not the bell that Calverly loved to hear:

But hark! a sound is stealing on my ear—
A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.
Its tinkling tells me that a time is near
Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.
O blessed Bell! Thou bringest beef and beer,
Thou bringest good things more than tongue can tell.

In these extravagant days, even 7:30 P. M. is thought too early by many. Eight, 8:30, even 9—and then some will be late—and there will be that tiresome standing with inconsequential, forced chatter until the last invited guest arrives—without apology, without excuse.

Better even a dish of herbs at 1 o'clock! Mr. Herkimer Johnson still wishes to sit down at 12:30—"Nine o'clock" brings troubled sleep, frightful dreams, gnashing of the teeth, and in the morning a furred tongue, an aching head, an indisposition to work, to walk, to read.

Would Instruct Against Confusion on Sidewalks

To the Editor of The Herald:

There should be painstaking instruction in the art of moving on Boston's sidewalks. There should be classes in day and night schools with practical demonstrations. Observe the throngs, say on Washington or Tremont street, between Bromfield and Boylston: how many of those sauntering or rushing along know the right from the left? There is confusion, made worse by those stopping to look at shop windows, or in doubt as to the number of an office building. Then there are those who block the way; women gossiping, heedless of those who would pass; the man who halts a friend in his mad rush, to milk his hand, and say: "Have you heard this one? Stop me if you have"; a double stoppage. Spinners of street-yarn; those wandering aimlessly as if in a field, others jostling, elbowing, pushing their way after the manner of women leaving Symphony hall on Friday afternoons; leaving the final orchestral number unheard in their haste for tea, cinnamon toast, a muffin or two and cake. Everywhere on the sidewalk strained anxious faces, feet trodden upon, shins kicked, futile haste.

Boston, Oct. 29. P. J. NOBLE.

RACHMANINOFF

At his recital in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon Sergei Rachmaninoff played the following program: Beethoven, Sonata, opus 81a (Les Adieux); Gluck-Pauer, Gavotte; Weber, Momento Capriccioso; Schumann, Etudes Symphoniques; Rachmaninoff, Variations sur un Theme de Corelli (new); Liszt, Etude Transcendante "Eroica," Harmonie du Soir, Tarantella Venezia e Napoli. The audience, it need hardly be said, was numerous enough to leave scarcely a seat vacant.

The work with which Mr. Rachmaninoff chose to open his program is exceptional among Beethoven's sonatas in having an authentic program title. The emotions conveyed—a little too obviously—by its three movements were inspired by the departure from Vienna of his patron and pupil, the Archduke Rudolph of Austria, as the French armies advanced on the city in 1809, and by his return a year and a half later. This is not exactly a heroic theme and despite the eloquence of the opening subject, both the sadness of the first two movements and the joyous elation of the third have more than a touch of the trivial in them. Yet it is good to hear the work played in public by a pianist of Mr. Rachmaninoff's stature; many another minor sonata should be heard occasionally and the Appassionata and Waldstein given a long rest. The performance was one to do fullest justice to the beauties of the music and to minimize as far as possible its shortcomings. Mr. Rachmaninoff's clean, strong, logical style—sensitive to beauty but never growing maudlin over it—enabled him to avoid all excess of languishing melancholy,

ough the temptation to it in the ieux" and "absence" movements is ost irresistible. The beauty of his asing was, as always, achieved by shading of tone and very discreet of rubato; never in the pleasures of moment did he lose sight of the ole structure.

tudes Symphoniques" had a simlconomy in the use of the nventionel expressive tricks. His ar, incisive tone, in which no er-use of the sustaining pedal alws overlapping harmonics to blur the lean, firm drawing, did not preclude boid and interesting differentiation style between one variation and the ext. Nor did it prevent such a revelaon of exquisite beauty as Mr. Rachaninoff's performance of the last of e variations—that which immediately recedes the finale. The crystalline urity with which the theme spoke over he murmuring harmonics of the bass was supremely expressive without any distortion of time or passionate exaggeration of dynamic contrasts.

The most interesting part of the concert, however, was the pianist's performance of his own new composition—his Variations on a theme by Corelli. The theme is the well-known "Follia," to which Corelli wrote a set of variations familiar to violinists. Mr. Rachmaninoff's new variations for the piano are a work of real importance in a form that has been little exploited of late. The combination of fecund and gifted composer and virtuoso of his instrument has here resulted in a set of variations that are interesting musically both as ingenious mutations of the original theme and in their own right, while many of them also are arresting as experiments in new pianistic brilliancies. Mr. Rachmaninoff does not join the current of contemporary evolution in music. The experiments of the younger composers of the day have left him untouched; he remains a romantic of an earlier generation. Yet among these Variations there are many evidences that the composer has advanced boldly enough in the direction of dissonance, though without leaving the path that the romantic harmonists trod. There is much here that is richly and movingly expressive, much that is highly original melodically and harmonically, a great deal that will intrigue pianists willing to tackle new problems. The work and the manner of its performance drew enthusiastic applause.

The shorter works that filled out the program, and the encores that supplemented it, were as brilliantly played.

S. S.

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony Orchestra, Thompson Stone, conductor, and Mr. and Mrs. Anton Witek, assisting artists, gave its second concert of this season yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: (Overture to "Leonore" No. 3) Beethoven; (Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra) Bach; (Impressions of Italy) Charpentier; (Swan of Tuonela) Sibelius; (Overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor") Nicolai.

The program, conventional though varied, gave the orchestra opportunity to exhibit those qualities which we expect an orchestra of high standing to possess. Ensemble, fluency, contrasts of tone and volume, may justly be predicated of this orchestra since the results of Mr. Stone's labors have been made explicit in the concert hall. Particularly in the Leonore Overture these assets were foremost. The strings have acquired a mellow and uniform character, and they attained in the opening legato bars of this overture a more than satisfactory effectiveness; the perfection of the performance was, however, hindered to some extent by a lack of control among the wind players.

Mr. Witek, concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from 1910 to 1918, and Mrs. Witek, played the Bach double violin concerto with assurance and ability. The emphatic rhythms of the first and last movements, and the full-toned, flowing progressions of the largo, were recognized and consummated by these two artists. The orchestra failed to reach the full significance of those characteristic tutti and solo alternations by which Bach affected tonal as well as quantitative contrasts.

Sibelius's "Swan of Tuonela," as conceived by Mr. Stone, was perhaps the culmination of yesterday's performance. Though it was interpreted with imagination, Mr. Stone succeeded in preserving certain properties of refinement not readily detected in the splendor of Sibelius's orchestral coloring. The Finnish composer's fondness of majestic scenes does not intercept his sensitiveness to tranquil nature.

The concert ended buoyantly with the overture to "Merry Wives of Windsor."

The next concert, on Sunday, Nov. 15, will be: (Overture to "Hebrides") and (Aria "Hear Ye Israel" from "Elijah") Mendelssohn; (Lengthening Shadows) Arthur Harris; (Aria "Depuis le Jour" from "Louise") Charpentier; (Valse de Fleur) Tschaikowsky, (Overture to "The Flying Dutchman") Wagner. Bianch Haskell, soprano, will assist.

J. H. F.

UPTOWN AND OLYMPIA

"The Cisco Kid"

An all-talking screen drama adapted by Alfred Cohn from the suggestion of a story by O'Henry; directed by Irving Cummings and presented by the Fox Film Corporation with the following cast:

The Cisco Kid	Warner Baxter
Sergt. Mickey Dunn	Edmund Lowe
Carmencita	Conchita Montenegro
Sally Benton	Nora Lane
Sheriff Tex Ransom	Frederick Burt
Enos Hankins	Willard Robertson
Dixon	James Bradbury, Jr.
Bouse	Jack Dillon
Lopez	Charles Stevens
Gordito	Chris Martin
Billy	Douglas Haig
Annie	Marilyn Knowlden

The Cisco Kid is riding again. At last accounts he was still at large, a free agent to pursue his adventurous course and in turn to be pursued by Sergt. Mickey Dunn of the U. S. cavalry. In this latest episode in his romantic career he again stops by the wayside frequently to make love to some emotional Mexican damsel, but always he is mistrustful of her sincerity and he keeps one eye on his horse and the horizon. His one great deed this time is to evince in practical fashion his gratitude to a young American widow who has nursed him back to health and manly vigor after one of Mickey Dunn's bullets had come so unpleasantly close as to crease his gun shoulder. Hankins, a mean, crafty banker, was about to foreclose and take over her ranch because she couldn't raise the $5000 needed to meet the mortgage. So the Kid, when he was able to ride and shoot again, ambled off to the bank and drew out the $5000 while his two faithful followers engaged in a shooting fracas which served as a smoke screen. The fact that the widow had been told of the Kid's reputation as bandit and outlaw did not cause her to refuse the gallant gift; nor did she question why and how he contrived to get it. One musn't ask too many pointed questions in these western melodramas.

When Mickey Dunn finally caught up with the Kid and disarmed him, it seemed that the final chapter was about to be written. But when he learned about the Kid's chivalrous action, and realized that he would not have been cornered had he not turned back to make sure that Annie, the widow Benton's little daughter, had not been injured as he was making his get-away, Mickey returned the Kid's gun, stamped hardily on his visions of a $5000 reward, and gruffly ordered him to beat it. All of which implies that there will be at least another Cisco Kid picture, in which probably the Kid will save Mickey's life and square the account.

Mr. Baxter loves this role, as is obvious through his many close-ups and his monopoly of all the best lines. He still counts off grandly the five names which constitute his full cognomen. He rides recklessly and he makes love in poetic phrases accompanied by a great flashing of white teeth and piercing black eyes. His sense of humor is unimpaired. He has all the qualities of a lovable rogue. Mr. Lowe again plays second fiddle. His Mickey Dunn is a boastful, happy-go-lucky soldier, fond of his barroom beer and of anything in skirts. Miss Montenegro gives a spirited performance as the Mexican girl. Miss Lane as the widow has too colorless a part to make her screen debut distinctive. The two juveniles, Douglas Haig and Marilyn Knowlden, are delightful, especially little Marilyn. The settings of course are picturesque and often entrancing.

W. E. G.

RKO KEITH-BOSTON

"The Tip-Off"

A screen comedy drama adapted by Earl Baldwin from the story by George Kibbe Turner; directed by Alfred Rogell and presented by RKO-Pathe with the following cast:

Tommy	Eddie Quillan
Kayo McClure	Robert Armstrong
Baby Face	Ginger Rogers
Edna	Joan Peers
Nick Vatelli	Ralf Harolde
Pop Jackson	Charles Sellon
Swanky	Mike Donlin
Slug	Ernie Adams
Joe	Jack Herrick
Miss Waddums	Cupid Ainsworth

To say that "The Tip-Off," a comedy which concerns itself chiefly with gangsters, is both amusing and totally unsubversive of children's tastes, may sound odd, yet such is the case. The film is unpretentions, frankly built for entertainment purposes with no sermons or glorifications of the underworld attached, praise be, and thanks to the swift pace with which it was directed by Al Rogell and the engaging quality of the acting throughout, it becomes a genuinely laughable and occasionally exciting affair. The plot developments are not unexpected and the numerous escapes of the hero from impending destruction are due more to providence and a thick-skulled prize fighter than to any intelligence of his own, but while watching the antics of Robert Armstrong and Eddie Quillan it fis needless to become overcritical.

Tommy, an enthusiastic young radio repair clerk, sent to fix the set of Kayo McClure, a middleweight championship contender, tries to flirt with Kayo's girl, Baby Face. Kayo returns suddenly, closely followed by his crooked manager, Nick Vatelli, and the latter's gang, all set to beat him up because he wouldn't throw a fight. Tommy saves Kayo by some quick thinking and a loud speaker. Kayo shows his gratitude by swearing eternal friendship and giving him a ticket to the East Side Dane Club. Here Tommy incurs Nick's wrath by dancing with Edna, his girl friend, and later by taking her away through the window when Nick tries to put him on the spot. They spend the night in Kayo's apartment, but in the morning Edna disappears, fearful of Nick's vengeance on Tommy. Weeks late, Tommy reads that she is to marry Nick, finds out where the wedding is to be from Kayo and sets off to the rescue. Kayo follows, with a gun in his pocket. There is a grand fight all over the roadhouse ending with Kayo and Tommy victorious over apparently insuperable odds. Nick shoots Tommy, to be sure, but not seriously and is in turn fatally plugged by the police. The film ends with Tommy and Edna at the altar while Kayo and Baby Face, now Mrs. McClure, weep sentimentally in the front pew.

The acting honors go pretty conclusively to Robert Armstrong, who makes an immensely ingratiating figure as the thick-witted, kind-hearted fighter, whose feet were tender, but whose heart was in the right place. He puts up a good show as a scrapper, and his comedy scenes with Ginger Rogers, as the intelligent, wise-cracking but attractive Baby Face, are delightful. Eddie Quillan is just right for the role of the impulsive Tommy, and Joan Peers makes the persecuted damsel attractive. Ralf Harolde snarls effectively as the revengeful Vitelli, and the rest are satisfactory.

Estelle Taylor, the well known screen actress, is appearing in person on the stage and offers a program of new songs and song stories.

E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"The Road to Reno"

A screen drama adapted by Josephine Lovett from the story by Virginia Kellogg; directed by Richard Wallace and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Mrs. Jackie Millet	Lilyan Tashman
Tom Wood	Charles Rogers
Lee Millet	Peggy Shannon
Jerry Kenton	William Boyd
Robert Millet	Irving Pichel
Mrs. It-Rich	Wynne Gibson
Hoppie	Skeets Gallagher
Jeff Millet	Tom Douglas
Elsie Kenton	Judith Woods
Mrs. Stafford-Howes	Leni Stengel
Andre	Emil Chautard

What may have been hopefully conceived as a stinging assault on divorce in general and on the currently popular and populous divorce-mill at Reno, Nev., turns out to be a perplexing mixture of farce and melodrama. It has been mounted sumptuously and directed with an eye to swift pace. It is performed by a cast which might be designated as typed, with one glaring error, that of asking Miss Tashman, a resourceful comedienne, to be serious in the role of Mrs. Jackie Millet. Mrs. Jackie, third or fourth legalized spouse of a successful mining engineer, is about to entrain for Reno. She is through with marriage, she says. Her husband accepts the situation philosophically. Her son, Jeff, upbraids her, stands with his generous stepfather. He drinks some, has no job. The daughter, Lee, back from boarding school, decides to accompany her mother.

On the train she meets Tom Wood, a scowling serious youngster en route to the coast to seek a berth, by mere coincidence that of a mining engineer. Incipient love between the two is sidetracked when Lee, playing with fire, flirts with Kenton, who with Mrs. Kenton, is at Reno for the same purpose—divorce. Kenton, a despicable parasite, plays up to Mrs. Jackie after he finds that a princely settlement accompanies her decree. It is the distraught Mrs. Kenton, still loving the fellow, who throws a monkeywrench into the works by notifying Millet of what is going on. He sends Jeff to Reno; and when the son fails to bring his mother to reason he shoots Kenton, at the very altar, and then turns the gun on himself. Tom and Lee meantime have quarreled and made up, and are about to sail for Burmah, where a position awaits Tom. Mrs. Jackie is supposed to point the moral by confessing that she has ruined her own life and by urging her daughter to be loyal to her Tom.

Mr. Pichel, who has the least to do, is the best actor of the group. Miss Shannon and Mr. Douglas are very much in earnest, and Mr. Rogers tries to be very manly indeed. Mr. Boyd earns all the hisses the audience mentally accords him, and Miss Gibson contributes an amusing bit as a constant inebriate.

A companion picture is "The Honor of the Family," directed by Lloyd Bacon and produced by First National. This is the screen version of the stage play in which Otis Skinner trouped up and down the land many seasons ago. Warran Williams now has the role of the rascally but picturesque Bridau, who thwarts a conspiracy by an actress to trick an aged nobleman out of his wealth. Bebe Daniels plays the part of the actress, Flora Brazier, now become Laura, the role which Percy Haswell created back in 1907. It is an ancient theme, scarcely susceptible to modernization. Audiences of today are not interested in Napoleonic backgrounds; and they prefer Bebe Daniels in something of lighter and more jocund texture.

W. E. G.

MISUSED "SHE"

A New Jersey commuter tells how, hearing a school bell, he exclaimed, half absentmindedly, "There she is," whereupon his daughter, who is in the third grade and ought to know, corrected him by saying, "There it is."

A clock is "she" for many countryfolk and the domestic servants from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The feminine gender is given to other inanimate objects; not alone to a vessel. Sir Walter Scott gives examples. In "The Pirate" some one speaks of his fowling-piece: "She will put a hundred swan-shot through a Dutchman's cap at eighty pieces." Mr. Venus in "Our Mutual Friend" says of a kettle, "She'll bile in a couple of minutes." In Lincolnshire (Eng.) dialect "she" and "her" are used for many things, as an oven, a pianoforte, a church bell. (Perhaps this New Jersey commuter is of a Lincolnshire family.)

The soul, a city, a country, an army have been and are "she" to many. Dean Stanley ridiculed the habit of personifying the church as a woman; and speaking of it tenderly as "she." There's the moon. Caxton in the 15th century spoke of the sun as "she"—as it is in German and Flemish. To some a tree is "she," as is a river, a railway train.

Fortunately for the great majority there is not a general distribution in English of genders among inanimate objects. Foreigners struggling with our language are spared this stumbling block. What would they make of this remark in the "Legend of Montrose": "'And here she comes,' said Donald, as Capt. Dalgetty entered the hall"?

COLONIAL THEATRE

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

By PHILIP HALE

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow," a play in three acts and nine scenes by Philip Barry, was produced at Washington, D. C., on Jan. 5, 1931; New York, Henry Miller's Theatre, Jan. 13 of this year: Gail Redman, Harvey Stephens; Eve Redman, Zita Johann; Ella, Marie Bruce; Nicholas Hay, Herbert Marshall; Samuel Gillespie, Osgood Perkins; Jane, Adele Schuyler; Walter Burke, John T. Doyle; Christian Redman, Drew Price; Mary, Eileen Byron; Miss Frazer, Mary Elizabeth Forbes; Miss Blake, Alice McIntosh. Staged and presented by Gilbert Miller; settings by Aline Bernstein. The cast last night:

Gail Redman	Harvey Stephens
Eve Redman	Zita Johann
Ella	Marion Willard
Nicholas Hay	Glenn Anders
Samuel Gillespie	John Eldredge
Jane	Frances Higgins
Walter Burke	John T. Doyle
Christian Redman	John Jordan
Mary	Laura Straub
Miss Frazer	Mary Elizabeth Forbes
Miss Blake	Alice MacIntosh

The moral of this play seems to be as follows: If a brilliant physician, lecturing in an Indiana college town, is the guest of an honest fellow, whose wife is bored; if this physician falls in love with her and gives her the child she longs for, he should return some years afterwards to save that child, supposed by the husband to be his, from a dangerous sickness. Then the lovers should part to meet no more; with the husband happy in his wife, devoted to the little boy, blissfully unconscious of the tragedy that has quietly been enacted.

Mr. Barry has said that he found the idea of this play in the story of theh prophet Elisha and the woman of Shunem. She and her husband entertained the holy man. The husband was old; the woman was childless. Elisha promised her a son. A son was born. That was miracle number one. When the boy was grown he fell sick in the reaping field and died. Elisha was summoned. He brought the boy to life. Miracle number two. But no rabbin, no Christian commentator on the Book of Kings has ever hinted that Elisha, or Gehazi (Gillespie in the play) was the father of the boy. Here the resemblance between the man of God and the distinguished physician ceases. Yet this difference makes Mr. Barry's play.

Eve is an artistic, unoccupied woman, living in a small town. It is her great grief that she is childless. She cannot reproach herself for any physical disability. Her husband, good man, keen

in business, fond of horses, begs her to be patient. Hay, seeing her, feels that she is unhappy. He talks to her intimately. At last he declares his love. He is to leave that night. It is late, the moon is high. The two go into the garden. The scene is treated delicately. The poet Horace did not believe that Medea should be seen on the stage slaying her children. Eve—she is rightly named—and Nicholas are not seen wildly embracing.

The boy is afraid of horses. This grieves Redman. The boy falls while hunting; his life is threatened. Eve hears over the radio Nicholas lecturing. He had promised to return to her if there were need. She telephones to him, while the radio sounds a merry ditty. Here is the most obviously dramatic scene in the play: human, and "good theatre." The child is saved. Redman is so happy with his wife and the boy that Eve cannot force herself to go with the eminent physician. And what would become of the boy? To take him with them would kill the husband. Eve remains to carry out the lie.

This subject might easily have been treated in a repulsive manner. Even as Mr. Barry has handled it, the subject is not nobly tragic, nor would it be to many agreeable. Sympathy goes out to the husband, a fine, manly, good-looking fellow, worshipping his wife even if he could not talk fluently of Shakespeare and the musical glasses; even if he had not succeeded in bringing a boy or a girl into the world. Eve was impatient. All he asked for was time.

The physician is well drawn, sure of himself, at first wondering what sort of country folk his host and hostess were to be; surprised and charmed with Eve, then infatuated. But would the accomplished lecturer, who had seen many women, have been so easily swept off his feet? He is represented as a man of culture and breeding. Would he have wholly forgotten the husband, in his madness for the wife? Would he have played the cad? Eve is eager for a child, we repeat. Would she have welcomed one from the well set up, famous doctor, if she had not loved him? Who knows? The child was the thing. The agent might have been unimportant. When she knew she was bearing the hoped-for one, she fainted when her husband was to consult the superintendent of a foundling home. Perhaps then the child was secondary.

The play is adroitly constructed; the lines are natural, not too lyrical in the love scenes, not too deliberately realistic. They express the natures of the characters; yet the first act is only one long exposition.

The performance was in the main admirable. Mr. Anders at times was not easily understood—thick voiced, almost unintelligible in lines that were of the lesser weight; in lighter moments, as in the first entrance to the house, he revealed the professional side of Hay's character; with Eve he was the understanding friend, then lover. Of Miss Johann it may be said that she made Eve reasonable in her unreasonableness. There are women like her. The Lord pity the man that weds her! Mr. Stephens was wholly the man. The others were wholly adequate.

A large audience applauded heartily at the end.

PLYMOUTH

"The House Beautiful"

"The House Beautiful," a play in three acts by Channing Pollock; produced by Crosby Gaige at the Court Square Theatre, Springfield, Mass., March 2, 1931, and at the Apollo Theatre, New York, March 10; performed last evening at the Plymouth Theatre with the following cast:

Guy Stayton ..... Roy Gordon
Elbert Baxter ..... Raymond Walburn
Archibald Davis ..... James Bell
Jennifer Davis ..... Mary Phillips
Hulda ..... Helen Namur
Nina Baxter ..... Jane Seymour
Dr. Brink ..... Sydney Riggs
Sam Dreyer ..... Lionel Stander
Martha Wiley ..... Gladys Thornton
Vivian Baxter ..... Virginia Curley
Richard Davis ..... Joe McGarrity
Richard Davis ..... Jack Easton

Mr. Pollock delights in talking and writing about common, every-day folks, about Mr. Average Man. It is a harmless pastime, and doubtless it gives him, and has given him for these many years, pleasure and profit in abundance. Yet one is inclined to wonder at Mr. Average Man's reaction toward "The House Beautiful." Would he reach out with a friendly gesture of his left hand, to pat Mr. Pollock on the shoulder for a beautiful idea and some very fine thoughts and speeches; and would he be moved at the same instant to "sock him one" with his free fist, for giving voice through stage puppets to sentiment so sophomoric that not even the earnestness of his two chief spokesmen can gloss over their banality. If Mr. Pollock had chosen to write his play in straightforward fashion, without tableaux of knights in shining armor, without fanfares from hidden trumpeters—even without resort to the late David Belasco's theatrical subterfuge in "The Return of Peter Grimm," he might have set his fame on more solid ground.

The action covers a period of 30 years. It centres in West Hills, N. J., and lapses of time are indicated by darkness and the ticking of a clock which last night did not start to tick until 8:40. Archie Davis, a funny little bond salesman, and his bride, Jennifer, buy a house lot from a high-pressure realtor, Elbert Baxter. They have a small amount saved, but they are brave, they have simple tastes, they have each other. So the house is built; and the years bring a son, Richard, who despite a serious accident which Mr. Pollock attempts neither to describe or to explain when the next scene shows the lad erect and strong, becomes an uncertain factor in the parental scheme of things. Instead of entering Yale he prefers an abrupt marriage with Vivian Baxter. While his father is being elected mayor by "a landslide of nine votes" he prepares himself for a partnership in the real estate business with Elbert Baxter. Guy Stayton, who would have liked to marry Jennifer and who was unscrupulous and therefore in a fair way to become a millionaire, tried to swing young Richard over to a scheme which would have brought him some money though it defeated Archie's idealistic championship of the zoning laws of the city, Richard, hesitant, finally voted with his father, who promptly died from physical exhaustion. He was too finely tempered. He became, as Jennifer put it, "just one of the millions of poor, tired, shabby Archies; doing their job—the unknown soldiers of the world."

There after, Jennifer stayed on in the house beautiful, though Richard and Vivian would raze the "old shack" and substitute a gay little park for the town's children to play in. She sat in her chair, back to back with faithful Hulda, the tall, gaunt servant; saw a vision of Archie in shining armor, like Sir Galahad in her favorite picture. He called to her; and she, tired, arose and went to him. Life to her had been "beautiful and grand, and romantic," though she and Archie had not been away from that house in all the 30 years.

Miss Phillips cloaked Jennifer with a simplicity and sincerity which for the greater part the dramatist encouraged and, at exasperating moments, nearly punctured with his overzealous efforts to preach a sugary moral. Mr. Bell, of features sharply suggestive of the David Warfield we knew a score of years ago, seemed the better able to keep Archie on firm ground, revealing him as a loyal lover, husband, father, to whom tribulation and disappointment were things ordained, who could note with naive humor the ironic phases of his commonplace existence. Miss Namur as Hulda, Miss Thornton as the uncompromising citizeness, Martha Wiley, and Mr. Walburn as the volatile Baxter who sought opulence, excitement and finally divorce from the woman who had helped him in the lean years, were excellent. The others seemed content as exponents of the old school of melodrama which now seems crude and unfinished. A large audience applauded Mr. Pollock when he was at his dramatic best, and yawned a bit when he was at his allegorical worst.

W. E. G.

KARL KRAEUTER

Karl Kraeuter, violinist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall before an audience of good size. His program was as follows: Sonata for violin and piano, opus 18 (Richard Strauss); Adagio and Fugue (from Solo Sonata, G minor) (J. S. Bach); Concerto in A minor, opus 82 (Glazounow); La fille aux cheveux de lin, minstrels (Debussy); Gwendolyn, Kaleidoscope (Karl Kreuter), Scherzo-Tarantelle (Wieniawski), Carroll Hollister was the excellent accompanist.

Mr. Kraeuter, who hails from Columbus, O., has studied under Franz Kneisel in New York. He revealed himself last night to be a violinist of marked technical proficiency and notable elegance of style. He produced from his instrument a flowing tone of beautiful quality, most often of rather light and silken texture, but at times expanding into a fine breadth and growing warmly expressive; his execution in rapid passages was exceedinly fluent and easy.

In Strauss's early violin sonata, with which he opened his concert, both the characteristic merits and the equally characteristic weaknesses of Mr. Kraeuter's interpretive style became apparent. The natural and very pleasing grace of his phrasing carries with it a certain lack of strength and decision, a deficiency in significant emphasis—despite the very evident intelligence that directs his playing. The defect accentuated the essential unimportance, for all its facile charm and consummately finished workmanship, of the sonata—particularly of its ingratiating first movement; the second, the "Improvisation," is only too obviously cheap and sentimental, and it is beyond the power of any human fiddler to disguise the fact; the finale, with its brooding opening and brilliant close is better Strauss, and was better Kraeuter also.

This frequent lack of stylistic vigor affected adversely his playing of two movements from Bach's unaccompanied sonata in G minor. The Adagio became somewhat amorphous, the Fugue, however smoothly and clearly he played it, somehow failed to rouse interest. Similarly he allowed the rst movement of Glazounov's concerto to become limly querulous and droopingly morbid. And yet, in a vigorous movement Mr. Kraeuter showed that he could rise healthily to the spirit of the occasion, as he did, brilliantly, in Wieniawski's Scherzo-Tarantella.

Of two of the violinist's own compositions the first, "Gwendoline," was an effort to dignify an unusually commonplace piece of salon music by a few farfetched modulations. The second, "Kaleidoscope," was more interesting as an effective little study in melodic and rhythmic eccentricity.

Mr. Kraeuter was very warmly applauded.

S. S.

FINE ARTS

"Corte d'Assise"

An Italian dialogue film with English subtitles; directed by Ugo Brignone and presented by Cines-Pittaluga with the following cast:

Baroness Astorri ..... Marcella Albani
The chief justice ..... Luigi Carini
The baron's forest guard ..... Carlo Ninchi
Reporter of the Echo ..... Renzo Ricce
Fiance of the baroness's sister .. Elio Steiner
Baron Astorri ..... Giovanni Cimara
The baroness's butler ..... Vasco Creti

The novelty on the double feature bill at the Fine Arts Theatre, which began yesterday noon, is "Corte d'Assise," roughly translated as "Before the Jury." The second and more striking presentation is "Lost Gods," a record of County Byron Khun de Prorok's excavations in the prehistoric cities lying in and around the Sahara desert. "Corte d'Assise" is a very complicated, rather clumsily photographed story of a mysterious murder, and its only novelty lies in the unusual circumstance that the person accused of the killing turns out to be the one who really did it. If this film is a fair sample of its kind, Italian dialogue pictures are still in their infancy. There is a superabundance of close-ups, a plethora of conversation and an obvious lack of resource in the camera work. The actors, capable enough, seem unsure of themselves before the microphone and have been awkwardly photographed.

A certain rich banker is found shot to death in his garden and suspicion falls on one of his foresters, supposedly jealous of the baron's attentions to his sister-in-law. Various strange bits of evidence come up during the course of the trial, chiefly through the instrumentality of an observant reporter for the Echo del Mondo. A missing key, discovered in the baron's rifled strong box, a peculiar brand of cigarette dropped near the body, fragments of a letter dropped in the baron's fireplace and only half-burned—these clues presently bring into the plot the Baroness Astorri, whose picture was stolen from the baron's room. Under cross-examination she confesses to the shooting, after recounting the manner in which the deceased had attempted to force her to become his mistress in order to shield certain forgeries of her brother's. The jury and the suspects are taken to the scene of the crime, where a reconstruction of the action makes it evident that Baroness Astorri has confessed falsely. Eventually, after her brother commits suicide, the forester admits the shooting and is sentenced to 20 years in prison. The best acting is that offered by Luigi Carini as the chief justice, by Renzo Ricce as the Echo reporter, and by the prosecuting and defending lawyers, who are not named on the program. Marcella Albani is beautiful but wooden.

"Lost Gods," seen here all too briefly a year ago, is an extraordinarily interesting film, showing in detail the remarkable discoveries of buried cities made by Count Prorok on his two-year tour of Egypt and the neighborhood of the Sahara desert. Among the places explored were the site of Carthage, the eight layers of ruins that make up all that is left of the city of Utica, the Cro-Magnon caves and a weird city built of salt and mud. The climax of the film is the opening of the tomb of the white ancestress of the Touareg tribes, a race of desert tribesmen of fierce and warlike disposition. The men are veiled, the women are not, but the strangest thing of all is that they are obviously of Caucasian descent and carry swords resembling those used centuries ago by the Crusaders.

E. L. H.

Nov 4 1931

HARRIETTE CLARK PRICE

A song recital was given last night in Jordan hall by Harriette Clark Price, contralto. The program was as follows: Peri,, Invocazione di Orfeo. Handel, Furibondo, spira il Vento from "Partenope." Gluck, Divinitcs du Styx from "Alceste." Brahms. Wie Melodien zieht es mir,, Meine Liele ist gruen. Immer leiser wird mein Schlunimer. Wolf, Das verlassene Maedalein Er ist's. Poldowski, Spleen, Koechlin, Si tu le veux. Di Veroli, L'Adieu rose, Bonjour, Suzon, Mednikov. The Hills of Gruzia. Bantock, The Island of Pines. E. Martin, Harp of the Woodland. M. Davidson, A Christmas carol. Rhea, Silberta, Aylia, Dancer of Kashmir.

Edoardo Sacerdote was the accompanist.

As winner of the contest conducted by the Society of American Musicians, Miss Price is to appear this season with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Her voice is a pleasing one, of rather bright mezzo-soprano rather than contralto quality. It is of ample breadth and volume, as she was able to demonstrate in Peri's majestic Invocation of Orpheus, with which she opened her concert. The force and conviction which she put into her delivery of the air were commendable. Yet signs of force were often audible also where no force should have been detected—in the throat. Miss Price was too frequently tempted into the use of excessive effort, nor was her vocal apparatus always as free and as calm as might have been exepected in a singer singled out for honor. Had it been so, her dramatically effective singing of Handel's vigorous air, with its elaborate fioriture, might have been more satisfactory technically.

In all that Miss Price did, it was evident that the mood and the meaning of her songs had been carefully considered and kept in mind. An intelligent differentiation of style was achieved, in harmony with their contrasting character. "Atmosphere" and intensity of feeling—prime necessities in song interpretation—were not absent. Yet the neglect of so prosaic a detail as accuracy in the pronunciation of her foreign texts—particularly the German—did much to defeat her efforts to create illusion. The pathos of "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer," for instance, could not easily survive the comic effect of hearing the words "Niemand wacht," pronounced "Niemand wascht."

Miss Price's voice was most delightful to the ear when, as in Brahm's "Wie Melodien," she used it lightly and with flowing grace. In this song a lapse of memory caused her to skip a section and end sooner than she had intended. Its brilliance in Wolf's "Er ist's," its delicacy and beauty in the songs of Poldowski and Koechlin, its sprightliness in Manlio di Veroli's "Bonjour, Suzon" were very pleasing. The stark simplicity of Mednikov's "Hills of Gruzia," Granville Bantock's inevitable excursion into pseudo-Chinese song-writing, the conventional raptures of Easthope Martin, the pseudo-orientalism of Rhea Silberta's song, each in its own way was made effective by Miss Price's absorbed efforts.

The audience accorded her hearty applause. Flowers were much in evidence, and encores were rendered.

S. S.

Nov 5 1931

JOSEF ALEXANDER

Josef Alexander, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. An audience much larger than is usually found at such concerts was in attendance. The following was Mr. Alexander's program:

Pastorale (Scarlatti); Rondo (Hummel); Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel (Brahms); Scenes from Childhood (Mompou); (Shouting in the street—Play in the Square—Play—Play—Young Girls in the Garden); Poeme, Etude E major, Etude, D sharp minor (Scriabine); Twenty-four Preludes (Chopin); Naila (Delibes-Dohnanyi).

From a former recital Mr. Alexander is remembered as a vigorous and facile young pianist. In last night's almost too substantial program he showed that he has made notable progress toward greater mastery of technique and, perhaps, to a slightly smaller extent, of style. The qualification as to style is prompted largely by Mr. Alexander's playing of the earlier music that headed his program, and particularly by his restless, indecisive, and jerky rendering of Scarlatti's "Pastorale." But he fared much better with the rest of his composers. His bold and vigorous style, his solid technique, served him well in the Brahms-Handel variations. A florid and romantic warmth and an ability to evoke impressively sonorous outburusts from his instrument were appropriate to the two Etudes by Scriabine and to the more strenuous of the Chopin preludes.

He did not over-sentimentalize those preludes which only too easily lend

mselves to such treatment, though played them sensitively, in general h excellent taste.

He played with pleasing delicacy npou's fresh and charming "Scenes m Childhood"—piquant little pieces tinctively yet not conventionally nish in character—and brought a liant close to his concert with an rgetic, technically secure, and yet ceful performance of Dohnanyi's wy transcription of Deslibes' unpretious tunes.

Mr. Alexander was rewarded with exmely enthusiastic applause.

S. S.

WAITRESSES

There are more than 10,000 waitresses in restarants of Peiping, or Pekin, as that huge city s once known. Owners of 300 shops and nks complain that their waitresses have "enanted" thousands of poorly paid clerks and esmen. These waitresses are blamed for a ge number of embezzlements—no doubt unly. The employers would have men only to nd and wait.

Take the case of a young or even middle-aged an, practically alone in Boston; no family, no ends in town; no desire to make chance nale acquaintances in dance hall, night club cinema. What wonder if he welcomes the portunity of saying a few words to a waitress d hearing a woman's voice?

It matters not whether she be plain or pretty. erely taking his order for food, she shows an erest in him. If he sits habitually at her ble, the conversation gradually takes a wider nge. The maternal instinct is dormant in arly every woman; she begins to be interested his life, his employment, his aspirations.

Unconsciously, she begins to mother him. She ay even betray her boss by advising him to un soft-boiled eggs for breakfast; "you'd bet have 'em scrambled." She has no desire to rt with him; he respects her, for he may have ought an exalted idea of womanhood from his llage, or he may be painfully shy. If she hints a "movie" or a "talkie"—which word is the ore horrid?—he does not feel obliged to enurage her; he may even sit at another table.

His pride is not hurt if she mutters "tightd." He looks upon her as an exceptional case, d is disappointed. Least of all does he conmplate matrimony. He wishes to talk, if only bout the weather, with a woman, for it is not sy for him to be admitted into the family life en of the humblest; nor does he dream of ceiving an invitation to Boston's court balls d assemblies.

A male waiter would look on him only a nother at table and a possible tip. The mal aiter is seldom sympathetic except for a con deration, then his sympathy is forced, per nctory, short-lived.

If it is so in any large city of the United tates, why should it not be so in Peiping?

nov 6. 1931

SWASTIKA STRING QUARTET

The Swastika string quartet of Philadelphia (Gama Gilbert, Benjamin Sharlip, Max Aronov and Orlando Cole), appearing for the first time in Boston, gave a concert last night in Jordan hall. They played the following program: Haydn, Quartet in D major, Opus 20, No. 4; Dohnanyi, Quartet in D flat major, Opus 15; Turina, L'Oracion del torrero; Wolf, Italian Serenade.

This quartet of young native Philadelphians, trained at the Curtis Institute and proveded with magnificent instruments from the collection of that opulent institution, made an exceedingly favorable impression last night. In the three seasons of its existence it has already succeeded in combining a high degree of precision and balance with a verve and brilliance that might easily have sacrificed to those qualities. The delicate virtuosity of the players, the almost invariable beauty of their tone both individually and in ensemble, the vitality of their rhythm, the lively intelligence of their phrasing, make the new organization one to be watched with interest.

In the first movement of the Haydn quartet with which the concert opened there were, it is true, some obvious flaws—imperfections of intonation that reappeared, though rarely, here and there at other moments during the concert—and some traces of raggedness in the strands of the contrapuntal fabric, a fault which was not again noticed during the evening. But in the rich euphony of the Adagio and in the vivacious, spirited rhythm of the Minuetto and Presto the players showed their mettle.

Still more in Dohanyi's beautiful quartet in D [illegible] reveal high qualities. The lovely theme of the Andante that is its introduction, the richly ingenious, almost symphonic allegro with which it is later interwoven, the darkly strangely menacing Presto Acciacato that serves as scherzo, the passionately beautiful finale with its ultimate soaring exaltation, to all these the playeing did the fullest justice.

Turina's "La oracion del torero" was written originally for four lutes and retains some suggestion of the guitar-like character of that instrument. The pieces has some tonal effects that are charming — the mysteriously delicate harmonics of its opening chords, for example. Its melodic idiom and its harmonic scheme are faintly Spanish in flavor. As a whole it was fluent, pleasant but unimportant music.

Nor is Hugh Wolf's "Italian Serenade" —though it is popular in Europe in its original orchestral dress—a work of any great intrinsic interest today. But it is characteristic of its composer by the individual tang that is given in it to the graceful and slightly commonplace Italian popular rhythms and tunes that are its material. As a quartet, however, the serenade suffers from a uniformity of tone color that may not mar the orchestral version.

The performance of these two works with which the concert ended, was fluent, but it was in Dohnanyi that the Swastika Quartet had reached the height of its powers, and that performance will be most willingly remembered. The audience responded cordially to the excellence and future promise of the visitors.

S. S.

nov 7 1931

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

The program of the fourth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall, was as follows: Lorelli, suite arranged by Pinelli from movements in opus 5; Sibelius, Symphony No. 4 A minor; Rimsky-Korsakov, "Scheherazade."

The fourth symphony is strangely different in character from those that precede and follow it. Was Sibelius experimenting, endeavoring to strike out a new path? Was he dissatisfied with the result? When it was performed in New York 18 years ago, Mr. Henderson, the most sympathetic of those reviewing the symphony thought that Sibelius had "parted company with himself and joined the futurists." One of the critics went so far as to describe the work as "inconsequential as the ravings of a drunken man." This was an absurd opinion, for, whatever may be said of the symphony, it is not "inconsequential"; it was planned deliberately; one might say, from the lack of emotional quality, planned in cold blood.

Of course Mrs. Newmarch and others who have written much about Sibelius, see him, working in a "hoary forest," or by a rushing rapid, with wild winds tossing his hair. Would not Sibelius have written the symphony in the same manner if he had been on a Scottish moor or in the Black Forest? Did he not write what was clamoring within him to be out, irrespective of land, sea, climate? There are some who find "Finland" stamped on every page of his "absolute" music; they attribute the sternness, the melancholy to the "bleak" landscape, sea-gulls screaming over the gray wastes; but travellers in Finland have assured us that they have seen there delightful, smiling landscapes. Is it not reasonable to suppose that this symphony is the expression chiefly of the mood in which Sibelius happened to be at the time? And that mood, one of artistic curiosity—the effort was to leave the orthodox highway—to work only on music without associations; the expression of his own mood at the time of writing.

Perhaps there was an argument in his mind. Perhaps he had been hearing "Parsifal," for there are times in the symphony when one is reminded of Amfortas with his complaining voice. Not that Sibelius was obliged to borrow phrases; but the mood of the composer and that of the wounded knight are at times alike. There is also the suggestion of similar harmonic and orchestral, but not melodic expression.

The thematic material is for the most part cool, contemplative, often fragmentary, or purposely incomplete. The melancholy that drips from the pages is almost without relief. Nor does one find the symphony of "baffling simplicity," as a London reviewer found it ten years ago. The "simplicity" was carefully contrived. There is little real beauty, frank or subtle—there is little that impresses by loftiness of thought, or nobility of expression. There is prevailing sobriety. Sibelius might say: "That is the way I felt when I wrote it. I could not write otherwise any more than I could then feel differently." Is it not a significant fact that Sibelius soon left this path that he had found?

The performance brought out the peculiar characteristics of the music. Dr Koussevitzky did not attempt to divert or improve on what seems to be the composer's intentions. Such is the force of Dr. Koussevitzky's own musical nature that he could not help giving to some pages a vitality that was lacking, no doubt deliberately, but mistakenly lacking in the composer's thoughts.

Happy the man that hears "Scheherazade" for the first time! He is at once ravished by the orientalism; by what Jean Marnold called the benzoin of Arabia and the pastilles of the harem; by the brilliant instrumentation, the constant picturesqueness.

With repeated hearings one begins to be a little weary of the repetition of similar effects, although there are graceful melodies, ingenious transformations, fancy in plenty. The performance yesterday was a gorgeous one. And what now stands out in bold relief? The sea music in the first movement; the bassoon tune at the beginning of the "Kalandar prince's story," though that solo might yesterday have been freer, more ad libitum in the telling; the second theme in the "Young prince and the young princess," where solo and accompaniment are entrancing.

Yet some might have found more beauty that was pure; gaiety that was more ingenuous in Corelli's concerto, performed to the evident pleasure of the audience. For it the conductor and the orchestra are masterly interpreters of the moderns. Dr. Koussevitzky has a body of strings that can fully set forth the glory of the ancients. The concert will be repeated tonight. The program of next week will comprise: Respighi's orchestral arrangement of Five Picture Studies for piano by Rachmaninoff; Florent Schmitt's "Tragedy of Salome"; Brahms's violin concerto (Adolf Busch, violinist); Pick-Mangiagalli's "Carnival Scene" from "Casanova in Venice."

RKO KEITH'S

"Way Back Home"

A screen comedy adapted from an original story by Jane Murfin; directed by William Seiter and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Seth Parker	Phillips Lord
Ma Parker	Effie Palmer
Lizzie	Mrs. Phillips Lord
"Cephus"	Bennett Kilpack
"Captain"	Raymond Hunter
David Clark	Frank Albertson
Mary Lucy	Bette Davis
"Wobblin"	Oscar Apfel
Rufe Turner	Stanley Fields
Runaway Rosie	Dorothy Peterson
Robbie	Frank Darrow
Income Tax Man	Wade Boteler

Seth Parker, homespun preacher of tolerance and compassion, has travelled far since his first modest visit to the homes of the nation via the radio. In comparative brief time this benign creation by Phillips Lord of a character now beloved by thousands has become a household figure symbolizing a native humor and kindliness rarely encountered in any form of modern entertainment. From time to time Seth's audiences have increased through wider range of hookups. He has expanded his own role and has added other members to his original group of neighbors in Jonesport, Me., wont to assemble each Sunday night at his house for an informal "sing." He has made personal appearances in several cities, twice in Boston for instance; and now here he is, almost as good as in the flesh, in his first talking picture. The names and voices made familiar by broadcasts are there, and others have been added, to aid in the performance of a simple bucolic tale sympathetically related by Miss Murfin and given equally sympathetic and understanding treatment by Mr. Seiter as director. It's not a great story, nor intricate, but it is clean and refreshing, and at times it touches emotional centres without any resort to claptrap.

Such plot as there is deals with the efforts of a ne'er-do-well, Rufe Turner, to obtain possession of his son, Robbie, who since infancy had lived with the Parkers as their own son. Unfortunately they had neglected to adopt him legally. Rufe kidnaps the lad and the most exciting episode in the picture is that of the reckless race over country roads between the fleeing Rufe in one wagon and Seth in another. Overtaking Rufe, Seth settles the combat by banging the ruffian over the head with the family Bible which he had planned to take to town to be rebound. There is a secondary theme, the thorny romance of David Clark, son of the village outcast, Runaway Rosie, and Mary Lucy, daughter of "Wobblin" Duffy, the town skinflint. The picture opens with Seth trying to explain to the income tax collector certain intricate realty transactions, as they are seated in Seth's wagon. There is a barn dance, with Seth to call off the tunes, an old-fashioned waltz, a lively square dance, with camera snapshots of village types. More familiar is the front parlor of the Parker cottage, where the neighbors assembled for a candy-pull and to sing, with Mother Parker at the melodeon, and Seth as choirmaster and narrator of items in the last issue of the community weekly. This setting is genuinely natural in its furnishings. The recording is at its best with the choral and male quartet numbers, but many doubtless were disappointed that the "Captain," (Raymond Hunter), who has one of the finest baritone voices heard on the air, did not sing "Crossing the Bar" or other songs in his repertory.

Mr. Lord has improved his make-up, and his voice comes forth with real Yankee twang. Neither he nor any of his original group, including Ma Parker, Lizzie, Cephus, or the Captain seem camera-conscious. Of the added players, Miss Davis and Mr. Albertson are pleasing as the lovers, Mr. Fields and Mr. Apfel are earnest villains, Miss Peterson is wistful in her very skimpy role of Runaway Rosie. One feels that it took her neighbors a long time to get around to accepting her into their social midst. Master Darrow is abnormally husky as a 10-year-old boy. Yesterday's vast audiences enjoyed "Way Back Home" because it reminded them of folks and manners out of their own memories. Yet, probably what many of them missed most of all was something more suggestive of Jonesport itself. We, who have heard Seth refer repeatedly to the surf and the lighthouse, waited vainly for at least one good marine view. This Jonesport, supposedly a seacoast village, might have been set in New Hampshire or Vermont. W. E. G.

LOEW'S STATE

"The Guardsman"

A screen comedy adapted by Ernest Vajda from the play of the same name by Ferenc Molnar, originally produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, on Oct. 12, 1924; directed by Sidney Franklin and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

The Actor	Alfred Lunt
The Actress	Lynn Fontanne
The Critic	Roland Young
Liesl	Zasu Pitts
Mama	Maude Eburne
A creditor	Herman Bing

An eminently successful and amusing tour de force is "The Guardsmen," Molnar's diverting comedy of a jealous actor and his fascinating wife, once played with great success on the stage and now transferred to the screen with the same protagonists, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Yesterday afternoon it gave every sign of affording immense entertainment to the audience at Loew's State Theatre, an encouraging symptom, one caluculated to bring joy to the hearts of those who appreciate the fine points of acting. Considered purely and simply from a cinematic point of view, honesty compels the admission that practically no advantage has been taken of the superior facilities of the screen. The scenes are photographed fairly literally as though the director had determined simply to photograph the stage play as it stood without any imaginative inventions of his own. This does not really matter, however, for in this case it is the acting alone that matters.

The plot is absurd but sufficient. The Actor and the Actress, toasts of Vienna and but six months married, quarrel constantly. The Actor remembers his wife's former suitors and torments himself with jealousy lest she be falling in love once more. She plays Chopin when she ought to be asleep, and prefers weeping in the dark to telling him what it's all about. Accordingly, he disguises himself as a dashing Russian guardsman and begins to pay court to her, sending flowers and messages under an assumed name. Finally he sends himself a telegram calling himself out of town and arranges to visit the Actress in his Russian make-up. Thus disguised, he makes passionate love to her and is alternately elated and cast down by her attitude, first one of allurment, then of repulse, finally of yielding. After a day and a night spent with her, not knowing where he is but convinced at last that she is unfaithful, he returns in his own person, puts on his Russian make-up and confronts her, only to be laughed at—"I knew you all the time, you poor fool," is her only consolation. The audience can draw its own conclusions.

To say that "The Guardsman" is not really entertainment for the children is nothing against it. All screen plays cannot be made to suit the infant mind, and the persons who will most enjoy this picture will be those who enjoy the theatre, who can appreciate acting that is natural and clever but not flamboyant in the fashion of the majority of film histrionics. There is not a superabundance of action, the plot is not exciting, but there is no lack of laughter, no lack of wit and most important of all, no lack of acting to point the

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story. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, making in this film their talking screen debut, know their business through and through. Neither is a conventional screen player or type. Mr. Lunt is not handsome, nor has Miss Fontanne the fashionable skeleton figure so much in demand, but they do known how to act.

The burden of the play falls on Mr. Lunt, for he is on the screen most of the time, and he must constantly be changing, not only his costume, but also his voice, his manner, even his walk. He must, as the jealous husband, pretend to believe his wife when he knows she is lying, and as the amorous guardsman show every pleasure in his conquest while underneath he is filled with dismay. It is a clever, resourceful performance throughout, from the moment he appears on the screen, playing with Miss Fontanne in a scene from "Elizabeth the Queen," to the end, when he confesses his failure of masquerade. Miss Fontanne, handsome, self-possessed, charming and exasperating, is uniquely satisfying in her more limited role; she keeps the spectator, as well as her husband, guessing after the picture is done. Roland Young is most diverting as a sympathetic friend of the family, as are Maude Eburne and Zasu Pitts in small parts. E. L. H.

METROPOLITAN

"Girls About Town"

A screen comedy drama adapted by Raymond Griffith from the story by Zoe Akins; directed by George Cukor and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Wanda Howard	Kay Francis
Jim Baker	Joel McCrea
Marie Bailey	Lilyan Tashman
Benjamin Thomas	Eugene Pallette
Jerry Chase	Allan Dinehart
Mrs. Benjamin Thomas	Lucille Webster Gleason
Alex Howard	Anderson Lawler
Edna	Lucille Browne
Webster	George Barbier
Simms	Robert McWade
Hattie	Louise Beavers
Anne	Adrienne Ames

"Girls About Town" is a mildly amusing, pleasant enough comedy that falters only when it becomes seriously melodramatic in the last reels. It is possible to enjoy it while it is on the screen, but after it is over, it leaves no more impression on the mind than does the proverbial water on a duck's back. For all that it's contents are of the most ephemeral, it is a handsomely wrapped package—all the accessories positively glitter. The ladies, notably Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman, wear any number of the most decorative costumes, from full evening decolletage to the satin pajama outfit in which Miss Tashman chooses to go swimming after a golf ball. Zoe Akins wrote the story, but from her own past experience she should have remembered that comedy about skinflint millionaires and heavy drama about amorous misunderstandings do not go well together. One or the other, yes, but not both at once.

Wanda Howard and Marie Bailey are two handsome young ladies who make a living entertaining wealthy business men from out of town at the behest of Jerry Chase, who pays them a commission for every order they bring him. On one yachting party, however, Wanda falls in love with Jim Baker, a good-looking westerner, partner to the fat, stingy practical joker, Benjamin Thomas. Jim wants to marry her, but Wanda confesses to the existence of her husband, Alex Howard, from whom she has been separated for some time. An attempt on her part to persuade him to divorce her inspires Alex to blackmail Jim. Somewhat obtusely, Jim believes Wanda a party to the scheme, calls her hard names and leaves her, only to repent when she sells her clothes and jewels to pay the amount he had given Alex. Meantime, Marie has been having her troubles coaxing Benjamin into buying her something, but the appearance of Mrs. Benjamin makes things much easier. To save his face, Benjy buys all the jewelry in sight and loads in on Marie, only to demand that she return it at once to his wife. In the end, Wanda gets Jim for her pains and Marie keeps an emerald ring she has coveted for months.

The acting for the most part is satisfactory; Kay Francis is handsome and sincere, Lilyan Tashman genuinely amusing as Marie, and Joel McCrea, still very stiff in the back, is sufficiently good as Jim. Eugene Pallette is best of them all as the tight-fisted millionaire, whose jokes varied from offering an artificial hand when introduced to a nervous lady, to throwing soluble golfballs into the water for girls to retrieve.

Duke Ellington and his orchestra, billed as "The Hottest Band on Earth," are a special addition to the stage show, "Three Big Figures." The Metropolitan orchestra, led by Fabien Sevitsky, offers the overture to "Aida," and Arthur Martel's organ solo is "Lest We Forget." E. L. H.

BOSTON CIVIC THEATRE

"Alice in Wonderland"

By PHILIP HALE

"Alice in Wonderland," a play in two acts: "In Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" (arranged from scenes in Lewis Carroll's books, by an arranger unnamed). Produced by the Children's Theatre Company from New York, Clare Tree Major, director. Performed under the auspices of the Boston University Women's Council.

Yesterday morning the Boston Civic Theatre (formerly the Repertory Theatre) was filled with children and older persons accompanying them to see the first of six plays to be given by the visiting company.

Forty-five years ago a children's play, H. Saville Clarke's dramatization of incidents in the two famous books by Carroll, with music by Walter Slaughter, was brought out at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. This play has enjoyed many revivals in that city. Are children in Boston sophisticated to such an extent that they are not interested in the adventures of Alice? This question might have been asked before yesterday, for more than one little one has surprised her parents by saying that Carroll's delightful books are "silly." Is it possible that parents find more enjoyment in them than do their more or less promising offspring? Yet while grown persons relish the savage satire in "Gulliver's Travels" children find only an amusing story of giants and dwarfs and horses that talk and behave like human beings. It is natural that children should not fully appreciate the topsy-turvy yet inexorable logic of Carroll's characters, but they showed yesterday in an unmistakable manner that they enjoyed the grotesque characters, the quadrille, the tea table, and whatever action there was. Some of the puns also excited mirth.

It was a pleasure to see on the stage the people and the queer animals in Carroll's "Zoo," as they are represented in Tenniel's drawings. To think that another illustrator within recent years had the presumption to give the public his own ideas of Alice and her companions!

Alice was impersonated yesterday by Carolyn Humphries, the Alice of Tenniel to the life. She played the part with the innocence, the surprise, the good sense of the little girl who met with strange adventures. How welcome was the appearance of the Mad Hatter (John Hibbard), the March Hare (Marsh Woodall) and the Dormouse (Carleton Parker)! Here was an afternoon or an all day tea to which one would gladly have been invited, for the talk of the hosts was not so confused, inconsequential and noisy as that heard in the more conventional "functions" of this nature. The trial scene was also excellently carried out with Dorothy Scott and Wilton Graff as the Queen and King of Hearts. Did Alan Mathes and Will Marsh, as the Mock Turtle and the Gryphon, assume the Cockney dialect, or was it native to them? The others in the play played their parts acceptably, though one would gladly have seen the smile of the Cheshire Cat; but to show the gradual fading away of that smile is perhaps beyond the ingenuity of the visitors.

There have been several arrangers of Carroll's books for stage purposes. In England Rosina Filippi for amateurs; in the United States, Rachel Barton Butler, Alice Gerstenberg, Mrs. Burton Harrison (her version was seen at Simmons College (1912), Wade Wagstaffe, Holker Abbott (for the benefit of the Boston Art Students Association, 1897), Rebecca Hooper and Mabel Daniels's "Alice in Wonderland Continued" (New York, 1910). Joseph Herbert and E. E. Rice thought of putting Alice and her companions on the stage.

On Saturday morning Dec. 5 the play for children at the Boston Civic Theatre will be "Heidi."

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JAMES BYARS

James Byars, Negro tenor, accompanied by Jessie E. Shaw, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. The program was as follows:

Handel, Rendi L'Sereno Al Ciglio; Torelli, Tu Lo Sai; Scarlatti, Gia Il Sole Dal Gange; Stubert, Am Meer; Henschel, Morgen-Hymne; R. Strauss, Zuignung; Ponchielli, Cielo e Mar; Quilter, Over the Mountain; Campbell-Tipton, Hymn to the Night; Rachmaninoff, Lilacs; Horsman, The Bird of the Wilderness, and a group of spirituals—My Lord, What a Morning, Gonna Ride Up In De Chariot, Soon One Morning, De Ol' Ark's a Moverin'.

Throughout the program Mr. Byars sang with an intenseness of feeling wholly in accordance with the spirit of his songs. In those numbers which de-

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The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

In "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" the unsuspicious husband, wronged cruelly in one night, is a finer fellow than the "distinguished" lecturing physician. For once the cuckold is neither a comic character; he excites sympathy; nor is he a tragic character, for there's no shooting. If Eve and the distinguished physician had not gone into the garden! If there had been no conniving moon, Eve would surely have led the distinguished physician into a perhaps more convenient place, where they would not at least have run the danger of taking cold. This must be said in excuse for the distinguished physician's poor requital of the husband's hospitality, Eve led the way, and so the guest perhaps looked upon Eve as only another patient in need of medical treatment. Perhaps the distinguished physician thought that this was an instance in which he was bound by the Hippocratic oath and this interesting case was governed by it.

It is said that the play in its present form is 80 manuscript pages shorter than in its original version; that Mr. Barry failed to see the point of critical references to "symbolism." "The illness that befalls the boy," says Mr. Hutchens, "and his rescue by the removal of his wall of mental fear, are a scientific case and not a miracle in modern dress." We are told that Mr. Barry took pains to have the boy's case "approved" by medical authorities. Did he ask them what they thought of the distinguished physician's behavior?

It has been said in praise of Mr. Barry that he is not selling anything in this play. "He is writing about men and women and he is making them true and he is letting them go where they will without tying them sternly to a thesis—a very dangerous experiment, incidentally, and one to be undertaken only by a writer who has seen inside many people." The distinguished physician in the course of his profession must have seen inside many people; but he was a lecturer, not a playwright. Mr. Barry, it may be recalled, wrote a play entitled "In a Garden." A garden plays the mischief in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," as it does in Gounod's "Faust." Poets have praised gardens and found them innocent. Bacon wrote "God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." But Eve in the Book of Genesis and Eve in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" found gardens dangerous, though we do not wish to insinuate that the distinguished physician was either the Serpent or Goethe's Mephistopheles. It was Eve in the play that asked him to walk into the moonlight.

There is a necessary little boy in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow." As a rule children in plays are, to quote Charles Lamb's opinion, unwholesome companions for grown people—at least in an audience; but young John Jordan at the Colonial is not at all obnoxious, either by voice or action.

Should "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" have received the Pulitzer prize? It is certainly more entertaining for the ordinary audience than "Alison's House," which is a striking example of inspissated gloom.

"Marching By," which will be seen at the Shubert Theatre tomorrow night, was brought out by the Messrs. Shubert at the Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn, on Nov. 2 of this month as "Arms and the Maid." The book was adapted by Harry Clarke from the German of Ernest Neubach. The music is by Jean Gilbert with additional numbers by Revel.

Jean Gilbert's real name is Max Winterfeld. He was born at Hamburg on Feb. 11, 1879. He was a pupil of Xaver Scharwenka, who visited Boston as pianist and composer and was a popular teacher of the piano in Berlin. Gilbert was a conductor at Bremerhaven (1897), Hamburg (1899), later at the Apollo Theatre, Berlin; but he is widely and better known as a writer of music for operettas and burlesques, many of which have often been performed and have enjoyed popularity.

Mr. J. B. Priestly of "The Good Companions," returning to London after a visit to Hollywood, told the reporters that he had a "marvellous" time. The only city that he had not liked in the United States was Chicago. "When a block of ice fell with a crash in the street there, he had been impressed with the way the people had jumped. It seemed that they thought 'something had started.'" Here are some of his remarks:

"The whiskey I got in America was rather raw, but not poisonous, and I never had any really bad liquor."

"I admire Mr. Sinclair Lewis, and I surprised people in the Middle West—where he is not popular—by praising him."

"It is true that American women are spoilt to a great extent—much more so than our own women. The American husband is probably an ideal husband—for spoilt women."

"Hollywood is a place where people get up about 6 o'clock in the morning and do physical exercises; it is terribly respectable, and duller even than Bloomsbury. The people there no longer build palaces and ride in gold-plated cars."

Excited by Bernard Shaw's letters to Ellen Terry, in which he attacks Henry Irving, many have recently rushed to that actor's defence. Mr. De Cordova remarks: "The best intelligences of the day went to the Lyceum to see Irving act. Among them may be named Gladstone, Beaconsfield, and Tennyson. Are there any greater intelligences today than these?"—Therefore—. Mr. De Cordova adds that Irving tried to have Tennyson write plays for him on Enoch Arden, King Arthur and Robin Hood.

Stephen Coleridge writes "It is quite true that he did not care to produce Ibsen, a distaste he showed with Tree, who once in his diverting manner, told me that his plays 'made him hold his nose.'" If this is true, so much the worse for Tree and Irving.

n the other hand, W. A. Darlington of the Daily Telegraph (London) up his review of the Shaw-Terry letters:

No theatre which neglects the dramatist can be a great theatre. Irving at a time when the playwright was beginning to come into his own more after a long period of dishonorable subservience to the actor. uld have used his undoubted pre-eminence with the play-going public t this new and finer theatre firmly on its feet. Instead (In Shaw's) 'He threw on himself the enormous burden of attracting the public -handed.' And if, as I maintain, our play-going public is still about ars behind that of most continental countries, no single man is more blamed for that fact than our last great actor, Henry Irving."

St. John Ervine has written a delightfully saucy article, "Can Film Stars " He asks whether the technic is different from that of stage acting. possible to be a film star without any talent at all? Can direction in productions be so good that an incompetent stage player with a good arance and a filmable face can be made to seem like an accomplished r or actress? He concludes: "This machine, the film camera, is the t amazing invention that man has yet made; for it can turn the nit-wits he world into gods and goddesses. Formerly I denounced the camera use it had the democratic vice of lowering levels. But I now publicly nt that belief and declare that the camera is the kindest as well as cleverest of machines, for it enables the feeble-minded to look as if they l brains."

Nor does Mr. Ervine spare the film-fans. "Once, very bitterly, I wrote t all the bad players, when they died on the stage, went to Hollywood. . . I took some pleasure in repeating it in the presence of film-fans, st of whom seem to me to be mentally deficient."

He met at a party a film actress "who had that look of pretty infantility hich is cultivated by too many film actresses. Why I supposed that the eautiful but dumb female was a lady novelist I do not know, unless it was ecause I had lately had to read a number of works by lady novelists and herefore imagined that all such writers must look like this lady."

Will Charles Bennett's "Sensation" come to this country? The play hows thugs in a country house; murder in a first-class railway carriage; sliding panels for the evacuation of unwanted corpses"; a midnight fight n a sky-line; a heathen idol in whose mouth are put stolen diamonds. There is also a journalist, who, to aid his newspaper in a stunt, is willing o be accused of murder. The proprietor goes back on him and will allow him to be hanged rather than admit connivance in the stunt. Where's your Edgar Wallace now? My darling, what would'st thou have more?

There's still another "Hollywood play," more or less satirical, Benn Levey's and John Van Dreuten's "Hollywood Holiday," brought out in London fortnight ago. A film producer tells his directors how the story of Jezebel should be filmed to please the middle West of this country, also England. 'Jezebel is to be as pure as the heart of film fan could desire, her sin being really that of acknowledging a child which in reality belongs to a favorite sister," Elijah accepts this explanation. "The ending is the difficulty, since fans cannot abide dogs, and a compromise is suggested whereby after the manner of the heroine of 'The Green Hat,' Jezebel shall drive Jehu's chariot nto a tree." There are other scenes. The nursery governess in Bayswater, ired to Hollywood, returning to her boarding house, is complimented on er fur coat. She replies that America was "lousy" with fur coats.

The manager of the Embassy Theatre, London, "in view of the need for eaper theatre prices," announced that reserved seats at the Embassy are w 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and unreserved seats 1s. 3d., all inclusive of enter- nment tax. Perhaps if the price of admission were reduced in Boston's ding theatres, the audiences throughout a run would be larger.

WARSHIP HONORS

The French minister of marine has decided at "all new vessels shall bear names made miliar by the old navy, especially in the 18th ntury." Politicians will not in the future be orified. Will the warships Edgar Quinet and aldeck-Rousseau bear other names? Will ey be Psyche (nautical pronunciation "sish"), Minerva and Juno, or will there be a choice tween the Destiny, the Terrible, the Triumha. t, the Indomitable, the Glorious, the Magnimous, the Magnificent? Will there be a ansference of the Fantasque, now a destroyer; the Iris, now a submarine?

The English at one time went to mythology, the Bellerophon, called by the sailors the ully Ruffian." The Spaniards did not spare ology, the Most Holy Trinity, but the Sanima Trinidada was no match for the English tory. How many Redoubtables and Invinces have been sunk by sea artillery or "gone vn before hurricanes, with their bravadoes ad on their bows?"

If the United States had its Scorpions, its nets, its Wasps, it also had over 50 years ago Ohio, Virginia, Carolina, Vermont. Herman ville found these names more suited to his itry than the vainglorious British names queror, Defiance, Thunderer, Tremendous.

Pandora was wrecked on a reef; the Etna struck by lightning. "If ever these Yankees t great sea engagements—which Heaven nd! [Melville's "Mardi" was published in how glorious, poetically speaking, to range he whole federated fleet, and pour forth a roadside from Florida to Maine. Ay, ay, very glorious, indeed! Yet in that proud crowing of Cannon, how shall the shade of peace-loving Penn be astounded, to see the mightiest murderer of them all, the great Pennsylvania, a very namesake of his. Truly, the Pennsylvania's guns should be wooden ones, called by men-of-war's men, Quakers."

Yet naval heroes of France as of the United States and England should be honored by the bestowal of their names on vessels of war. Objection in France to this honor paid politicians is unreasonable, but who would object to Clemenceau, for a fighting ship heavy with guns?

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mand prolonged, even tones within the middle register, as in the fourth group, and in Handel's "Rendi L'Sereno Al Ciglio," Mr. Byars showed himself capable of singing with relaxed ease. Most delightful in this respect was his performance of Roger Quilter's "Over the Mountain," where smoothness and delicate shading must be manifest.

The difficulties of Ponchielli's "Cielo e Mar" were not overcome. Mr. Byars possesses a voice of pleasing quality, but he should encourage it with more care and guide it with stricter discipline. Due to an obvious straining in the German songs, his voice lost its mellowness and clarity before the end of the program, occasionally breaking in his low notes and acquiring an unpleasant acidity in the high ones. When purity of tone was not sacrificed to vain attempts at procuring volume, Mr. Byars's singing merited the enthusiasm of his friendly audience. J. H. F.

JOHN McCORMACK

John McCormack gave his first recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony hall. The Irish tenor's faithful admirers almost filled the hall. With the assistance of Edwin Schneider as accompanist he sang the following songs:

Minnelied (old German love song 1460); Guardian Angels (specially arranged by S. Endicott) (Handel); Sentirsi il petto accendere (from Artaserse) (Vinci); Mennon (Arthur Foote); Good Night, Dear (old Lute melody, arranged by Bunten); In Stiller Nacht (folk song) (Brahms); There (Sir Hubert Parry).

Irish folk songs: The Forlorn Queen (first time) (arranged by Hughes); The Spanish Lady (first time) (adapted and arranged by Hughes); The Meeting of the Waters (Moore) (special arrangement by Edwin Schneider); Kitty My Love (arranged by Hughes); Far Apart (Edwin Schneider); Smilin' Kitty O'Day (first time) (Ernest Torrence) When Rooks Fly Homeward (Alec Rowley); Thank God for a Garden (Del Riego).

Alfred Boyington, assisting violinist, played the following pieces (plus some encores given in response to applause): Allegretto (Porpora); Valse Bluette (Drigo-Auer); La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin (Debussy-Hartmann); Slavonic Dance (Dvorak-Kreisler).

Mr. McCormack was not in perfect condition vocally. When he sang out robustly there were signs of strain, a suspicion of huskiness. Yet when he used his voice lightly and lyrically or trippingly—and that, after all, is how one has always preferred to hear him—the organ had all its usual beauty. It is hardly necessary by now to re-enumerate Mr. McCormack's virtues as singer. It is his almost perfect breath control that permits him in ancient, florid airs or in suave and flowing melodies, to sustain a smooth unbroken vocal line, or in quick, lively, humorous Irish songs to enunciate clearly and cover long phrases without drawing breath. It is the consummate clarity of this enunciation that makes him the perfect ballad-singer; for here the words are a little more important than the tune. Yet there were times yesterday, as there have been on other occasions, when the listener felt with a certain discomfort that the rhythm of the music, the shape of its phrase, were being distorted to conform to a rather sentimental recitation of the words.

But despite these flaws it must be admitted that Mr. McCormack gave his audience yesterday some rarely polished singing and much excellent entertainment. He was at his best in his Irish songs, for—with the exception of the beautiful old German Minnelied—his opening group of old airs was somewhat mediocre and resulted in technically estimable rather than highly beautiful singing.

In his second group, to be sure, Mr. McCormack sang with delightful simplicity and delicacy the beautiful old Lute melody arranged by Bunten, but the well made and tastefully written songs of Arthur Foote (who was present to acknowledge applause), and the late Sir Hubert Parry suffered by comparison with its spontaneity; and the singer somehow accomplished the feat of making Brahms's arrangement of a folk song, "In Stiller Nacht," sound Irish.

Mr. McCormack was, of course, applauded with all the accustomed vigor, and he was as generous as ever in responding with encores of varying quality. S. S.

NOV 9 1931

NOVEMBER

By PHILIP HALE

November has a bad name among the months. The weather lore is discouraging. If ice will bear a duck in the month, there'll be nothing after but sludge and muck. A heavy snow storm will last till April. Flowers in bloom indicate a bad winter. A Frenchman said long ago that November is the month in which Englishmen hang themselves, but there are other months, even June and July, when Americans in England, desperate by reason of rain and cold, are tempted to make a definite end to any tour in this world. Thomas Hood summed up the month in his lines beginning

No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon.

and ending

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!

But old Thomas Tusser in the sixteenth century took a more cheerful view of the month. There is much for the farmer to do—or there was in Tusser's time: threshing of barley and wheat, setting of garlic and beans, trenching of gardens.

The chimney all sooty would now be made clean,
For fear of mischances, too oftentimes seen.

And Tusser's editor in 1812, William MaVor, who supplied elaborate footnotes to "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," gravely said that the soot was worth saving. "It is one of the greatest improvers of cold, mossy grass lands."

New England boys at Exeter or Andover did not dread November. Beginning with the first day of the month, they crossed off the days before the Thanksgiving vacation, anticipating the journey home, the family greeting, the traditional gorge. In old days, those going to western Massachusetts stopped at the Massasoit House in Springfield for beefsteak and the waffles famous throughout the land.

Nor in England have all the poets been despondent, moaning in dismal dumps. Nora Hopper was an illust. ous exception.

NOVEMBER

Few love me and but few I love
Yet I am fair;
Turquoise my broad skies bend above.
In rose and opal fair to see
My sunsets die in freezing air.

I hush the birds, and last year's nest
I fill abrim with frosty rain.
I make upon the window-pane
A wonder of white tracery.
The stream is dumb at my request.

I am the bringer of the snow.
I lay the old year's splendor low,
Yet none of them
Whose feet I clog forget that I
Bring Advent nigh,
And the dear Babe of Bethlehem.

RKO KEITH-BOSTON

"Secret Service"

A screen drama adapted by Gerrit Lloyd and Bernard Schubert from the play of the same name by William Gillette; directed by J. Walter Ruben and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Lewis Dumont ..... Richard Dix
Lt. Henry Dumont ..... William Post, Jr.
Edith Varney ..... Shirley Grey
Arelsford ..... Gavin Gordon
Gen. Grant ..... Fred Warren
Mrs. Varney ..... Nance O'Neil
Miss Kittridge ..... Virginia Sale
Caroline ..... Florence Lake
Howard Varney ..... Harold Kinney
Israel ..... Eugene Jackson
Gen. Randolph ..... Frederick Burton
Lt. Foray ..... Carl Gerard
Martha ..... Gertrude Howard

If William Gillette, retired playwright and actor, ever designs to sit in on a talking picture, this screen adaptation of his thrilling civil war melodrama of 35 years ago is commended to his attention. This reviewer is inclined to believe that he would find in it much to approve and to applaud. Also he probably would be first to concede that when he wrote "Secret Service" he builded better than he knew. Certainly few plays so aged could be reproduced today and evince such signs of virility or contrive to exert such a spell over an audience of today. Messrs. Lloyd and Schubert must have recognized the solidity of its structure when they went over the original script. Mr. Ruben as director saw with their eyes; and Edward Cronjager, the man behind the camera, gave his finest artistry to the photography. All that was needed, therefore, was care and discernment in casting. These qualities are evident in the performance, from the smallest "bit" part to the arduous roles of the three principal players, Mr. Dix, Miss Grey and Mr. Gordon. The grand total brings "Secret Service" a rating little short of 100 per cent.

Mr. Gillette created the role of Capt. Lewis Dumont of the Union army's espionage corps, alias Capt. Thorne of the Confederate army. He sent him on a dangerous mission to Richmond several days before Gen. Grant had decided to strike that fair city on a certain night, in one tremendous effort to win the war. Dumont, an expert telegrapher, was to transmit bogus orders which would so weaken the rebel defence as to leave an opening for the Union advance. Dumont's twin brother, Lt. Henry Dumont, was to enter Libby prison as a captive and thence send out important information. Romance, however, entered when Lewis, as guest in the home of Gen. Varney of the Confederate army, fell in love with Edith, the daughter, and she with him. Thus his task became more perilous. Jonas, a faithful Negro servitor of the Varneys, is caught with a message from Henry to Lewis, and hanged. Henry, forced by Arelsford, of the Confederate secret service, to confront Lewis in the Varney drawing room, shoots himself in a mock struggle with Lewis, and dies. Lewis, hounded at every turn by Arelsford, outwits him repeatedly, sends the eagerly-awaited message, though wounded; countermands it when pressed by love of Edith, escapes death by court-martial, and is paroled as a prisoner of war. Only in pictorial expansion has this plot been altered, and by that much it gains. The skilfully-constructed episodes, the stirring climaxes, the contrasted characters and artful interludes of comedy and sentiment combine to make this "Secret Service" a stately and sturdy picture.

Mr. Dix is splendid. Always a manly actor, he does precisely what Gillette did makes a romantic, attractive figure of a character dedicated to acts of duplicity. Miss Grey, as a Southern belle, is beautiful and, moreover, charming and capable as an actress. Mr. Gordon is excellent as the Confederate agent who meant well but was misunderstood. Praise also is due Clarence Muse and young Eugene Jackson in Negro roles, Mr. Burton as Gen. Randolph, and Miss O'Neill as Mrs. Varney—W. E. G.

PARK

"The Dreyfus Case"

A screen drama made in England, adapted from the play of the same name by Herzog and Rehfisch; directed by F. W. Kraemer and Milton Rosmer; distributed by Columbia Pictures with the following cast:

Capt. Alfred Dreyfus	Cedric Hardwicke
Lucie Dreyfus	Beatrix Thomson
Col. Piquart	Charles Carson
Emile Zola	George Merritt
Labori	Sam Livesy
Maj. Esterhazy	Garry Marsh
Col. Henry	Henry Caine
Maj. Paty du Clam	George Skillan
Clemenceau	Leonard Shepherd
Gen. Mercier	Arthur Hardy
Boisdeffre	Kay Souper
Matthieu Dreyfus	A. Sarner
Demanche	Frederick Leister
Pellieux	Fisher White
Dubois	A. Sofaer
Bertillon	Leslie Frith
Marguerite	Vinlet Howard
President, Zola trial	Reginald Dance
Cavaignac	George Zucco
Lauth	Nigel Barrie
President, Dreyfus court martial	Randle Ayrton

Here is an extraordinarily interesting English film, dealing accurately with a subject which has kept an entire continent in an uproar for more than two decades. "The Dreyfus Case," now showing at the Park Theatre, is an historical document of the greatest value, something that demands attention and elicits only praise. It is not yet possible to expect the best in photography and direction from British productions. Here, however, is a story that in the mere telling is so dramatic, so tragic and so amazing as to transcend any plot that ever emerged from the most fertile brain. Alfred Dreyfus, the honest, unfairly persecuted and finally vindicated French officer whose trial, condemnation and subsequent belated acquittal are a matter of historical record, is still alive at the present time.

A truer lover of his country there never can have been, for after all this man suffered at the hands of the army to which he pledged his unswerving loyalty, he volunteered for service when the late war broke out and served honorably albeit obscurely. To this picture he gave his sanction after having worked with the producers to make it as accurate as possible.

To some, it may appear that the picture is slow in developing, but there is so much to be included that rapid movement is impossible. The film opens with the arrest of Dreyfus, French artillery officer of Jewish parentage and Alsatian descent, on the charge of selling war department secrets to the enemy. On extremely flimsy evidence and despite his protests of innocence, he is condemned to be degraded from his rank, stripped of his insignia and medals, and banished to life imprisonment at Devil's Island. No sooner has he been sent thither than it becomes evident that a fearful miscarriage of justice has taken place; that Maj. Esterhazy, an officer with a bad record and known to be a desperate gambler, was the traitor. Emile Zola, at the pleadings of Dreyfus's wife and brother and the prompting of his own convictions, writes his famous editorial, "J'Accuse," in which he attacks with righteous wrath the findings of the military court. Esterhazy is tried, a mock-cry of a trial, and acquitted. Zola is put on trial and found guilty of defamation. Maj. Piquart, who had incurred the displeasure of the authorities by protesting Dreyfus's sentence, is imprisoned. Still the demand for further investigation grows, and Georges Clemenceau appeals eloquently for Dreyfus's vindication.

Finally, the confession of Maj. Henry that the letter which had been used as final proof of Dreyfus's guilt, was a forgery, and his subsequent suicide, force the authorities to release Piquart and to bring Dreyfus back to France. Restored to his rank, he is retried and incredible though it seems, is found "guilty with extenuating circumstances"—there are no extenuating circumstances in high treason—and condemned to 10 years in prison. At last, to save his life he petitions for pardon, and seven years later is restored finally to the privileges taken from him many years before, raised to the rank of colonel and decorated with the legion of honor. If in technical details the production falls short in acting and in drama it does not. Cedric Hardwicke, made up to look like Dreyfus himself, gives a simple, utterly honest, heart-breaking performance. Equally good are the Zola of George Merritt, the Piquart of Charles Carson, the Clemenceau of George Skillan and the Lucie Dreyfus of Beatrix Thomson. E. L. H.

OLYMPIA AND UPTOWN

"The Yellow Ticket"

A screen drama adapted from the stage play of the same name by Michael Morton; directed by Raoul Walsh and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Marya Varenka	Elissa Landi
Baron Stephan Andrey	Lionel Barrymore
Julian Rolph	Laurence Olivier
Count Nikolai	Walter Byron
Mother Varenka	Sarah Padden
Grandfather Varenka	Arnold Korff
Melchoir	Mischa Auer
Orderly	Boris Karloff

Lionel Barrymore, having renounced studio directorships and their weighty responsibilities, celebrates his emancipation by a gorgeous acting spree in "The Yellow Ticket." It is unadulterated melodrama, and Mr. Barrymore knows it. Not that he clowns or burlesques his role as head of the Russian secret police in Czarist times; but he does revel in the opportunities to leer, to whisper sinister taunts and threats against beautiful Elissa Landi, as the Russian-Jewish girl who by acceptance as a passport of a yellow ticket when she would journey to St. Petersburg to see her dying father, acknowledges herself as one of that ever-existent body of women known as abandoned. It is a cruel jest this, which the Baron Andrey plays on her. She is subjected to many indignities at the hands of privates, captains and generals; but in the end the joke is on the baron, for Marya shoots him, escapes with her English lover, a roving journalist, and presumably enjoys in after years the happiness which hitherto had evaded her.

"The Yellow Ticket" has had quite a career. Originally produced as a stage play in 1914, with Florence Reed as Marya, John Barrymore as Julian Rolph, the journalist, and the late John Mason as the cruel baron, it later became a Pathe silent picture, with Milton Sills and Fanny Ward in the two big roles. A Russian version also has been shown under Sovkino auspices, with a peasant woman separated from her husband the victim of the stigma of the yellow ticket.

Our present concern is with this Fox-Walsh adaptation. The story is well told, with a series of situations fraught with what playgoers like to consider as suspense. If the climaxes are telegraphed ahead, that fact does not detract from the competence of the players to make those climaxes effective. One senses, for instance, that at the right moment Marya, goaded beyond endurance, striving to save herself for her wholesome English lover and to save him from the wrath of the secret police because of his printed exposures of their barbarous practices, will assassinate the lecherous baron. With his passing, and the opportune announcement of the start of the world war, the way is open for her safe flight, by airplane, across the border. The settings are massive and rich, and the strring scenes as the Russian military forces suddenly mobilize are admirably presented.

Miss Landi here has ample scope for display of emotional qualities kept under cover till now. It is a part which might easily be vulgarized, but she gives it dignity and pathos instead. Mr. Olivier, the original Capt. Stanhope of "Journey's End" in London, has a very likeable screen presence, speaks with praiseworthy clearness. The screen needs such actors. Mr. Barrymore, as has been intimated, has a field day as the suavely villainous baron. There is an accompanying musical score, to which few pay attention. Those who do find it less of an annoyance than usual.

W. E. G.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"Heartbreak"

An all talking screen drama adapted by William Conselman from a novel by Llewellyn Hughes; directed by Alfred Werker and presented by Fox with the following cast:

John Merrick	Charles Farrell
Countess Vilma Walden	Madge Evans
Count Carl Walden	Hardie Albright
Capt. Wolke	Paul Cavanagh
Jerry Somers	John Arledge
Count Walden	Claude King
U. S. Ambassador	John St. Polis

Charles Farrell, harking back to "Body and Soul," takes to the air once more in "Heartbreak," feature attraction at the Fenway and Modern Theatres. It was not a wise reminiscence, for by this time there have been so many war pictures that it takes an unusually interesting plot and exceptional acting to make one worthy of attention. "Heartbreak," unfortunately, is not in the exceptional category; neither the story nor the players are anything to remember. In particular, the plot has been told so many times that it is obvious from the start, and unfortunately there are so many gaps in the continuity and so blatant a striving to bring about the tragedy that occurs half way through the film that there is no suspense whatever. The dialogue fails to suggest the atmosphere of nostalgic Viennese romance evidently intended to permeate the early sequences.

John Merrick, an American aviator attached to the American embassy at Vienna, falls in love with Countess Vilma Walden. The coming of the war separates the lovers; John goes back to Paris and is later transferred to the Italian front, where he has the misfortune to bring down the plane bearing Vilma's twin brother, Carl Walden. Distraught at the boy's death, John steals a plane and flies to Vienna to explain to Vilma his innocence; the plane Carl had flown on the fatal day was one belonging to a skilled German flyer, Capt. Wolke. Vilma disbelieves his story and John returns to the American lines to be met with a court-martial for having deserted his unit. Imprisoned for the duration of war, he finally rejoins Vilma and is forgiven.

Charles Farrell does what he can with the unlikely role of John Merrick, but his high-pitched, squeaky voice gives him away at every turn and renders his most sincere speeches ineffective. Madge Evans, beautiful and sullen, is too American in voice and matter to be a convincing Austrian countess. Hardie Albright, likable and straightforward, is an attractive Carl. The best acting, curiously enough, is contributed by the very English Paul Cavanagh in the role of Wolke. Sharp and dramatic of speech, military in bearing, he is consistently effective.

The companion film is "The Bargain," taken from Philip Barry's play, "You and I." A business man tries to give up his work and return to art, the profession he always desired, but the plans of his son and his inability to recapture his youthful talent make his dream impossible. Lewis Stone and Doris Kenyon have the leading roles, and are supported by Charles Butterworth, Evalyn Knapp and Una Merkle.

E. L. H.

Nov 10 1931

SHUBERT

"Marching By"

"Marching By," originally called "Arms and the Maid," a musical play in two acts, with a prologue; adapted from the German of Ernst Neubach by Harry Clark and Harry B. Smith, with lyrics by Mr. Smith, Mack Gordon and Edward Eliscu; music by Jean Gilbert and Harry Revel; settings by Watson Barrett; staged by J. C. Huffman and produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Majestic Theatre, Brooklyn, Nov. 2, and presented at the Shubert Theatre, last evening, with the following cast:

Lt. Franz Almasy	Guy Robertson
Countess Anna von Hatfeld	Mady Christians
Ilsa	Kathleen Edwards
Anton Androssy	Victor Casmore
Elias Butterman	Solly Ward
Ilma Schalow	Ethel Norris
Sgt. Karloff	Frank Lyman
Sasha Karloff	Donald Burr
Col. Petroff	Leonard Ceeley
Ivan Tarnoff	Florenz Ames
Maj. Orloff	Arthur Geary

Discounting a "first night" enthusiasm, considering it calmly as an imported work of which happily the score has not been disturbed, "Marching By" looks like one of the sturdiest and soundest of musical plays produced in this country in several seasons. Its melodies are roundly militant, with marching and drinking songs for a splendid male chours in the ascendant. Its story, dramatically unfolded, narrates the adventures of the beautiful Countess Von Hatfield of Austria, who, to be near her lover, Lt. Franz Almasy, quits her chateau near Lemberg when war is declared in August, 1914, and follows him to the Imperial, a hostelry adjacent to the firing lines and occupied first by Austrian and later by Russian troops. After secreting wounded Franz in a closet, he finds herself occupied in efforts to fend off the amorous advances of Col. Petroff of the Russian forces. When Tarnoff, a Russian spy, arrives with important papers showing the position and strength of the Austrians, Franz, as a waiter, plies him with wine and steals the papers; but it is Petroff who, mistaking them for some of Anna's old love letters, tosses them into the open fire. In the end, Franz defrauds the firing line by a desperate ruse, the Austrians re-enter the town, and the lovers are united after a fairly busy and exciting day and a half.

There is a brief prologue, set in half stage, which at once gives way to the lobby and lounge of the Hotel Imperial, where all the rest of the action takes places. The principal characters gradually take shape, the tale develops spiritedly, with many comic interludes in which Mr. Ward, as an Austrian masquerading as a Russian innkeeper, plies his jests with all the unction and fervor and sputtery dialect of his model, the late Sam Bernard. Since there should be a bit of dancing in any well-ordered musical piece, dainty Ethel Norris, as a persistent bride-elect who will not be denied her conjugal rights, capers valiantly in long tight skirts or burdened with an army coat sizes too big for her petite person. There is, at one point late in the performance, a fine bit of acting by Florenz Ames, as the tired, irritable spy who will report to none other than his colonel. Here is a sinister portrait done in savage miniature.

Mr. Robinson and Mr. Ceeley, both vocalists of virile twpe, take turns in leading a full-stage male chorus in such resounding battle songs as "We're On Our Way to Hell," "All's Fair in Love and War" and "Light Up." The first belongs to Mr. Robertson, the other two to Mr. Ceeley, who adds to his vocal heartiness an eloquence of gestures indicative that his whole heart is in his portrayal and song. Miss Christians, a tall and stately blonde of mobile features and a singing actress of more than every-day ability, makes her stage debut something worthy of more than perfunctory praise. She became better and better as the performance progressed. Her duets, with Mr. Robertson in "Leave It to Love" and "For You," and with Mr. Ceeley in "To the Victor Belongs the Spoils" and "Finery" were among the melodic gems of the evening. Mr. Hirst conducted. He allowed his male choristers to sing out lustily last evening. During the polishing period to which any new musical play is subjected he doubtless will insist on that shading and variation of volume which should make these stirring numbers even more effective. Nor should the feminine contingent be overlooked. The young women were very attractive in rich and colorful costumes, and they sang well when given opportunity.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"Le Mystere de la Chambre Jaune"

A French screen drama based on a story by Gaston Leroux; directed by Marcel L'Herbier and presented by Osso with the following cast:

Joseph Rouletabille	Roland Toutain
Mlle. Stangerson	Huguette ex-Duflos
The Professor	Maxime Desjardins
Frederic Larzan	Marcel Vibert
Robert Darzac	Van Daele

A somewhat confusing but frequently interesting French dialogue film, "Le Mystere de la Chambre Jaune," opened yesterday afternoon at the Fine Arts Theatre. Although a partial synopsis is provided by the management, a knowledge of French is vital to full appreciation of the story. Gaston Leroux, master of detective fiction, is credited with having written the story on which the film is based, a fair indication that the plot will not be boring. The photography is frequently good, even though the action is at times repetitious, and the players, particularly an engaging young man named Roland Toutain, are for the most part satisfactory. Where the production really falls down and falls down in a manner that native films have taught us is unnecessary, is in the number of unexplained events and the curious behaviour of certain of the characters. In the case of a mystery story, the audience should be privileged, in the end at least, to understand all whys and wherefores.

On the night of her engagement to Robert Darzac, Mlle. Stangerson is found badly injured in her room, the "chambre jaune" of the title. Door and window are bolted from the inside, leaving no apparent avenue of escape for the man who assaulted her. Larson, the super-detective called in to solve the case, suspects Darzac, because, on the betrothal night, Mlle. Stangerson suddenly refused to marry him and would give no reason. Accordingly, Darzac is arrested and put on trial, not only for assaulting his fiancee but also for having killed a garde champetre found dead with Darzac's knife in his heart. All the evidence seems against him until an enterprising reporter, Joseph Rouletabille, who has forced himself into the Stangerson house and remained there over night, is able to reveal some surprising facts. Mlle. Stangerson had been previously married to a criminal named Balmeyer. It was kept a secret and she had heard later that he was dead. Just as she was about to marry Darzac, Balmeyer turned up again and it was during a nightmare about him that she had fallen and hurt herself. The denouement comes at Darzac's trial when the identity of the disguised Balmeyer becomes known an Rouletabille clears the way for Mlle. Stangerson to marry the man she loves.

The scenes in and around the Stangerson house are well contrived and have an eerie, forbidding atmosphere. Use is made of the yowling of a cat, poisoned wine and masks before the mystery is settled. The Rouletabille of Roland Toutain is a believable, amusing and intelligent person, likable and forceful at the same time. Maxime Desjardins is good enough as Prof. Stangerson and Marcel Vibert is pretty stagy as Larazan. E. L. H.

NW 10, 1931

A NOTE ON STATUES

By PHILIP HALE

Statues in London and Paris are not enjoying themselves. In the former city, which is filled with them, some of them atrocious—Punch made fun of them years ago—there is talk of demolition. Some of the Victorian masterpieces of ornate ugliness are to be thrown out of Westminster Abbey, which was supposed to be a perpetual sanctuary. The great Pitt must go and Britannia, who sits while he admires her, must go with him. Lions will no longer weep over Wolfe; Charles James Fox will not continue to die in the arms of fat, gigantic females.

In Paris statues are in the way of traffic; even though there are few horses to be frightened, there are too many effigies in stone, bronze and marble. There are statues that have been moved about and are still anxious, not sure of a final resting place. Sardou, for example, first enjoyed the sights in the Place de la Madeleine. Last year he disappeared. He will now breathe purer air in a suburb, and again there will be eulogistic speeches. Statues that adorned the court of honor of Versailles have been put out. They "interfered with architectural harmony"; but Richelieu will find a home in the academy he founded. He will undoubtedly wonder why some of the inmates were chosen to be "Immortals."

There are many statues in American cities for which it is high time for disappearing. Some sit, some stand, some are on horseback, some sport the toga, some are uncomfortable in trousers and the statesman's frock coat. Mothers in Boston keep easily scared children away from—it is better not to name this or that statue.

It is true that those standing answer Abraham Lincoln's definition of an ideal statue, for their legs reach to the ground. The men thus exposed to birds and the elements are not all worthy of the honor. Thomas Corwin once said to his son: "Statues, my boy, are erected to solemn asses." And there are statues that are sadly in need of soap and water. Even the gods, goddesses, muses and dissolute fauns in Symphony hall would be more impressive or gayer if a scrubbing woman were hoisted up to them.

Sometimes the inauguration of a statue has mitigating circumstances. A life-size seated figure of Thomas Hardy, placed on the most commanding site that Dorchester—the Casterbridge of the poems and novels—could provide, was the occasion of a remarkable address by Sir James Barrie, who unveiled the statue.

"In one way," he told Hardy's lovers, "this statue must be a failure. If it is the living image of him whom it portrays, you will find when the sheet is removed that there is no statue there. It will have done what Mr. Hardy would have done if he had heard that there was a great concourse of people to do him honor, slipped quietly away."

Do not some of the great, revisiting earth and looking at the counterfeit presentment exposed to admirers and the indifferent, exclaim dolefully: "Not a bit like me"? The most lifelike statue known to the world was that of the commander who accepted Don Giovanni's invitation to supper. When the commander entered the banquet hall, Leporello and the rakehelly Don recognized him at once.

MONDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony orchestra gave last night the first of this season's series of Monday evening concerts. An interested audience filled Symphony hall to hear Mahler's ninth symphony—to which in a recent Friday and Saturday program Dr. Koussevitzky had given its first American performance. Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" and his overture to "Tannhaeuser" rounded out the program.

One may suspect that the applause which followed the performance of the symphony was a reward for the valiant efforts of the orchestra and its conductor rather more than an indication of pleasure derived from the work performed. For this is not as a whole ingratiating music, despite the moments of high beauty that shine here and here amid its tortured and forbidding progress. Its curiously fragmentary thematic material, the sense of dry, morose, and painfully laborious absorption that underlies the manner in which it is developed, the harsh counterpoints, pungent, acidulous orchestration, arouse fascinated interest but hardly unmitigated delight. A strange frustrated talent emerges from this score; it was not genius, yet it was too intense and prodigious in its travail to be dismissed as mediocrity. Its fragments of demoniac irony, of clumsy, bucolic jollity, of high and serene beauty, its powerful and individual orchestration, could not fail, however, to impress those who heard the symphony. The performance was of very high quality.

The "Siegfried Idyl," Wagner's charming tribute to his wife and his pathetic testament of faith in his infant son's high destiny, flowed gently and soothingly, shedding gratefully—if a little repetitiously—its mood of tender reminiscence and hope. The "Tannhaeuser" overture, most effectively performed, brought the concert to its end amid enthusiastic applause for both orchestra and conductor.

S. S.

NW 11 1931

LILY PONS

Lily Pons, coloratura soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who first visited Boston a year ago, gave a recital last evening at Symphony hall. Her program was as follows: Amarilli (Caccini), Plaisir d'Amour (Martini), Lo, Here the Gentle Lark (Bishop), Aria of the Queen of Night from "The Magic Flute" (Mozart), Aria from "Rigoletto" caro nome (Verdi), Aria from "The Barber of Seville" una voce poco fa (Rossini), air from "The Czar's Bride," "La Rose et le Rossignol," air from "Le Coq D'Or" (Rimsky-Korsakov), Theme varie (Saint-Saens), Pourquoi from "Lakme" (Delibes), Aria "Parysatis" (Saint-Saens), air from "La Perle du Bresil" Charmant oiseau (David). Giuseppe Bamboschek was the very efficient accompanist. There was (remarkable but highly gratifying innovation!) no flutist.

Miss Pons has been more fortunate than at least one other of the Metropolitan's comparatively recent acquisitions. The opinions of the critics who reviewed her debut discounted but did not quite so scrimoniously contradict the rhapsodies of the publicity writers; and the very genuine popularity Miss Pons thereupon built for herself has shown no sign of waning. Last night's audience filled the hall, including the greater part of the platform itself; many who had been unable to obtain seats were content to stand.

This concert renewed the impression that this singer's success is to be ascribed at least as much to her intelligence and to her very tangible personal charm as to the quality of her vocal equipment and technique. Here is, as a matter of fact, a far from exceptional voice. It is neither as smooth in cantabile nor as brilliant in colorature as it might be. It has at times, before she has thoroughly warmed to her work, so pronounced a vibrato as to recall Charles Lamb's "Gentle Giantess"—the Widow Blacket of Oxford. ("The shake, which most fine singers reserve for the close or cadence, by some unaccountable flexibility or tremulousness of pipe, she carrieth quite through a composition; so that her time . . . keeps double motion, like the earth—running the primary circuit of the tune, and still revolving upon its own axis"). Yet the voice is indubitably pretty and enhanced by the suggestion of youthful freshness that compensates in some degree for what it lacks in mellowness. It is exceedingly agile. But it is in the alert, intelligent manner, the graceful sensitive phrasing, that characterize her best work that her most legitimate assets are to be found. She displayed her best qualities, her greatest charm, in French rather than Italian airs. "Charmant Oiseau" rather than "Caro Nome" brought out the best in her; Martini's "Plaisir d'Amour" was uttered with suaver tone, with more gracefully shaped phrasing than Caccini's Amarilli. The group of selections from Rimsky-Korsakoff she sang with tone and phrasing that were often exquisitely delicate and expressive.

Yet there was dramatic force as well as neat agility in her singing of the formidable aria of the Queen of the Night from Mozart's "Magic Flute." There was both sprightliness and tender charm in Rossini's "Una voce" as she sang it. An interesting and unusually musical coloratura exercise was Saint-Saens's "Theme Varie." Miss Pons made the most of its opportunities for display and at the same time made clear the relation of each variation to the original theme.

The applause was prolonged and exceedingly cordial. There was many encores.

S. S.

NW

HELEN HENSCHEL

Helen Henschel, soprano, gave a recital in Jordan hall last night, playing her own accompaniments. Her program was as follows: Der Musensohn (Schubert); Der Nussbaum, Volksliedschen (Schumann); Von ewiger Liebe (Brahms), Staendchen (Strauss), French folk songs—Paris est au Roi (arr. Weckerlin), Les matines (arr. Moulle); Jordin d'amour (arr. Keel); Ma Fille, veux-tu un bouquet? (French-Canadian, arr. Somerville); Der Einsame (Schubert); Widmung (Schumann); Waldeinsamkeit (Max Reger); Das verlassene Maegdelein, Er ist's (Wolf); Clear and Cool, The Lamb, Triolet (George Henschel); The Morning Dew, But Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair, The Wraggle-taggle Gypsies (English folk songs arr. by Cecil Sharp).

Miss Henschel is, of course, a daughter of Sir George Henschel, first conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra. Her concert showed her amply endowed with the musicianship, the lively intelligence, and the interpretative skill that were to be expected in view of that fact. It is not easy to say whether it were truer to consider her as a singer playing her own accompaniments or as a pianist who also sings. Her accompaniments had not merely the merit of being in more immediate and living contact with the voice than when the functions of singer and pianist are divided; they are often delightful in themselves as richly or delicately expressive piano-playing, not so ruthlessly subordinated to the vocal part as to conceal their own individuality and interest, nor so self-assertive as to obtrude distractingly on the singer's share. To achieve so admirable a balance and at the same time to preserve such vitality and individuality in the parts is a remarkable feat.

By her two percussive and staccato style in Schubert's lively "Der Musensohn," Miss Henschel did not prepare her large audience for the fine singing that was to follow. But her delicately nuanced and expressive "Nussbaum," with its murmuring accompaniment was of a beauty that compensated generously for the misjudged vigor of its predecessor. In her performance of Brahm's great song, "Von ewiger Liebe," Miss Henschel carefully established the mood and the moment and strongly dramatized the dialogue between the swain (the singer made him somewhat truculent) and the quietly confident maiden; some listeners may have preferred a less radical change in tempo between the sections allotted to the two speakers; but the effect was vividly dramatic, the characterization strong. With a charming lightness of voice rising to ultimate rapture, to the delicately glamorous background of her beautifully played accompaniment, she sang Strauss's "Staendchen." Here as at all times during the evening her enunciation was consummately clear and full of meaning.

She was perhaps even more successful in finding the style and mood appropriate to the delightful folk songs of her French group, with their essential resilent vitality, their sentiment obliquely suggested rather than lavishly spilled, their swinging refrains. There was in her singing of these songs a gallant clarity of tone and just emphasis of word, with a lilting graze of phrasing, that delighted her hearers.

The three pleasant and unpretentious songs of her father's, with which her final group opened, were sung with engaging simplicity. Three English folk songs collected and admirably arranged by the late Cecil Sharp, of fresh and varied beauty, closed the program worthily. Miss Henschel received the delighted applause of her audience.

S. S.

CONCERT NOTES

The program of the Boston Symphony orchestra's concerts this week will be as follows: Rachmaninoff-Respighi, Five Picture Studies (first performance). Florent Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome." Brahms, violin concerto (Adolf Busch, violinist—his first appearance in Boston). Pick-Mangiagalli, Scene Carnavalesque (first time in the United States).

Rachmaninoff wrote two sets of "Picture Studies"; each set containing nine studies. He gave them no titles. Respighi, or the publisher, was more fanciful. The five chosen for orchestration are now called: The Sea and Gulls, The Fair, Funeral March, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, March. Schmitt's "Tragedy of Salome" was inspired by Robert d'Humieres's poem, not by Wilde's tragedy. The ballet—a "mute drama"—from which this suite is derived, was produced at Paris in 1907 when Loie Fuller took the part of Salome, and Lou Van Tel (Lou Tellegen as the actor is known in this country), John the Baptist. Loie Fuller danced the dance of pearls, of the peacock, of serpents of steel, silver and the dance of fear. The orchestra was enlarged for the rewritten score when the suite was first performed at a Colonne concert, Paris, in 1911. There have been theatre performances — Mmes. Trouhanowa, Karsavina, Rubinstein in turn taking the part of Salome. The ballet is now in the repertory of the Paris Opera. When Dr. Muck brought out the suite in November, 1913, the Boston Symphony orchestra was assisted by members of the Musical Art Club for the voice parts.

Mr. Busch, who will play the concerto by Brahms, was born at Siegen, Westphalia, in 1891. He has a high reputation in Europe as a violinist; also as a composer and teacher.

The "Carnaval Scene" by Pick-Mangiagalli, is from that composer's "Casanova in Venice." Casanova, that entertaining gambler, swindler, formidable amorist, spy, literary man, had so many adventures in Venice that there is much material for librettist and dramatist.

The orchestra will be out of town next week. The program of the first concert in New York, Nov. 19, will comprise Mahler's Symphony No. 9, two Nocturnes by Debussy, Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite No. 2. Saturday's program, Nov. 21: Handel's Concerto Grosso, No. 12. Morris's Piano Concerto (Mr. Morris, pianist), and Strauss's "Heldenleben."

Sidney Sukoenig will play the piano for the first time in Boston, in Jordan hall tonight: Music by J. S. Bach, Scarlatti, C. P. E. Bach's 6th Prussian Sonata, freely arranged by Sukoenig; Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata; pieces by Stravinsky, Hindemith, Respighi, Ravel, Strauss-Gieseking, Liszt-Busoni and Chopin. He was born in New York, where he was first taught by his father, the cantor of the Park Avenue Synagogue. When he was 9 years old he was soprano soloist of the Metropolitan Opera Company's boy chorus. In Europe he studied the piano with Phillipp, d'Albert, Edwin Fischer (the celebrated virtuoso and teacher at Berlin), and he also studied composition with Nadia Boulanger and Paul Hindemith. On Jan. 15, 1930, he made his first public appearance playing Schumann's concerto with the Berlin Symphony orchestra. His recitals in Leipsic, Dresden, Vienna, Budapest, London and New York have been highly praised.

NW 18 1931

SIDNEY SUKOENIG

Sidney Sukoenig, pianist, gave a recital at Jordan hall last evening. The following was his program: Bach, Passacaglia and Fugue, C minor; Scarlatti, Sonata in D, gavotte; C. P. E. Bach-Sukoenig, Sixth Prussian Sonata (first performance); Beethoven, Sonata op. 53; Stravinsky, Hymne; Hindemith, Tanzstueck, op. 19, No. 5; Respighi, Notturno; Ravel, Jeux d'eau; Strauss-Giesekking, Staendchen; Liszt-Busoni, Paganini, Etude E flat; Chopin, Polonaise, A flat major. There was a large audience.

Mr. Sukoenig, born in New York, has studied the piano in Europe with such eminent persons as Philippe, D'Albert, and Edwin Fischer, and taken lessons in composition from Nadia Boulanger and Paul Hindemith. His prowess as composer was not exhibited last night, unless his "free concert arrangement" of a sonata by C. P. E. Bach contained more of Mr. Sukoenig's work than the mere doubling of parts and filling out of chords. But as pianist he had chosen a program both interesting in itself and well calculated to display his not inconsiderable powers. He has an extremely agile and powerful technique, though it is not yet under sufficiently complete control to enable him to avoid occasional confusion and blurring of sounds. His interpretive style is intelligent, sensitive to detail, dynamic in its insistence upon incessant movement and relentless rhythm. Yet there was insufficient differentiation of style between works of varied type and different periods. Between Scarlatti, and C. P. E. Bach and Beethoven, for example, there was little contrast of manner or of touch—the latter generally rather mellow, inclined toward a too constant legato with the slightly excessive aid of the pedal, even when—as in Scarlatti—a crisper, brighter tone-quality might have been more suitable.

His performance of the D'Albert transcription of Bach's massive Passacaglia Fugue in C minor was sonorous (even to the point, at times, of bombast), architectural in the power with which climaxes were piled up, clear in its treatment of counterpoints. If he was less successful with Scarlatti, it was for lack mainly of the incisively crystalline finger work that is necessary if the composer's characteristic rapid passages and repeated notes are not to be blurred. It is doubtful whether Carl Philip Emmanuel Bach's interesting sonata needed as much filling out as Mr. Sukoenig in his concert arrangement had given it. Even the old harpsichordists availed themselves with discretion of the coupling device, and the modern

piano, with its rich power of tonal variation, makes the doubling of parts still less necessary, not to mention other slightly excessive embellishments in the manner of Busoni.

Mr. Sukoenig played the Waldstein sonato dramatically, with a sense of inevitable onward movement and a feeling for quasi-orchestral color that gave a romantic quality to his reading. Once again there was some blurred passage work due to inadequately controlled facility.

The pianist was admirably successful with his Stravinsky—a "Hymne" full of fervent, rapturous vigor—and with Hindemith's riotously brilliant and rhythmic "Tanzstueck." Respighi's "Notturno," atmospheric but trivial, was played with beautiful tone; Ravel's "Jeux d'eaux" brilliantly but a trifle too strenuously to convey its limpid, liquid picture. Mr. Gieseking plays his transcription of Strauss's "Staendchen" as one who knows the song; Mr. Sukoenig last night did not. But his display of technical prowess and promise in the Liszt Study and the Chopin Polonaise with which the concert ended brought him abundant applause. He was compelled to add some encores. S. S.

NW 14 1931

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra given in Symphony hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Rachmaninoff, Five Picture-Studies orchestrated by Respighi: The Sea and the Gulls, The Fair, Funeral March, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, March (first performance). Schmitt, "The Tragedy of Salome," suite (after a poem by d'Humieres). Brahms, concerto for violin (Adolf Busch, violinist; his first appearance in Boston). Pick-Mangiagalli, Scene Carnavalesque, from "Casanova in Venice" (first time in the United States.)

Otterino Respighi goes up and down the land like a raging lion, seeking what he may "arrange" and orchestrate. Whether the musical contents of these piano pieces by Rachmaninoff warrant the labor expended by the Italian is an open question. He reminds one of Mr. Wemmick: "Hello! Here's a piano piece—let's arrange it for orchestra." Rachmaninoff wrote two sets of piano pieces—nine in each set. Did Respighi orchestrate them all? Harrowing thought! Did he or the publisher give the fanciful subtitles which Rachmaninoff neglected to invent?

Now Respighi is a master of orchestration, and the chief attraction in the pieces performed yesterday is the skill he displays. The first, "The Sea and the Gulls," was worthy of this display; the music is picturesque, poetic, charming in every way; but the other four pieces have little inherent significance.

Perhaps if one heard the Russian pianist play them, one would hold another opinion. Take the "Funeral March," for example. The march was apparently halted more than once by traffic signals. There was no continuity of mourning; there was no overwhelming expression of grief. With all Mr. Respighi's skill, the march seemed labored, artificial. One could not help remembering the simplicity and the powerful effect of Handel's "Dead March in Saul," written in the key of C major, and, paradoxically, all the more mournful. How did Handel, choosing a key consecrated to jubilation, gain this effect? Probably the only answer is that he was a wonder-worker in music.

They think highly of Florent Schmitt in France. From what has been heard here of his music, this good report is inexplicable. Possibly the music for his "Salome" has greater dramatic force, a finer oriental flavor, compelling sensuousness, and a hair-raising expression of horror, when it is heard in the theatre with stage settings, costumes and the sight of Salome with the series of dances that cost the Baptist his head; but this is doubtful, for this music, even when one tries to picture the scenes that it accompanies, lacks imagination. His Salome is not seductive; is not demoniacal; she is cerebral, nor does she, over-brained, not overexcited, give way to hysteria and thus become an interesting apparition. One little piano piece, "The Passing Bell," played here when Miss Winifred Christie gave her first recital, has more emotional mystery and at the same time more poignant effect than the elaborate compositions, the great "machines" by Schmitt that Bostonians have heard. Pick-Mangiagalli's "Scene Carnavalesque" is another composition that, with its bustle and its din, is for the theatre stage. Here again there are pages ingeniously orchestrated, as those in which the good old air "The Carnival of Venice" is treated con amore. And after Schmitt's "Salome" and the arrangement of Rachmaninoff's piano pieces, what a pleasure it was to hear an honest tune!

Mr. Busch with the orchestra, led by Dr. Koussevitzky with his customary regard for soloist and composer, gave an excellent interpretation of Brahms's concerto. Too often the performance of this concerto is like the Hamlet of the young tragedian in "Great Expectations"—"massive and concrete." The reputation of the visitor is so established that technical proficiency, full and pure tone, intelligent and musical phrasing, a comprehension of the work as a whole, these were anticipated. Nor was the agreeable expectation deceived. For to the fine qualities was added warmth, a poetic feeling when the composer allowed it and put aside his gruff, surly, forbidding mask, to reveal himself a human being.

The violinist was recalled several times, so unmistakable was the appreciation by the audience of his performance. The audience was also greatly pleased by the attempt of Messrs. Rachmaninoff and Respighi to imitate the howling of a wolf. The concert will be repeated tonight. The orchestra will be out of town next week. The next concerts will be on Nov. 27, 28. Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct in the first half of the concerts Beethoven's overture to "Coriolanus" and his Fourth Symphony. After the intermission Nicolai Tcherepnin will conduct his symphonic poem "The Enchanted Kingdom" (after a Russian tale), his "Ten Miniatures" (after a Russian illustrated alphabet), and his prelude "in memory of Rimsky-Korsakov." The prelude will be performed for the first time. Tcherepnin had already written a sinfonietta in memory of Rimsky-Korsakov.

RKO KEITH'S

"Are These Our Children?"

A screen drama adapted by Howard Estabrook from the original story by Wesley Ruggles; directed by Wesley Ruggles and presented by RKO Radio Pictures with the following cast:

Eddie Brand	Eric Linden
Mary	Rochelle Hudson
Florence Carnes	Arline Judge
Nick Crosby	Ben Alexander
Bonne Gray	Robert Quirk
Giggles	Roberta Gale
Dumbell	Mary Kornman
Heinie Krantz	William Orlamond
Grandmother Morton	Beryl Mercer
Bobby Brand	Billy Butts
Sam Kong	Jimmie Wang
Taxi driver	Robert McKenzie
Charlie	Earl Pingee
Sam	Russell Powell
Defence attorney	Harry Shutan
Prosecutor	Ralf Harolde

A stern indictment of the wild younger generation is the theme of "Are These Our Children?" current screen attraction at the RKO Keith Theatre. Wesley Ruggles, who will go down in the annals of the screen as the man who directed "Cimarron" and won great glory thereby, handled this production also. More than that, he wrote the story, basing his incidents on his own observation of juvenile criminals and delinquent students from all walks of life. The earnestness of the production is never to be questioned, the purpose which lay behind it is plain—Mr. Ruggles had a lesson to set forth and he undertook to set it forth in such form as would make it unforgettable. His actors, with one or two unimportant exceptions, are unknown youngsters, several of them making herein their initial screen appearances. All the resources of unusual camera detail, small and illuminating bits of action, wild exaggerations and truthful reporting, are combined by the director to set forth his story, and if good intentions and infinite pains made a masterpiece, "Are These Our Children?" might rank with "Cimarron."

More than these are needed, however, and as the production stands, there is too much melodrama, too much preaching and a general impression of direction. Eddie Brand, a promising boy with an excellent home, fails in his attempt to win a school oratorical contest, and in his mortification takes up with a fast crowd, trying to drown his humiliation in drinking and in petting parties. The protests of his grandmother, the unhappiness of his sweetheart, Mary, whom he has deserted for the flirtatious Florence Carnes, are of no avail. One night, while out on a party with some acquaintances, he runs out of liquor, endeavors to obtain it from Heinie Krantz, an old friend of his grandmother, and when Heinie refuses to give it to him, shoots and accidentally kills him. At first horrified, he soon loses his head over the to-do made in the papers about the crime. Even when arrested and put on trial for murder, he is insufferably cocky, demanding more and more publicity about himself and hectoring his lawyer and his family. At last he takes over his own defence, breaks down the testimony of the state's witnesses and puts one of his friends, Nick Crosby, on the stand to clinch his innocence. Nick breaks down under oath and tells the whole truth. Eddie is condemned to death and his two friends to life imprisonment.

For the most part, the young players do creditable work. Eric Linden, a 20-year-old newcomer from the stage, does admirably in the role of Eddie. Called on to be alternately hysterical, disagreeable, remorseful and conceited, he is usually convincing. The last sequence—mercifully not the electric chair—puts him through the agonies of saying good-by to his family and then, an example of horribly bad taste, he has to recite the Lord's Prayer, which must have been as embarrassing to him as it was to the onlooker. Arline Judge, another of Mr. Ruggles's discoveries, makes a believable person of Florence, the hard-boiled, unprincipled little vamp who led Eddie astray but stood by him as well as she could. Rochelle Hudson is too goody-goody as Mary, and Beryl Mercer suffers from an excess of sweetness as Grandmother Morton. A good bit is contributed by William Orlamond as the unfortunate Heinie, and Ben Alexander is satisfactory as a weak-kneed young desperado.

E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Flying High"

A screen musical comedy with book, lyries and music by De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and John McGowan; screen play and dialogue by A. P. Younger; directed by Charles F. Riesner and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Rusty	Bert Lahr
Pansy	Charlotte Greenwood
Sport	Pat O'Brien
Eileen	Kathryn Crawford
Dr. Brown	Charles Winninger
Mrs. Smith	Hedda Hopper
Mr. Smith	Guy Kibbee
Gordon	Herbert Braggiotti

About all there is left of George White's stage production of "Flying High" is Bert Lahr, the comedian. What Mr. White's lacked and what this screen version supplies, however, is a series of extremely beautifhl pictorial effects conceived by Busby Berkeley and executed by two score of the prettiest girls ever seen on the screen. They relieve more than one tedious period with intricate and dazzling dance formations which are given kaleidoscopic treatment by a camera apparently perched at great altitude and pointed downward at the huge dancing stage below. For these dances the girls were arrayed in ornate costumes, and they were equipped with miniature plane wings and paddles and various other articles which, manipulated with remarkable precision, created something quite new and wholly fascinating. In one instance they gyrated as interlocking parts of engine machinery, and the illusion was startlingly perfect.

For screen purposes the story of "Flying High" has been altered materially. Mr. Lahr is still "Rusty" Krause, a comic airplane mechanic, but now he is also an inventor of the aerocopter, in which no one seems interested save "Sport" Wardwell, who has more affrontery and nerve than cash. "Rusty" is still pursued by Pansy, but the mountainous Kate Smith of the stage show has been supplanted by Charlotte Greenwood who, as every one knows, is mostly legs. She and Mr. Lahr labor honestly enough, but such humor as they extract from their frequent scenes is less spontaneously funny than was anticipated. However, their closing performance, when they ascend in the much ridiculed aerocopter, makes up for much that has gone before. Charlotte, in grotesque garb, crawls out on a wing and then down between the wheels to retrieve an essential lever. She finally quits the ship by parachute while Mr. Lahr, forgetting which lever to pull to send him to earth, goes to sleep, awakes in a snow storm, at last hits on the right lever and passes Charlotte as he crashes to earth. Incidentally he breaks the record for height, something like 53,000 feet, and saves his shoe-string corporation from bankruptcy and jail.

The rest is mostly pursuit racing, with Lahr alays a bit ahead of Miss Greenwood. The medical test scene has been toned down commendably, and an effort made to disguise the vulgarity of its tag. The other players have little to do. The recording is not of the best, but admirable photography makes ample amends for that shortcoming. All in all, it is relieving to know that Mr. Lahr is about to return to the stage in the near future. That is where he really belongs.

W. E. G.

METROPOLITAN

"Touchdown"

A screen drama adapted by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt from the novel, "Stadium," by Francis Wallace; directed by Norman McLeod and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Dan Curtis	Richard Arlen
Mary Gehring	Peggy Shannon
Babe Barton	Jack Oakie
Tom Hussey	Regis Toomey
Paul Gehring	Charles Starrett
Jerome Gehring	George Barbier
Pop Stewart	J. Farrell MacDonald
President Baker	George Irving
Harrigan	Charles D. Brown

The screen football season opened with "The Spirit of Notre Dame" and continues with "Touchdown," current screen attraction at the Metropolitan Theatre. "Touchdown" varies considerably from the general run of football films in that the spectator is privileged to see the game from the point of view of the coach, not of the players altogether. It is an interesting picture, well acted, frequently dramatic and usually convincing in those sequences pertaining to the playing of the game. Most important of all, it emphasizes something that is often overlooked: how essential it is for a coach to win games, no matter what the cost, if he is to hold his position. Stress is placed throughout on the desirability of not sacrificing good sportsmanship for the sake of the winning score. It is a lesson preached to the hero at the opening of the story and one which he finally learns for himself at considerable cost.

Dan Curtis plays brilliantly in his last game for Midwest and listens uncomprehendingly to the words of Pop Stewart, the coach, who tells him that he must guard against his tendency to win, by fair means or foul; that it is sometimes more sporting to lose. Dan becomes coach for a small western college and makes such a god job of it that presently he is invited to coach at L. & M. Determined to win, he resorts to paying promising men to come to the college. Two old friends, Babe Barton and Tom Hussey, both of whom played with him at Midwest, look askance on his practices and tell him so bluntly. During the course of one important game, Paul Gehring, son of the donor of L. & M.'s stadium, and brother of Mary Gehring whom Dan loves, is knocked on the head, and the doctor tells Dan that Paul mustn't play again for a year. The only alternative player of any competence is a boy with a bad knee. Dan has the doctor inject novocaine into his legs, the boy plays brilliantly, but his knee is so badly hurt that he can never use it again. Babe and Tom, furiously indignant, tell Dan he is nothing but a butcher, and Mary breaks their tentative engagement. Belatedly, Dan realizes what he is doing, and in the biggest game of the year, against his old college, he forfeits the chance to win because it would mean endangering Gehring's life to put him on the field. Mary forgives him and everything ends in a rosy glow of nobility.

Richard Arlen, with more of a part than usually falls to his lot, does very well indeed with Dan, save that his honest and ingenuous personality seems to give the lie to any suspicion of underhand dealing. He plays earnestly and intelligently, giving the spectator a fair conception of the young coach's difficult position. Jack Oakie, restored to the rank of feature player when he was briefly and disastrously removed for stardom, is very funny in a secondary role, and Regis Toomey shines all too briefly in a small part. Peggy Shannon supplies the important love interest, Charles Starrett is good as her brother, and a tall blond youth with a southern accent, is excellent as the player who sacrifices his for L. & M. J. Farrell MacDonald is a satisfactory coach.

The Metropolitan is celebrating its sixth anniversary this week with special features, particularly an elaborate and attractive musical presentation, "Concert," in which the grand orchestra led by Fabien Sevitsky takes prominent part. Arthur Martel's organ solo is "Pleasant Memories." The stage show is "Many Happy Returns of the Day."

E. L. H.

NW 15 1931

BRUCE SIMONDS

By PHILIP HALE

Bruce Simonds, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan hall. Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor. Pasquini, Toccata on the Call of the Cuckoo. Scarlatti, Presto. Bax, First Sonata (in one movement). Brahms, Five Capriccios and Intermezzi, op. 76. Schumann, Carnaval.

The interpretation of the fugue was in the appropriately straightforward honest-to-God Mendelssohnian manner. In the fugue Mr. Simonds introduced the audience to a genteel Mendelssohn who attempted to be real devilish, but every now and then relapsed into spells of sentimentalism, putting one in mind of the portrait exhibiting a ruffled shirt decorated with a huge diamond pin. This fugue does not call for such an ad libitum reading with ultra-modern raising and falling of the voices, halting and hurrying.

Mr. Simonds is almost always happy in his treatment of music by the clavecinists. It was a pleasure to hear Pasquini's use of the cuckoo call in his Toccata; also to hear music by Scarlatti that is not thrice familiar. Mr. Simonds is also to be thanked for bringing out the Sonata by Bax, though the work itself does not abound in the characteristics that set him apart from his co-laborers in the musical vineyard. One finds too little of the Celtic atmosphere. Bax had not listened to his friendly fairies nor seen strange sights on Ireland's hills, nor rowed to the mystic island. The program stated that the sonata was composed in Russia

The Theatre

By PHILIP HALE

"Once in a Lifetime," which will be seen at the Majestic Theatre to-
ow night, was written originally by Moss Hart. The comedy was re-
en by George S. Kaufman—i.e., the two worked together on it. The
ouncement was made in March of last year that "Once in a Lifetime"
d be produced in May and would be produced at Atlantic City on the
of that month; but the first performance was at Brighton Beach in
. The play arrived at the Music Box, New York, on Sept. 25, 1930.
ge Lewis was played by Hugh O'Connell; May Daniels by Jean Dixon;
n Hobart, Spring Byington; Susan Walker, Sally Phipps; Herman Glo-
r, Charles Dalton; Rudolph Kammerling, Walter Dreher; Miss Leighton,
ha Marlcle; the Bishop, Granville Bates. The cast is a large one, includ-
about 40 characters. In New York Mr. Kaufman himself was on the
e as Lawrence Vail.

The reputation of this play as "grand entertainment and grand razz"
preceded the arrival in Boston. It is seldom that dramatic critics have
so unanimous in praise. Even a prominent critic of London visiting
York wrote to the Daily Telegraph that the ridicule of Hollywood was
ernally hilarious." There is abundance of material to ridicule: the
bian Night extravagance, the lack of taste—as was shown here when
t. Ahab was provided with "love interest"; the prodigious vanity of the
s; the incredible ignorance of those in command—the Hollywooditis that
es—no wonder that Mr. Glogauer groans over the prevailing hysteria in
lywood: "It's terrible! Terrible! Everywhere I go they act at me!
ry one acts at me! If I only go to have my shoes shined I look down
some one is having a love scene with my pants."

The story is a simple one. As Mr. Carroll of London puts it: "The
hors show how easy it is for incompetence to pass for brilliance in the
tion picture business. By taking advantage of the ignorance and wild
ertainty of the motion picture impresarios three unknown vaudeville
formers shoot swiftly to the top of the motion picture profession. As a
ce of mordant travesty at high speed it is as funny as a man can com-
tably enjoy after dinner."

These vaudevillians, hearing that sound is now valued at Hollywood,
ive there as "voice culturists just when the dimpled darlings of the silent
ns wake up to realize that they must talk or disappear." Mr. Robert
dle adds: "What happens when they get there, how they cash in, are
shed up, are swept into favor with a button-making magnate; how they
ke the wrong film, are fired again, and again swept into fame in rapid-
procession of comic scenes and superbly funny lines that you must go
hear for yourself."

Some time ago St. John Ervine asked whether film stars could act. He
swered his own question by attributing their success, when they were
cessful, to the laborious drilling of the director and the efficiency of the
chine. Mr. Ervine's brilliant and amusing article led C. A. Lejeune, who
ites as intelligently as entertainingly about film plays, to say that the
ema's most efficient players, who are recruited from the stage, have been
cause of more inefficient film-making than any condition, other than
rary dialogue, on the screen. "I consider such a talent as the Barry-
's, Ina Claire's, Arliss's, is a positive menace to the movies. These people
w too much about acting as a progressive and creative thing, and their
sition in the studio allows them to indulge a method which has no counter-
rt in the conditions of film making."

To the Russians the best material is untutored; their types are found in
lds and factories; "They build them into the fabric of the picture as they
uld a tree or a tractor, a milk separater or a piston rod, and the result
good round movie. But I do not think the Americans are necessarily
ong when they train up film stars for the commercial cinema who would
—and frequently have been—a blight on a No. 3 touring company. The
m star is a creature of synthesis and the maker of stars is a practical
re who works with scissors and paste to create a new personality from
rtain given elements. . . . The mistake in the system is not in the attain-
ent of film reputation by a person of small dramatic talent, but in the
et that such a person should, ipso facto, consider himself entitled to ap-
ar on a stage with some degree of authority. The case is parallel to that
the film producer—by no means a rare phenomenon—whose qualification
r success in the film business is experience in the selling of motor cars,
oceries, or gentlemen's underwear, and whose opportunity has arisen from
e ability to sell these things both wisely and well."

"Farce being essentially the fun of bad manners, the parade of rowdi-
ss, naughtiness, and all such vigorous defiance of the social code, must
ave its limitations. There may be endless laws, but there are not endless
ays of law-breaking or types of law-breakers. The Bad Old Man has been
chief puppet of the craft since Silenus first swigged a bottle and winked
a eye alongside the fiery-flaming nose that was later to be Bardolph's lan-
rn."—Ivor Brown.

Here is a delightfully bad break in the usually well-informed Observer
London.

"Alexander Hamilton, George Arliss, dressed as George Washington's
nance Minister, but staunchly and delightfully Arliss, in a historical fiction
the days after the American Civil war; dry dialogue, nice delivery; little
ovie sense, but plenty of common sense and a rather gracious sense of
eriod."

It is a pity that Hamilton is not shown in "the days after the American
ivil war" saving the country from the machinations of Jay Gould and
Jubilee Jim."

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy is the heroine of Ernst Toller's new five-act
rama, "Miracle in America," performed last month at Mannheim. It opens
ith her, sick, in a doctor's waiting room; then, restored to health by the
esmeric ability of Quimby. Having made his doctrine her own, she be-
omes "a priestess with a stirring message." There is a "love interest," for
rival is introduced, Miss Mabel, who slanders her. In this play Mrs. Eddy
seen giving medicine to her dying husband in the hope of saving him.
The object of this drama," says the Berlin correspondent of the Observer,
s devoted to proving that neither man nor woman can win the soul's sal-
ation from any new sect unless this preaches complete disregard of this
orld's goods."

"Once the grandeur of Romance is lost—once the greater grandeur of true Religion is gone—that Religion which pervades the Greek drama . . . and you might as well wipe all the theatres off the face of the earth. Wipe out 500 of those of today, and, by Jove, we should then be getting things going on a proper footing."—Gordon Craig.

A correspondent writes, asking why we do not have any good melodramas today, plays of the old fashioned Drury Lane type. Would she really like to see that type again: a good man accused of crime convicted or barely escaping punishment: a wicked baronet with spats and a glossy silk hat, aided by a weak but handsome and well-dressed woman, who having been seduced by him, is in his power; or by a curate whose shocking secret is known to the baronet; a horse lamed just before the race; a comic servant with comic sweetheart and song and dance—? Or with a murder or two—

"I saw him at half-price,
But methinks I see him now
In the tableau of the last act
With the blood upon his brow."

Well, we should be glad to see an old-fashioned melodrama, as "The Span of Life," just as we should like to see one of the earlier film series, "The Iron Claw" with Pearl White in danger of death every 10 minutes. What has become of her? At the height of her fame she was the constant prey of desperate villains. But "Hamlet" is still on the stage and that is a rousing melodrama in spite of the new-fangled notions about the production; the latest notion being to have Hamlet speak the Ghost's lines, and not merely for the sake of prompting if the Ghost stumbles or clean forgets.

"Barrie has long ago overdone the goodness of heart, the self-sacrifice, the tenderness, the sweetness, the wistfulness of womanhood. The carefully concealed and guarded superiority of the weaker sex has had its day. Women are now presented—with some measure of truth—as sly, scheming, and unscrupulous rotters. . . . We must not look to the average dramatic author for the truth about women—that is certain. He is too intent upon loosening her purse-strings."—Sydney W. Carroll.

four years before the war, but revised extensively even as late as 1921. Perhaps in its original form the Sonata was more Baxian in his earlier manner; revisions are not always improvements. The opening section is sturdy but not especially important music. When one hears the lyric passages, however, one recognizes the poetic Bax in all his originality. The final section is noisy, and not impressive, and here Mr. Simonds, who is by nature and training a gentle miniaturist, showed that he can pound with the most formidable. The sonata left a confused impression, due probably to the composer.

The pieces by Brahms were played delightfully. Is it not possible that as a composer for the piano, Brahms will live by the Intermezzi, which in his lifetime were thought by many of his admirers in Vienna to be "unworthy" of him?

Is it not time to put Schumann's "Carnaval" on the shelf for a few seasons? This suite has been played so often that not even the most romantic pianist can restore its freshness for those who have heard it under the fingers of Tom, Dick and Harry, not to mention George, Ann and Maria. And to think that Schumann after he had written the music racked his brains over the titles he should give the successive pieces!

The audience, which was of good size, liked Mr. Simonds's playing very much.

MARIA HALAMA

Maria Halama, mezzo-soprano, assisted by Vaclav Divina, accompanist, sang in Jordan hall last night. Marcello. Quella fiamma. Sadero. Fa la nana bambin. Cimara. Stornellata marinara Novak. Love is like a Star. Kricka. Berceuse. Divina. Andante (first time). Dvorak. Aria from "Rusalka." Lenormand. Quelle Souffrance. Debussy. Beau Soir. Vidal. Ariette. Homer. Sing to Me Sing. MacDowell. The Blue-bell. Kramer. Pleading. La Forge. Into the Light. Slovak Folk Songs; Serenade arr. by Schneider-Trnavsky. Just Gossip, arr. by Figus-Bystry. Love's Plight and It is Raining, arr. by Kunc.

Mme. Halama, who appeared here last night for the first time, it is said, is evidently an experienced singer. Her voice is more agreeable in the low and middle registers than in the higher range. The voice is under good control in purely lyrical and sentimental or contemplative measures. When she would be dramatic, the tones were not well sustained and they had an edge; and so the line, "Ah, Shriek of an Halcyon" in Cimara's song was realistically delivered. Mme. Halama showed rhetorical intelligence in the treatment of the texts; her phrasing was well studied; but her intonation was not always secure. The songs by Novak and Kricka, and the aria from Dvorak's opera were disappointing. No normal child, Czech, Slovakian, or Yankee could be lulled to sleep by Kricka's cradle song. Divina's "Andante" in this group won the special favor of the audience, and it was the one that deserved it. When Mme. Halama did not force tone and sang simply, as in Sadero's "Rock-a-by Baby," she was the more effective. A fair-sized audience applauded heartily.

P. H.

"BONERS"

There are genuine "boners" culled from examination papers. Are not some in the volume or two, from which there are readings aloud in the effort to entertain guests who are at a loss for further conversation and are giving symptoms of being bored, manufactured by the compilers?

Some of the more recent ones, purporting to be found in the papers of candidates, seem plausible. "Becky Sharp is one of the characters in 'The Delectable Dutchess,' by Sir Quiller Queech." But is not this one too elaborate: "The ladies of Cranford were represented as playing bridge, dancing to gramophone music or music 'relaid' from Rome and obtaining cheap seats at the cinema"? How about this? "Sir Roger de Coverley appears in the comedy by William Shakespeare called 'When Knight's Were Bold.'"

Many Spoonerisms have been attributed to the Rev. W. A. Spooner, who was guiltless of them; Abraham Lincoln did not crack all the jokes and tell all the Rabelaisian stories quoted of his; Artemus Ward was not guilty of all the anecdotes laid at his door. A hopelessly stupid, blundering boy would not be capable of maltreating history and biography with an ingenuity that sometimes compels admiration

Nov 16 '33

PEOPLE'S SYMPHONY

The People's Symphony orchestra, conducted by Thompson Stone, gave its third concert yesterday afternoon at Jordan hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, overture to "Hebrides," and aria, "Hear Ye, Israel," from "Elijah"; Arthur Harris, Lengthening Shadows; Weber-Berlioz, Invitation to the Dance; Charpentier, aria, Depuis le Jour from "Louise"; Tschaikowsky, Valse de Fleur; Wagner, overture to "The Flying Dutchman." Blanche Haskell, soprano, was assisting artist.

It is perhaps a stricter test for an orchestra occasionally to play such a program as the one heard yesterday in Jordan hall than to play without exception programs containing at least one classic written in the grand manner. In a concert lighter in its entirety, we at least expect more and are willing to forgive less than we would otherwise. Yesterday there was indeed less to forgive and more to commend, for the performance was uniformly of high order and satisfied those alert ears ever in quest of improvements.

Greatly to Mr. Stone's credit, the orchestra played with more fire and more persistent energy than at its last concert. Mendelssohn's overture to "Hebrides" and Weber's Invitation to the Dance are witness to the vigor imparted from conductor to players as well as to the marked increase of sympathetic adjustment between them. The solid support of the basses in the "Hebrides" overture was impressive, though "The Flying Dutchman" suffered from the unfortunate timbre of the percussions.

Blanche Haskell sang Mendelssohn's beautiful aria, "Hear Ye, Israel," in manner beyond reproach. Her rounded full tones have retained their lucidity and freshness though her singing is in-

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charming in themselves though not interpreted with any noteworthy subtlety (but perhaps here Mr. Chenkin was being scrupulously true to the Polish character he was portraying) and his final group of Russian folk and soldier songs. In this latter section, clad first as a bewhiskered peasant and later as a naively and loutish wooden soldier, he exploited to the full, and with marvelous mobility of countenance, his delightful comic powers. Mr. Chenkin was applauded with genuine enthusiasm. He was generous in granting encores.

S. S.

NOV 24

ROSE ZULALIAN

Rose Zulalian, contralto, gave a song recital in Symphony hall, yesterday afternoon, before a friendly audience of moderates size. She sang the following program:

The Spirit Song (Haydn); There's Not a Swain on the Plain (Purcell); Il mio ben quando verra (Paisiello); Zur Ruh, Zur Ruh! Nimmersatte Liebe (Wolf); Freundliche Vision, Cacilie (Strauss); "O Ma Lyre Immortelle," from "Sapho," (Gounod); Sunset (words by Clara Endicott Sears) (Gulesian); four songs from "In Memoriam," Doors Where My Heart was Used to Beat, Ring Out Wild Bells, Calm Is the Morn, Spring Awakens (Warren Storey Smith); Armenian songs, Ay Vart (Spendiarov); Goud ou Ges (Melikian); Horovel (Gomitas); Buingo (Servantz).

The accompaniments were very competently played by Bernard Zighera.

Miss Zulalian's voice, which has been heard not infrequently in these parts, is undoubtedly large enough to fill easily the great spaces of Symphony hall, although her following (as it seemed yesterday) is not. It is an instrument not devoid of beauty, of amplitude, of brilliance, at such times as its possessor's method allows these qualities free play. But, too frequently yesterday, as on other occasions on which she has been heard, her lower voice was deficient in resonance, her upper tones were forced and lacking in freedom, her vocal line was the poorer for a general lack of repose. Nor was her sense of musical style quite adequate to the variety of types which made up her program. The purity and smoothness of phrasing demanded by Paisiello's "Il mio ben," for instance, was replaced by an over-expansive and superficially dramatic style more suited to operatic airs such as Gounod's "O ma Lyre Immortelle," which in fact she did sing very effectively. Haydn's "Spirit Song" was marred by some rather hollow and caverous lower tones and a tendency to "scoop" for dramatic effect instead of attacking her notes cleanly. A habit of too frequently allowing her voice to lapse into inaudibility at the end of a phrase is among the faults Miss Zulalian should correct.

Among her German songs, she was more successful with the more immediately accessible charms of Strauss than with the deeply moving "Zur Ruh" of Wolf. She sang well and enthusiastically Warren Storey Smith's musicianly and effective settings from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and very successfully and expressively conveyed the varying moods of the four Armenian songs, of semi-oriental character, with which her program ended.

There was much applause, a prodigious quantity of flowers, and some encores.

S. S.

OLYMPIA AND UPTOWN

"Sob Sister"

A screen comedy drama adapted by Edwin Burke from the novel by Mildred Gilman; directed by Alfred Santell and presented by Fox Films with the following cast:

Garry Webster	James Dunn
Jane Ray	Linda Watkins
Vonnie	Minna Gombell
Ned	Howard Phillips
Johnnie the Sheik	George E. Stone
Daisy	Molly O'Day
City Editor Baker	Charles Middleton
Dave (Vonnie's Husband)	Ernest Wood
Pat, the Cameraman	Eddie Dillon
Dutch	George Byron
Freddie	Neal Burns
Johnny	Harold Waldridge
Slim	Lex Lindsay
Pa Stevens	Harry Beresford
Ma Stevens	Sarah Padden
Uncle Henry	Clifford Dempsey
Billy Stoesley	Wallie Albright
Gimp Peters	Maurice Black

Apparently much of the profits of "Bad Girl" have been poured back into "Sob Sister," for as a studio production it is unusually pretentious. The wide range of its story permits use of countless interior sets, each appropriate to environment, and the out-of-door scenes, particularly though taken at night over long stretches of highways and wooded spaces, are in themselves an interesting factor in the presentation. Moreover, there is a very large cast. A group of players appears in one scene, and is seen no more. Another is assembled for a brief episode, and as quickly dismissed. Only Mr. Dunn, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Middleton, Miss Watkins and Miss Gombell tarry long enough to become familiar figures to the audience. Yet these, and the passing groups of minor players combine to give a performance wholly entertaining, though its qualities be mixed and its purpose somewhat undetermined.

Miss Watkins, making her screen debut as Jane Ray, a sensation-monger for a metropolitan tabloid sheet, falls in love with Garry Webster, a reporter on a more conservative newspaper. Jane is in the game to make good because she fears to go back home to acknowledge defeat in the big city. She dislikes the title of "sobsister," yet by her sharp practice acquires a reputation as a news-hound among her fellow-craftsmen. In one instance she is first to reach a solitary telephone with a story of a wife-murder, then deliberately cuts the wire so that other reporters, Garry among them, are left flat. Later Garry turns the tables by exposing Jane as she is about to pry information out of a trusting woman concerning the principals in a dual suicide pact. These little skirmishes have not interfered with the love affair between Garry and Jane; but when Jane's prowling camera man tears leaves from a diary intrusted to Garry by the confiding woman mentioned above, he naturally suspects Jane, because she, through that morning and the previous night, had had access to the book. Their romance, it seems, had reached that stage of intimacy.

From this point on "Sob Sister" abandons sentiment and goes melodramatic. Jane, who had resigned when sure of Garry, takes back her job and is sent to a speakeasy to find out who kidnapped a rich man's little son, and where he is sequestered. The gangsters, quickly discovering her identity, gag and bind her and whirl her off to their woodland hide-out. She is thrown into the room with the kidnapped boy, who with amazing aplomb frees her by holding a lighted candle at the knotted cords. With him she escapes through a shattered window without a single scratch from broken glass, and is rescued by Garry just as Gimp Peters is about to shoot her down in an exciting flight through the woods, with an army of policemen and the shrieking of sirens as accompaniment. After each has telephoned the story of the affair to his or her paper, they settle down to a calmly considered early breakfast in a wayside inn. Nothing much has been proved, except that they still love each other.

Miss Watkins does her noble best to show Jane as a girl of human desires and emotions behind her mask of callousness and world-wisdom. She trips deftly from light comedy to tearful expostulation, gives the character more distinction than it received from the author. Mr. Dunn, who seems fated as the hero to spend a night with the heroine before he marries her, is still extremely likable, but his lines lack the honest ring of those in "Bad Girl." Miss Gombell again is the mutual friend, giving counsel out of ripe marital experience.

W. E. G.

RKO KEITH-BOSTON

"A Dangerous Affair"

A screen drama adapted by Howard J. Green from his own original story; directed by Edward J. Sedgwick and presented by Columbia with the following cast:

Lt. McHenry	Jack Holt
Wally Cook	Ralph Graves
Marjory Randolph	Sally Blane
Florence	Susan Fleming
Letty	Blanche Friederici
Nelson	Edward Brophy
City Editor	DeWitt Jennings
Harvey	Tyler Brooks
Lionel	William V. Mong
Tom Randolph	Fredric Santley
Plunkett	Sidney Bracy
Tupper	Charles Middleton
Peggy	Ester Muir

Jack Holt and Ralph Graves seem likely soon to occupy the position on the screen left vacant by Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen. They are experts at talking out of the corners of their mouths and they handle the "Sez you, sez me" style of dialogue with remarkable fluency. In particular, Mr. Holt's mouth seems designed by nature for the utterance of withering wisecracks and crushing rejoinders, just as Mr. Graves seems designed to provoke him into these utterances, all in a friendly fashion, of course. Their latest production, "A Dangerous Affair," now showing at the RKO Keith-Boston Theatre, is an amazing melodramatic concoction which remains more humorous than exciting despite a couple of murders or so and mysterious goings-on concerning a missing necklace. Not perhaps the perfect mystery drama, for there are several points left completely up in the air when the film ends, it still manages to keep the spectator consistently amused.

Police Lieutenant McHenry and Star Reporter Wally Cook find Havenhurst a very dull town indeed. Twitted by a pretty girl, Marjory Randolph, on their complete uselessness, they set out to make some excitement for her and themselves. Wally burgles a necklace of Marjory's one evening and hands it over to McHenry to return at the proper time. The next night they are invited to a reading of Marjory's uncle's will. All the relatives are cut off with some sneering remarks, all, that is, save Marjory, and she is informed that the secret of the fortune is in the centre stones of the very necklace that Wally had stolen. Unluckily when McHenry goes to his desk to retrieve the necklace it is missing, and Wally is convicted of taking it—the first time, that is—by means of finger prints on Marjory's window sill. McHenry is forced to lock him up, but gets him out at once on bail and both of them go to the old Randolph house, a ghostly mansion where the will was read and where all sorts of odd things might be expected to take place. They go there with the intention of planting clues to indicate a "ghost gang," but what happens from then on is too complicated to set down in detail. Hands pop out of the wall, corpses fall out of closets, secret panels open and men are blackjacked right and left. The solution may leave the onlooker a bit befogged, but up until then there are no complaints.

At this late date, a lengthy description of the acting of Mr. Holt and Mr. Graves is unnecessary. As usual, they slang one another vigorously; as usual, they are firm friends underneath; as usual, they have an abundance of meaty lines and speak them with full appreciation. The rest of the cast, particularly the attractive Sally Blane, are all that the exigencies of the plot demand.

Heading the eight-act vaudeville program is Peter Higgins, the popular radio tenor, in a program of sentimental songs, old and new.—E. L. H.

FENWAY AND MODERN

"Expensive Women"

A screen drama adapted by Harvey Thew and Raymond Griffith from the story by Wilson Collison; directed by Hobart Henley and presented by Warners with the following cast:

Constance Newton	Dolores Costello
Neil Hartley	Warren William
Arthur Raymond	Anthony Bushell
Bobby Brandon	Joe Donahue
Melville Raymond	H. B. Warner
Young Man	Allan Lane
Young Man	Morgan Wallace
Molly Lane	Polly Walters
Irene	Mae Madison
Martha	Adele Watson
George Allison	William House

Dolores Costello, more beautiful than ever and distinctly a more intelligent actress than on previous occasions, returns to the talking screen in "Expensive Women," current screen attraction at the Fenway and Modern Theatres. It would be pleasant to report that the film does as well by Dolores as do her beautiful evening costumes, but truth compels the admission that if Warners can do no better by her in the future, this picture is her swan song. An excellent cast and handsome settings can do nothing in face of one of the oddest and least intelligent stories ever set forth on the screen. The dialogue is childish, the situations unrelated, the characters completely illogical and the denouement without precedent as it is without sense. For instance, a man shot in the back is adjudged to have committed suicide, and the heroine, apparently willing to sacrifice life and liberty for one man, leaves him up in the air and returns to a former sweetheart whom, neither she nor the audience has seen for six reels.

Constance Newton, who describes herself as an expensive woman lacking in ambition, has an affair with Neil Hartley, a prominent composer. For no reason in particular she leaves him for Arthur Raymond, a weakling married by his father to a woman he does not love. Arthur's father interferes, telling Constance that Arthur and his wife are reunited. Chance throws them together again, a drunken admirer threatens all sorts of disagreeable things, and Arthur kills him. Constance takes the blame and Mr. Raymond, apparently a lawyer, gets her off on the grounds that the dead man was a suicide. Leaving Arthur, whom she protests she adored to the point of going to prison for his sake, Constance returns to Neil who asks her to marry him, a very generous and most unlikely procedure.

Miss Costello, very charming if inclined to plumpness, speaks well, acts with more conviction than her lines warrant, but she cannot make sense of the story. Warren William raises and lowers his eyebrows in a Barrymore manner which must make Miss Costello feel quite at home. Anthony Bushell and H. B. Warner are lost in hopelessly bad parts, and Joe Donahue is out of his depth as the inebriated suitor who meets an untimely end.

Also featured on the program is "Riders of the Purple Sage," a Zane Grey romance with George O'Brien, Marguerite Churchill, Noah Beery and Yvonne Pelletier. A young rancher seeking his lost sister and her children helps a pretty girl to save her property from crooked officials and discovers his lost nieces.

E. L. H.

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DONALD VAN WART

Donald Van Wart, pianist, gave a recital last night in Jordan hall. His program was as follows: Rameau-Godowsky, Sarabande; Mozart, Sonata in F major; Chopin, Fantaisie in F minor (Op. 49), Nocturne in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 1), Etude in A minor (Op. 25, No. 11); Griffes, The White Peacock; Ravel, Jeu d'Eaux; Tansman, Spiritual and Blues from "Sonatine Transatlantique"; Albeniz, Triana.

Mr. Van Wart is a vigorous and forthright young pianist, solidly endowed as to technique, but as yet without great subtlety of phrasing or of dynamic nuance.

From a massive and somewhat unnecessarily muscular performance of Godowsky's heavily upholstered version of a Sarabande by Rameau he proceeded to a rendering of Mozart's F major Sonata that could not justly be called unmusical, though perhaps it might be described as permeated by an excessively hearty insouciance and dominated by an over-assertive bass. There were, also, occasional eccentricities such as the suddenly accelerated tempo in the second half of that theme which so amusingly anticipates "La Donna e Mobile."

Flagrantly misplaced accents marred the opening march-like section of Chopin's Fantaisie—a piece which may be ranked with the F minor Ballade as among its composer's finest work—nor, despite the ease with which its difficulties were surmounted, were its moments of sweeping magnificence and sombre power quite successfully achieved. But he made an impressively brilliant and effective thing of the stormy A minor Etude—the so-called "Winter Wind" study.

Mr. Van Wart's powerful fingers were not dissuaded from their characteristically percussive touch with enough success to enable the beauty of Griffes's atmospheric, impressionistic piece to reveal its delicate half-shades. The pianist was more successful with Ravel's Jeu d'Eaux and with the sublimated

THE INVADING SANDWICH

By PHILIP HALE

In pre-war days the banks, offices and some of the shops of Berlin and Paris suspended business, usually for a couple of hours in the middle of the day, to tuck napkins under their chin, eat, drink, smoke at leisure. Then there was a return to the office and the shop. They disregarded Cicero's protest against spoiling the appetite for dinner: "integrem famem ad coenam afferam," nor did they value the throwing off care for the day. They sneered or wondered at the haste of Americans over their luncheon standing at a counter or perched on a stool—"quick lunches," "electric lunches."

Now, it appears, too many Parisians are satisfied with a sandwich and a glass of wine for their midday meal. Not only is there a quick lunch habit; the Parisian finds lunch bars, and in even prominent restaurants an attractive meal when there is only half an hour to spare "from ten to twenty dishes a la minute."

By noon he needs a substantial repast, something filling, if not what the American knows as a square meal; something like the noonday dinner provided by young Mr. Smallweed for Mr. Jobling and Mr. Guppy, for Mr. Smallweed insisted that Polly should bring the best cut of joint. "In the matter of gravy he is adamant." The Parisian's breakfast is immaterial, unless he has been corrupted by English or American tourists. He likes, or did like, to sit at ease, and above all, to talk of politics, national and international, to discuss a play, a novel, a leading article; perhaps the latest bon mot, though the boulevardiers famous for their wit long ago passed away; maliciously witty, careless of a duel that might follow an epigram with an epitaph for a sequel, for the French duel was not always a joke. Marcel Boulenger, by the way, would have this "school of courage and courtesy" open again, believing that enough pupils would be enrolled.

It looked as if noon-day leisurely recreation and the satisfaction of appetite would give way to the sandwich, hygienic by being sealed in an envelope; hygienic, it cost about five cents instead of four. To encourage buyers it was announced that a 100 franc note was put instead of a slice of ham in one of a certain number of sandwiches. A too paternal government stopped the sale on the ground that here was an unauthorized lottery. So the Parisian, clerk or midinette, now eats a sandwich without guarantee as to its health-giving properties. The only "surprise" is when the slice of ham is thick and palatable.

Yes, Paris and Parisian life have changed. It is not easy to think of Alphonse Daudet and his companions, Scholl and his joyous band, the frequenters of Tortoni's, gobbling a sandwich and rushing out to write a novel, a feuilleton, or to send a challenge.

old strains and rhythms of the "Ritual and Blues" movement of Andre Tansman's "Sonatine Transatlantique"—which as a whole is one of the very few tolerable essays in jazz and related idioms that have come out of Europe.

Ith Albeniz's "Triana," from his "Iberia," Mr. Van Wart ended his concert, capturing something of the gaiety and brilliance of the music. If not all of varied Spanish flavor, the dry suggestion of the timbre of plucked instruments that contrasts with its strains of opulent song.

Warmly applauded, Mr. Van Wart played some further pieces. S. S.

MAJESTIC THEATRE

"Once in a Lifetime"

By PHILIP HALE

"Once in a Lifetime," comedy in three acts and seven scenes by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, was performed for the first time in Boston last night at the Majestic Theatre. Produced by Sam H. Harris at Brighton Beach in the 1930, New York, at the Music Box on Sept. 25 of that year. Settings by Cirker and Robbins. Staged by George S. Kaufman.

The cast last night:

George Lewis ... Hugh O'Connell
Daniels ... Jean Dixon
Hyland ... Grant Mills
Hobart ... Marjorie Wood
Walker ... Norma Butler
Fontaine ... Kathleen Ardell
Bel Leigh ... Ethel Thorsen
... Robert Griffith
Walker ... Eddo Von Beulow
Glogauer ... Charles Halton
Leighton ... Ruthelma Stevens
Vail ... Robert Barrat
Kopf ... Ben Laughlin
Erstein ... William McFadden
Kammerling ... Walter Dreher
Fluck ... Harold Grau
Chasen ... Betty Burns
Bishop ... Granville Bates
Leading Man ... Edward Loud

There were others in the cast who contributed to the hilarity of the evening.

"Once in a Lifetime" is not a play to analyze, it is one to be seen, to enjoy, to recommend. It matters not whether your friend is a "fan," or whether he thinks film plays a form of art to be avoided. If he be a constant visitor to the cinemas, or if he shun them, in either case he will laugh at the adventures of the three vaudevillians in Hollywood. The opening scene, with the discontented Miss Daniels reproaching George Lewis for his indifference as to their future, annoyed by his cracking nuts with his teeth; the entrance of Jerry, excited about the report that "talkies" would revolutionize the industry; the conclusion that as the screen stars had unpleasant voices and could not speak clearly and with due emphasis, there was a future for the three at Hollywood; the slow awakening of George to the great opportunity—with his recall that Jerry had sold their act—all this is excellent fooling.

Then comes in order on the arrival of the three from New York, a procession of characters, types in the cinema world: but Miss Hobard is in the train, the chattering, self-conceited, insufferable publicity woman, whose columns of gossip are to be translated "into Spanish to be read at Moscow"; Susan, the little girl who recites and is out for a career, with mother to aid her, a first victim for the vocal culture school. How Mr. Glogauer looks and talks; how Miss Leighton, at the telephone, poses and answers and dismisses those who would see the powers that be; how Mr. Kammerling threatens to go back to Germany; how the women stars strut in the gold room of the hotel, with aids and chauffeurs in their train; how the playwrights, though paid are neglected and "underworked"—take the sad case of Mr. Vail, who has sat and sat for weeks and has not yet seen the great Mr. Glogauer; these men and women, well-portrayed must be seen and heard. The gross ignorance of the directors and the public's idols, the enormous vanity of them; these are exposed with vitriolic humor by the dramatists. For this play is much more than a succession of ingenious, side-splitting wise cracks; it is an exposure of the reasons wh this film succeeds and that one fails.

Because George tells Glogauer that he and his assistants are incompetent, he is made general director. He picks the wrong scenario for his first film. It is apparently a flop; Glogauer is disgusted: he is discharged; the vocal school has already been closed; the solid gold dinner set encrusted with diamonds presented to George by Glogauer is wheeled away. Gloom. Miss Daniels is on her way home. Jerry has disappeared. But she learns from the Los Angeles newspapers that George is a genius; that he had the audacity to present important scenes without lights, thus encouraging audiences to exercise thier imagination. He telegraphs her that he has been taken into all the societies—but he is alone. Yet this Susan is hailed as a star of the first magnitude, by reason of her having had the courage to be the awkward country girl. The scenario is refreshing because there are no back-theatre and no cabaret scenes, no bootleggers. Could irony go further in the dramatists' survey of the cinema and its art?

Where all were capable in portraying the characters and expressing the views of the dramatists, from Mr. O'Connell to the bell-boy; from the admirable Miss Dixon to the foolish Miss Butler, with her visions of a career, and the sumptuous Miss Stevens, from the producer, Mr. Halton, who never read his scenarios, to Mr. Bates, the racing bishop at the wedding, there is only praise. As Victor Hugo accepted Shakespeare in bulk, so one accepts this company, and one still sees Mr. Barrat sitting patiently in a chair waiting for Mr. Glogauer, and finally finding rest and recreation in a sanitarium for cinema playwrights.

The great audience was greatly amused.

COPLEY

"Meet the Prince"

"Meet the Prince," a comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne; produced at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, Feb. 25, 1929, with Mary Ellis as Jennifer and Basil Sydney as Prince Michael; at the Copley last evening with the following cast:

Simon Battersby ... Aldrich Bowker
Angela ... Amy Loomis
Jennifer ... Mary Wall
Emily ... Sally Fitzpatrick
Capt. Robert Holt ... John Lucas
Ethel Holt ... Jean Poindexter
Mrs. Faithfull ... Helen Ray
Imogene Faithfull ... Elizabeth Dana
Dr. Ainslie ... Francis Compton
Prince Michael ... Raymond Jones
James Oliver ... Joseph Cotten

As cheery as a brightly decorated Christmas tree is Mr. Milne's comedy, and as perishable. Though we know how both he and Sir James Barrie detest the word "whimsical," that selfsame word applies precisely to this sort of entertainment in general and to the particular styles of each of these charmingly witty playwrights. "Meet the Prince" flutters lightly through its three acts. It chatters delightfully of two imposters who prefer to call themselves inventors. One is Michael Brown, who quarreled with his young wife, Jennifer, shortly after his return from the world war, left her and her 500 pounds a year, and pretended to those whom he met along the Riviera that he was Prince Michael of a newly established principality in the Balkans called Neo-Slavonia. It was a harmless deception, apparently, and it gave him more than one square meal. Jennifer, meantime, had drifted from one London suburb to another in the guise of Mrs. James Bulger, widow of a general who never existed. Michael, an honored guest at a small party given by Angela Battersby and her father, meets the astounded Jennifer, maintains a bold and audacious front, woos her and finally induces her to forgive him and take him back, as plain Michael Brown.

The setting is the living room in Simon Battersby's cottage, Wych Trentham, near London. The first act introduces the characters, singly or in pairs. Old Simon, about to bathe before dinner is served, fusses about the number of cigars available for his guests. Angela, ever threatening to dress, flits up and down stairs. Enter leisurely the guests, Capt. Holt, fatuous and strutty, and his spouse, an echo; Mrs. Faithfull, ahorrent of vulgarity, purringly solicitous as to Imogene's moral welfare, and Imogene herself, in girlish pink, with a simper which is not all innocence; Dr. Ainslie, champion of the established church; and finally Prince Michael, with his saucy little black moustache and his accent which is no more definitive than is his mythical kingdom. Jennifer, who, of course, has been in and out, is last to meet him. This act portrays amusingly that uncomfortable half-hour of waiting and speculation—how to address the prince, what to talk about. The second act is devoted to Michael and Jennifer, to their mutual confessions of fraudulent credentials, to Jennifer's ultimatum that Michael must clear out at once. The third act, the morning after, presents Michael clean-shaven. He starts to weave his falsehoods, and blunders through to victory, though not without receiving several honorable scars. This act, perhaps more than its predecessors, reveals Mr. Milne at his best. He gives old Battersby some joyous moments as he complains that no one ever sends him even a postcard. He gives Dr. Ainslie and Michael a delightful scene touching on proper precedence in the presence of royalty; and he has Michael at his best as he plunges deeper and deeper into equivocations.

The players were gratifyingly ready Miss Wall, alert and eager, gave Jennifer a candor and breeziness wholly captivating. Mr. Jones, whose first performance suffered slightly from uncertainty, doubtless hereafter will attain that light tone and casual air which Michael should have. Miss Dana was amusing as Imogene. Miss Ray was delightful as the watchful mother. In fact, each principal seemed to have caught Mr. Milne's carefully sketched characterizations, uttered his fanciful dialogue smoothly and with meaning. A thin little comedy, but steadily diverting.

W. E. G.

FINE ARTS

"The Immortal Vagabond"

A German sound operetta with adaptation and dialogue by Robert Liebman and Karl Hartl, music by Ralph Benatsky, directed by Gustav Ucicky and presented by UFA with the following cast:

Anna ... Liane Haid
Hans Ritter ... Gustav Frolich
Franz Lechner ... H. A. Schlettow
Reisleitner ... Karl Gerhardt
Tenor ... Cavara

An amiable, leisurely, sentimental story and a pleasing musical score are the outstanding features of "The Immortal Vagabond," now showing at the Fine Arts Theatre. The production was made in Germany by UFA, but the songs and dialogue have been doubled in English, so that there can be no question of the non-German speaking spectator understanding what is going on. Admittedly this is a help, even though it is more than a little startling to hear Tyrolean peasants conversing in very idiomatic and carefully accented English, but there is not enough dialogue to make it a very serious matter one way or another. The setting of the story is apparently the Austrian Tyrol, and there are any number of attractive scenes showing village life, especially during a great cattle show. Ralph Benatsky is credited with having written the music and it is generally acceptable to the ear, particularly the theme song, "Give Me Your Hand." The typical operetta plot unfolds rather slowly, but winds up with an ironic conclusion that it is refreshingly unexpected.

Hans Ritter, a struggling composer, loves Anna, daughter of the village postmaster, Reisleitner, who despises him for a good-for-nothing and wishes Anna to marry Franz Lechner, a rich cattleman. While Ritter is in Vienna attending to the production of his operetta, "The Mountaineers," Reisleitner intercepts his letters to Anna until the despairing girl believes herself forgotten and agrees to marry Lechner. The wedding night Ritter arrives from Vienna with his great news, only to find Anna married, and he goes away without speaking to her. "The Mountaineers" is a tremendous success, but on the opening night Ritter disappears, and five years later a body thought to be his is fished out of the river. When this news reaches his native town, the people decide to erect a monument to him out of the royalties from the operetta. The day of the unveiling, Ritter finds his way thither dressed as a tramp. A policeman orders him to move on, but Anna, now a widow, recognizes him, and they go away together.

No great demands are made on any of the principals save Gustav Frolich, who handles the role of the composer with considerable dramatic conviction and moving sincerity. Liane Haid is plumply pretty as Anna, and Karl Gerhardt, handicapped by the peculiar lines supposed to come from his mouth, is a good Reisleitner. The scenes in the opera house are well staged. Other features on the program are a short reel, "Springtime on the Rhine," and "Balinese Love."

E. L. H.

Nov 18 1931

THE APOLLO CLUB

The Apollo Club of Boston, conducted by Thompson Stone, gave the first concert of its 61st season last night in Jordan hall. The assisting soloist was Elsie Lovell Hankins, contralto; her accompanist, Edwin Biltcliffe. Eugene Conley, tenor member of the club, was soloist in one of the choral songs. The following program was performed by the chorus:

"The Song of the Jolly Roger," Candish; "The Cossack," S. Moniuszko; "Autumn," Gretchaninov; "Swansea Town," Gustav Holst; "Hymn to the Madonna" (with tenor solo by Eugene Conley), E. Kremser; "Hunting-Song," Henry Hadley; "Drake's Drum," S. Coleridge-Taylor; "Suabian Folk Song," Brahms; "But — They Didn't," Rogers; "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" (with solo by Mrs. Hankins) Bland; "Evening Worship," Attenhofer; "Phoebus, Arise," John K. Paine.

Mrs. Hankins sang the following songs:

"Es blinkt der Thau," Rubinstein; "Vergebliches Standchen," Brahms; "Le Temps des Lilas," Chausson; "Le Mariage de Roses," Franck; "Ah! Love but a Day," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach; "Lilacs," Rachmaninoff; "Yarmouth Fair," Arr. by Peter Warlock; "Water Boy," Robinson; "The Last Song," Rogers.

All their habitual cheerful vigor and excellent discipline were once more to be enjoyed in the singing of the Apollos (as one need hardly hesitate to call them for short, since a handsomer body of gentlemen has never graced the platform of Jordan hall). Naturally, they were not incessantly loud and lusty. If in Candish's "Song of the Jolly Roger," they emitted ferociously jovial "Ha, ha's," and "Ho, ho's," yet they could be appropriately mournful in Moniuszko's song about the dying Cossack and attempt with fair success the admirable tone-painting of sighing winds and driven leaves in Gretchaninov's "Autumn." After the rollicking vigor with which they sang Holst's excellent arrangement of "Swansea Town," they found no difficulty in tempering their voices to the religious fervors of Kremser's mellifluous "Hymn to the Madonna." In the latter work the extensive solo part was well and ardently sung by Mr. Conley, whose pleasing voice, not large but solid and admirably produced, so delighted the audience that a portion of the hymn was repeated. Hadley's "Hunting-Song," despite its conscientious use of hunting calls, echoes, and galloping rhythms, in close obedience to the text, is undistinguished stuff; and in hearing Coleridge-Taylor's "Drake's Drum" one thought mainly (and with regret) of how Holst or Vaughan Williams might have set the poem, with a tune of folk-song or of sea-chanty flavor.

In her two groups of solos, Mrs. Hankins permitted her audience to hear and enjoy a voice of unusually beautiful quality. It is a true contralto—in a day when so many discouraged sopranos usurp the name—smooth and pure rather than expansive. Most successful in preserving a smoothly flowing vocal line when her song was not too lively in tempo, she sang always with intelligence. It was to be regretted that her highest notes were frequently taken with unnecessary force and produced in a manner that gave them a peculiarly heady quality.

Mrs. Hankins was most pleasing in her group of foreign songs—particularly in Rubinstein's "Es blinkt der Thau," in Chausson's "Temps des Lilas," and in Franck's "Mariage des Roses"—a song marred by none of the Franckish mannerisms and adorned by a healthy and graceful tune. Brahms's "Vergebliches Staendchen" was sung a little too deliberately, though with careful characterization. Of her songs in English, Robinsaon's "Water Boy" and Howard Brockway's arrangement of a delightful folk song, "The Nightingale" (given as an encore), were sung with most beauty of tone and charm of style. Her excellent legato failed her strangely in Rachmaninoff's "Lilacs," where it was much needed.

There was cordial applause for chorus, conductor, and soloists alike.

S. S.

Nov 19

IN CONCERT HALLS

By PHILIP HALE

Barbara Hillard, a soprano, will sing in Jordan hall tonight. Her program is of an uncommon nature, for her first song is—mirabile dictu!—an English one of a respectable age, "Water parted from the sea" by our old friend Thomas A. Arne. Then come the traditional groups, after Gretry and Torelli have been represented: German songs followed by an Italian group, a French group, Americans will, as usual, bring up the rear—two Taylors, Deems and Colin; Carpenter of Chicago and Kernochan who has written other songs than "We Two Together."

Our singers are not to be blamed for preferring French and German original texts to the translations into English which are usually abominable, doing injustice to the poet, also to the composer's melodic line and rhetorical emphasis. Furthermore, the extraordinary pronunciation of French and German by some of our singers, victims of what might be called the "group mania" adds interest to their recitals.

Would there be a perturbation of Nature if some singer, greatly daring, should give a recital of songs by English and American composers; no Italian, no French, no German? A series of recitals by Englishmen alone could be easily arranged; one that would give pleasure and enlarge the hearers' acquaintance with vocal literature.

The Boston Symphony orchestra is out of town this week. How will New York receive the huge symphony by Mahler? When he was busy in that city as a conductor he was roughly treated by some lions of the press, yet he was a great interpreter of symphonic music; equally great in the Metropolitan Opera House. Dr. Koussevitzky shows again his interest in music by Americans, for Mr. Morris will play his own piano concerto.

Next week Beethoven and Tcherepnin will be heard in Symphony hall. The latter will conduct three of his own compositions. His prelude in memory of his teacher and friend—the terms are not always synonymous—Rimsky-Korsakov will then be performed for the first time. The Russian visitor is known here by his piano concerto played by Mr. Moiseiwitsch nearly 10 years ago. Tcherpnin was for some years conductor for Diaghilev, and he wrote the music for several ballets. Before that he had an enviable reputation as an orchestral and operatic conductor in Leningrad.

A few seasons ago another Russian, Glazunov, conducted some of his own compositions in Symphony hall. He came alone, i. e., no singer was thrust upon him—his solo violinist was from New York—and so he was more fortunate than poor Ravel and Honegger, who were handicapped by inferior singers. When Glazunov will conduct some of his works at the Eastbourne (Eng.) Festival on Nov. 26, his daughter Elena will be the solo pianist.

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Iwan d'Archambeau, 'cellist of the late lamented Flonzaley Quartet, will also take a part in this festival.

Next Sunday evening Berthe Hebert will give a recital of Spanish-American songs at the Boston Public Library. Troubadour songs of California, and Melodies of the Inca Indians. Miss Hebert has made a study of folk songs for several years and given recitals in American and Canadian cities, as well as nearly a dozen in Paris. For a season or two she studied at the Fontainebleau Conservatory, as a recipient of the Naggiar scholarship given by the French government.

Mr. Sanroma at his recital in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon will bring out a theme and variations by a child prodigy (infant phenomenon), Susan Godoy, "aged 10." The program informs us that pieces by Villa-Lobos of Brazil, and Toch will be played for the first time in this country; that six dances by Schubert, published only last year, and pieces by Hindemith and Copland will be heard in Boston for the first time. To reassure the reactionaries there will be music by Mozart, Schumann and Ravel. Nor are Prokofieff and Stravinsky ignored.

There may be curiosity as to the nationality of Mr. Stava Haja who will lift up his voice in Jordan Hall next Sunday afternoon. And who is "Hajapostolon," the composer of two songs on Mr. Haja's program? Then there is Samora, the composer of "Exomologisis." The other composers represented have familiar names.

Next Monday night Vera Keane, contralto, will give in Jordan Hall her postponed recital and next Wednesday night in that hall Jan Smeterlin will play the piano. The first of the Tuesday afternoon concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra will take place on Nov. 24, and in the evening Hans Wiener and his troup will dance and otherwise disport themselves at the Boston Civic Theatre, once known as the Repertory.

Nov 20 1931

BARBARA HILLARD

A recital was given at Jordan hall last evening by Barbara Hillard, soprano. The following is the program she performed: Water Parted, (Thomas A. Arne); Ariette de Richard Coeur de Lion, (Andre E. M. Gretry); Tu lo Sai, (Guiseppe Torelli); Liebesbriefchen, (Korngold); Post im Walde, (Weingartner); Komme Doch, (Thuille); Waldseligkeit, (Marx); Impressioni Campestri Toscane—"Peppino rubacori," "El lo mio damo," "In casa mia mon c'e stato maestri" (Pierracini); Les Trois Prieres, (Paladilhe); Vocalise, (Ravel); Vision, (Kriens); Le Printemps, (Hahn); A Song for Lovers, (Deems Taylor); The Green Lady, (Colin Taylor); On the Seashore of Endless Worlds, (John Alden Carpenter); We Two Together, (Marshall Kernochan); Horace Hunt was Miss Hillard's excellent accompanist.

The far from hackneyed program, which gave a brief and well-earned respite to Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, and to other excellent but overworked composers, contained several charming and unfamiliar things—and some merely unfamiliar. Dr. Arne's "Water Parted" is from his highly successful opera "Artaxerxes," produced in 1762, to which the critic Henry Chorley in 1838 was able to allude as the one serious English opera which had kept the stage. The work was a first experiment in the florid Italian style, with recitative instead of spoken dialogue. Yet there is nothing Italianate in this beautiful air; its fresh, limpid charm is in the purest English manner of the period, yet with a flowing freedom of style that attests the skill of an admirable composer. Gretry's arietta from "Richard Coeur de Lion" is by comparison stilted and monotonous. In Korngold's "Liebesbriefchen" Miss Hillard found an unpretentious, unaffected little song of spontaneous melodic individuality. Weingartner's song, in contrast, had almost no melody but a delicately suggestive accompaniment. Thuille's "Komme doch," from the opera "Gugeline," yearned in the somewhat maudlin and beery fashion of the newer German sentimentality.

The Tuscan folk songs freely but sensitively arranged by Pierracini were full of the characteristically luminous beauty of their kind. The best things in the singer's French group were Ravel's Hispanic "Vocalise," (more familiar in its arrangement for violin and piano than in its original form, since few singers possess the technique which every violist acquires as a matter of course) and Reynaldo Hahn's vivacious and melodious "Printemps." The song by Kriens was very shoddy stuff indeed. Marshall Kernochan's fussy and bombastic setting of Walt Whitman's "We two together," which ended the otherwise pleasant final group, was not much better.

Miss Hillard sang these songs in a manner which showed a musical nature, a feeling for beauties of phrase and distinctions of style, a comprehension of the emotional implications of both text and tune. But her technical shortcomings were such that these virtues were not as clearly apparent or as tellingly utilized as they should have been. To be frank, so little art was shown in the emission and management of her voice that it sounded quite untutored—weak, "breathy" and unresonant, lacking in brilliance, clarity and buoyancy. Changes of quality were evident as the voice rose through the registers and the highest tones were attained by main force. Nor was either tone, articulation, or interpretation helped by Miss Hillard's habit of singing through almost closed and motionless lips, and with passive features. The fact that the voice itself, as far as could be judged, is inherently of excellent quality, renders it all the more to be hoped that Miss Hillard may learn to use it more worthily. She was warmly applauded. S. S.

OLYMPIA AND UPTOWN

"Five Star Final"

A screen drama adapted by Robert Lord from the play of the same name by Louis Weitzenkorn: directed by Mervyn LeRoy and presented by First National Pictures with the following cast:

Randall	Edward G. Robinson
Jenny Townsend	Marian Marsh
Nancy Voorhees Townsend	Frances Starr
Michael Townsend	H. B. Warner
Philip Weeks	Anthnny Bushell
Hinchecliffe	Oscar Apfel
Kitty Carmody	Ona Munson
Miss Taylor	Aline MacMahon
Isopod	Bnris Karloff
Ziggie Feinstein	George E. Stone
Mrs. Weeks	Evelyn Hall
Mr. Weeks	David Torrence
Miss Edwards	Gladys Lloyd
Brannegan	Robert Elliott

"Five Star Final" has now reached the third stage of its florid existence. First, Mr. Weitzenkorn's original script, unabridged, as it appears in published form, as it was performed by Arthur Byron and an excellent cast on a New York theatre stage. Second, the stage version which Boston saw, modified and softened to suit the dictates of the local censor. Third, the screen version now come to two local houses with astonishing abruptness after hints of suppression or exclusion which would not down. What form would it take? Would an apologetic prologue acknowledge sundry excisions, or would the film proceed without prelude to the business in hand—that of transcribing faithfully and intelligently all of the essential phases of one of the most vitriolic pamphlets ever set forth in terms of the theatre?

Mr. Weitzenkorn, the legend runs, was inspired to write his invective against the policies of certain tabloid newspapers presumably indigenous to New York, after a personally unpleasant experience as managing editor of one of the species. He endeavored to show that a publisher who placed circulation above all humane instincts could exist, that such a publisher would hesitate at nothing to serve that end, not even at the murder, indirectly, of two innocent persons and the ruination of a third. The murders actually were suicides, but, as Randall, his managing editor, declared, Hinchcliffe planned the murders, and he, Randall, committed them. The victims were Nancy Voorhees Townsend, who 20 years ago had killed the employer who had betrayed her and who had been acquitted by a jury because she was about to become a mother. She had married a quiet young bank clerk. They lived decently, brought up Nancy's daughter, Jenny, and were about to witness her marriage to Philip Weeks, son of a wealthy manufacturer. When Hinchcliffe, smug apostle of sensationalism, decided to dig up that buried scandal and run its details in serial form, he set in motion the dual tragedy at home. Nancy and her husband committed suicide, the one in horror of exposure before her unsuspecting daughter, the other in a frenzy of sublimated loyalty.

In telling this story the screen adapter has kept characters intact, but has shifted his scenes repeatedly. Curtailing a great deal of the original dialogue, he has retained enough to suggest its pungent flavor. If its profane emphasis has been lessened, its savory tags to amusing scenes within the newspaper office are still audible. But the astounding feature of the whole picture is found in the explosive outburst by Randall, the remorseful managing editor, at the very end. In the play, after resigning, he exits ruefully, quoting derisively what he had proclaimed earlier, "I've learned that ideals won't put a patch on your pants. I'm going to be one newspaper man that gets out of this business with enough money to give me a decent old age." Instead, Mr. Robinson indulges in theatric fury, shouting one final insult at the absent Hinchcliffe and hurling a telephone instrument through a glass door. Did Mr. Weizenkorn write that scene in, or did Mr. Robinson invent it? Actually, it is more viciously phrased than anything which had been eliminated.

Mr. Robinson, whose screen reputation is founded on superb delineations of gangster types, is not an ideal newspaper executive. He snarls where he should speak in staccato form. He has introduced a strange practice of washing his hands repeatedly, as a symbol of something or other. He quite misses the man's mental torment, though he is vociferous enough in his attack on Hinchcliffe. Miss Starr and Mr. Warner, inclined to over-act, redeem themselves, Mr. Warner especially, in the suicide scene. Mr. Karloff as the lecherous religious editor, Mr. Apfel as the hypocritical publisher, Mr. Stone as Ziggie Feinstein, the "stunt" exploiter, are good. The picture moves at fast pace, and undoubtedly will receive substantial popular support. What Mr. Weitzenkorn thinks of it may be another matter. W. E. G.

Nov 21

NEWMAN BEGINS TRAVEL LECTURES

Illustrated Talk on France Opens 23d Season

By PHILIP HALE

Mr. Newman began his 23d season of illustrated travel talks last night in Symphony hall. His subject was "France and the Colonial Exhibition," but before arriving at the Bois de Vincennes, the audience was shown scenes on shipboard, including the limbering-up of the Abbott girls from Chicago for their dancing and cavorting in European cities. Mr. Newman urged prospective tourists to see Honfleur, Caudebec, and especially the magnificent ruin at Jamieges, practically unknown to Americans who are under the impression that Paris and France are one and the same. Chartres was visited for a passing glance at the cathedral. Orleans was not wholly ignored. Deauville and Le Touquet were well-nigh deserted last summer. Women did not buy dresses and without gorgeous or singular dresses Deauville does not exist. The question of all the waiters was "When are the Americans coming?" The audience was led through rooms in Fontainebleau's stately rooms, Napoleon's bedroom and so on. Versailles was revisited and much was told about the palace—the restorations recently made —and the gardens. There were beautiful pictures of the fountains playing and at night illuminated.

The description, pictorial and verbal, of the colonial exhibition gave one the first realization of France's colonies scattered over the world; of the widespread inhabitants of these far-off lands. Mr. Newman paid a glowing tribute to the taste displayed by the French in their reproduction of the respective forms of architecture—from the impressive Angor Vat to the huts of savages.

Skilfully executed dioramas showed scenery and groups of natives as if they had been photographed from life. There were the dedication ceremonies; the dashing riding of the Spahis; merchants ready to sell their wares brought from afar; Cambodian and Balinese dancing girls; the Queen of Holland visiting her part of the exhibition; nautch girls, and, loose in an enclosure bounded by water, denizens of the jungle from an amiable family of lions to hosts of monkeys gaily climbing rocky heights provided for their amusement. And why was the interesting reproduction of Mt. Vernon a feature of the whole French show? Was it partly because the estate was named after a celebrated Frenchman? The audience flew over the Exhibition buildings, but was not seriously disturbed by a sand storm in northern Africa. And one saw this Exhibition without fatigue and without the necessity of struggling with a foreign language.

Mr. Newman regretted that the French did not appreciate the value of publicity, thousands visited the Exhibition but they were chiefly from France or its colonies. Had skilful and passionate press agents been set to work in time, the crowds would have been unbelievable. As it was, the visitors were numbered by the tens, the hundreds of thousands. It is to be regretted that many of the buildings will be taken down. They were not intended to resist the winter.

The fascinating Traveltalk will be repeated this afternoon. The subject next week will be "Spain the Republic." This series promises to be one of the best that Mr. Newman has given in his many visits to Boston.

METROPOLITAN

"Rich Man's Folly"

A screen drama adapted by Grover Jones and Edward Paramore, Jr. from the novel by Charles Dickens entitled: "Dombey and Son"; directed by John Cromwell and presented by Paramount with the following cast:

Brock Trumbull	George Bancroft
Anne Trumbull	Frances Dee
Joe Warren	Robert Ames
Paula Norcross	Juliette Compton
Brock, Jr.	David Durand
Katherine Trumbull	Dorothy Peterson
McWylie	Harry Allen
Kincaid	Gilbert Emery
Dayton	Guy Oliver
Anne (aged 8)	Dawn O'Day
Marston	George McFarlane
Johnson	William Arnold

Sombre gray is tone and color of "Rich Man's Folly," despite every advantage of sensitive and finely paced direction, photography which is nothing short of perfection, and a cast which catches and holds the sober note of the story with a fidelity which is deserving of whole-hearted admiration. Mr. Bancroft, as star, gives a careful performance, the more notable because he must assume qualities unknown to most of his previous characterizations. Here, in a modernized conception of an ancient tale, he is Brook Trumbull the fifth, of a long line of successful shipbuilders. He is a grim, self-centred man, inordinately proud of his family's traditions, determined that the name and the trade shall be perpetuated. He ignores or tolerates Anne, his young daughter. There must be a son. In giving him that son his wife, dying, hopes he is satisfied, calls for Anne, turns a weary back on the man. Brock the sixth, a puny lad, reaches the age of 8, catches pneumonia in christening one of the famous Trumbull ships, and follows his mother. He also calls for Anne, not his father. Not yet has Trumbull learned his lesson. He sends Anne to boarding school, goes alone to Europe, returns with a wife picked up at Monte Carlo.

Meantime Joe Warren, his youthful neighbor and rival, watches over Anne, loves her, finally marries her when she quits her father's house after a stormy scene. They are very happy, even when Joe, in a race against time, seems to have lost vitally important ship-construction contracts to Trumbull and to be doomed to bankruptcy. Trumbull, an eavesdropper as Anne and Joe place flowers on little Brock's grave, at last sees the light. Already he has been disillusioned about his second wife, has discovered her utter selfishness. No hope of financial aid there, or of a Brock the seventh. As he sits in his study, at dusk, the voice of the departed lad comes to him as it did one day in the past: "Father, what is money? What is it good for?" When he had replied, "Money is power, money can do anything," the boy had persisted. "Can it make me well and strong?" Now Trumbull knows himself as a hard, mercenary parent. So he goes forth with a sledge hammer, wrecks the brave new ship which was to carry the Trumbull name on its windlass, and makes it possible for Warren to win through. A sudden curtain shows him in happy mood teaching his grandchildren all about ships.

There is more to the picture than acting. There are many glimpses of a huge shipbuilding plant in action, caught at our own suburban Quincy shores. There are restful views of a spacious New England home. There is a handsome St. Bernard, companion to little Brock in his brief boyhood. And, near the end, there is a swirling bit of rough-house for Mr. Bancroft, when he mauls a dozen or more workmen who would balk his efforts to launch the unfinished craft, with her seacocks wide open. Here he is the brawling Bancroft of the waterfront. Elsewhere in the picture he is convincingly in the character, the better actor because of a new restraint and a show of finer feeling. High praise is due young David Durand as the frail youngster, Miss Dee as Anne, who wished she had been born a boy, Mr. Allen as Wylie, the devoted Scot, Mr. Ames as the gentle Joe Warren, and the unnamed St. Bernard.

"Circus Days," on the stage, is fitting entertainment for the community's children, even if the feature film is not. It offers Adela Nelson and a trio of exceptionally intelligent trained elephants, Bee Starr, who some day may succeed to the late Lillian Leitzel's crown, and other amusing phases of "The Big Top." W. E. G.

RKO KEITHS

"Suicide Fleet"

A screen drama adapted by Lew Lipton from the story by Commander Herbert A. Jones: directed by Albert Rogell, produced by Charles R. Rogers and Harry Joe Brown and presented by RKO Pathe with the following cast:

Baltimore	Bill Boyd
Dutch	Robert Armstrong
Skeets	James Gleason
Sally	Ginger Rogers
Commander	Harry Bannister
Holtzman	Frank Reicher

Kid . . . Ben Alexander
Captain von Stuben . . . Henry Victor
Schwartz . . . Hans Joby

With the assistance of the United States navy, RKO Pathe has turned out an entertaining, occasionally exciting film in "Suicide Fleet," now showing at the RKO Keith Theatre. A dozen destroyers and three of the largest and most modern submarines are assembled to produce a sea battle that attains almost epic proportions. Naval officers and hosts of sailors participate in the action, their presence adding greatly to the verisimilitude of the affair. In fact, there are only two or three deficiencies with which any one need reproach the producers. In the first place, there is much too much comic relief: James Gleason and Robert Armstrong are amusing, but they are also wearying when they keep breaking in on the dramatic moments to utter not very funny wisecracks. In the second place, Commander Herbert Jones, author of the story, asks the spectator to believe that out of an American crew placed aboard a mystery ship visited by German submarine commanders, there is only one man who can speak German. The rest go into huddles and glower so guiltily that they fairly give away the game before the first card is played.

The main characters are three Coney Island concession operators, Baltimore, Dutch and Skeets, all of whom love Sally, who sells taffy and gives her affections to Baltimore. War breaks out and the three enlist, Baltimore, owing to previous service, becoming a petty officer. The destroyer fleet with which they are serving is ordered to Gibraltar and then assigned to patrol work. One day a mysterious Swedish barkentine is sighted. She fails to respond to signals, even to a shot across her bows, and when a destroyer approaches, the crew set her on fire. She turns out to be a German vessel to which German submarines report, giving and exchanging vital information. A similar ship is fitted out, equipped with an American crew and sent out to trap the unwary Germans. One day two submarines break water and the captains come aboard, to be interviewed by Dutch, the only German speaking member of the crew, disguised as a German officer. The untimely arrival of a third submarine, whose captain is too observing, proves fatal. Once aboard the mystery ship, he signals his craft, which opens fire on the barkentine. The other two submarines join in, and the unwieldly sailing vessel is doomed. With important information relayed to the distant American destroyers, an S O S is sent out and the crew set to work with their only gun to do what they can to the submarines. A lucky shot hulls one submarine, but the barkentine is sinking and the destroyers arrive just in time to pick the valiant crew out of the water.

For the naval scenes there can be only praise: the sequences aboard the German submarines and the mystery ship, with its disciplined crew masquerading in nondescript attire, ring absolutely true. The supposed Germans even speak German instead of English, a remarkably realistic touch. It is the scenes on shore and the laboriously comic efforts of the cast that drag. The actors do all that is necessary; Bill Boyd is blonde, jovial and serious and plays with a slight touch of sententiousness that is not out of keeping with his role. Robert Armstrong, while masquerading as a German captain, is refreshingly good, and the suspicious German submarine commander is admirably played by Henry Victor. Ginger Rogers is satisfactory as the very minor love interest. E. L. H.

LOEW'S STATE

"Possessed"

A screen drama adapted by Lenore Coffee from the play by Edgar Selwyn entitled: "Mirage"; directed by Clarence Brown, dialogue by Lenore Coffee, photography by Oliver T. Marsh, and presented by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the following cast:

Marian	Joan Crawford
Mark Whitney	Clark Gable
Al Manning	Wallace Ford
Wally	Skeets Gallagher
Travers	Frank Conroy
Vernice	Marjorie White
John Driscoll	John Miljan
Mother	Clara Blandick

Something will have to be done about Joan Crawford's vehicles. Her current film, "Possessed," now showing at Loew's State, is not the sort that will help her or her film company, being pretty trashy and obvious melodrama with one or two effective scenes, notably the last, standing out in sharp contrast to the banality of the surrounding plot. Isn't it time for the lady-with-a-past to be given a long, long vacation? Miss Crawford is only one of a number of outstanding screen actresses who have been asked to play tarnished ladies, and the results are always the same. Invariably the heroine, after treading quite willingly the primrose path, has a brief moment of compunction and then wins marriage, security, love and everything that the most self-sacrificing nobility—of which she shows not a trace—could earn. The current film is remotely derived from Edgar Selwyn's play, "The Mirage," formerly a starring vehicle for Florence Reed. The most important changes in the plot are the transformation of the pure hero into a sententious Babbitt and of the heroine's protector into a mouthing apology for a romantic lover.

Marian, an ambitious factory girl, comes to New York seeking luxuries and almost immediately becomes the mistress of the wealthy Mark Whitney, a disbeliever in matrimony. For three years they are happy. Then Marian's former sweetheart, Al Manning, comes to New York on business and asks her to marry him. Though conscious of her anomalous position, Marian refuses him until she learns that she is hindering Mark from becoming Governor—private scandals being bad for prominent executives—and then she breaks with him in an extraordinary scene. Al, being told the truth, abuses her in sententious manner and refuses to marry her, which paves the way for a reunion of Marian and Mark at a giant political rally. Mark's opponents heckle him with her name until she rises and defends him, explaining the whole circumstance of their affair. Mark pursues her from the hall and declares his intention to stand or fall with her.

Miss Crawford, as her wont, plays very earnestly and seriously in a role that is far from new. Following her brief excursion into golden hair she is once more a brunette and looks the better for it. She is still distressingly thin, however, and sings a good deal more than is necessary. Clark Gable portrays a giant of finance in his usual fashion, and Skeets Gallagher plays a Charles Ruggles role with refreshing foolishness. The sets are elaborate and the star's clothes the last word in style. E. L. H.

Nov 22 1931

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

"Quality Street"

"Quality Street," a play in four acts by James Matthew Barrie; produced by the National Junior Theatre under the auspices of the Professional Players at the Plymouth Theatre yesterday morning with the following cast:

Miss Fanny Willoughby	Mary Buckner
Miss Mary Willoughby	Dorothy Stewart
Miss Susan Throssel	Kate Conway
Miss Henrietta Trumbull	Katherine Rollin
Miss Phoebe Throssel	Mary Cullinan
Patty	Evelyn Estes
The Recruiting Sergeant	John Shellie
Valentine Brown	Melvin Fox
Georgy	Morgan Delman
Isabella	Nina de Angelis
Arthur Wellesley-Thomson	Preston Dawson
Charlotte Parratt	Jill Stern
Ensign Blades	Basil A. Becket
An Old Soldier	John Shellie
A Gallant	Robert de Lany

The second production of the National Junior Theatre, offered at the Plymouth Theatre under the sponsorship of the Professional Players, yesterday morning, was "Quality Street." This touching comedy by Sir James Matthew Barrie was given its last Boston showing at the Repertory Theatre three years ago, and before that was famous as one of Maude Adams's most popular plays. Some persons might be ready to argue that "Quality Street" is out of place in the repertory of a company presenting plays for children, that, in short, it would bore them. No one present yesterday morning could subscribe to such an opinion. The large audience, practically capacity, composed of children in their teens and younger, showed every indication of pleasure. They laughed at the gentle absurdities of the plot, shrieking with joy when Captain Valentine Brown in the last act solved Miss Phoebe's dilemma by carrying off the imaginary Livvy in his carriage. They sat silent and interested when Phoebe at the ball bitterly denounced the unobservant Mr. Brown for his past cruelty and lack of understanding. Possibly the inherent tragedy escaped them, the tragedy of women left to grow old and faded while their lovers went to war and came back only to overlook them. That is as it should be, but there is plenty of comedy and gentle pathos that they did not miss. Children are not as stupid as their elders credit: they are quick to understand and instantly responsive.

Yesterday's performance was simple and very charming. Occasional small cuts here and there did no harm, for all the best of the play was preserved. Phoebe and Susan Throssel, transported in their innocent happiness at the thought of Valentine Brown's proposal which turned out to be merely his announcement that he had enlisted, were infinitely touching, as was Phoebe's heartbroken distress over her lost looks when Valentine returns 10 years later, minus his hand, and to find her shockingly changed. Barrie's compassion for the gentle sisters forced to take up school teaching when they lost their money, keeping their little flag flying in spite of loneliness and despair, is none the less keen for the amusing little incidents he evolves from their predicament. Phoebe with her curls let down once more, passing herself off for her niece, Livvy, is an enchanting figure, contrasted with the pathetic little schoolmistress dressed in gray with her close cap and her tired eyes. The scene at the ball with its mixture of delicious comedy and more serious matters, went off with excellent spirit yesterday, and the last act evoked infinite amusement. It is a quiet play, but a charming, restful and delightful one, just the same.

The players handled their roles well, particularly Mary Cullinan as Phoebe, "Phoebe of the ringlets." She showed the alteration brought about by the lean hard years in convincing manner, and played her light scenes with enchanting playfulness and sweetness. Melvin Fox

was a fine Valentine Brown, handsome and manly in his red coat. Kate Conway made a gentle, fluttery Susan, and the recruiting sergeant of John Shellie was an excellent brief characterization.

The third play of the series, coming on Dec. 12, is "Treasure Island." E. L. H.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony hall, 3:30 P. M. Jesus Maria Sanroma, planist. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 3:30 P. M. Stava Haja, tenor; Miguel Sandoval, accompanist. Handel, Ombra Mai Fu from "Serse"; Where'er You Walk from "Semele." Monteverdi, Lasciatemi Moriri from "Ariana." Puccini, E Lucevan le Stella from "Tosca." Samora, Exomologisis (Confession). Hajapostalon, San Oniro (Just Like a Dream) and Neromeno Krasi (Diluted Wine). Donaudy, Vaghissima Sembianza. Pergolesi, Tre Giorni Son Che Nina. Tosti, L'Ultima Cazone, Puccini, Vesti la Giubba from "Pagliacci."

Symphony hall, 8 P. M. Concert under the auspices of the Jewish Tubercolosis Sanitarium of Massachusetts. Cantor Josef Rosenblatt. Mischa Tulin, theramin artist, assisted by Annrita's trio; Hans Ebell, planist; Joseph Schnoll, bass.

Boston Public Library, 8 P. M. Bertha Hebert, contralto. Hispano-American song recital.

Ford hall, 7:30 P. M. Joseph Livotl, violinist; Frances Penbroke Boleman, accompanist.

Old South Meeting House Forum, 3:15 P. M. Myrtle Jordan Trio. Rachmaninoff, Billowy Harvest Field; Poldini, Marche Mignonne; Jordan, suite "Oguinquit by the Sea."

MONDAY—Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Vera Keane, contralto. Recital in memory of Dr. George L. Dwyer. Zula Doane Sanders, accompanist. Donizetti, O mio Fernando, from "La Favorita." Goring Thomas, My Heart Is Weary. Mrs. Beach, My Star. Salter, The Cry of Rachel. Neidlinger, On the Shore. Busch Es steht ein Thron in Rosenbluehn, Die Nachtigallen, Gloria Deo. Liszt, Die Lorelei. Handel, Ah! mio cor. Paradies, M'ha preso alla sua rogna. Aubert, Vielle Chanson Espagnola. Widor, Non Credo. Cui, La Statue de Tsarkoie. Tchaikovsky, Adieu, Forets, from "Jeanne d'Arc."

TUESDAY—Symphony hall, 3 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

Jordan hall, 8:15 P. M., Jan Smeterlin, pianist. Mozart, Sonata No. 6, F major. Brahms, Variations on a theme by Paganini. Chopin, Scherzo, E major, op. 54; Impromptu, F sharp major, op. 36; Etudes, op. 10, No. 10, op. 25, No. 3, op. 10, Nos. 2 and 1. Szymanowsky, Two mazurkas, op. 50, Nos. 13 and 14 (first time in Boston). Alberniz, El Puerto. Debussy, L'Isle Joyeuse.

FRIDAY—Symphony hall, 2:30 P. M., Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony hall, 8:15 P. M., repetition of Friday's Symphony concert.

GERMAN OPERA PLANS

THE opera crisis in Germany and Central Europe, brought about, according to various authorities, by political and economic conditions and by the change in taste; and, according to still others, because of the radio and sound-film, has curtailed partly or totally the activities of many stages, among them those at Breslau, Frankfort, Nürnberg, Plauen, Magdeburg, Mainz, Stettin, Duisburg and Essen.

How active, in spite of these handicaps, and how many-sided is the 1930-31 production of first local hearings and premières is shown by the following table:

Augsburg—Jeremias's "Brueder Karamasoff."
Basel—Hans Haug's "Don Juan in der Fremde."
Bern—Peter Grunder's "Der Rutenhof."
Braunschweig—Scholz's "Don Diego."
Budapest—Kosa's "Fischer und Junker."
Darmstadt—Simon's "Leonce und Lena."
Dessau—Wagner-Regeny's "La sainte Courtisane."
Dresden—Schoeck's "Vom Fischer und Seiner Frau." Mark Lothar's "Lord Spleen."
Duisburg—Istel's "Wie lernt man lieben?" Gutheim's "Die Hofjagd."
Duesseldorf—Gurlitt's "Soldaten."
Hamburg—Chabrier's "Koenig wider Willen." Pizzetti's "Fra Gherardo."
Hanover—Milhaud's "Der Luxuszug."
Kiel—Dupuy's "List und Liebe."
Mannheim—Goldschmidt's "Der gewaltige Hahnrei."
Munich—Weinberger's "Geliebte Stimme"; Weismann's "Gespenstersonate"; Wolf-Ferrari's "La vedova scaltra."
Osnabrueck—Stiebitz's "Heitere Oper."
Weimar—Bodarth's "Hirtenlegende."
Wiesbaden—H. Herrmann's "Vasantasena."

The following list of operas being given during the course of the season, and not generally known in this country, is interesting to operagoers on this side as an indication of the taste in Central Europe and also as a possible indication of works which later possibly may be heard here:

Brandt-Buys's "Schneider von Schoenau."
Braunfels's "Die Voegel"; "Galathea"; "Prinzessin Brambilla."
Busoni's "Arlecchino"; "Turandot."
De Falla's "Amor Brujo."
Dohnanyi's "Der Tenor"; "Schleier der Pierrette."
Dressel's "Armer Columbus."
Fibick and Novak Cycles at the Czech National Theatre in Prague.
Gal's "Lied der Nacht."
Grabner's "Die Richterin."
Graener's "Friedemann Bach."
Grosz's "Achtung, Aufnahme!"; "Baby in der Bar."
Hindemith's "Hin und Zurueck."
Janacek's "Aus einem Totenhaus."
Kaun's "Der Fremde."
Kienzl's "Kuhreigen."
Krenek's "Orpheus und Eurydike"; "Schwergericht."
Laban-Cohen's "Gaukelei."
Lilien's "Beatrice."
Malipiero's "Komoedie des Todes."
Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunoff."
Offenbach's "Robinsonade."
Pedrollo's "Schuld und Suehne."
Pfitzner's "Armer Heinrich"; "Palestrina."
Pick-Mangiagalli's "Kucsse und Keile."
Prokofieff's "Der verlorene Sohn."
Reutter's "Der verlorene Sohn"; "Saul."
Reznicek's "Satuala."
Rieti's "Der Ball."
Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Ivan der Schreckliche."
Roselius's "Doge und Dogaressa."
Rossini-Roehr's "Die Italienerin in Algier."
Satie's "Mercure."
Schoeck's "Don Ranudo."
Schreker's "Die Gezeichneten"; "Schatzgraeber."
Senger's Offenbach Ballet Suite.
Szymanowski's "Koenig Roger."
Toch's "Prinzessin auf der Erbse."
Von Schillings's "Der Pfeiffertag."
Weill's "Der Jasager"; "Der Zar laesst sich photographieren"; "Mahagonny."
Walterhausen's "Oberst Chabert."
Weingartner's "Dorfschule."
Weisman's "Schwanenweisz."
Weiesz's "Die Bakchantinnen."
Wilckens's "Karussellfahrt."
Hugo Wolf's "Corregidor."
Wolf-Ferrari's "Sly"; "Vier Grobians."
Zador's "X-mal Rembrandt."
Zeilinka's "Devata louka."
Zemlinsky's "Der Zwerg"; "Kleider machen Leute."

To be noted is the frequency of hearings of Offenbach's "Robinsonade," on various stages, the popularity of Hindemith, Krenek, Braunfels, Schreker, Weill and Berg, and the varied representation of the Russian school in the operas by Prokofieff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgsky, and especially Stravinsky. Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky seem to be missing.

The répertoire of the Frankfort Municipal Opera Theatre, according to the announcement of General Manager Turnau, will include local first hearings, many operas newly staged, revivals and a good selection of ballets and operettas. The list follows:

First Local Performances.

"Wozzeck" ..... Alban Berg
"Rise and Fall of Mahagonny City". Kurt Weill
"Simone Boccanegra" ..... Verdi
"Boris Godunoff" (in the original form). Moussorgsky
"Manon Lescaut" ..... Puccini

Staged Anew.

"Falstaff" ..... Verdi
"Tannhaeuser" ..... Wagner
"Der Freischuetz" ..... Weber
"Zar und Zimmermann" ..... Lortzing
"Undine" ..... Lortzing
"La Boheme" ..... Puccini
"The Barber of Seville" ..... Rossini

Revivals.

"The Ring" ..... Wagner
"Amelia" or "A Masked Ball" ..... Verdi
"Rigoletto" ..... Verdi

Ballets.

"The Wonderful Mandarin" ..... Bela Bartok
"L'Amour Sorcier" ..... Manuel de Falla
"Le Sacre du Printemps" ..... Igor Stravinsky
"Scheherazade" ..... Rimsky-Korsakoff

Operettas.

"The Tenor of the Duchess" .. Ed Kuemmecke
"The World is Beautiful" ..... Franz Lehar
"The Violet of Montmartre" ..... Kalman
"Victoria and Her Hussar" .... Paul Abraham

Mozart's ballet-divertissement, "Die Rekrutierung oder die Liebesprobe," has been resurrected at the Karlsruhe Landestheater. The music is thought to have been written between "Cosi fan tutte" and "The Magic Flute." His "Re Pastore" or "Der Hirt als König" was broadcast almost within a few hours of the performance of the ballet. The Kölnische Zeitung declared the latter work seemed almost to have been written with radio in mind, since it has a small orchestra, no chorus and only a few soloists.

PHILHARMONIC SI

1930-31

THE concert today given by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall ends its eighty-ninth season. This year there have been 129 performances presented in twenty-nine weeks. The concerts were divided as follows: At Carnegie Hall, two series of thirteen Thursday evenings, and the same figures for Friday afternoons, two series of eight Sunday afternoons, two series of nine Saturday evening students' concerts; at the Metropolitan Opera House, seven Sunday afternoons; at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, six Sunday afternoon programs. Two series of Saturday morning young people's concerts and one junior series were held in Carnegie Hall, fifteen in all.

The orchestra also played thirteen concerts on tour in Philadelphia (5), Baltimore (4), Washington (3), Hartford (1) and two orchestra pension fund concerts.

The most popular composers during the season according to number of performances were: Wagner (38 hearings of 14 works), Richard Strauss (27 hearings of 9 works), Mozart (22 hearings of 8 works), Beethoven (22 hearings of 7 works), Bach (24 hearings of 7 works), Sibelius (15 hearings of 5 works), Schubert (12 hearings of 4 works).

Three works of Dvorak, Haydn, Liszt and Rossini were heard and two of each of the following composers: Berlioz, Chasins, Debussy, Franck, Ravel, Respighi, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, Schumann, Smetana, Stravinsky, Verdi and Weber. But one piece of each of the following composers was played: J. C. Bach, Berg, Bloch, Bruckner, Casella, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Cherubini, Corelli, Elgar, Gluck, Glinka, Karl Goldmark, Gruenberg, Hindemith, Honegger, d'Indy, Kodály, Krenek, Loeffler, Lopatnikoff, MacDowell, Martucci, Pizzetti, Raff, Sammartini, Stoelzel, Josef Strauss, Szostakowicz, Tommasini, Tchaikovsky, Weinberger and Wolf-Ferrari.

Basing figures of nationality represented at the regular subscription concerts in New York and Brooklyn plus the two pension fund concerts, when 101 concerts gave 417 hearings of 131 works of 58 composers, the following data result: German and Austrian, 18; Italian, 12; French, 8; Russian, 6; American, 5; Czech and Hungarian, each three; and English, Swiss and Finnish, each one. Incidentally, the list included thirty-two symphonies by eighteen composers.

The "American" works represented were Gruenberg's "The Enchanted Isle," Chasins's "Parade" and "Flirtation in a Chinese Garden," Bloch's "Schelomo," Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem," and MacDowell's D minor piano concerto. Of these composers Gruenberg was born in Russia, Bloch in Switzerland and Loeffler in Alsace.

The conductors for the season were Arturo Toscanini, sixteen weeks, Nov. 10 through Nov. 23, Dec. 8 through Jan. 18 and Feb. 23 through April 19; Erich Kleiber conducted the first six weeks of the season, beginning Thursday evening, Oct. 2, 1930, in Carnegie Hall; Leopold Stokowski from Nov. 24 through Dec. 7, and Bernardino Molinari from Jan. 29 through Feb. 22. Ernest Schelling conducted all the young people's concerts.

In the Brooklyn and New York concerts there were twenty-five soloists, who included the following nine pianists: Ernest Hutcheson, José Iturbi, Alexander Siloti, Carl Friedberg, Paderewski, Ernest Schelling, Nikolai Orloff, Carlo Zecchi, Heinrich Gebhard; the following violinists: Joseph Szigeti, Max Rosen, Scipione Guidi, Efrem Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz and Hans Lange. Other soloists were Alfred Wallenstein ('cello), Rene Pollain (viola), Harry Glantz (trumpet), Michael Nazzi (English horn). The vocal soloists were Dorothée Manski, Hulda Lashanaska, Elisabeth Rethberg, Margaret Matzenauer, Mario Chamlee and Ezio Pinza. The Schola Cantorum assisted at two performances: The Requiem and Te Deum of Verdi and the Introduction from Pizzetti's "Agamemnon."

There were twenty-two novelties heard during the season. Four world premières, all under Toscanini, included three Choral-Preludes of Bach arranged by Respighi; Dances of Marosszek, Kodály; introduction to the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus for orchestra and chorus, Pizzetti, and "Parade," Chasins. There were four first performances in the United States, all under Kleiber: Overture "Neues vom Tage," Hindemith; three fragments from "Wozzeck," Berg; Concerto Grosso a Quattro Chori, Stoelzel, and Little Symphony, Krenek. Under Molinari the "Rossiniana" suite of Respighi had its first performance in New York.

The following thirteen compositions were introduced into the répertoire of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society by Erich Kleiber: Polka and fugue from "Schwanda," Weinberger; overture "Christopher Columbus," Wagner; "The Enchanted Isle," Gruenberg; Introduction and Scherzo, Lopatnikoff; symphony No. 3, in D major, Schubert; Symphony No 1, in E minor, Sibelius, under Stokowski; Serenade, Casella, under Molinari; "Concerto Italiano," in G minor, for violin, Castelnuovo-Tedesco, under Molinari; symphony No. 2, in G, Sammartini, under Toscanini; Requiem, Verdi, under Toscanini; symphony, opus 10, Szostakowicz, under Toscanini; symphony in D, opus 18, No. 3, J. C. Bach, under Toscanini, and Te Deum, Verdi, under Toscanini.

1930-31

Works new to New York, not counting direct transcriptions, offered by the various orchestras during the last season in concerts for the paying public included the following:

Philharmonic-Symphony—Under Mr. Kleiber: Hindemith, Overture to "Neues vom Tage"; Krenek, Little Symphony; Lopatnikoff, Introduction and Scherzo; Berg, Excerpts from "Wozzeck"; Stoelzel, Concerto Grosso; Weinberger, Excerpts from "Schwanda." Under Mr. Toscanini: Kodaly, Marosszek Dances; Pizzetti, Introduction to "Agamemnon"; Chasins, Parade. Under Mr. Molinari: Respighi, Rossiniana.

Manhattan Symphony — Converse, "California"; Farwell, "Gods of the Mountain"; Hadley, "Streets of Peking," "Mirtil in Arcadia," "Halcyone"; Veiazco, "Kaleidoscope."

Philadelphia Orchestra—Under Mr. Stokowski: Levidis, "Poeme Symphonique"; Prokofieff, "Pas d'Acier." Under Mr. Gabrilowitsch: Hausegger, "Aufklänge"; Kienau, "Hampstead Heath."

Boston Symphony—Hill, Symphony No. 2; Honegger, symphony; Nabokov, "Lyric" Symphony; Roussel, Symphony in G minor; Stravinsky, "Symphonie de Psaumes," Capriccio for piano and orchestra.

Cleveland Orchestra—Mosoloff, "Factory"; Shepherd, "Horizons."

National Orchestral Association — Maganini, "Night on an Island of Phantasy"; Paniagua, "Mayan Legend.'

This makes twenty-nine novelties, as compared with thirty-nine last season and thirty-six in 1928-'29. How many

1930-31

A LIST of the operas produced during the season is appended. Forty-four operas were given in twenty-five weeks in New York, of which seven have been designated as additions to the current repertory. Twenty-two of the works sung were in Italian, ten in French, twelve in German. The total number of performances was 174. The performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in Philadelphia brings the number of operas up to forty-five. In addition to the 174 New York performances there were twelve in Brooklyn and twenty-three in Philadelphia, while the coming tour of the company, beginning tomorrow, will add four in Baltimore, three in Washington, four in Richmond, four in Atlanta, eight in Cleveland and two in Rochester. This is a season of twenty-eight weeks, with twenty-five Sunday night concerts thrown in. It is an impressive, an appalling number of performances, which can hardly be for the best good of the interpretations.

The Italian composers represented were Bellini, Donizetti, Giordano, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Ponchielli, Puccini, Respighi, Rossini, Verdi. Puccini led with thirty-two performances, and was only exceeded in this respect by Wagner, who had thirty-nine. Verdi followed with twenty-three. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and Meyerbeer's "L'Africana" were sung in Italian. Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko" was sung in French. All the other operas given in that tongue were by French composers, who were Bizet, Charpentier, Debussy, Gounod, Halévy, Massenet, Offenbach, Thomas, Gounod leading the French group by seven performances of two operas. French opera is the weakest part of the Metropolitan repertory and the least in demand in this city. The German composers were Beethoven, Humperdinck, Richard Strauss and Wagner.

The summary follows:

Manon Lescaut	Oct. 28	4
Die Meistersinger	Oct. 30	6
Aida	Oct. 31	7
La Gioconda	Nov. 1	6
Fanciulla del West	Nov. 2	8
Mignon	Nov. 2	3
Der Rosenkavalier	Nov. 4	4
L'Africana	Nov. 6	1
La Juive	Nov. 7	3
Manon (Massenet)	Nov. 8	5
Tosca	Nov. 8	4
Die Walkuere	Nov. 9	7
La Traviata	Nov. 9	6
Il Trovatore	Nov. 11	4
La Campana Sommersa	Nov. 16	2
Cavalleria Rusticana	Nov. 16	4
I Pagliacci	Nov. 16	6
La Boheme	Nov. 18	7
Lohengrin	Nov. 20	7
Madama Butterfly	Nov. 21	6
Don Giovanni	Nov. 29	3
Haensel und Gretel	Dec. 6	4
Romeo et Juliette	Dec. 9	4
Tannhaeuser	Dec. 13	5
La Rondine	Dec. 16	2
Luisa Miller	Dec. 21	4
Barbiere di Siviglia	Dec. 26	3
Andrea Chenier	Dec. 27	2
Rigoletto	Dec. 31	2
Carmen	Jan. 1	6
Lucia (in Philadelphia)	Jan. 7	..
Turandot	Jan. 8	1
Norma	Jan. 10	2
Tristan	Jan. 11	6
Goetterdaemmerung	Jan. 17	3
Sadko	Jan. 25	8
Fidelio	Jan. 29	3
Pelleas et Melisande	Feb. 6	2
Faust	Feb. 13	3
Das Rheingold	Feb. 21	1
Les Contes d'Hoffmann	Feb. 22	4
Louise	Mar. 1	4
Siegfried	Mar. 7	2
L'Elisir d'Amore	Mar. 21	3
Parsifal	Apr. 16	2

Representation of Composers on 1930-'31 Orchestral Programs

This table is intended to include numbers played in public concerts in Manhattan by large orchestra (except for the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra's junior series, and free concerts) between October 2, 1930, and April 28, 1931, also numbers other than primarily choral works given by the Society of the Friends of Music, and orchestral works played in the Metropolitan Opera concerts.

Composer	No. works performed	Times performed	Composer	No. works performed	Times performed
Wagner	23	77	Respighi	3	8
Beethoven	14	44	*Chasins	3	8
Strauss, R.	10	33	Goldmark	3	7
Bach, J. S.	15	32	Glinka	3	8
Mozart	10	19	Strauss, Johann	3	5
Brahms	7	19	Casella	3	5
Debussy	7	18	Honegger	3	5
Rimsky-Korsakoff	6	18	Roussel	3	5
Tchaikovsky	10	16	Wolf-Ferrari	3	5
Schubert	6	10	*Hadley	4	4
Weber	4	15	Massenet	4	4
Sibelius	6	14	Gluck	4	4
Haydn	5	14	Lalo	4	4
Ravel	5	11	Chabrier	3	3
Stravinsky	5	11	Mendelssohn	3	3
Dvorak	4	13	Moussorgsky	3	3
Smetana	3	13	Handel	2	2
Berlioz	5	12	Bizet	2	2
Verdi	8	11	Cherubini	2	2
Saint-Saens	4	11	De Falla	2	2
Franck	3	11	Glazounoff	2	2
Liszt	5	10	Puccini	2	2
Schumann	4	10	*Schelling	2	2
Rossini	4	9			

One work (number of performances in parentheses when more than one). Bach, J. S. (3), *Beach, Berg (3), Bloch (3), Borodin (1), Bruckner (4), Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Catalani, *Chadwick, Charpentier, Chausson, *Converse, Corelli (3), d'Indy, Donizetti, Dukas, Elgar (5), *Farwell, Flotow, Giordano, Gounod, *Gruenberg (1), Hausegger, Herbert, *Hill, Hindemith (3), Holst, Humperdinck, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, *Jarecki, Jaernefelt, Klenau, Kodaly (3), Krenek (3), Levidis, Locatelli, *Loeffler (4), Lopatnikoff (3), *MacDowell (3), *Maganini, Martucci (2), *Mason, Mosoloff, Nabokov, Offenbach, Paganini, Paniagua, Pizzetti (2), *Powell, Prokofieff (2), Rachmaninoff, Raff (2), Recli, Sammartini (2), Stoelzel (3), Strauss, Josef (3), Szostakowicz (5), *Taylor, Tommasini (2), Vaughan Williams, *Velazco, Walton, Weinberger (2), Wendt.

*American (U. S.) composer.

NOTE—In certain cases groups of numbers, such as sets of songs, are counted as one work in this enumeration.

Differences in representation of most played composers from 1929-'30: Wagner, +7; Beethoven, —10; Strauss, +9; Bach, J. S., +17; Mozart, —19; Brahms, —22; Debussy, +2; Rimsky-Korsakoff, +6; Tchaikovsky, —11; Schubert, +10; Mendelssohn, —17; Berlioz, —4; Liszt, —4.

Number of works played in 1930-'31, 293; in 1929-'30, 337; in 1928-'29, 254; in 1927-'28, 367.

Number of composers represented in 1930-'31, 111; in 1929-'30, 128; in 1928-'29, 108; in 1927-'28, 140.

Works performed more than five times: Bach, Passacaglia in C minor, 6; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, 9; Debussy, Nuages, 6; Fetes, 6; Smetana, Overture to "The Bartered Bride," 8; Wagner, Overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer, 10; Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," 7; Prelude to "Lohengrin," 7; Prelude and Finale from "Tristan und Isolde," 6; Ride of the Valkyries, 7.

Under Mr. Toscanini

BACH, J. C.: Sinfonia in D (3).
BACH, J. S.: Three Chorale Preludes (3), Passacaglia (6), all transcribed by Respighi. 4 works, 15 times.
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 1 (3), No. 6 (3), No. 3 (2), No. 4 (4), No. 5 (3). 5 works, 15 times.
BERLIOZ: Rakoczy March (4).
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1 (3), No. 3 (4). 2 works, 7 times.
BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 7 (4).
CHASINS: Flirtation in a Chinese Garden (1), Parade (4). 2 works, 8 times.
CHERUBINI: Overture to "Anacreon" (1).
DEBUSSY: Nuages (4), Fetes (4). 2 works, 8 times.
D'INDY: Istar Variations (3).
DVORAK: New World Symphony (1), "Otello" Overture (3). 2 works, 4 times.
ELGAR: Introduction and Allegro (4).
FRANCK: Symphony (4). Excerpts from "Psyche" (4). 2 works, 8 times.
GLINKA: Kamarinskaya (3).
GLUCK: Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" (4).
HAYDN: Symphony in D (horn call) (3).
KODALY: Marosszek Dances (3).
LISZT: Mephisto Waltz (2), Totentanz (2). 2 works, 4 times.
MARTUCCI: Danza (2).
MOZART: "Haffner" Symphony (1), Symphony in G minor (3). 2 works, 4 times.
PIZZETTI: Introduction to "Agamemnon" (2).
RAFF: Symphony, Im Walde (2).
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: Suite from "Snegourotchka" (4).
RAVEL: "Daphnis et Chloe" Spite No. 2 (4).
ROSSINI: Overture to "L'Assedio di Corinto" (4); Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" (1). 2 works, 3 times.
ROUSSEL: La Festin de l'Araignee (1).
SAINT-SAENS: Symphony in C minor (4).
SAMMARTINI: Symphony No. 3 (2).
SCHUBERT: Unfinished Symphony (1), Wanderer Fantasy (arr. Liszt) (2). 2 works, 6 times.
SCHUMANN: Symphony in D minor (4).
SIBELIUS: En Saga (2), Symphony No. 4 (3). 2 works, 5 times.
SMETANA. Vltava (4), Overture to "The Bartered Bride" (4). 2 works, 8 times.
STRAUSS, R.: Ein Heldenleben (1), Tod und Verklaerung (1), Don Quixote (4). 3 works, 6 times.
SZOSTAKEWICZ: Symphony, Op. 10 (1).
TOMMASINI: Serenata (2).
VERDI: Requiem (2), Te Deum (2). 2 works, 4 times.
WAGNER: Columbus Overture (1), Overture to "Der Fliegende Hollaender" (3), "Tannhauser," Bacchanale (3), Prelude to Act III (1); "Lohengrin," Prelude (2), Prelude to Act III (1); "Tristan und Isolde," Prelude and Finale (2); "Die Meistersinger," Prelude (2); "Die Walkuere," Ride of the Valkyries (1), "Siegfried," Waldweben (1), "Gotterdammerung," Daybreak and Rhine Journey (2); "Parsifal," Prelude (4). 12 works or excerpts, 23 times.
WEBER: Overture to "Oberon" (4).
WOLF-FERRARI: Overture to "Il Segreto di Suzanna" (4).

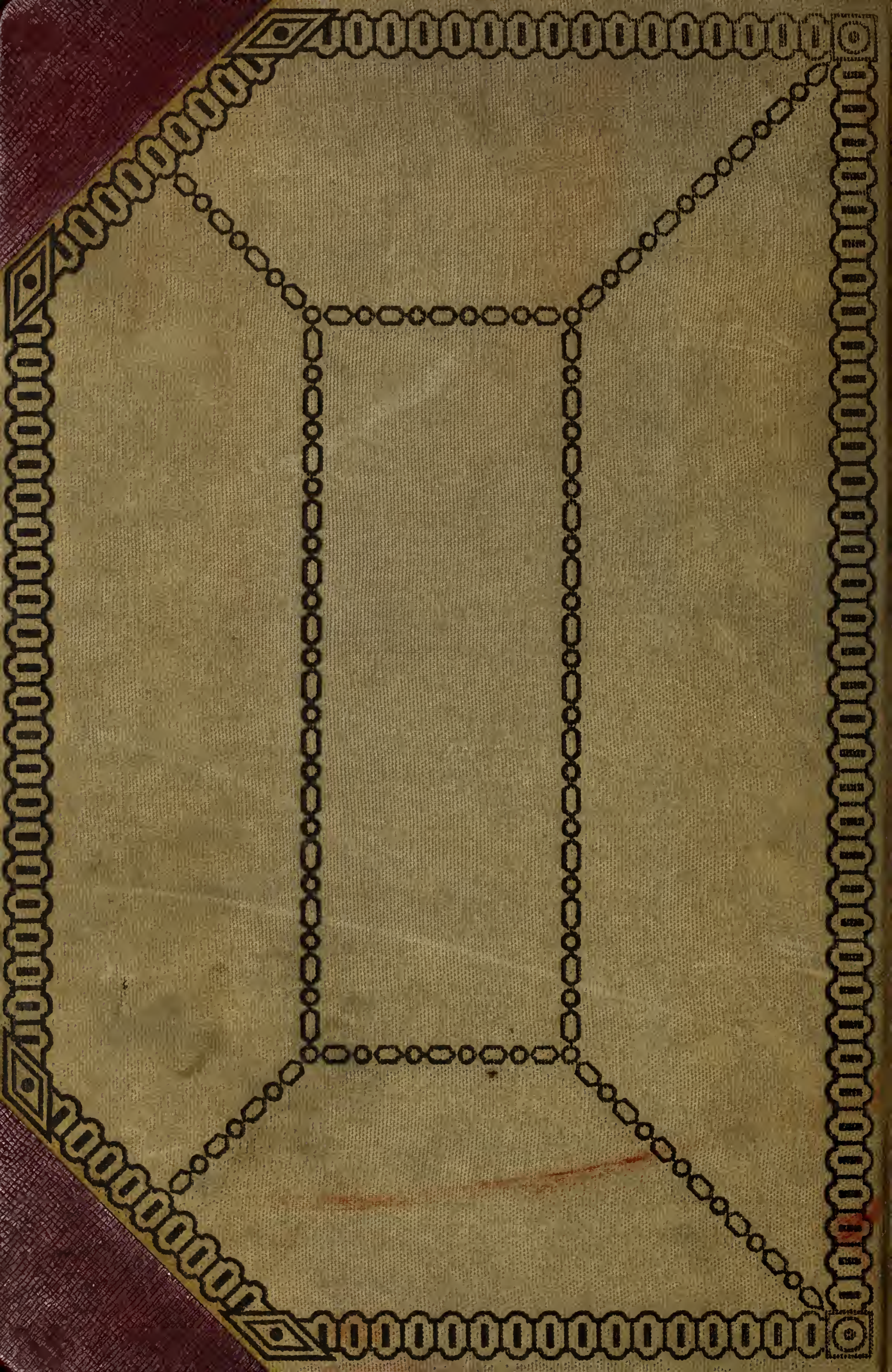
Under Mr. Kleiber

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 8 (4); Piano Concerto No. 3 (1). Two works, 5 times.
BERLIOZ: Fantastic Symphony (3).
BERG: Fragments from "Wozzeck" (3).
BRAHMS: Violin Concerto (1).
DVORAK: Scherzo Capriccioso (4).
GOLDMARK: Overture, In the Spring (1).
GRUENBERG: The Enchanted Isle (4).
HAYDN: Surprise Symphony (2).
HINDEMITH: Overture to "Neues vom Tage" (3).
KRENEK: Little Symphony (3).
LOPATNIKOFF: Introduction and Scherzo (3).
MACDOWELL: Concerto in D minor (2).
MOZART: Serenade No. 9 (1); German Dances (3). Two works, 7 times.
SCHUBERT: Symphony in C major (3), Symphony No. 3 (3). 2 works, 6 times.
SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 3 (3).
STOELZEL: Concerto Grosso (3).
STRAUSS, Josef: Sphaerenklange Waltz (3).
STRAUSS, Richard: Till Eulenspiegel (4), Rosenkavalier Waltzes (3), Alpine Symphony (2), Don Juan (3), Salome's Dance (3). 5 works, 15 times.
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4 (2).
WAGNER: Columbus Overture (1), Overture to "Der Fliegende Hollander" (1). 2 works.
WEINBERGER: Polka and Fugue from "Schwanda" (2).
WEBER: Overture to "Der Freischuetz" (4).

Under Mr. Molinari

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 15 (2).
BLOCH: Schelomo (3).
BRAHMS: Violin Concerto (2).
CASELLA: Serenata (4).
CASTELNUOVO-TEDESCO: Italian Concerto (1).
CORELLI: Christmas Concerto (3).
DVORAK: New World Symphony (3).
HAYDN: Symphony in E flat (B & H1) (3).
HONEGGER: Pacific 231 (4).
LISZT: Piano Concerto in E flat (2).
LOEFFLER: A Pagan Poem (4).
RESPIGHI: Rossiniana (4), Italian Suite No. 2 (3). 2 works, 7 times.
RAVEL: La Valse (3).
ROSSINI: Overture to "La Cenerentola" (3).
RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: Scheherazade (2).
SAINT-SAENS: Danse Macabre (4).
SMETANA: Overture to "The Bartered Bride" (3).
STRAUSS, R.: Suite from "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (4).
STRAVINSKY: "Fire Bird" Suite (4).
WAGNER: Ride of the Valkyries (4).

Under Mr. Stokowski

BACH: 2 Chorale Preludes (3), Toccata and Fugue in D minor (3), all orchestrated by Stokowski. 3 works, 9 times.
BRAHMS: Symphony No. 4 (2), Academic Festival Overture (1), Concerto for violin and cello (1). 3 works, 4 times.
SIBELIUS: Symphony No. 1 (2), Finlandia (2), Violin Concerto (2). 3 works, 6 times.

Under Mr. Toscanini, in these series, there were 204 performances of seventy-